

You Can Run But You Can't Hide My Contractual Wife Chapter 48

The picture was showing the woman with the amethyst earrings clutching her father's arm in a ball party. 'Who is she?' She had a bad feeling with this woman. When she flipped the picture, she saw handwritten words "I love you." with a signature, A.D.

Upon seeing the message, she was quite at a loss. Her heart ran fast as she had already an idea of who was the woman in the picture.

For a moment, she wanted to call her mother, but was hesitant as her mother would be restless worried about it. She knew her mother had suffered enough torture because of his father's affair with another woman. Judging from the woman's look, she looked like same age with her father. She was not young as the other mistresses, but she looked sophisticated and she looked like she came from a rich family.

Could it be possible that her mom knew about her? How could she tell it to her mom without rubbing salt to her wound?

After weighing things for a moment, she decided to dial her mom's number.

"Hello. Baby you called." Her mom's voice came out.

"Mom. How are you and dad?" She asked.

"Dad is well. His body is cooperating with the medication." Her mom replied with full of hope in her voice.

Hearing her mom's report, Arabella felt quite happy and relieved. She still didn't know how to open up the conversation about that woman in the picture.

"Hmmm... Mom, have you happened to know A.D.?" Arabella said.

"Who's A.D.? I never heard that name before." Jamie replied. "Why are you asking that name honey?" She added.

"Hmmm... nothing mom. I just saw it somewhere. Nothing important." Arabella couldn't find the guts to cut her mother's happiness about her father's improvement.

"Are you sure you are okay there?" Jamie asked worriedly.

"Of course, mom. I'm absolutely fine here. Don't worry about me." She tried her best not to stagger as she knew her mom so well that she could easily detect her by just hearing her voice.

"How is Bill? Is he good to you?" Jamie asked excitedly.

Arabella didn't expect the sudden question of her mom that she almost spewed her coffee from her mouth.

"Hmmm... We are good mom, Bill is very good to me." What a big lie! That evil! But she needed to lie for her mother not to get worried.

"Okay then. Then I'm relieved." Jamie said happily.

Setting aside her main purpose for calling, she ended her call with a happy conversation instead.

Probably tomorrow, she would get the money from Bill. It seemed that she would finish the investigation alone. There's no backing out now. She had felt that she was very close to find out the truth about her father's case. Arabella was determined to find out the truth as evidences kept popping in front of her one by one. After she got the money, that caller on the telephone would give all his cards to her, but she needed to get ready first complying Bill's demand.

Just as she thought of Bill's demand, she suddenly felt petrified. How could she resist the evil's temptation?

She then gathered all her necessary things and put it in her luggage including the picture of her dad together with his woman.

As she promised, she needed to go back to the villa early and prepare a sumptuous dinner to impress Bill but her phone rang.

It was an unknown number. Her body instantly shivered. It seemed that the mystery caller called her to remind her about the money he demanded.

With a shaking hand, Arabella lifted her phone to her ear and put all her courage to answer the person on the other line.

"Hello." With a nervous voice she uttered.

"Arabella, this is Margaret." Margaret was crying on the other line.

Arabella was stunned to hear Margaret's voice. She didn't expect Margaret would call her.

"What's wrong? Why are you calling me?" She had felt a little sorry for her, though Margaret was not good for her.

"Can we meet somewhere. Please?" Margaret was weeping on the other line.

"Okay. Where are you now? I will come to find you." Her heart was not a rock. She had a soft spot specially with a girl's cry.

"Please meet me at the Halsey Café." With a sobbing voice, Margaret replied.

"Okay. I'm on my way." Arabella said then drove directly to the Café.

At Halsey Café.

When Arabella arrived, she already saw Margaret in the corner. She was still weeping with the tissue in her hand.

"Margaret, I'm here. What happened?" She didn't expect to meet Margaret like this. She's a girl with strong and seductive personality. She was curious what made her became like this specially showing her weak spot in front of her. Margaret had never considered her as a friend.

When Margaret saw her, she quickly grasped Arabella hands. Her hand was cold and shivering.

"Arabella, please help me." Margaret then begged.

"How?" Arabella became curious.

"About Jayson." Margaret tears flowed down uncontrollably. She wiped it with almost wet tissue.

"Jayson left me. He didn't want to take responsibility with our baby." Then Margaret weeped again.

"What?" Arabella was surprised. She knew Jayson was responsible and Jayson wanted the baby. What made him change?

"Arabella please. For the sake of my baby. Please ask Jayson to come back to me." Margaret's grip on her hand got tighter.

"Why me? I don't have anything with Jayson." Arabella was confused.

"Jayson told me he still loves you. And if he had to choose between the baby and you, he would choose you." Margaret explained with tears. She didn't stand a chance at all as Jayson had already chosen this girl in front of her. For now, let alone beg at her since she could not win by fighting her.

Upon hearing Margaret's words, Arabella was stunned. She couldn't believe Jayson would do that.

"Please Arabella, I love Jayson very much. I would give up everything for him just to have this baby a family." Margaret didn't care about her begging at her mortal enemy. She was satisfied seeing Arabella's worried expression, that just meant, her acting was effective.

"Okay. I will try to talk to him, but I can't promise you the result. It's still for him to decide." Arabella replied, thoroughly.

"Do really want to help me or are you happy that Jayson left me because of you?" Margaret suddenly stood up and became hysterical.

Arabella was stunned. Hearing the roaring voice, all the customers turned their heads in their direction. Arabella instantly flushed seeing all eyes were landed on her.

"Margaret, please calm down." She stood up to hold Margaret's hands and put her backed to her seat.

"I'm sorry. I'm just carried by my emotion." Margaret said, but at the back of her mind, she was smiling by humiliating Arabella in front of other people.

"Please promise me to talk to Jayson please." She pretended to weep again.

"Okay. I will." That's the only answer that she found that could calm Margaret. She looked at her watch and she was shocked by the time. Because of Margaret, she didn't notice the time. She had to go home since she planned to impress Bill with her talent in cooking, but the time was not her friend now. Even she would drive very fast she would still be late for dinner. She was doomed. After she ended the call with her mother this morning, she texted him to have dinner in the villa. The picture reminded her to impress Bill tonight to give her the money she needed.

She arrived at the villa with take outs in her hands. That was the only idea she had since she was running out of time. When she opened the villa, she got instant goosebumps seeing Bill already sat on the dining table with an unfriendly face. He looked like he wanted to eat someone in whole.

Arabella got scared that she took a step back. Her instinct wanted her to run away from the place as she could sense upcoming danger.

"Where do you think you're going?" Bill's head turned in her direction. He saw her already before she knew it.

"Hmmm... I'm sorry I caught up with the bad traffic." Her voice was staggering and it was obvious that she was guilty of something. Yes. She was guilty of forgetting her promise to him.

"Why do you like to say sorry so much? Aren't you tired of it?" Bill's two eyebrows were meeting each other in the center and her eyes were sharp like knives that could stab her anytime.

"Hmmm... I have take-outs would you like to eat these with me?" She raised the plastic bags of her take outs hopefully she could ease his anger.

"What are you taking me for? I am Bill Sky, I don't eat take outs." Though he was already hungry, his pride would not allow him to eat take outs. Aside from his mom's dish, he ate only at the very least 5- star hotels and restaurants. In his mansion, he had an international chef that cooked for him. And this girl in front of him was giving him take outs. What a cheap move! He thought.

"Look, I bought it in my favorite Chinese restaurant. It's delicious." Arabella didn't have a plan to give up. Though she was already annoyed at him, but still she held it as she had something from him that she couldn't afford messing up with him.

"You said, you are going to cook for me. That's why I'm here. Is that how you kept a promise?" Bill looked at him mockingly. He was really pissed off as he was hungry to hell. Admittedly, he became the worst person if he was hungry.

"I'm really sorry. I know it's my fault. Let's just eat this okay for tonight. I promise it would not happen again." She really felt sorry. She knew this time she was at fault.

"Since I am very very hungry now, what about if I will eat you." Bill said with no joke on the face.

"What?" Arabella was shocked, but she tried to handle it.

"Mr. Sky, you made me believe that you are really hungry as your words were already out of this world." She pretended to smile at him and even if he didn't like it, she opened the container of her take-outs one by one. The delicious smell then mixed with the air that made them both hungrier. Bill's stomach made a starving sound and Arabella smiled after hearing it. She now understood that Bill was not the person to provoke specially when he was hungry.

With a swift movement, Arabella put a piece of dimsum in his mouth. Bill was stunned by her sudden action. He wanted to spit it out, but when the food touches his tongue, he found the taste was not bad. Arabella was right, it was delicious. He then quickly got the chopsticks and started eating everything. It was his first experience eating this kind of food. Like a child, he ate happily and quietly.

Arabella was quite satisfied about the sight. Bill was enjoying his food. She then realized another thing about her fake husband, he was a good food lover.

They ate silently way too far from the usual fighting and bickering. Without talking to each other, they just both enjoyed their food.

After cleaning up everything in the kitchen, here comes the hard part for her. Actually, she intentionally made the washing and cleaning took more time, so that when she entered the room, Bill might be already sleeping. Then she would just slip in the quilt leaving a big space in the middle.

When she pushed open the door, she felt quite relieved. Bill seemed to be sleeping already. It seemed that he was so tired of today's work. She tiptoed not

to be noticed that she was already inside. After she cleaned up herself, she lifted the quilt very gently and slipped inside, leaving a big space in the middle.

When she turned off the lights on the bedside, A big hand grabbed her waist and before she knew it, she was already imprisoned by his tight embrace.

