

You Can Run But You Can't Hide My Contractual Wife Chapter 61

3 months later.

One sunny day in N City, the big street was jam packed with people who were busy catching for work.

On a busy street, Arabella was rushing not to be late for her appointment when her phone rang.

"Hello?" She answered in a hurry.

"Where are you? The wedding was about to start, but the bride was still not fully made. You are sickening me! Hurry up!" The manager of the cosmetic company where she was employed in, roared at her angrily.

"I am very sorry, sir. I am on my way. The traffic was just too bad." She explained. Of course, she didn't want to be late. It's just that she needed to visit her dad first in the hospital and send her mom's meal. She was always juggling her role as a daughter and her work every day.

"I don't care! Just get your ass here immediately or you are fired!" Her manager wasn't good to anyone. They said, he had grown old with the company but didn't get the chance to be promoted that's why he was irate to everyone.

"Right away, sir." In spite of his roaring, Arabella replied in a respectful tone.

For three months only, she already made herself a well-known make-up artist in N city through her company, NZ Cosmetics. NZ Cosmetics was widely known as the biggest cosmetic line and also catered prestige make-up services to all big events in the city using their very own line. Every day, she always had appointments with old and new clients that made her so busy. Seeing her masterpiece on one's face gave her much satisfaction and happiness.

Arabella had only 2 hours left to the wedding. This wedding was a new client. She had heard, it was the biggest wedding in N City for this year. The bride had requested to have her make-up done with the company's best make-up artist and that was her.

After she had arrived in the venue, she quickly ran to the bride's room bringing her make-up suitcase.

"I'm really sorry, I'm a bit late." She uttered while setting up her workplace in a hurry.

"Arabella?" The bride turned her head at the busy Arabella when she saw her reflection in the mirror.

Hearing her name being called, Arabella stopped what she was doing. She then realized that she hadn't seen the bride's face from the moment she entered the room. She turned her head and saw a very familiar face. She was shocked for quite a while when her eyes caught the unknown bride. It was Brittany Taylor.

The first and last meeting with her was unpleasant. Brittany was one of Bill's muses that night in the President's birthday ball and Brittany vulgarly confronted her in the restroom about her wild night with Bill. 'Wait! Is her groom, Bill?' Arabella froze. She didn't know why she had felt disappointed of her thoughts.

The air in the roomed seemed not enough for them two, but since she was her client, Arabella tried to smile at her civilly.

"Hi." The word came out of Arabella's mouth, trying to suppress the feeling of awkwardness seeing Brittany again.

"It was nice to see you again. I didn't know you're gonna be my make-up artist for my wedding." Brittany was a little demure, this time way too far from the Brittany she had met before.

"Me too, I'm totally surprised that you... Ahhmmm... Well best wishes! I am happy for you." Not to be surprised later, Arabella had already assumed that Brittany's groom was none other than Bill and that made her jumbled her words.

"Thank you." Brittany replied and smiled at her playfully. It seemed she knew what Arabella was thinking, but she chose to give her a thrill.

The make-up session finished well and ended on time.

"Thank you. You are very good. I am not wrong for choosing your company." Arabella did a very good job that Brittany couldn't help herself to praise her skills. Brittany looked very gorgeous on her make-up that complemented well on her white wedding gown.

"Ms. Taylor, It's time." A gay wedding planner gracefully strode inside the room, then he ushered Brittany on her way to the venue.

As the make-up artist of the bride, Arabella had to stay for some minor retouches until the wedding was over.

"Wow! One lucky girl. Ms. Brittany Taylor will be married to a billionaire. She had everything now!" One of the cleaners in the room said.

"Yeah! You are right! I hope I could also find my prince charming as handsome as Ms. Brittany's groom." Another cleaner replied as she giggled.

Hearing the two cleaners chatting, Arabella was feeling uneasy while keeping the cosmetics backed to her case. A billionaire and a prince charming, those were perfect descriptions for Bill Sky. Fighting with her mind, Arabella had her hope that it was not Bill since he was still married to her, but thinking how rich and

powerful he was, then he could probably find a way to make Brittany her wife without divorcing her. She then breathed a sigh of frustration.

The fear of seeing Bill with Brittany on stage made Arabella just wanted to stay in the room. She was still not prepared for her reaction and feeling would be but her instinct urged her to stand up and see herself the truth. The truth would hurt, but life must go on. She just had to move on.

So, to confirmed everything, she had sneaked inside the venue. The venue resembled a fantasy concept with full of lavender and white flowers gardened around. The huge venue looked so lavishly magnifique that undoubtedly only billionaires could afford. In the corner, Arabella was nervous to see the groom. She could feel her heart was racing fast and she was sweating even though the venue was surrounded with big air conditioners purposely turned on to their highest temperature giving comfortable atmosphere to all the guests.

Meanwhile, Brittany who was very dazzling on her white gown walked gracefully with her mom on the center aisle. The happiness on her face was greatly shown through her wide sweet smile. The guests were all astonished by her presence. Given her title as the most famous superstar, most of her guests were big shots from the entertainment companies. Nevertheless, the vibe from the crowd still kept the solemnity of the event.

On the other hand, Arabella's eyes were being thrilled with the famous faces showed in the wedding as guests until her eyes caught on her main target. All of a sudden, she was thunderstruck seeing the person who she was very thrilled to see. Wearing his most effortless handsome look and a strong, powerful aura, Bill was standing in front and waiting for the bride's hand. That scene made her heart being clenched hard and her body instantly trembled as she unconsciously took her step back little by little.

After that night in the rain, Arabella hadn't seen him anymore. His style of bugging her and pestering her almost every day was gone with the air. Every time she laid on her bed, there was no night she didn't remember Bill and that made her thinking how he was? What was he doing right now? Is there even just a second that I came across his mind? Did he miss me? Those were just a few questions in her mind.

Just to distract herself, Arabella stayed with her parents abroad. Her dad was still in a coma, but he could already respond by moving his finger. Seeing her father's new good improvement, her mother always asked her to come back to Capital Z so she could keep an eye of their house and their other small properties but she was not ready yet. Though she tried her very best not to think of him anymore, Capital Z still reminded her with Bill and their good and bad memories together. What good memories they had aside from sex? They didn't have anything but why she couldn't forget him? Why her heart was unstoppable thumping every time he came across her mind?

Now that she saw him again, holding his own, another wedding, finally she was determined to let go of his memories that were implanted already in her heart.

"Ms. Jones, you were called by the bride to retouch her makeup." The gay coordinator stepped foot in front of her in the corner like he's been looking for her for a long time.

"Right away." Subconsciously, Arabella answered.

Following the coordinator, they walked back to the room of the bride.

There, Brittany was sitting on the chair in front the vanity mirror when Arabella came in and hurriedly arranged the cosmetics that she was going to use for retouching Brittany's make-up. Feeling a little bit restless, Arabella wanted to finish everything with Brittany so she could pack-up and go home. The unexpected event with familiar people made her drained all her energy.

"Oh, Arabella you're here." Brittany excitedly said.

"Congratulations again." Arabella tried her best to give her most cheerful voice to Brittany even if she was dying in sadness inside.

"Thank you." Brittany smiled sweetly.

Aiming to fast-track everything, Arabella started on fixing Brittany's make-up without noticing the man sitting on the couch. The moment she lifted the brush for Brittany's face contour, for no reason, her eyes met another pair of cold eyes. At that moment, the time seemed to stop. The vibe inside the spacious room suddenly became tiny and suffocating. Bill's eyes were like sucking out Arabella's soul from her while Arabella had thousands of emotions that she couldn't mention one by one. Ineradicable staring to each other was the game and no one wanted to break the chain.

"Ahem! Arabella?" Brittany pretended to cough to distract the palpable scene. She was actually waiting the brush to touch on her face, but Arabella's hand stopped midway in the air.

"Oh! Sorry." Arabella shyly said. "And ...Hello Mr. Sky." Then she added with a nod to acknowledge his presence. It would be inappropriate for her not to greet him in front of his bride, Brittany. After all, she didn't want them to think that she was holding grudges against them. In addition, her Mrs. Sky title was bound only with a contract so there should be no issue about grudges or anything.

Regretful that she greeted him, Bill didn't even reply like he wasn't hearing anything. He read the newspaper in her hand without giving care of the people around him. His reaction was sending her that they haven't known each other and it pained her.

Determined to focus on her work, but the presence of Bill made her uncomfortable. Her face started to turn pale and she felt dizzy.

"Bill, you wanna go out first? I'll see you at the venue." Observing Arabella, she could tell she was not fine of Bill's presence in the room.

"That's what I'm thinking." Bill replied, then he quickly stood up and elegantly exited the room without giving Arabella a glance anymore. It seemed Arabella was not existing in the room.

Bill's exit made Arabella felt quite at a loss. She felt relieved, but at the same time, her heart didn't want him to leave. She then hated herself shamelessly feeling that way to a groom of someone's bride and that bride was in front of her, Brittany.

Everything went out well and tired Arabella went to the hospital first before heading back home.

"Have you seen your husband? I heard from your Aunt Kelly he is here." Jaime said to Arabella seeing her coming from the door.

"No. I came from work mom." Arabella's voice was exhausted. She lied not to get pressured by her mom's nagging because her mom didn't know the real score between her and Bill. They had a bad argument and ended up giving space to each other, that was her alibi to her mother not to put Bill in a bad situation with his parents. She could not also say that she saw Bill in his new wedding. The fact that Aunt Kelly reported to her mother, that gave her a realization that Bill got married to Brittany without his parents' permission.

"Huh." Unconsciously, Arabella let go of a heavy sigh.

Jaime then looked at her daughter with a puzzled look.

"What happened?" She asked Arabella.

"I'm just tired of work mom. Nothing to worry. I might sleep here. I'm too tired to go home." Arabella then laid down on the leather sofa. It seemed all her strength were all sucked by Bill's unexpected encounter earlier. The way he stared at her was totally different from before. She was like a stranger to him and that was the main caused by her heavy exhaustion.

Her stress was slowly invading her body that she felt the need to vomit. Then she quickly got up and ran to the bathroom.

"When are you going back to capital Z?" Jaime reminded her daughter again.

"In time mom. In time." That was the only answer that came out of her mouth before she directly collapsed to sleep on the sofa with a heavy heart.

