

You Can Run But You Can't Hide My Contractual Wife Chapter 188

"How lucky I am to finally cornered you here." The man who was wearing an evil grin sounded.

"Mr. Clinton." Arabella's lips were trembling. Shocked, her eyes widened. With what happened at the party, she could easily decipher what he wanted. Her instinct was telling her to hurriedly run away but when she was about to turn her heels around, she bumped on a hard rock chest. Her eyes widened in fear as two gangsters were behind her. She quickly took a step back and tried her best not to stumble in fear in front of the bad guys. She had to go back to her son alive so she had to escape from them no matter what.

"Look, Mr. Clinton. If you want revenge, you should not come to me." Arabella tried to settle the situation with her wits. Though she was trembling inside, she stood up tough.

"Hahaha." Mr. Clinton chuckled grimly. "I don't mind playing tricks with a beautiful woman." His voice was sinister and lusty.

"I'm not playing tricks, Mr. Clinton. Bill and I, we have nothing. If you kill me now, he would be happy. Trust me, that's what he wanted to do with me ever since." She had to do anything to save herself from the cunning man aside she was just telling the truth.

Mr. Clinton strode forward still wearing his horrendous look. "Don't worry, I will make it quick." He sinisterly smiled causing her goosebumps.

"What do you want?" She asked refusing to show fear.

"You!" Mr. Clinton quickly answered. Then he nodded to the men behind her.

"Dad, I think mom is lost again," Adam commented worriedly. Bill looked at his watch. "Go check on her." Then he ordered to the man who was standing beside them.

Bill's men went to find Arabella.

"Dad, I'm worried. I should have not asked mom for ice cream." Adam mumbled with a low tone as his expression was full of regrets.

"Your mom is a wild tiger. No one would dare to offend her." Bill commented. Adam looked at his father. His expression was serious so he was not joking. Remembering his mom fighting with the three bully mothers and his old school principal before, "Yes... she is." Adam smiled agreeing to his dad but a trace of worry was still in his eyes.

"Sir, there's no trace of Mrs. Sky." Bill's man reported.

"Check the cameras," Bill ordered with a deep tone.

"Dad, Is mom, okay? Her phone is off." Adam's eyes were turning teary.

"She should be," Bill answered tracking her phone. Her location was just inside the park near them. He quickly stood up and walked in the direction where her location was pinned. Adam quickly followed his dad.

They stopped but there's no Arabella. At this moment, Bill and Adam knew Arabella was in danger. Her cellphone was inside a trash bin.

In the next second, Bill's phone rang. His eyes got darker seeing the name of the caller. Without answering the call, he already knew where Arabella is.

"Mr. Sky, I know that you already got the hint for this call. Hahaha!" Mr. Clinton sounded playful and proud as he laughed triumphantly.

"Location. Now!" Bill demanded directly. His voice was calm unaffected by Mr. Clinton's annoying act but too dangerous to handle.

"Oh, well... my friend, she's with me and I am looking at her beautiful face right now." Mr. Clinton answered menacingly. He was purposely not in a hurry making him so annoying to anyone who was very impatient like Bill Sky. "You can't blame me for doing this, my friend. You make me a fugitive with my money garnished by the government. Tell me how would you like me to punish you? Hahaha!" Mr. Clinton laughed desperately.

"Mr. Clinton.," In-depth, Bill uttered his name. He had no trace of irritation and panic. "I will give you one last chance," Bill talked with his normal deep domineering voice.

Bill was known to be merciless in the business world. It was known to everyone that one would end up digging his own grave if you offended him. Thinking about this, Mr. Clinton trembled as he knew once Bill caught him, he was good as dead but his ego would not let him give in. Now that he was left with nothing, he won't accept his fate without getting his revenge.

"Don't be so full of yourself, my friend." Mr. Clinton played tough but deep inside he was in a complete mess. He was trying to be intimidating and horrifying but he couldn't shake Bill Sky even a bit. He seemed to be dealing with a grim reaper. "Remember, I have your wife as a hostage." Mr. Clinton reminded Bill because he was supposed to be the bossy one in this kind of situation. He should be the one to make orders, terms, and conditions as he held a hostage but they switched places. That's just one of what the mighty Bill Sky could do.

"Mr. Clinton, I have here the location of your 10 sons, 5 grandsons, and your 3 wives. Touch just one strand of my wife's hair and you will see what's gonna happen." Bill's voice carried a big wave of danger that made Mr. Clinton totally drop his cool. Big round sweats appeared on his forehead and the back of his

neck. His hand was shaking uncontrollably. He couldn't believe how Bill found out the exact numbers of his sons, grandsons, and wives surely, he was telling the truth about their locations. It seemed Bill was determined to wipe his entire bloodline in the world if he would just try to touch the hair strand of his wife. Thinking about this, Mr. Clinton had goosebumps. Lots and lots of goosebumps.

"Oh! I think this is just a misunderstanding, my friend." Mr. Clinton quickly sounded with his most adorable voice. He already regretted kidnapping the wife of Bill Sky and offending him. How could he afford bargaining 18 lives of his own over 1 life? He might be a bad husband but he was a good father to all his children and a generous grandfather to all his grandsons.

It was a mistake.

A very big mistake.

"She's in the old ice-skating rink." Without any hesitation, a coward Mr. Clinton announced.

Bill didn't reply any further as he cut the call. That short call for him was already too long like decades. His cold expression didn't change like he didn't win any negotiation or maybe he was used to getting what he wanted by just talking or with Mr. Clinton he wasn't challenged at all. No one could decipher what he's thinking.

Bill and Adam went to the old ice-skating rink. It was closed for some major renovations but all system inside was working. Bill's men led the way and secured the perimeter before Bill and Adam entered inside. Like a coward ghost, there's no trace of Mr. Clinton and his men in the area.

"Mom?" Adam bravely ran towards Arabella who was unconscious lying on the ice surface. Her body was stiff and very cold. She seemed to be there for a long time as her skin color turned pale and her lips were cracked dry.

"Mom!" Adam shouted to wake her up. He was already in panic seeing his mom lying on ice like a lifeless one.

Arabella was caught in a dream where she was trapped in an ice capsule. She was freezing and she couldn't move even a finger. She wanted to escape and break the ice but the cold made her lose all her energy. She desperately hoped someone would come and rescue her.

But who?

The gorgeous figure of the man who saved her in the lobby, Eric Grant flashed across her mind. Maybe because he took the punches from Bill for her and she still had not thanked and apologized to him for that. She had no time to wonder why she had thought of him to rescue her. Hopelessness slowly invaded her and when she wanted to give up, she heard Adam's angelic voice. She slowly lifted her heavy eyelids.

For a second, all was blurry then it slowly went clear. She saw the cute chubby face of Adam hovering over her. He had teary eyes and a very worried expression. She could also see a tall sexy figure standing beside her son.

Bill Sky.

His expression was emotionless. That was his normal so she had no time to think about it. Adam was holding her cold hand as she slowly moved to stand up but she stumbled. She thought she would shove directly to the hard cold ground dragging Adam and suffered the most painful back pain but someone had caught her. She opened her eyes and saw Bill was enveloping her body to support her.

Bill's piercing eyes bore onto hers. She could see anger but she couldn't decipher why so she quickly stood up trying to get her balance but she felt dizzy.

"Mom, don't force yourself. Dad and I will assist you. Right, dad?" Adam worriedly sounded never leaving his mom's hand.

"Hmmm..." Bill only muttered.

Arabella would rather like him saying no than just mutter a single lazy humming word. He could say yes, I like that idea, it's my pleasure to help or a simple okay and alright but he's Bill Sky.

What can she possibly expect from him?

He was the coldest man on earth!

With him, she felt colder.

Bill's men open the door for them. Holding Adam's hand, Arabella strode weakly towards the exit when suddenly her body was lifted in the air. She was shocked for a moment. She could feel her heart had stopped beating for a moment and her mind became blank empty.

Before she could process everything, she was already in Bill's strong arms. Bill carried her in a bridal style. Adam followed with eyes glimmering in happiness seeing his parents' sweet moment.

They headed to the airport. Seeing the same plane, Arabella rolled her eyes. She knew she was tricked by Bill again through the stewardess who said the plane would be sold.

Adam entered the plane excitedly followed by Arabella. Just when she was about to take her seat, she saw Lala wearing her stewardess uniform. Arabella sneered secretly thinking about her sitting on Bill's lap.

"Mom, are you okay?" Adam asked noticing her mom's bad mood.

"Yeah. With you, I'm always good, Adam." Arabella answered trying to pull herself together.

So what if Lala was one of Bill's women?

It was none of her damn business! She thought but her eyes couldn't help but stay focused on Lala and Bill.

Bill was sitting in front and Lala was talking to him with her sweetest smile. Arabella shook her head to get rid of her focus and averted her attention to the little boy beside her.

Adam's expression was tired. Surely, he was tired of strolling the whole day in the park. She was also drained of the sudden kidnap but she was very thankful that there's no killing, hurting and blood flowing happened. She didn't know how or why Mr. Clinton just vanished but it didn't matter to her right now as long as they were all safe. She just thought that Mr. Clinton had just changed his mind and that he was not really that bad at all.

"Mrs. Sky, do want any drink?" Lala suddenly asked her. Because of her thoughts, she didn't notice Lala was already standing in front of her.

Arabella put up a smile to acknowledge her. "I'm good, thanks." Then she answered politely.

'Mrs. Sky?' She was back to her thoughts.

'And so, she knew that I am Mrs. Sky but she still had the audacity to flirt with Mr. Sky.' She shook her head again. What was she thinking? Why she was so upset with Lala and Bill? It was not like her first-time seeing Bill with another woman.

Arabella reclined her seat and joined Adam to sleep. She had to sleep or she would go crazy with her unstoppable thoughts. She had to clear her mind. She had to focus on making her choices as what Eric said.

Eric Grant.

She suddenly remembered him once again. A man of wisdom, cool and brave. He just met her but for some unexplainable reason, she was at ease with him. She couldn't help to think that Eric was crazy for taking the punches of Bill for her. With her eyes closed, she smiled but stopped when she felt some cold eyes were staring at her. She quickly opened her eyes and she was not wrong.

Bill was staring at her while her eyes closed. His sharp eyes were pierced on her while folding his arms in front. She shot daggers at him but he didn't dodge and just maintained his sharp stare at her.

His stare was like vacuuming her soul out of her body.

She had no energy to argue so she closed her eyes again and flipped to the side facing Adam.

They arrived at Bill's villa. The servants were waiting for them lined up outside.

"Welcome back my son." Kelly strode out with Trishia whose smile was up to her ears.

"Welcome back, Bill," Trishia uttered shyly with glimmered excitement in her eyes.

Bill just nodded. Kelly hugged her son and Trishia followed like she was already part of their family.

Arabella and Adam were holding hands.

"Adam, aren't you not going to hug grandma and Aunt Trishia?" Kelly sounded like a loving grandmother.

Adam looked at Arabella meaningfully. She nodded to her son. Adam slowly strode closer to Kelly and hug her then to Trishia.

"Come, dinner is ready. Let's eat together now." Trishia suddenly held Adam's arm and led him inside the house like she was the owner.

Kelly held Bill's arm and followed Trishia and Adam.

Then, the servants followed.

Arabella was left alone outside like she was unwanted and unwelcome to enter the house. She heaved a deep sigh then nodded.

'For Adam. You can do it.' She reminded herself beneath her breath.

"Bill, since you are all busy, I decided to take Trishia in. She will be my personal nurse and assistant. She will live with us starting tomorrow." Kelly suddenly announced while dining.