

## Read Novel You Can Run But You Can't Hide My Contractual Wife Chapter 311

You Can Run But You Can't Hide My Contractual Wife Chapter 311

"Eric, who is she?" Rosy was the second demotion. Everyone's eyes landed on the girl beside Eric wondering about her identity.

Earlier, Eric Grant arrived at the restaurant under his reservation. Tonight, he decided to end up his affection for the masked girl. He wanted to have a formal apology for his bad behavior. Buying her with an empty check and trapping her inside the bar was just too absurd. He didn't even know he could do such dirty tricks until she came into his life unexpectedly. She came and pissed off his lonely life. For an unknown reason, he liked her existence. She made him enraged but at the same time, she made him want to see her more. His focus was on his anger for her that he forgot about Arabella and Bill Sky. He completely forgot his wife. It made Eric very guilty realizing what he became recently.

"You're here." The woman's soft voice came out cold mixing the air.

Eric looked at the stunning lady who was wearing a silky white long dress perfectly matching her white half mask. He smiled at the beautiful scenery.

"I'm... I'm sorry, I'm a bit late." Eric muttered directly. Making his decision took him a long time. For him, it was the hardest decision among all the business dealings he had.

"It's okay... I'm totally fine." Along with her words was a very sweet smile. He liked her smile a lot. It gave him deep calmness in his soul. Eric sat on the chair opposite her.

"Hmmm..." Eric muttered softly as he poured wine into their glasses. "How's your brother?" Eric asked handing her a glass half-filled with red wine.

"Oh, thanks to you. He was out already. Well, he promised me to stay in the house for a while and then he will look for a good job. Hopefully, he will change this time." Hanna heaved a deep sigh while she rolled her eyes cutely.

Even though her face was beneath a half-mask Eric could see her cuteness behind it.

Their food was brought by the servants and they started eating.

A deafening silence circulated at their table. Until Hanna could no longer hold her worries. "Eric, is there something wrong? Are you, okay?" She knew there is something wrong with Eric tonight. His expression was gloomy and he was not in his usual self who's cheerful and confidently handsome. Tonight, his eyes were sad. His mood was awkward that she could not easily tell.

"How's your work?" Instead of answering Hanna, Eric asked. It seemed Eric didn't want to talk about him. Hanna didn't miss it but she didn't intend to ruin the night. She sensed Eric was not in the mood tonight.

"Well, It ended well and easy so I came back early." She answered suppressing her fast heartbeat. Actually, she was just lying. She just spent the time in her place and Marga's grave. She didn't go out of time for work but then in her work, she get used to lying. Eric was just good to her and maybe that's why she felt nervous when lying to him.

"That's good to know." Eric smiled but his eyes could not fake it.

Then another deafening silence in the air passed. They ate and no one dared to talk. They seemed to think about how to handle each other's company tonight or shall we say how can they survive the night with the awkward atmosphere.

After a while, the sound of utensils clanking with plates sounded. Eric finished their dinner followed by her. The servants quickly got all the plates and utensils on the table leaving only the bottle of wine and their glasses filled in half.

They continued drinking without talking. When Eric asked Hanna for dinner over the phone, admittedly, she got excited but at the same time scared. She was scared and had no trust in people, especially men. Plus, she had no time for a date and love life. She still had to work hard and give her brother, Anthony a good life but what she didn't understand was she went there for dinner tonight with him. She could always lie as she was used to it. She could always hide from him as she was also used to it. She could always turn off her phone so he could not call and disturb her. Why she could not resist Eric? His handsome face and sexy figure plus his eyes carried lots of emotions and mysteries. His smile gave calmness to her heart and also gave her nervousness at the same time. She knew this feeling was her first.

Is she in love with Eric?

Realizing her thoughts, Hanna shook her head to get rid away of the weird things in her mind.

Eric looked at her seriously. He seemed to study her keenly. His eyes were seeking something in her being. Hanna looked at him too and coincidently their eyes met.

For a while, their eyes talked. Subconsciously, they stared at each other lovingly until Eric averted his gaze. Hanna followed.

"Cheers?" Eric raised her glass for a toast. Hanna quickly reached out to toast. Then they sipped on their glasses at the same time.

A deafening silence came in again until Eric already got the courage to say what he came for.

"Hanna..." He called her name. Hanna looked at him with a question but somehow her expression was waiting for the exact words he was about to say. Somewhat she felt sad because Eric was the only stranger guy she had given her real name to. For an inexplicable reason, she felt comfortable with him especially when he offered help to solve her brother's case. She and her brother grew up with the cruelty in the world so it's hard for them to give trust to someone, especially a stranger but with Eric, she felt warm with his presence.

"I..." Eric's voice snapped her back to her senses. He was talking to her eyes. He was serious but she could see uneasiness in him.

"Pls. go on... I'm listening." Hanna uttered softly as the air was filled with tension.

"Hanna..." He called again putting his glass down then he interlocked his fingers on the table. His eyes fixated on her. "I came here to say goodbye." Eric's words were powerful like he was dealing with a business transaction in a room strictly.

"Hmmm..." Hanna muttered softly.

"Hanna... Sorry but I am not the one you..." Eric continued but his words were cut. He was about to say that he didn't deserve her but Hanna raised her hand in the air to stop him.

"I know..." Hanna sounded like she already understood it all then she smiled sweetly. Eric was a bit taken aback. He didn't expect that Hanna would react coolly. She had no awkward expression as her sweet smile never left her face.

"Eric, I wish you well and thank you very much for helping me out. As I promised, I will give back the help to you one day." Hanna said sweetly. Her tone had no trace of bitterness and uneasiness.

Hearing Hanna, Eric felt sadder as he felt they were not in the same boat. Hanna had no feelings for him. He could not blame her as he knew he got hooked on her unexpectedly.

Having affection for another girl was beyond his expectation either.

"I told you to forget it. It's a help." Eric firmly responded.

"Tell me, would you help anyone if it wasn't me?" Hanna seemed to want to know something from him. She asked with her beautiful smile.

Eric didn't answer. He looked at Hanna seriously. His eyes were not blinking like he was memorizing her face with the mask and he seemed to see her true face beneath her mask.

"I help those in need." He answered not leaving her masked face.

Hanna felt a bit disappointed with his answer as she thought she was special to him. Guessed she was mistaken. Trying hard to keep up her cool, she widened her smile. Eric was really a good guy. She was trying to hold back her disappointment with his goodbye.

"Well, I guess this is our last night. So... Maybe we can chill somewhere. No talking of problems and goodbyes. Just pure fun! Are you in?" Hanna was trying to maximize the night with her stranger friend. Just pure fun and just enjoy the night with him for the last time.

"Fine. Let's go!" Eric was quite happy with her suggestion. Perhaps, it was a night to remember. He held her hand. Hanna was a bit stunned by his action. She could feel the warmth of his skin and unfamiliar millions of sensations were running inside her body. Admittedly, she had been with many men before but this was the only time she felt electrified by a man's touch. All she could do was hide her burning cheeks from him and tried to act as if his touch didn't matter to her.

Meanwhile, at the bar, a deafening silence invaded the atmosphere between Arabella, Rosy, Ginger, Bill, Eric, and the masked girl though there was party music from the sound system of the bar.

They looked at the stranger who was wearing a mask.

Hanna was also looking frozen at what she saw. A girl kissed Eric in front of her. It pained her so much that she could not decipher why. Why she's hurt so bad? Why she's so disappointed? Why she didn't know that Eric had a girl? Why was she so dumb not knowing about it? Hanna had so many whys in her mind and she felt so bad. She just wanted to go away and leave all the people there but her feet weren't cooperating. She couldn't move even an inch.

"Eric! Oh! Eric Grant! It was so nice to see you again my handsome mate!" Ginger broke the silence. She strode toward Eric and got him from Arabella. Arabella stepped aside to give way to the two old friends. The spotlight was successfully snatched by Ginger. All eyes transferred to Ginger hugging Eric in a friendly welcome except for Bill Sky whose sharp eyes were fixated on Arabella.

"It's nice to see you, Ginger!" Eric civilly answered but his eyes were glancing at the girl on his side.

"Mind if we join you?" Ginger asked nonchalantly. She had the most friendly tone that no one could resist when she asks.

Eric looked at Hanna who was still unmoved. Hanna looked at him too. Her eyes were sad and he could clearly see it. Eric was worried about her. He didn't want to hurt her

but what happened was unexpected. He never expected that Arabella and the rest would appear and most of all he didn't expect that Arabella would kiss him which was very impossible to imagine.

"Of course, you can! Right honey? He called us to join him so he would not mind if you guys join us!" Without hearing Eric's reply, Arabella said sweetly putting up a show for Bill Sky.

'He called us.'

'Eric called them.'

Arabella's words kept on bugging Hanna's mind. She just thought the night was just for the two of us since they had agreed to spend it having fun for the last time but why she could not feel the fun? Before she went to the restroom, everything was so perfect. They drank, and she even taught him to dance on the dance floor. At first, he didn't want to dance but a little push made him agree. They had fun and laughter like they were the only people left in the world. Now, everything crumbled in an instant.

"Sure you can." Eric's answer snapped Hanna back to her senses. She was speechless. Seeing the people around Eric, Hanna felt intimidated. She could see clearly that she didn't belong in Eric's world. Hanna's eyes landed on the woman who kissed Eric. For her, Arabella was very beautiful and elegant and she was just nothing. A bar girl. A bar performer. They called her a hooker. A slut, gold digger, and everything bad. The lowest class in society. And his friends were all elite. They belong to the highest class in society.

With all of these thoughts she had in mind, Hanna gritted her teeth to muster her courage to leave. It was the only choice she got to avoid humiliation. She accepted already that she would never fit in Eric's world and good thing it was their last night. Yeah, she should be happy! But she couldn't. She could not feel any happiness from it. The pain in her heart was too extreme. She had to flee right away but when she was about to go, Eric had caught her.

"Don't go! " He whispered seriously while his hand gripping tightly on her wrist.

"Let me go, Eric, please." This time, her voice had lost its cool. She could not help the pain and the fright of being humiliated if she would not run away.

Eric looked at her pleadingly but Hanna snatched her arm away from him.

"I'm sorry," Hanna uttered glanced at him for the last time then she fled.

Eric wanted to chase her but Rosy suddenly held his shoulder.

"Your wife is waiting for you," Rosy announced meaningfully.

'Your wife.'

Hanna didn't miss those words. She halted and then she turned around to see Eric who was also looking in her direction. Their eyes met. A drop of tear skipped from her eyes. Good thing, she was wearing a mask and it covered the tear. For a while, their eyes talk. It was like they were saying goodbyes for the last time.

In the next second, Hanna left like a Cinderella. She hurriedly ran away carrying a promise to herself that she would never ever step into Eric Grant's life again.

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Eric shoved onto the sofa hating himself for being so cruel. He still couldn't believe what he did with Hanna and Arabella.

He was now with Arabella who was now sitting at his side but his mind was occupied with Hanna. He didn't like Hanna's exit tonight. He got the feeling that he offended her incredibly much. Even though they would not see each other again, Eric just hoped that Hanna would not despise him. He should have told Hanna about Arabella beforehand to avoid hurting her but it was too late. It was just too late.

"Who is that girl brother?" When Eric thought that everyone had already forgotten Hanna, unexpectedly, Arabella whispered beside him.

For a while, Eric wasn't able to answer it. He was lost for words. He looked at Arabella and then he suddenly held her hand. "Hanna..." Eric muttered. "Her name is Hanna," Eric uttered the name with delight in his tone like it was describing a good memory.

Arabella nodded and she was satisfied with how Eric got into the mood when he spoke Hanna's name.

"Are we just gonna do lots of talking here or are we gonna have fun? Wooooohhh!" Rosy's loud screaming interrupted them. She raised her glass full of vodka for a toast. Everyone cheered at her.

They drank at the same time bottom-up. Then after Rosy poured another round of liquor into their glasses again.

"Bill, can we dance on the dance floor?" Ginger asked the cold man sitting beside her with his long legs crossed elegantly.

Hearing Ginger, Arabella quickly glanced at Bill secretly but Bill's eyes didn't miss it. Their eyes met. Bill smirked at Arabella teasingly so she snapped out and averted her gaze to Rosy pretending she just coincidentally look at him and Ginger.

"So, does Eric forbids you to dance after your marriage? Let's go, Arabella!" Rosy invited Arabella to dance but she wasn't in the mood to have fun tonight. She would never be in the mood with Bill's presence. To recline Rosy, Arabella shook her head repeatedly.

"Nah! You're killing the fun!" Rosy commented in a tipsy tone.

"Okay! Okay! Since my boyfriend here didn't want to join me, I'm all yours for tonight, lady!" Ginger went over and grabbed Rosy's hand. Rosy smiled satisfyingly at Ginger and the two excitedly left leaving Arabella, Eric, and Bill in one place.

The party music was so loud but the tension in the air was screaming.

Eric kept on drinking. Arabella was troubled by Eric's action. Bill was just looking at them without any expression. His eyes looked at Arabella without any care if she caught him looking at her. This kind of stare made her nervous and intimidated. Whenever she caught him staring at her, she blushed.

"Brother, you drink so much. Are you sure you can manage?" Arabella whispered at Eric. She deliberately leaned forward to Eric so it would look intimate.

Eric looked at her with a sweet smile. Then, he kissed Arabella's forehead never minding the presence of the man who was staring coldly at them. Arabella was a bit stunned by Eric's unexpected action because she didn't want to give Eric any hope and she didn't want him to misinterpret her kiss a while ago. But who couldn't misinterpret it? Especially Eric was into her. Moreover, his kiss on her forehead completed the show. Even without glancing at Bill Sky, Arabella knew a pair of scorching eyes were in her direction.

Arabella smiled at Eric sweetly. This is what she wanted. To pester Bill Sky tonight.

"Don't worry about me. I'm... I'm just happy to see you again." Eric then held her hand and interlocked their fingers. She felt uncomfortable with Eric's actions but she didn't want to ruin her show.

With her smile not leaving her face, she looked at Bill. Bill was looking at her. "I'm happy too," Arabella said loud enough to hear Bill as she put her other hand on Eric's lap. Bill looked at her like he wanted to eat her alive and she liked what she saw. It made her feel satisfied.



Just after a minute, Ginger and Rosy came in still full of energy. Ginger was about to sit beside Bill but she was grabbed by Bill. He let her sit on his lap. Afraid to lose her balance, Ginger wrapped her arms around Bill's neck and she felt it was her lucky night.

The intimate scene stole the spotlight as all eyes landed on the two. Arabella's heart skipped a beat. She felt very uncomfortable with the scene in front of her. Trying her best to hold the feeling, she averted her gaze away from them but shortly, her eyes traveled back to Bill and Ginger when she heard Ginger's giggles. She laughed out loud while Bill was whispering very close to her ears while his hand was on Ginger's bare leg. The scene made her roll her eyes in annoyance.

"Where are you going, darling?" Rosy who sat on the couch coolly stopped Arabella who was about to leave.

"I have to excuse myself. I'm just going to the restroom." Arabella answered. She needed to get away or she would be suffocated with Ginger and Bill.

"Okay, I'm going with you!" Rosy was about to move up but Arabella handed her glass filled with liquor in Rosy's hand then Arabella smirked cutely.

"No need. Please stay here and enjoy the night. I will be back shortly." Arabella winked at Rosy and she hurriedly left without waiting for Rosy's reply.

When she turned around, Arabella heaved a deep sigh. She felt a bit bad back there for Rosy but what could she do? She just wanted to be alone and get some air. She had to calm herself before she would go back to them but the more she tried the more she could see the scene with Ginger sitting on Bill's lap while Bill's hand was caressing her bare leg. Bill was whispering something to Ginger and his lips seemed already touching her ears, neck, and cheek.

She felt so annoyed and she hated herself for feeling so jealous.

'Are you jealous, Arabella?'

'Come on! You cant be!'

'That's impossible!'

In the restroom, Arabella was staring at herself in the mirror after she washed her face. She was bothered with herself. She could not admit that she was jealous of Bill and Ginger.

'No!.' She shook her head. She strongly believed that she had no feelings for Bill Sky.

'If you not jealous why are you hiding here?'



Her subconscious was talking to her then she shooked her head again opened the faucet and washed her face again. She heaved a deep sigh after drying her face with a tissue then she went out of the restroom.

"I'm not jealous! And I'm going back!" She muttered in the air strongly and determined. Then she smiled trying to convince herself that she was okay. Bill and Ginger's flirting was just fine.

"Arabella, It is just a business meeting." Sooner Bill's words again flashed across her mind. It made her irritated again. "Liar!" She said it loud like she was cursing someone.

"Who's a liar?" Suddenly, someone grabbed her in a dim corner. She was petrified but hearing the familiar voice and smelling his exquisite scent, she gained calm a bit.

"Let me go, Bill Sky. Why are you even here?" Her tone was so irate. He avoided this man but he always appeared everywhere. Isn't he afraid that Ginger would catch him flirting with another girl? Thinking about Bill Sky's audacity, she could not help rolling her eyes repeatedly.

"To kidnap you." He answered pressing her body against the wall.

"Are you insane? You flirt with Ginger and now you are flirting with me! F\*ck! F\*ck you!" She could not hold the madness in her heart anymore. She didn't know about it until this man appeared in front of her now.

"Huh!" Bill pinned his arms upward on the wall. His tone was not friendly. Not even close to it. His eyes were furious. He was angry. "You are the one who flirted Eric. Do you have amnesia?" His question was insulting. His predatory eyes were not leaving her face.

"Why do you care? May I remind you that Eric is my husband? Are you jealous Bill Sky?" Arabella was struggling to escape from him but it was to no avail. Bill didn't answer her but his tight grip remained. He was very very angry.

"Yes." After a deafening silence, Bill answered. His tone was firm and deep.

Suddenly, Arabella jolted. Her heartbeat was thumping so fast. Her breathing became unstable. Bill's handsome face became gentle. His eyes were like seeking her soul.

"Ha..ha..ha..." Trying so hard to break her bewilderment, Arabella laughed. She wanted to believe him but her strong will refused. The reason was to save herself from falling into his trap again. "I admit, you almost got me there!" She smiled at him coolly but deep inside her heart felt like exploding.

"Okay, okay, are we done here? Because... Mr. Sky, may I remind you that Ginger, your business meeting is waiting for you." Her words were full of emphasis.

After her words, Bill smiled. He seemed to have fun with her words and her expression.

“Bill Sky? Why are you laughing?” She felt irritated seeing his smile. She didn’t even know if she was irritated by his smile or if she was irritated with herself for loving his smile. Grrr...she wanted to choke herself for appreciating his devilishly handsome face.

“Have sex with me.” His words suddenly snapped back to her senses. She was dumbfounded. This man was really something. She was not an expert in this field but she was not naive toward men. Men were always gentle at first especially when they wanted something from you. They will tell you sweet words and give you chocolates and flowers until they got you. They would do anything just to get what they wanted but the man in front of her was very direct. He say what he wanted without restraints. No romantic words to expect. Just plain and direct.

“Huh! Are you out of your mind?” She felt angry again. “You have Ginger and I have Eric. Please don’t talk nonsense and let me go!” She wanted to shout but his hungry lips covered her mouth. Tasting him, she felt like she wants to drown herself in his fragrance. Her body tensed up along with the millions of tingling sensations swimming in her body. She wanted to push him but her lips didn’t want the wild kiss to end. Her lips didn’t want him to stop. Her body wanted more. Her body wanted his touch. It wanted to feel his warmth and his masculinity.

Bill’s wild tongue started to invade her mouth. It was domineering like the owner then it intertwined with her tongue. They danced together in a wild rhythm.

When Bill stopped, Arabella was panting. Her eyes were cursing him but she could feel so aroused inside.

“I want to f\*ck you now.” Bill sounded. His eyes were full of desire for her. There was also annoyance because he had to stop what he was doing.

“No! You’re out of your mind! Let me go.” She could only utter as she still tried to stabilize her breathing and her restless heartbeat.

Bill rested his forehead on hers. “I know you want me, Arabella. Your body can’t lie. Come with me.” His tone was gentle this time. It came in her ear sexy.

“Bill, you have Ginger and I have Eric...” She uttered trying to explain their situation but she was cut.

“Shhhh...” Bill covered her lips again with his lips just to stop her from speaking. “Don’t mention them.” He firmly said letting go of her lips. “I can kill someone seeing you again with that Eric. Do not do that again in front of me. I forbid you to kiss anyone except me. Do you understand?” His voice was stubborn.

Hearing his possessiveness, Arabella rolled her eyes. "And what about Ginger and your many women?" She asked annoyed with him.

"They are nothing. Would you like me to f\*ck Ginger instead?" Bill looked at her and frowned. Arabella was muted. She didn't know what to reply like she was out of her wits for a while.

"Screw you! Let me go! I'm going back to Eric!" She shouted very annoyed. Bill smiled at her provokingly. He seemed to like her irritated response to his words.

"No! Not a chance, my dear! You divorce that fool and you are coming with me!" Bill quickly lifted Arabella on his shoulder like a potato bag. Arabella panicked.

"Let me go Bill Sky! Let me go you, mad man!" She screamed but Bill didn't listen to her.

"Let her go!" Eric's voice echoed in the hallway. His tone was angry.

"Bill Sky, let go of Arabella. Let go of my wife!" Eric shouted again but Bill didn't turn around to face Eric.

Arabella felt nervous. She didn't want any fights in the place that could catch everyone's attention.

"Your wife?" At this moment, Bill turned around to face Eric. His expression was calm. The weight of Arabella on his shoulder seemed nothing to him. His sexy domineering figure never lessened even a bit. "You dared to call her your wife?" Bill strode closer to Eric.

"Bill Sky! Put me down now! What are you talking about! Don't talk nonsense!" Arabella could not find ease being carried harshly.

She failed to get his attention.

"What do you want, Bill Sky?" Eric's guilt was eating him up. He's not dumb not to know Bill's words' meaning.

After hearing Eric, Bill stopped just a meter away from Eric.

"Divorced, Arabella," Bill ordered firmly. His eyes were sharp looking at Eric's eyes.

Eric was unmoved. He didn't say anything.

The air was filled with intense tension. Too cold and too hot were mixed giving a complex atmosphere.

"What made you think I will do that?" After a while, Eric sounded. His tone was deep and he looked at Bill's sharp eyes seriously.

This time, Bill didn't answer instead he strode closer to Eric and got something from his pocket. Then Bill handed it to Eric.

Eric was taken aback.

Arabella saw the thing in Eric's hand.

It was the mask of the girl earlier.

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Hanna went home very frustrated. She accidentally dropped her mask when she was running away from the crowd. She thought she would be fine seeing Eric kissed by another girl but she was so wrong. It pained her so much and made her question her feelings toward Eric. She hated her situation. She hated herself as she felt ridiculous. This is the reason why she hated having any romantic feelings with a man. She hated herself for breaking her own number one rule. Just like her mother, Marga. When you fell in love everything would crumble. You will shame yourself. You can do things you didn't even think of doing it. And if that guy will dump you, you will beg. You kneel on the ground. You cry. You will spend the nights crying for a man who didn't deserve your love. Then you will doubt yourself for not being enough. You blame yourself for being dumped by him. You will hate yourself and end up broken.

How pity! It's unfair! But that is the reality of most girls who gave their hearts to the person who didn't deserve it.

A knock on Hanna's door snapped her back to her senses. She didn't expect any visitors at this time.

"Anthony! Do your friends know your address? I already prohibited you not to mention our address to anyone." She mumbled annoyingly. For her, their tiny apartment was her sanctuary. With the work she had, she didn't want any customers knocking on her door every night.

Anthony didn't answer in his room. The knocking continued so she decided to open it.

When the person behind the door was revealed, Hanna's eyes widened. She was not expecting to see the person she hated the most.

"My daughter, are you not going to invite me inside?" Sen. Meyer showed up uninvited.

"What are you doing here?" Because of him, they had to transfer to different apartments just to hide from him. She had to put on a mask partly because of him. For her, this person was part of her cruel past. He is cruel and she didn't want him to be part of her life again.

"Oh! Well, I'm here to pick you up, my daughter." Sen. Meyer responded with an easy look. He seemed to already know a positive reply from her and it made her feel too anxious. She never promised or gave her approval to live with him. It made her angry seeing his audacity in appearing in front of her with a smile on his face after what he did to her mother, Marga.

"I don't want to be rude. But please don't come back here ever again." Hanna could feel her soul burning in the fire with the Senator's presence. When she was about to close the door, "I'm ready!" Her brother, Anthony came out of his room carrying his duffel bag. He was wearing his sweat pants and his favorite rubber shoes she got for him so he could play basketball with his friends. Now it looked worn out.

"Anthony, what are you doing?" Hanna shouted angrily. Judging from his bulked bag, he was going out somewhere for a long time and she didn't feel good about it.

"Go back to your room now!" She demanded pointing to his room. Her expression was bursting with rage.

"No! Sister, I am already done with our poor life. I'm tired of people calling me "needy". I am tired of being hungry. I am tired of wanting something but I can't buy it. I'm tired of being stuck in this shabby apartment without anything to do. No... I'm sick with this life!" Anthony could not hold his outburst as he cried out. He seemed to hide all his emotions for a very long time.

Hearing her brother complains, Hanna's tears poured without warning. It pained her a lot hearing his brother.

"I did everything... Everything to give you what you needed to survive every day. I never complained that I never sleep and eat just to give you a comfortable life." Along with her tears were her disheartened words. "And I'm sorry if my best is not good enough." Hanna had to work day and night for her mother's medicine which is why she could not sustain his education but despite that, she set aside the left money she had for his allowance monthly and for him to buy some stuff he likes. Even if she was sick, she had to get up to work so she could not miss a day to collect money for her family. Anthony had witnessed her struggles but she couldn't believe that he didn't appreciate everything she had done for him.

"Sister..." Anthony felt sorry for her but he was determined to go. "He is your father. He offered us a good life. Why can't we accept it? Is it because of Mom?" Anthony sounded very desperate.

"Don't you ever mention mom in front of this man!" She roared as she looked at the Senator with daggers.

"Sister, she is your father. Mom would be happy if you reunite with him." Anthony didn't stop convincing her amidst her bursting anger. Now Hanna understands Sen. Meyer's presence. He was using her brother to get her when he didn't even want to accommodate Anthony before as for the Senator, he is just a bastard. How cunning for him to use her brother now? If only Anthony knew about it but she didn't have the heart to hurt his brother.

"Listen to me, Anthony! Mom gave me the responsibility to take care of you to me. You and Me. We are the only family. Okay? You don't go away from your family. Do you understand?" Even though Anthony was always a pain in the ass, Hanna loved her brother so much. She tried her best to let him understand the situation but Anthony refused.

"Then come with me! Let's leave this poor place, sister. We could be together enjoying a rich lifestyle. You have a rich father, why do you have to deprive us to experience the lifestyle he could offer?" Anthony sounded stubborn.

"Stop! Please... Just go inside your room now." Before she would have gone mad, she asked Anthony one more time but still, he refused to hear Hanna.

"No! You are selfish!" Anthony uttered so displeased with Hanna.

Anthony's words were like a sharp blade directly pierced into her heart. If only she could see her heart at this time, she knew it was bleeding tremendously. What she could not accept was that he called her selfish. When she knew she had done her best to provide them food, shelter, and daily necessities at the expense of herself having an ulcer and frail body just to keep on working to provide for them. In all of that, the return was him calling her selfish.

"Pakkk!" Hanna could not help it. She gave Anthony a heavy slap. Anthony was shocked since it was the first time his sister hit him as he cupped his pained cheek.

"Okay! Enough with that. Anthony, if your sister doesn't want to come with us, just let her be. I am sure one day, she will come to her senses. Let's go!" Sen. Meyer interrupted the sister and brother's scene in front of him as he stamped his wooden cane on the floor creating a loud sound. Hearing the senator, Anthony took a few steps back looking at her sister in disbelief then he finally turned around without a single word. He went out with the Senator.

"You will come... I know you will come to me, my daughter. Papa will wait for you." Sen. Meyer uttered confidently then he closed her door.

Hanna was left in a daze. Just like that her house felt empty. Just like that, Anthony left her. Her only brother, her only family just left her alone. Hanna couldn't help to curse the situation she was into. She felt miserable as she shoved herself into the sofa.

When she thought the unfortunate night with Eric and his friends was over, the Senator appeared and got her brother.

What an unlucky night!

Hanna wiped her tears as she heaved a heavy sigh to stabilize herself. Sooner or later, she had to get back her brother from the Senator.

Meanwhile, Arabella was tossed into the backseat.

"Bill Sky, where are you taking me?" Arabella roared hysterically.

"Home." Bill sounded calm.

"Huh!" She rolled her eyes upon hearing his word. "You are not my home! You will never be my home." She announced with strong disdain in her tone.

Bill didn't mind her shouting. He was relaxed sitting in the backseat beside her while his driver drove the car swiftly.

"Bill Sky! Look at me! When are you going to stop torturing me? When are you going to stop annoying my life?" She screamed at him. Her killer eyes looked at him pissed off at his unaffected composure.

Bill turned to face her with his slender finger touching the side of his cheek while his long legs were crossed. Such an elegant sight of a man but she was the opposite. She was hysterical, wild, and mad. She seemed like to kill him just using her eyes. She was obviously breathing fire like a dragon who wanted to burn alive her enemy.

"You will stay with me tonight." Bill proclaimed briefly then he turned to work on his Minitab. It seemed her hysterical behavior didn't bother him at all and he still had the appetite to work.

Seeing his slender fingers maneuvered the screen of his expensive tablet with many numbers on it, she felt more enraged. It was obvious that he didn't mind her. Like a matter without any substance. Not important and worthless. It hurt her ego and the way he demanded everything to her wasn't fun. When would he realize that she's not his property?



The madness in her heart was thumping very fast as she quickly grabbed his tablet.

"Give it back to me." He said with a controlled temper. Bill didn't like to be disturbed especially when it comes to working.

"Hahaha..." She chuckled annoyingly. "Never!" She added like a bratty stubborn child. For her, if Bill was serious about kidnapping her then she would just do anything to annoy him until he would regret taking her in.

Bill heaved a heavy sigh. That action made Arabella's heartbeat quicken. She was nervous as she knew Bill was already displeased. She held her fright and tried her best to stay tough despite the incoming danger.

Bill lifted his slender fingers in the air. Arabella was vigilant of his moves. She saw Bill run his fingers in the air and he was staring at them.

"Do you know these fingers got easily bored?" Bill was like playing his fingers in the air deliberately showing them to her.

Realizing Bill's meaning, she suddenly got goosebumps.

"Are you going to give me that or do you want to see how these fingers work when they're bored?" Bill looked at her meaningfully. His handsome smirk made her want to fall into a spell.

"Okay! Here! Here!" She was not dumb not to know what he meant. Hurriedly, she returned the tablet to Bill. It was way better him working on his tablet rather than he would work on her. Gritting her teeth in annoyance, she averted her gaze outside the window. The city lights were beautiful. She didn't know where Bill would take her but she was sure it would be in a grand expensive place. She just wished Adam was there. How she missed Adam. Thinking of her son made her want to cry. Then it was too late for her to realize that she was actually crying secretly. Her stubborn tears slipped her eyes.

'Adam, my child. I miss you so much.' Her thoughts about her son made her longing for him more. Her lonely heart was scarred by her missing son.

The car had fully stopped and she knew they arrived. She quickly wiped her tears before Bill could notice her crying.

"Go down," Bill demanded.

The driver opened her door for her. She stepped down and was amazed by the huge white mansion in front of her. She could only see it on television like where the President lives. She thought of this earlier but the mansion exceeded her expectation. The grand mansion could be mistaken for a luxury 5-star hotel. The lawn was so big

that if she would scream her loudest no neighbors could hear her. Of all Bill's properties, this mansion was the biggest and grandest.

"Why are we here? What are we going to do here?" What she hated the most was feeling like a fool. She had no idea why Bill brought her into this mansion. To have sex with her? 'F\*ck!' She could not help cursing him in her mind. Even if she tried so hard, she still couldn't read his mind. His eyes were dangerous but they still looked charming. How could this man be so evil yet so handsome?

"Are you coming or not?" Bill's voice made her regain her senses. First, she looked at the long driveway with specific classic lamppost standing side by side. In her estimation, it would take her 1 hour more just to reach the gate at the end of the driveway. Just thinking of it made her already exhausted. Then she rolled her eyes looking at him with daggers. How could he ask her like that? Of course, she would choose to enter the mansion rather than walk in his driveway for more than one hour. She didn't even know what was outside the gate or how could she go back to the city safely.

Bill didn't wait for her answer as he strode directly to the grand entrance of the mansion. Seeing him coming, six servants who were waiting at the entrance bowed to him politely. "Good evening, Mr. Sky." They sounded all together in a chorus.

Arabella was impressed. She really felt she was inside the billionaire's world. The grand mansion owned by a handsome powerful king, surrounded by servants were just part of it. Again, she just saw it on television.

As she strode behind him, her eyes wandered the grand interior of the mansion. The elegant interior was breathtaking.

"Do you like it?" Bill's voice snapped at her.

Surely he caught her amazement. "No." She responded to cover her embarrassment. "Why did you even bring me here?" Annoyed, she asked. She hated why he had to follow him.

Bill didn't answer. He just looked at her with an unreadable expression. After a deafening silence, a tiny little voice appeared.

"Mommy! Mommy! Mommy!"

## **Read Novel You Can Run But You Can't Hide My Contractual Wife Chapter 314**

You Can Run But You Can't Hide My Contractual Wife Chapter 314

"Mommy! Mommy! Mommy!"

Adam...

My son...

Arabella could not believe what she saw. She felt she was caught in a good dream that she didn't want to wake up and stayed trapped in that dreamland forever.

The best dream she ever had for a long time.

"A...A... Adam..." She stammered looking at her charming chubby boy running towards her still in disbelief stance. It seemed her body turned stiff that she could not make any movement. A drop of tear skipped her eye. It was so pure and it was followed by another drop and another drop until she finally sobbed.

"Adam!" The moment she realized everything was all true in front of her, she called her son's name lovingly. Gladness and excitement were written all over her face. The boy came running with arms spreading in the air. She bent down a little to catch her beloved son.

"Mommy! Mommy! I miss you so much!" Adam hugged her tightly. With all her strength, she got to lift the fat Adam and embraced her so tightly like she was afraid to lose him of her sight once again.

"Oh, my son! You just don't know how much I miss you!" Arabella muttered kissing his cheeks full of longingness. She looked at him still in disbelief. Her eyes wandered to Adam's handsome face. His round blue-greenish eyes, his crimson chubby cheeks, pointed high nostrils, and his red puffy lips. Arabella couldn't help to nudge Adam's nose with her slender index finger. She wanted to confirm that she was not dreaming. Adam looked at her with a wide smile. His eyes were filled with pure happiness and excitement at his father's surprise.

"You are the most beautiful mom in the whole world." It was always Adam's tagline every time she nudged the tip of his nose. Hearing Adam, Arabella hugged him again.

"Mom... Mom. I can't breathe." Adam grumbled along with his cute giggles.

"Oh, sorry. Honey!" She quickly loosened her embrace. "I'm so happy to see you, my son." She added with her eyes filled with love then she kissed him again and again like she didn't mind kissing him till forever.

"Mom! It tickles! Stop! Mom! It tickles! Mom! Mom!"

Adam's giggles and chuckles echoed the whole mansion. They were reunited unexpectedly. Just like that and Arabella felt very satisfied and complete once again. She could jump for joy!

Arabella put Adam to sleep after the long catching up. She heaved a deep sigh of satisfaction looking at his son who looked very similar to his father, Bill Sky. Adam was growing too fast. She could not imagine how many girls would try to lure him just to get his attention. It worried her so much when that day would happen then she heaved a deep sigh again as she traced the features of her son's face. Hopefully, Adam would not be like his dad in the future. A person who just made women cry. A person who treated women like his toys. Thinking about this, she was troubled. After a moment of staring at her son, Adam, she kissed his forehead and wrapped him with the thick quilt. Now that she found him, she had to come up with a good plan very quickly. She couldn't decipher why Bill bought her to Adam but she had no intention to dwell on that deeply. It was her chance. A chance to get Adam out from him. A chance to escape from Bill Sky. A chance to live the life she wanted. Adam and her living in a faraway town happily. Away from all chaos. Away from the people who just want danger for them. She could not risk Adam. Adam is the most precious to her. He was the reason why she was still alive despite all the dangers she went through. There were so many times she wanted to give up but remembering her son, she was always back to her vigor. Her inspiration was always her son. The main goal was to survive any obstacles, be alive, get Adam away from all the troubles in Capital Z, far away from Bill Sky, and start a fresh life with her son.

Her senses were snapped out when the doorknob was twitched open. She was sure, she did lock the door earlier but the person outside could unlock the door. She didn't need to see the face of the person behind the door as she was sure it was no other than the owner of the grand mansion, Bill Sky.

'Have sex with me.'

'I want to f\*ck you now.'

Those words of Bill earlier suddenly came into her like a boomerang. Then she felt very nervous. How could she escape from this pervert? Her mind was in a deep mess. Before the door opened, she quickly slipped inside Adam's quilt hugged Adam, and pretended that she was already in her deep slumber.

Footsteps were heard approaching them. Arabella dared not to move and she even held her breath. When she saw Adam, she felt very overwhelmed that she forgot Bill's intention of bringing her to his grand mansion. Now, his words earlier came into her senses. Tonight, Bill would claim the purpose of her existence in his mansion.

For a while, the footsteps had stopped but she still couldn't find her calm. Bill was staring at his son and the mother of his child. His eyes were deep and dark. His expression was unreadable.

Arabella was sure Bill was inside the room as his exquisite after-shower scent wafted in her nostril. It was soo good that she didn't mind smelling it forever.

'Nah...Arabella, what are you even thinking?' Her subconscious complained about her craziness. She wanted to choke herself for bringing up some stupid thoughts amidst her present situation.

Just when she felt the quilt uncover her body, she trembled. She thought Bill would start his wicked intention inside his son's room. She held her breath getting ready to push him if he would try to force her again. She definitely would fight him. Then she started to feel cold. Very cold when she knew the temperature earlier was just so fine. With him around, she felt her body was covered with snow. Bill touched her arm. His skin touching hers immediately sent shivers down her spine. It seemed millions of tingling sensations were released inside her body. They were crazy and wild. Bill moved her arm away from Adam. She still didn't dare to move. Her leg was also moved away from Adam. Now, she was trembling in fright inside. Quickly, she wrapped her arm and leg back on Adam again. She didn't dare to open her eyes as she was afraid to be caught by him. If Bill would catch her pretending, she could not imagine the additional punishment he would grant to her for deceiving him. Whatever happened, she would play the best actress for tonight. She kept on acting like she was in a deep sleep and she didn't know what she was doing.

This time she held the sleeping Adam tightly. She just hope that Bill would go away and leave her and Adam in peace. All she wanted was to hug Adam the whole night as this was what she had been longing for but it seemed Bill would not allow it. Though she slept with him before, still Bill made her frightened. She couldn't get used to his presence.

For a while, she thought Bill had surrendered. There were no movements or footsteps from him. She released her breath a little bit to not suffocate herself while her senses were still very vigilant of her surrounding.

Then suddenly she couldn't help gritting her teeth when she felt his lips touch her ear. His warm breath brushed her skin and it made her heartbeat run very fast. He smelled her fragrance and still, she didn't dare to move until Bill whispered. "You want to do it here?" His voice was a teaser. It made her goosebumps all over her body but still, she didn't expose her show. Pretending to be asleep and not to hear his words was the safest at this time though she felt Bill could not be easily deceived. That was what she thought before Bill forcefully lifted her body in a bridal style. Afraid that Adam would awake, she deliberately let go of him and accepted her fate for tonight. This man was really impatience, it just showed in his every move. She wanted to jump out and escape from his hands but how? She was inside Bill's mansion. Even if she run, she didn't know where to go and if she would do that, that just meant she would leave Adam once again. What if they would not see each other again? What if this is her only and last chance? Arabella erased all the thoughts in her mind about escaping. Pretending to be asleep was still her safest but why does she feel very nervous? Why does she feels Bill knew that she was just pretending? Different thoughts flooded her mind and it made her inside want to explode. Inside his arms, she trembled. His after-shower smell was so

irresistible. So nice that could awaken her arousal. Admittedly, it calmed her but the owner of the scent was giving her a heart attack.

When he opened the door, she knew it was the master bedroom. It was Bill Sky's room. Then she could hear the door closed and in the next second Bill put her down on the bed gently. Her heartbeat was exploding. Her senses were too sensitive. Her ear was up to hear any movements. Any sounds made her tremble. With her eyes closed, she could only rely on her hearing ability. She felt very cold. Colder than inside Adam's room. Then some flying quilt covered her body. It seemed Bill Sky had read her mind. She thought she could find the warmth she needed inside the thick quilt but she was wrong. The coldness just lessened a bit. Now she was sure the coldness was along with her nervousness. She would never be warmed as long as Bill Sky was around and as long as she was inside his room.

'I want to have sex with you.'

'I want to f\*ck you now.'

His words flashed across her mind again making her grip on the quilt tightly.

Then after, Bill lifted her head gently and pushed his arm under. He tilted her head to the side to rest on his chest while his arms were enclosing her body. She wanted to break free but for an inexplicable reason, she curled up and squeezed her head on his chest. The warmth she was looking for was with him. It seemed his body temperature was burning and he was so hot while Arabella was so cold. When they touched each other, they found each temperature had stabilized. Obviously, they badly needed each other. Arabella felt better with Bill's embrace but still, she could not find her calm.

She was wondering if Bill would touch her tonight and what is she going to do if ever Bill would force her again.

Remembering her state after Bill had touched her before, she was about to panic again. Who would not? When after that, she could not even walk properly for 3 days. The pain inside her was just too much that even moving was so difficult. Bill turned into a wild hungry beast whenever he touched her.

Absentmindedly, she gulped thinking about their wild intimate nights with the man beside her.

"I will not touch you for now. You can sleep with ease." Bill's voice broke the silence. Hearing him, her heart skipped a beat. She felt a great relief but there's a part of her felt disappointed.

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"Can I just kiss you?" Bill sounded again that almost blow her mind. Bill Sky... he asked permission. What is up to his sleeve right now? Everything was so cloudy and she could not see everything clearly. For her, the picture was unclear and she was puzzled by his gentlemanly manner. It was not so him. It was not Bill Sky.

'Hold your horses, Arabella.'

'You know this man very well. I'm sure he is up for something again.'

'Do not forget that this man is Bill Sky. He can't be trusted. You should not trust him. Never ever trust him if you want to live. If you want to pursue living with Adam happily.'

'Do not let yourself fall under his spell.'

'Do not fall for his trap ever again.'

'Most importantly, do not fall in love with him.'

There were a lot of worries and reminders in her mind. These were based on her experiences with him before. It was just so shocking for her that Bill Sky became a gentleman for a night and she was not used to it. She would never get used to him.

Hearing no reply, Bill didn't move. She felt relief. She could even feel his heartbeat. His body was stiff like he was holding his urge to do something to her.

Arabella opened her eyes slowly. She could see darkness in the room. For her, it was her advantage. Bill would not see her eyes were wide open.

"Arabella Jones, what are you doing to me?" Bill sounded and she could clearly hear it. His tone was deep and slightly irritated.

"It's you... it's you who's changing me." Bill muttered in the air gently patting her head.

Arabella bit her lower lip. Bill's words pierced into her heart directly giving it comfort for the night but still there was something in her wanting to reject his words as she knew she could not fall for his trap again.

Stubborn tears suddenly fell from her eyes. If only Bill knows how to love someone aside from himself, she would not hesitate to give her heart to him. Just like the other women, she was also attracted to him physically. Who would not? Maybe that's the reason why she gave up her virginity. He is just so damn hot that she could not resist. She felt sad remembering where they started and how things became a turmoil. If only Bill was nice to her, she would not mind risking her love. She would give all her love to him and they will build a home for Adam filled with love. She hated herself for why she became sentimental in the dark. Realizing it, she quickly wiped her tears with her hand



then she heaved a heavy sigh. She already had accepted a long time ago that Bill Sky wasn't for her and that they didn't deserve each other.

The next morning, everyone was shocked by the headline of the news.

'THE CEO OF HANSEN GROUP WAS FOUND DEAD.'

## **Read Novel You Can Run But You Can't Hide My Contractual Wife Chapter 315**

You Can Run But You Can't Hide My Contractual Wife Chapter 315

"Mommy! Mommy! Breakfast time!" Adam suddenly appeared inside Bill's room. Hearing Adam's voice was still like a dream. She didn't want to open her eyes as she was afraid Adam's voice would disappear if she do it.

"Mom! Mom! Wake up now! I prepared you breakfast." Adam's voice sounded again. The half-awaked Arabella frowned deeply. She could not be dreaming. Adam's voice was so real but...what if...

When she felt someone holding her arm and slightly squeezing it, she finally opened her eyes. Adam with the chubby cute face was standing in front of her holding a breakfast tray with a big wide smile.

"Good morning, mommy! Do you have a good sleep?" Adam's expression was delighted. He was like a sun. His light shone in the whole room making the atmosphere pleasant. Seeing Adam, her heart was filled with happiness.

"Good morning, my son." She spread her arms in the air to hug him.

"Mommy, you are going to be proud of me. Look! I can prepare you breakfast! Tadaaaahhhh!" With a proud tone, Adam uttered. He then put the breakfast tray table on the bed.

"Wow! Is it really for me?" Arabella dropped her jaw because of her son's effort. In the tray, there were piled pancakes with mixed fruit as toppings, a glass of milk, and a clear vase with a freshly picked yellow orchid.

Adam with his chubby reddish cheeks nodded at her. His eyes were happy with his mom's surprised expression.

"Oh, my, Adam...my son... I should be the one to cook breakfast for you. I am so lucky to have a son as responsible as you!" Arabella hugged her son as her eyes were already teary. She was so happy. Very happy being with her son again. "Thank you very much, my love." She whispered as she kissed Adam on his cheeks.

"Mommy, you should eat now before it gets cold." Adam's eyes were pure and innocent.

"Of course, but first, I want you to have the first bite." Arabella sliced the pancake into bite-size pieces. Then she reached out to Adam but suddenly someone just ate it in the air.

"Daddy! Mommy said that's mine." Adam exclaimed. Arabella and Adam were at a loss. Bill chewed the pancake without minding the two, especially Adam whose mouth was already opened wide to eat the first slice but it didn't reach his mouth.

Arabella looked at the man with daggers. She was overwhelmed by Adam's presence that she forgot about the man on her side. She didn't even notice that he was already awake.

"What can I do? I'm already hungry too!" Bill felt he needed to explain as the look of Arabella and Adam for him somewhat made him uncomfortable.

"Daddy, did you bully mommy again?" Adam was too curious that he frowned deeply.

Bill looked at Arabella meaningfully. It seemed he was sending a message that she had to defend him for not harassing her last night. Surely, it was a struggle for him but then, his eyes were also telling her something. 'You are mine and you can't escape your fate.' It was the message.

Suddenly, Arabella blushed as she quickly averted her gaze to Adam with her sweet smile never leaving her face.

"Okay, don't mind your dad, here's the second bite." She quickly fed Adam with the second slice but Bill got it again. The mother and son looked at Bill with deep wrinkles on their foreheads like they were going to eat the man who ate their pancakes alive.

"Daddy!" Adam roared cutely. With the help of the internet, he watched the full video on making pancakes and did it himself. This was to impress his mom. Secretly, he had to burn numerous before he perfected one. Thinking about this, he giggled quietly.

Bill just smirked cutely without giving them any words.

"Okay, since your dad is tooooooo hungry," Arabella paused rolling her eyes at Bill. "Let's just pass this one to him and mommy will make a special breakfast for you." Arabella poked Adam's nose tip.

"Yes!" Thinking about her mother's delicious cooking and how he missed all her foods, Adam could not help blurting his excitement in the air. "I think that's the best idea mom. Okay, dad here's your breakfast. Enjoy!" Adam quickly transferred the tray to his father's side but, "Not too fast my dear," Arabella got a quick bite. Of course, she would not miss tasting her son's effort. "Yum!" Then she got more big bites and passed the

half to Bill. Then she quickly jumped out of the bed and held Adam's hand. Hmmmm... She would not give the man satisfaction. The mother and son left holding each other's hand. They left Bill in a disbelief stance. He, the mighty Bill Sky was just abandoned by his son and Arabella Jones when everyone wanted to get his attention and talk to him outside his mansion. Now, he felt like the outcast inside his mansion. Staring at the fork he and Arabella used, he smirked handsomely. His expression was satisfied seeing Adam was back to his normal vigor. Bringing Arabella into his mansion was the best choice. The tandem of the mother and son was invincible.

In the kitchen, Arabella was busy cooking with her new apprentice. Adam was like a tail to her. The joy in his face was never-ending. Since he requested to eat pasta, he had to help make the sauce. Following Arabella's instructions, Adam made it perfectly but the clumsiness was very visible in the area and his little apron. Arabella smiled seeing how Adam grew up handsomely and a fine young man. His movements were elegant. In just one look, one can tell that the boy came from an affluent family.

"Mommy, let's eat!" Adam's excited voice snapped her back to her senses. He quickly strode towards her mom's chair and pulled it for her like a true gentleman. Arabella smiled very overwhelmed by her little man's kind gesture. "Thank you, my handsome prince." She sounded while she slightly bent down like a princess before she settled herself down on her chair.

Adam went to his chair and put on his table napkin. His eyes were glowing seeing his favorite pasta in front of him. "What are waiting for? Enjoy your breakfast, my baby." Arabella uttered lovingly. Adam got his fork and twisted it with his pasta and fed it to his mom, "have the first taste, mom." Adam muttered sweetly. Arabella smiled with her heart very thankful for Adam's sweet gesture.

They ate together with smiles on their faces.

"Adam, how's dad? Does he treats you well?" It was a big question in her mind. She was very eager to know if Bill took care of her son. If Bill didn't treat Adam like a human-robot. She wanted to know the truth because she was not going to tolerate Bill's bad way of upbringing the child. She was just afraid that Adam would experience Bill's awful childhood where he was trained to do work and work and had no playtime. As for her, kids should grow up happy in a safe environment. They should enjoy kids' stuff in their childhood as this stage came only once in their life.

"Mommy, daddy is good," Adam responded to her with a happy cute expression. Arabella's heart jolted. There's part of her that was satisfied with Adam's answer but also, there's part of her that she didn't want to believe. Maybe Adam just didn't want to badmouth his dad. Knowing her son was kind-hearted, she had doubts in her heart.

"Dad takes care of me personally, mommy. He makes sure that everything was settled for me before he goes to work." Adam added with sparks in his eyes.

Arabella's heart skipped a beat. Seeing Adam's delighted expression, she felt guilty for doubting such a pure innocent soul. "You know what mom? Dad came back from a business trip in a panic when butler John called him about me. He thought I was sick and he wanted me to bring to the hospital but my bad, I'm just sad because I miss you and ate a jar of chocolates secretly in my room." Adam shared while chuckling cutely.

"You, naughty boy!" Arabella could not help laughing with her son's story as she messed his smooth hair.

"Mommy, I still have one, daddy cooked pancakes for me many times but he couldn't make it perfect. The first one was burned and guess what it was not round. I called it 'smashed charcoal pancakes.' Adam was laughing out loud remembering how much effort his dad had put through just to make him a charcoal smashed pancake. Then the second time, well it was round.... but still, it was burned. So I called it 'burn baby burn pancakes.' Adam and Arabella's laughs echoed the whole mansion. "Such a genius, boy!" Arabella commented along with her loud laughs. For a long time, she laughed with her boy without any care in the world. "So mommy, there's no more third attempt. I already stopped dad. I made the pancakes myself." Adam added proudly.

Hearing Adam, she felt a great satisfaction. Thankfully Bill stood up as a good father to him and she was very thankful that Adam was not maltreated by his own father. She heaved a sigh of great relief.

It was new to her ears Adam's story about his father. Though they have a dozen of servants in the mansion, she could not believe that the busiest man, Bill Sky would spare time just to learn how to cook pancakes.

"Mommy! Hurry up and finish! Let's join daddy in the pool!" Adam sounded very excited. Arabella's smile instantly faded. She looked at Adam with a questioning expression. "Please, mom." Adam with his beautiful round eyes pleaded cutely. "Are you sure, dad is still here?" Her expression was doubtful as she knew Bill would not spare a day to rest and leave his work behind.

Adam smirked cutely showing his two dimples. "Mom, you have so many things to know about, dad." He commented. "Dad never goes out on a weekend. He stays here with me the whole day." Adam proudly said. His words made her again in awe. She couldn't believe Adam. What about his women? His son on weekends and his women on weekdays? Her thought was guessing wildly but she quickly erased everything realizing that she was in front of her son. It seemed Adam had built a good relationship with his father likewise, Bill had got Adam under his term. Suddenly, Arabella felt troubled as she felt threatened. How could she get Adam if he already had a good bond with his father? It made her very worried but she held her emotions. Today, she had no plan to ruin the fun. Adam was so happy to see her. She didn't have the heart to be so wicked and ruin his dad's name. Eventually, she would do that if needed but for now, she would enjoy her liberty with her beloved son, Adam.

After they changed their clothes to their swimming outfits, the mother and son went together to the pool area. Adam was dragging his mom. Seeing the area, Arabella had almost dropped her jaw. The view of the city was clearly seen from where their huge infinity pool is located. It was an open area and their breathing fresh air. The weather was fine and the water was crystal. No one could not refuse to take a dip in the water.

Arabella felt very satisfied with the mansion's pool area until her eyes caught the man who was sitting on a sun lounger while drinking up his coffee. Arabella's eyes were having a great time watching the handsome sexy topless god wearing black squared sunglasses. His sexy muscles were screaming and Arabella could feel the temperature had stricken doubled.

'Arabella...cool down. Cool down yourself.' She muttered silently but that was what she thought.

"Mom? Are you okay? Why do you need to cool down?" Adam's worried voice snapped her out of her thoughts.

Blushing thoroughly, she panicked but regained her composure quickly. She smiled at Adam trying to hide her embarrassment.

"Daddy! Daddy! Mommy is going to join us." Adam excitedly announced. Every weekend, his dad and he had a habit to swim and play in the pool after breakfast. Now they had a plus one.

Bill just smirked at them. His handsome smirk was divine. It could already make a girl drool but surely not her and she was strongly sure about it.

"Mommy, let's swim now." Adam never left her hand and Arabella was very thankful about it or else she would be out of her balance with Bill Sky around. Who would blame her if Bill Sky was just too hot to handle?

"Ah..." Arabella wasn't able to respond to Adam promptly. She was a bit shy to take off her shirt and revealed her bikini.

Thinking about earlier,

"Mommy, I got this bikini in daddy's room." Adam sneaked into Bill's room to get his mom swimming wear. Seeing the thing in Adam's hand, she was petrified. It was a sexy two-piece bikini. The bra was just going to cover her nipples and the panty was cut just to cover in front and nothing behind. Such a pervert! Arabella could not help but curse Bill Sky. Seeing that his mom, didn't like the bikini in his hand, he scratched his head. He looked like having a problem dealing with women's choices. Then he went back sneaking into his dad's room. After a while, Adam came back with lots of bikinis in his hand. Arabella smiled at her little boy who looked like her wardrobe manager. He was so cute trying for his mom to get dressed up.

"Mom?" Adam's voice made her back. His eyes were waiting for her. So she quickly took off her shirt revealing her sexy curves in a one-piece bikini.

"Yes!" She heard Adam's sound in excitement as he dragged her to the pool.

They swam together and they play. Adam's giggles were heard everywhere as Arabella kept on tickling her. She had fun playing with Adam until someone just plunged into the water. She didn't need to turn around to see and know that person.

Bill Sky had joined them.

## **Read Novel You Can Run But You Can't Hide My Contractual Wife Chapter 316**

You Can Run But You Can't Hide My Contractual Wife Chapter 316

"Daddy! Daddy! Help! Mommy is tickling me! Ouch!" Adam was too helpless as he wailed cutely.

Along with the water rapidly moving was her heartbeat racing so fast. Arabella avoided Bill's gaze as she didn't even want his presence with them. The water became so cold for her but she managed to gather her cool composure. She was there for Adam not with Bill Sky.

"Dad! Mommy is bullying me. Help!" Arabella continued to play with Adam and didn't mind the other person in the water. Adam was very playful and happy far from her great fear about him being with his dad for too long. Thinking about this, Arabella felt great relief just when someone hit her behind. She didn't need to see the person to know his identity. His hard muscles were pressing her back. Having goosebumps in the water, she quickly let go of Adam. The cold water instantly got warm.

"Mom? Don't stop, tickle me some more!" Adam's words were accompanied by giggles and chuckles. Hearing Adam, she had to suppress all the tingling sensations burning inside her. She played along with Adam's request. Adam giggled and laughed louder. Just when Bill's hands wrapped around her waist in the water. She quickly got a jumpscare but still, she had to suppress her feeling and put on her cool for Adam. Adam should not know that her knees got softened and she was trembling inside not because of the cold water but because of his dad's wickedness. Obviously, Bill was teasing her with her son around. She hated this man for doing this to her. What would Adam think if he sees them? And why does he has the guts to show it to his son? She could not understand what kind of a father Bill is.

'Pervert!' While she was playing with Adam, her mind was screaming against the man behind her.



Despite Bill's playful action, Arabella tried her best to focus on Adam. She never dared to look at Bill like she didn't see him at all. For her, Bill Sky is a ghost in the pool. Just when his lips brushed her wet earlobe behind, she felt the burning sensation inside her run wilder. She gritted her teeth to control herself not to stumble. Her balance was already a little off. She tried pushing him with her elbows behind but Bill was unmoved. His lips crawled down her wet neck while his arms stayed wrapped around her sexy waist. It made her stay rooted in her position. She seemed to feel her hands were the only parts of her body moving. Adam was lying on his flat rectangular floater. He was wearing his colorful swimming goggles and he liked to be tickled by his mom. Maybe he just miss her touch. Arabella was in the direction of Adam's head so there was no way the kid could see his dad was also playing with his mom in the water. When Arabella could no longer hold the wild sensations in her body, she quickly turned Adam's floater. At this time, Adam's arms side was in front of them. Adam could clearly see his dad was hugging her mom.

"Daddy? Are you bullying mommy again?" Adam was quick to ask with a worried tone along with his deep frown.

"Nah... Son, hugging is one way of showing love to someone." Bill lectured Adam behind Arabella without taking off his arms around Arabella's waist. Arabella could not breathe because of embarrassment. She thought Bill would stop teasing her if Adam was watching them but unfortunately she was mistaken. He didn't care at all even though his only son was watching instead he got the audacity to lecture his son. First, what did he know about love? Where did he learn it from? Did he change? She wanted to roll her eyes at him but she held it for Adam. She could not afford Adam to see her mocking his dad.

"Oh, that's good to hear dad that you love my mom." Adam was satisfied with Bill's answer. Arabella could feel Adam trusted his dad so much judging from his expression and somewhat it made her feel jealous and troubled.

"Mom, are you okay?" Through her swimming goggles, Adam could clearly see her mom's sudden change of mood.

"Of course! I'm with you. There's nothing that can make me sad." She poked Adam's nose tip lightly.

Adam smiled very satisfyingly at his mother's answer. Then Adam flipped to his side. He placed his elbow on the floater to lift his head. Now his right hand was holding his head up while his body was in a side position. He was looking at his parents attentively. "How about you dad? Are you happy that mommy is here?" Adam asked acting like an adult with his serious tone. With it comes to his mom, he never changed.

He was still the cute brave Adam who was overprotected by his mom, Arabella.



Bill's arms transferred above her chest. He was still enclosing her and was pressing her against his hard body. For a while, Bill stayed quiet. His silence was her thoughts loudest.

'Good for you! You can't answer your son's question because you're faking it!'

'I'm sure you don't know anything about love!'

'Bill Sky you can't deceive my child!'

'Adam was not an idiot that you can easily deceive and I know you know that because he is your son. I bet that's why you can't answer him. You will just shame yourself if Adam will notice that you are just lying and faking everything.'

She knew her mind was way too overboard but what can she do? She could not blame her thoughts as she was his victim and he didn't stop even in front of his son.

"I'm where I wanna be." Bill finally responded with a serious tone. Hearing Bill, she stumbled but good thing Bill's arms were strong enough to hold her body standing still. Arabella's heartbeat suddenly stopped. Why she could feel his sincerity in his tone? Even her heart had felt his sincerity. What's wrong with her? When all she thought was Bill trying to deceive his son, why did she feel she was falling to his words? Is she the one deceived?

Coming out to her senses, Arabella shook her head.

"That's my dad!" Adam excitedly blurted. His eyes filled with joy seeing his parents together.

"Young master, sorry to interrupt you but it's time for your music lesson." An old sophisticated woman with already white hair tucked cleanly around her head came into the area to inform Adam.

"Oh no! I'm sorry Mrs. Greynolds. I forgot my lesson for today." Adam sounded guilty as he scratched his head then he quickly got into the water. "Mrs. Greynolds, please meet my beautiful mom." Adam stood beside Arabella and held her hand. The feeling of having someone on her side knocked her off. Bill Sky was still hugging her behind without any care for the newcomer while Adam was holding her hand introducing her to the world proudly. She felt a great feeling of security but she knew she had to shake it off as this would end shortly. She need not forget about Bill Sky.

"Nice to meet you, Mrs. Sky." The sophisticated old woman bowed politely upon knowing her identity.

Arabella was stunned. She was not Mrs. Sky anymore and she had no plan to use the surname anymore.

"Just, Ms. Jones." She quickly corrected Mrs. Greynolds feeling the awkwardness in the air. After, she felt Bill's grip tighten.

The old woman frowned and was greatly puzzled by Arabella's statement but her professionalism made her straighten her expression.

"It's nice to meet you then, Ms. Jones." Mrs. Greynold bowed again to show her politeness. Arabella was satisfied hearing Mrs. Greynold. For her, it was better than pretending to be Bill Sky's wife.

"Okay, mom... I have to go first but you have to promise me you're not going anywhere? Promise?" Adam's eyes suddenly filled with worries and Arabella pitied her son. "I promise!" She said swearing her right hand in the air then she kissed Adam's cheek. "I can go with you, yeah... I will go with you my son." Of course, there was no way on earth that she was going to let herself with Bill alone in the pool. She had to make herself an excuse. In Bill's huge mansion, Adam's side is the safest place for her.

"Adam will have a recital. You can't go." Bill answered her sternly with his arms still around her body.

Adam nodded with a cute smirk. "Don't worry mom, I will come back shortly. I'm sure dad misses you too." Adam seemed to quickly understand the situation. He turned around but he quickly stopped and then turned around again. "Dad, please take care of mom. Don't scare her away, promise?" Adam had to say it as he was afraid of losing his mom again. He was hopeful that his mother and father were going to settle their problems with each other.

"You have my word young boy," Bill answered. Adam looked at Arabella for the last time then he gave her flying kisses before he left.

"Alright, since my son is not here anymore, enough with the drama. Let go of me now." Now, she could say whatever she wanted to say to him. Even if she cursed him, she didn't care.

Amidst her harsh words, Bill didn't let her go. He pulled her deep into the water. She completely stumbled but she was quickly shoved to his chest. "What the!" She shouted. This man could not be trusted. He just promised her son not to scare her off and what he was doing to her now was the opposite.

"Bill Sky, what do you want from me?" Annoyed with the man who seemed not to care about her feelings, she looked at him with daggers. "If you are planning to drown me here make it fast!" She challenged him with her face so irritated. "Hmmm..." He muttered catching her in the water and he put her again inside his arms. She struggled to get out but it was to no avail. Bill's arms were too strong for her.

"Bill, let me go when I'm still nicer to you." It was a direct warning for him.

"You can give it a try." Bill sounded calm and was up for her challenge. His tone was sexy.

"Bill, don't take me as a joke because I can kill you too right now!" She felt too much like she was going to explode with her anger.

"You can have my life if you want it," Bill answered. His arms were holding her tight as he sounded behind. Admittedly, she found a little calmness in her heart through his words but it was quick. It faded realizing that the person she was with was Bill Sky. How could she forget that he watched him being beaten in front of the crowd with Adam inside her stomach? She begged him but he didn't listen. For him, she was the murderer of his father, Ed Sky. She explained but he didn't listen before. Now, she could not find any purpose in defending herself from him. She didn't care about this anymore. It happened a long time ago and no one listened to her now only her son mattered to her.

"I'm not a murderer, Bill Sky." Subconsciously, she answered him meaningfully. It was a declaration that she didn't murder anyone before. She was just set up before by Trishia and her father so she should not be blamed for his father's death. Thinking about the involvement of her father, she chuckled bitterly. Who would believe in her if she would tell that her biological father framed her up? It was just too absurd! Surely, Bill Sky would mockingly laugh at her.

"I know..." Bill whispered at her. Now, she started to feel troubled again. Her heartbeat stopped for a while then when it regained its beat, it skyrocketed. His words knocked her off. She felt like she was inside a dark abyss for a long time and his words saved her to get out and come back to life.

She felt she was starting to trust his words. Arabella turned to Bill behind to look at his eyes. She wanted to know if he was telling the truth even though he was very difficult to read but she just had to try. Since her body was held by him behind, she could only turn her head to him just to accidentally hit his luscious lips with hers. Her eyes widened in disbelief. This time, it was her fault and no one was to blame. She hated herself for having such kind of mistake as she quickly pulled out her lips from him then she turned her head back in front.

"It's just a mistake don't think that I want to kiss you. That would never happen." Defensive, Arabella sounded while feeling her lips intensely burning and her cheeks too.

Bill didn't say anything. He hugged her tight in the water for a while. His body was pressing hers. She could feel his huge bump down under that made her very panic.

"What are you doing to me, Arabella?" Bill's tone was uneasy and displeased. He seemed to control himself hard enough not to do anything to her. She could trace a little suffering in his tone and it was not her first time hearing him with this question. She was puzzled by the meaning of his words, but she didn't want to make an effort to understand him. She was just protecting herself.

"I don't know what you're saying, Bill Sky. I want to get off now." She was tired of struggling, she just demanded without any spirit.

For a while, Bill didn't respond. Then he let her go freely. He left first without any word. Arabella was stupefied. Bill was a little weird lately. Is it because of the venom? She wanted to make it a joke to herself but she could not find it any fun. She was just baffled why Bill was a little gentle to her. He was not forcing himself on her at all just like before. Maybe because of his words to Adam. Thinking about this, Arabella felt lucky and she prayed Bill would always be that weird man. In that case, she would have a little peacefulness in the mansion and she could plan their escape well.

After showering in Adam's room, she took her phone. She wanted to browse the net for some gift idea for Adam when the headline shocked her.

"Jayson!" Arabella suddenly blurted out in the air.

## **Read Novel You Can Run But You Can't Hide My Contractual Wife Chapter 317**

You Can Run But You Can't Hide My Contractual Wife Chapter 317

"Hahaha!" Trishia's loud wicked laugh echoed the whole restaurant even if she was inside a private room with Margaret. "Do you really think that you can order me around just like that? Do you know who I am?" She roared proudly at Margaret with her chin and right brow high.

"Trishia Meyer... Who had not known you? The best actress! The illegitimate daughter of the Senator! An addict and a mistress!" Margaret stated all the facts she knew about Trishia. It was not hard for her to hire someone to investigate her.

Hearing Margaret, Trishia's calm seemed to vanish from her body but quickly recovered. Margaret was the one to call her. She asked her to meet her up in a restaurant. She didn't even know her as she said that she is Jayson's secretary and Jayson had prepared something special for her. That's why she went her way there. Surprisingly, Margaret just set her up.

"Oh! I was very overwhelmed by your effort to investigate me but I tell you, your husband wanted me. It's the other way around. So don't blame me if he wants me more than you! That just proves that you are not good enough!" Trishia snarled as she chuckled provokingly.

"Trishia, we have a son." Obviously, Margaret didn't want her emotion to control her. Trishia was a cunning lady so she had to be wiser if she wanted Trishia to leave Jayson.

"And so? Is that even a big deal?" Trishia responded biting her long well-polished nails. She was bitchy as hell. "Hmmm...you mean...your son?" Trishia looked at Margaret meaningfully with the meanest tone. "What's his name? .. Ca...Cal...Cla.." Trishia was obviously provoking Margaret.

"Leave my son out of this!" Though she tried hard to control her anger with Trishia it was very hard to do it.

"Oh! You are the one who was using your son when I know for the fact that it's not really Jayson's son. Since you set me up, you want to have some girl talk? Come on! Who's really the father of your child? Is he super hot? Handsome? Good in bed? How many times have you guys done it? Come on! Tell me more, Margaret." Trishia was non-stopped. Her bitchy tone and expression were consistent.

"Stop! You don't have the right to meddle in any of my affairs. Whatever you say, you can't change the fact that Jayson is my legal husband and I am his dutiful wife." Margaret exclaimed. "And you are just a mistress!" Margaret bullseye Trishia through her accusations. "Do you know that Jayson had many mistresses? Open your eyes, Trishia Meyer! You are not the only one. You are just like his other girlfriends who he dumped after using them for a while." Margaret smirked mockingly as her hateful eyes never left Trishia.

"Hahaha!" Trishia laughed loudly. Again, it seemed it echoed the whole building. "I know that darling but you see, I'm his favorite and his best that is why you are here confronting me, right? What a pity on your part yet you are claiming to be his wife!" Trishia responded along with her mocking laughs.

Hearing Trishia, Margaret clenched her fists very hard. Her irritation with Trishia was just too much to handle though she was saying the truth. When Jayson agreed to marry her for Clark, Jayson changed a lot. He was not the responsible, gentleman, loving Jayson she knew before. He would just come to her house to visit her son Clark. Though Clark isn't his son, Jayson seemed to see himself in Clark's situation. Jayson's father left them when he was just 5 yrs. old. It was the reason why he had a soft heart toward kids like him but that was before. It changed when Jayson got an affair with Trishia Meyer. Clark was very disappointed. Clark was also the main reason why Jayson agreed to marry Margaret even if he loved someone.

"Hahaha.." Margaret suddenly chuckled. Trishia was taken aback as she thought Margaret would already breathe fire because of her provoking words but she was definitely wrong. "You said you are the best?... You said you are his favorite?... Hahaha." Margaret chuckled again pinpointing something. Trishia looked at Margaret like a crazy girl. She folded her arms up to her chest, looked at Margaret mockingly with chin high, and nodded responding to her questions. Trishia was hundred percent sure that Jayson liked her so much, especially her performance in the bed. She was sure no one could beat her when it comes to that matter. "You are wrong, Trishia. You are very wrong! I have known Jayson for a very long time and know what? There's only one

girl...one girl he loves, his favorite and his best... And that's not you! Hahaha." Margaret chuckled before she continued. "Wake up from your dream, Trishia Meyer, It's not you. It's Arabella Jones!" Margaret smirked at Trishia mockingly. "Jayson was just using you because he can't have Arabella Jones. You are just his pastime." Margaret added liked she already won the fight seeing Trishia's disdainful reaction.

Hearing Arabella's name, Trishia instantly burst into anger. Though she knew about it, she still couldn't stand hearing it.

"Cut the crap, Margaret! I know you want to coax me. You want me to leave Jayson but sorry my dear, I will never do that!" Trishia refused to be bullied by Margaret. For her, Margaret was a nobody. "Don't you find it very familiar?" Trishia frowned a little giving Margaret a meaningful look. "Margaret, Margaret... I know exactly what you did to snatch Jayson from that bitch!." Trishia could not mention Arabella's name due to her utmost hate for her. When Arabella's name linked into the Sky, of course, Trishia instantly investigated her. "You used your son to get Jayson to marry you, right? You did all the means to break them apart. You dared to call me a mistress, but you are more than that! You are a shameless bitch! Welcome to the world of Karma. Hahaha!" Trishia stood up gracefully while her arms spread in the air. She seemed to know that she was not losing this fight with Margaret.

On the other side, Margaret was taken aback for some time. All Trishia had said was true. She could not defend herself anymore. What she had done in the past was really a shameless act. That is all because she was blinded by her love and affection for Jayson even if she knew Jayson's heart was only for Arabella Jones.

"It was in the past." Guilt was traced in Margaret's tone as she muttered defensively.

"Hahaha! How dare you belittled me when you are the most rotten? Yeah, you are right! It happened in the past. Hmmm..." Trishia nodded agreeing with Margaret's statement. "Then how about this? Just stay at home and take care of your son and stop meddling in my f\*cking relationship with Jayson. I must admit, he was really good in bed. Ahhh!" Trishia moaned sexily like craving for Jayson's touch in front of Margaret. "or maybe you wanted me to teach how to satisfy your husband in bed? I will not mind having a threesome!" Trishia smiled nastily winking at Margaret.

"You bitch!" Margaret could not hold herself anymore as she stood up and wanted to slap Trishia but Trishia quickly caught her wrist before her hand landed on her face. Trishia strongly pushed Margaret's arm away then she gave her a heavy loud slap. Trishia had hit Margaret successfully.

"That's for setting me up! How dare you! You are just wasting my time talking all nonsense to me! Who do you think you are? If you have a problem with your husband, deal it with him not me! You crazy loser!" Trishia roared angrily at Margaret who was still in a shocking stance. Margaret was cupping her swollen cheek as she looked at Trishia like she wanted to murder her.



"How dare you! You are the mistress and I am the wife! Shame on you! You have the thickest face mistress in this world, bitch! Shame on you!" Margaret's outburst flared up while she angrily attacked Trishia by pulling her hair. She hated Trishia so much for bringing up the past. It was a past that she wanted to be buried in the ground a long time ago. She was afraid of karma but it seemed it was coming for her now.

"Shame on you too!" Trishia defended herself and also attacked Margaret's hair." Face the reality that Jayson was disgusted with you! He didn't have the appetite to f\*ck you because you are a lowly b\*tch! You are rotten trash!" Trishia roared as she kept on pulling Margaret's hair.

"You go to hell! You are the loser! You can never beat Arabella Jones!" Margaret screamed angrily pulling Trishia's hair.

Hearing Arabella's name again, Trishia's strength had tripled. She strongly pushed Margaret to the side. Extremely enraged with Margaret comparing her to Arabella, she got the chair beside her and smashed it into Margaret but Margaret was quick to kick her. She hit Trishia's abdomen. Realizing that Trishia was determined to kill her, Margaret hurriedly ran to go out. She should leave or she would greatly suffer from her husband's mistress. Trishia was not in her proper mind anymore. Margaret exerted a quick effort to open the door but Trishia had pulled her hair. She dragged her back. Margaret struggled to hit the door with her palms. While Trishia was dragging her, Margaret's hand grasped the plates and they were smashed to the floor creating rough shattering sound which made the security personnel of the restaurant alarmed.

"You bitch! Do you think you can escape from me? How dare you accused me when we have the same thing in common? No... We are not the same... We will never be at the same level because you are a lowly cheap one and I am a queen!" Trishia kept on murmuring hysterically while dragging Margaret's hair.

"Huh! Yeah... You mean queen of witches?" Margaret answered irritatingly. "Let me go witch!" She screamed.

"As you wished." Trishia harshly pushed Margaret to the floor. Her body was directly shoved to the ground.

"Ahhh!" Margaret painfully growled as the shattered pieces of the plates pierced to her elbows. Blood instantly dripped down on the surface.

Trishia's eyes sparked seeing Margaret in an awful situation but she was still not satisfied. When Margaret kicked her, she swore to get her revenge.

Smiling wickedly, Trishia got the chair again. She lifted it in the air to hit Margaret but she was stopped by the knocks on the door and suddenly it opened.

The security came running inside upon hearing the loud commotions.



Trishia quickly threw the chair away as she could not afford to have a serious criminal offense at the moment. Sen. Meyer was not on her side anymore so it would be difficult for her to get out of the case if ever.

“What’s happening here?” A man together with the other personnel butted in.

“Oh, nothing. We just have a friendly get-together officer but you know accidents always happened.” Trishia quickly grabbed Margaret’s hand and held her up.

“If you talk sh\*t, I promised, I will ask Jayson to divorce you,” Trishia whispered to Margaret on the side while gripping her arm tightly. Margaret was stunned. She felt very threatened by Trishia as she knew Jayson would not hesitate to divorce her for Trishia. They had been married for a long time and she tried her best to make him fall in love with her but nothing happened. All her efforts were just put in vain. Jayson changed when Arabella left the country. She knew Jayson did everything to find her but he failed. When all his hopes had gone, he slowly transitioned to be an outgoing womanizer.

“No! This woman here is not my friend! She is my husband’s mistress and she tried to kill me! Take her to the police station now!” Margaret didn’t graduate with the highest honors for nothing. She got into Hansen’s company because of her hard work and intelligence. Her VP promotion was quick because of her outstanding work performance.

“What are you talking about? No! She was not telling the truth!” Trishia exclaimed in disbelief. She didn’t expect Margaret would reveal her amidst her warnings.

“What are you doing? I’m telling you. You will not see Jayson again.” Trishia whispered to Margaret angrily.

“Pakkk!” Suddenly, a loud slap echoed in the room. Everyone inside was stunned. Margaret got her revenge by slapping Trishia thrice as hard as she got.

“Go to hell for all I care!” Margaret roared angrily then she quickly turned around to leave the room but she stopped halfway. “Oh, you can bring Jayson with you to hell,” Margaret added in a bitchy tone then she left. Margaret seemed to give up the man she had loved for a long time. It was very painful for her but she realized that she could not force love. Trishia made her realize everything. She regretted what she had done in the past. Now she realized the feeling of a person stolen of something. It wasn’t good. It was very painful. She felt betrayed and broken but it was the karma she had to take.

“Jayson! Jayson! Help me! That bitch! Your wife, Margaret cause me trouble. I was detained in the west police station. Get me out of here now!” Trishia was screaming hysterically using a landline of the station.

“What?” Jayson sounded shocked. “What happened?”

"I will tell you everything later. Just get me out of here first. I can't breathe here. It's very dirty and I feel like I'm going to be sick. Please, Jayson. Please! Help me out!" Trishia cried out. Jayson was her only chance.

Jayson didn't reply.

"Baby, just get me out of here and I promise you, you will have the best night you will ever have tonight!" Trishia said sexily seducing the man on the phone. She had to make him agree or she would be doomed.

"Sorry, I can't. I already found Arabella." Finally, Jayson answered.

## **Read Novel You Can Run But You Can't Hide My Contractual Wife Chapter 318**

You Can Run But You Can't Hide My Contractual Wife Chapter 318

"What?!?" Trishia could not believe what she had heard. She seemed to hear a big unfunny joke. She could not laugh at the reason for his refusal but it seemed she was hearing a big joke. "Are you kidding me, Jayson?" Trishia sounded very angry, in disbelief, and then she chuckled bitterly. "No... Jayson... you can't do that to me, Jayson... you can't do that to me!" Realizing that Jayson was serious about his words, Trishia burst into intense fury. She was not ready for this. When she was abandoned by Sen. Meyer, she didn't mind it at all. Why? Because of Jayson. Jayson Hansen could also give her everything she wanted except his heart. She all knew that but it didn't matter as their feelings were mutual. As for her, Bill Sky is the man she wanted to have and no one else. Jayson was just his partner in bed just like Winston and the rest of all her old flings. Trishia could only imagine herself settling with Bill Sky. Many men had worshipped her but Bill Sky wasn't included in the picture. For her, it ain't for Arabella she was sure that Bill Sky was already under her spell. She was also sure that Bill Sky was already her husband.

"I'm sorry, Trishia but this crazy thing about us must stop." Jayson's serious voice snapped her out. It made her anger surge up to its peak. Trishia was trembling like she wanted to kill someone to satisfy her anger. Her right hand gripped the telephone tightly while she clenched her left fist hard to the extent that her long sharp nails broke and pierced into her palm deeply leaving blooded nail marks.

"Hahaha!" Her intense anger made her laugh hysterically. It seemed she could not believe that Jayson could abandon her just like that. And so Margaret was true. Jayson just dumped her just like his other mistresses and importantly the main reason made her blood boil tremendously.

Arabella Jones...

Just having thought about her name made her irk so much. All her nerves wanted to strangle Arabella.

“It seems that you don’t know me very well, Jayson. Huh!” Trishia chuckled wickedly. “Jayson, I’m not the person that very easy to get rid of and you should know that!” Trishia said full of vexation in her tone.

“Cut the crap, Trishia! It was clear to you from the start that we are just using each other. What are you insinuating? And... Come on! What drama is that?” Jayson’s tone was irritated.

“Jayson, don’t try me. If you don’t help me get out from here then I will tell Arabella Jones that you and I are f\*cking buddies. How’s that?” Trishia warned her angrily. Her eyeballs were bulging due to her overwhelming rage.

For a while the other line was silent and Trishia was satisfied. She thought that Jayson felt threatened. Of course, it was his beloved Arabella. What would Arabella feel if she knew about Jayson’s relationship with her? Trishia smiled like she was already winning the game judging from his silence.

“Hahaha.” Finally, Jayson sounded. His laughs were crisped. Trishia instantly felt panicked. When all she thought she had already gotten Jayson, she failed. Obviously, his laughs were a mockery. “How would you be able to do that if you are there? I think you are in the right place where you belong. For all you have done for Arabella, I don’t think she will still listen to you. So, No!” Then Jayson added in a strong refusal voice. “Trishia, my decision is final!” Jayson said firmly in a deep tone. For him, it’s better Trishia to be inside the jail so she could be easily monitored. He had known her quite a long time so Jayson could already measure what Trishia was capable of doing. He could not let her hurt Arabella again.

“Oh yeah! then what if I tell her that you helped me set her up in that Sky Anniversary? Don’t forget that you are one of my accomplices before, Jayson Hansen. I can’t get all those pictures if it weren’t for you. Hahaha! You hired your own paparazzi to capture pictures of you with Arabella to ruin her relationship with Bill Sky. Poor girl! All she thought was her ex-lover is loving and a decent one but she doesn’t know of your evil thoughts! She doesn’t know that her ex-lover has the blackest heart! You sold your soul to hell just to snatch Arabella Jones from Bill Sky but you failed. You failed because you are a loser!” Trishia screeched hysterically. She was very mad at Jayson that she was losing her sanity.

“Then I guess, it’s your words against mine. Who do you think she’s going to believe among the two of us?” Jayson didn’t feel threatened by Trishia’s nagging. He would not be Bill Sky’s great competitor if he was up for nothing. For him, dealing with Trishia was just like a piece of dust that he needed to wipe out.

“Jayson Hansen! You can’t do this to me! You can’t do this to me and your child!” Trishia was yelling filled with madness.

“You are crazy!” Jayson reacted on the other line. “You are no longer in the limelight so stop your drama,” Jayson demanded harshly.

“Jayson, I am pregnant with your baby. Get me out of here. I am telling the truth. I know you wanted your son of your own to be your heir. Look! You have an heir now because I am carrying your child. Jayson believe me... if you help me get out of here, you can go with me to the hospital so I can prove to you that I am pregnant. Okay?” Trishia’s tone got a little pitiful. She felt like she was hanging on a shaking edge and she had to give all her shots.

“Hmmm...” Jayson muttered unreadably. “Trishia, listen to me carefully. There’s no other woman who can conceive my baby than Arabella Jones. No other woman... Do you understand?” He spoke impatiently.

“No... Jayson! Jayson! What about me and your baby? Please do not abandon us this way.” Her anger was no longer heard. Now, her begging was screaming.

“From the start, you know that I can give you anything more than pleasure in bed! I clearly said it to you and you agreed. So stop fooling around, Trishia. I don’t need that baby and I’m sure it’s not mine.” Jayson ended the call after his words without waiting for Trishia’s reply. He knew for a fact that Trishia had many affairs with other men so how could he take her child? And what’s worst... If she was really pregnant.

Meanwhile, Trishia was left unmoved. Jayson just dumped her. The person who she expected to help her just dumped her. She clenched her fists deeply as she gritted her teeth causing her veins to pop out on her neck.

Her eyes were murderous and her face was flushed due to her intense resentment.

“Jayson, I swear to kill you, you asshole!” She suddenly blurted out in the air. She didn’t care about the other people in the area. Her words were like a curse that echoed in the room.

“Ms. Meyer, to your cell now.” A policeman went inside the cubicle to warn her.

“No! I am not going there! Look at me officer, do you know who I am? I am Trishia Meyer! You have to kill me first before you can get me inside there!” She strongly refused pointing to the cell just in front of her.

Instead of replying, the policeman dragged Trishia to her cell directly.

“How dare you touch me!”

“Let me go foo!”

“Keep your filthy hands away from me!”

Trishia screeched battling against the man’s strength.

The policeman didn’t mind her. He pushed her inside the cell and locked her up.

“You! Asshole! Pray that I’m not gonna get out of here or I will make you suffer in my hand tripled as what you did to me!” Trishia was shouting crazily. Her madness was all over the station. She captured everyone’s attention but she didn’t care.

“Hey, you! You shut up!” Suddenly, a fat woman roared behind Trishia. She quickly turned around to see her cellmates

“And how dare you to talk to me? Do you know me? You lowly fat woman. Shut up and mind your business!” She scolded the fat prisoner who seemed to be the leader of the group.

“What did you say to me?” The fat woman strode closer to her. She had two women behind her as her assistants.

“Huh! It seemed you are not just fat but also deaf!” Trishia said arrogantly.

“Boss, she’s saying that you’re fat and deaf! What are we going to do with her?” The thin woman on the side butted in.

“Stupid! Why are you still asking? You know the punishment if you offended our boss!” The other curly woman on the left side second the motion.

“You! You! You! The three of you! You can go all to hell for all I care! Don’t talk to me like we are on the same level! Gosh! Talking you three makes me already disgusted. And this filthy place! Yuck!” Trishia’s disgust was all over her face. She could not fathom the fact that she was inside a cell.

Despite Trishia’s nagging, the three women chuckled striding forward to her.

“You stop now! Why are coming closer? Stop now!” Trishia could see clearly that the three women were going to do something bad to her. They were unaffected by her scolding and they seemed more provoked by her.

“Stop! Officer! Officer! You make these crazy women go! They are going to harm me! Stop them right now!” Trishia roared at her loudest but the women didn’t stop. The policemen heard her but no one minded her. The policeman who dragged her earlier just looked at her and he made a mocking smirk. It seemed she has no way out. No one is going to save her. She clenched her fists tightly as she looked at the three women with her murderous eyes. The three women just gave her a wicked grin. Then in the next second, the two women quickly grabbed her arms. Trishia struggled trying to free

herself but the two women were overly strong for her. The fat woman was in front of her still having her wicked grin. Trishia wasn't afraid of her. She looked at her like she was already killing her in her mind.

"I know you... We know you... You are the famous Trishia Meyer. Do you know why we are so happy? Because it's our first to meet you in person. It's our first time meeting a celebrity! Isn't that great? Hahaha..." The fat woman cackled followed by the others but soon it stopped.

The fat woman didn't expect that Trishia would spit on her. Trishia was very angry with them as she could not accept that they were mocking her. She could not accept that these prisoners were making fun of her. For her, they were nothing. They were dirty and cheap. They had no right to make fun of her or touch her. She was allergic to them and everything surrounded her right now. She could feel an itch everywhere in her body as she was bursting into anger.

"Pakkk!" A thunderous slap sound suddenly echoed in the room. The fat woman just hit Trishia after she wiped Trishia's saliva on her face. Her expression was a menace but Trishia was not afraid of her. She struggled to free herself up from the two women who were holding her arms. She wanted to strangle the fat woman and she was determined to do it as she kept on kicking and moving her body forcefully against the two women like a captured wild boar.

"How dare you slap me? Come here, you fat woman! I will kill you!" Trishia was roaring her intense anger. She used all her strength to get out from the grip of the two women but it was to no avail.

"Hahaha! Hold her tight! This celebrity must be thought a lesson!" The fat woman exclaimed.

"Yes boss, this woman deserves your punishment!" The woman on her side agreed.

"Don't worry boss, this woman would surely know who's the boss when she already tasted your punishment." The other woman on Trishia's left also butted in.

The fat woman's smile widened as she got something from behind her. Then she showed it to Trishia. It was a huge scissor. The fat woman was acting like she was cutting something in the air. "Yahooo!" The two women who were grabbing Trishia's arms cheered cheerfully at the fat woman.

Seeing the big scissor in the fat woman's hand, Trishia was petrified. They had a weapon and she had nothing.

"What are you going to do with me? Huh? Stop coming! Don't come closer! Stop! " Trishia ordered hysterically. She knew the fat woman was up for something bad for her.



Despite her shouting, the fat woman didn't obey and had no plan to listen to her judging from her expression.

"As I was saying earlier, we are happy to see a celebrity at the same time we are also very curious about what will you look like if you are already bald? Hehehe!" The fat woman said wickedly.

## **Read Novel You Can Run But You Can't Hide My Contractual Wife Chapter 319**

### **You Can Run But You Can't Hide My Contractual Wife Chapter 319**

"You b\*tch!" Trishia screeched angrily trying all her efforts to hit the fat woman. She could not see herself being bullied by such lowly prisoners. With her high status in society, she would never accept her situation right now. She could only bully whoever she wants but not her being bullied by someone. That is a big NO to Trishia Meyer.

"Ahhh!" After struggling to escape from the two women who were holding her arms, Trishia growled painfully. The fat woman had kicked her on her stomach. It was the most painful feeling she had to endure as she felt her ovary was ruptured.

"You are such a nuisance!" The fat woman shouted then he grinned wickedly.

"You will pay for this!" Trishia felt a strong burning sensation inside her stomach but she still held her stance toughly. "You will all pay for this!" She shrieked angrily but her expression was in deep pain. Her tone carried a vengeful promise and her eyes were already like killing the fat woman by the way she looked at the fat woman in front of her.

"Pakkk!" Then another blaring slap sound was heard. Trishia was very helpless. She was in the prison with the three bullies. It never happened to her even if she had done so many vicious things when she was still known as the loving daughter of the senator. Now, she was abandoned by all people she knew. No one is there for her. Nothing but herself.

"Huh! You can still look at me like that? Aren't you scared of what I can do to you in my territory? They don't call me boss here for nothing." The woman said calmly but her tone carried a great danger. Her dark brown face had a long sliced scar on the right cheek. It seemed this fat woman had already killed the person who did it to her face.

"Boss my foot!" Even though Trishia could feel her aching body, she still had the appetite to slander the fat woman. In her life, she had not been afraid of someone except, for one thing, being abandoned. She was abandoned by Sen. Meyer who she considered being her real father for a long time. She did everything just to make him proud of her but ended up forsaken by him.

Next, her biological father. She hated him the most as he abandoned her and chose Arabella's family when she was still a baby.

Then her mom who chose to stay with the senator.

Jayson who didn't want to take any responsibility for her.

Lastly, Bill Sky who she loved for a long time but still chose to abandon her.

Having thoughts of these, she looked at the fat woman with more resentment on her expression.

"Pakkk!" Another hard slap sound was heard. The fat woman hit her again without any hesitation. Obviously, her ego was humiliated because of Trishia. Admittedly, she didn't expect Trishia would be that tough but she could not let her tarnish her reputation in front of her girls. She had to punish a celebrity, not just a celebrity but a superstar and she was enjoying it. She felt greater in front of her girls.

"Hold her tight! Make her kneel!" The fat woman ordered with her bossy tone. Her expression greatly showed that she was enjoying every bit of punishing Trishia.

"Kneel? F\*ck you!" Trishia shouted with a strong refusal in her tone. She was very angry that she could strangle someone but had not been given the chance to do it. With her remaining strength, she still struggled to escape but still, it was to no avail. The three women's giggles were heard around the station. They seemed to have a lot of fun having Trishia around.

"Take all your filthy hands away from me!" Trishia's shouting was unending. She was struggling for her life. "Kneel b\*tch!" Kneel!" The thin woman demanded trying to make her kneel.

"Kneel to our boss now!" The other woman butted in.

"Over my dead body!" Trishia answered rolling her eyes at them. Her tone was mixed with anger, disgust, and pissed for not making herself out of this prison and the worst she was bullied by these lowly women.

"Boss...you heard that? hahaha..." The woman on the right side said boastfully as she chuckled.

"You know what to do!" The woman who they called boss ordered with her wicked grin.

Upon hearing the order from their boss, the two women looked at each other meaningfully. They winked at each other and giggled. Trishia just looked at them cursing them in her mind. There's no way on earth that she would kneel to someone, especially at these stinky cheap gangsters.

“Ahhh!” Then suddenly, Trishia’s painful voice sounded again. The two women behind her kicked her knees making her instantly kneel on the ground. Trishia quickly gathered her strength to stand but it was to no avail. The two women were holding her shoulders strongly making her stay rooted on the ground. They laughed at Trishia’s pain and struggle. They laughed triumphantly after making her kneel. They even made a high five in the air.

“Who said you can’t kneel? Hahaha!” The fat woman cupped her face and lifted it to face her. Trishia was kneeling on the ground while her arms were spread in the air with the two women holding them forcefully. She looked like being crucified but her will to escape was so strong through her tough cursing eyes. If only her hands were free she would fight to death with this fat woman and she would never stop until she kills her. Until she kills the three plus the rude policeman who dragged her into the cell earlier.

With the combined strength of the two women, Trishia could not move even though she was so sick of being touched by the fat woman.

“I must admit you are prettier in person.” The fat woman uttered shaking Trishia’s face like she was checking and fancying every detail of her face.

“Oh yeah, and you are ugly!” Trishia’s weak voice sounded tough. Her lips were busted due to the many hits she got from the fat woman but she didn’t care at all. Trishia had no trace of surrendering her fate to these gangsters. Her disgust and irritation were written all over her face.

“Boss, she said you are ugly! What are we going to do about that?” The other woman hissed like a wooden stick triggering a big fire. “How dare you say that to our boss?” The other woman said brutally pulling her hair behind.

Then they giggled again cheerfully.

For Trishia, it was so uncool and she wanted to tear them apart with her bare hands.

“Okay, let’s see if you are still going to be beautiful after this! Hahaha!” The fat woman got her scissor then she swiftly pulled Trishia’s hair. Trishia’s head was yanked to the side forcefully. Her scalp was burning terribly.

“You! You b\*tch!” Trishia struggled again against the two women’s strength but she didn’t succeed. Then just the next second, her hair fell to the ground in bulk. She was stupefied. Her eyes widened seeing her long smooth hair on the ground. Her fists clenched harder as she wanted to smack to death the person who cut her hair. She wiggled hard to escape but still, it was to no avail. The fat woman continued to cut her hair short. Her scissor had no directions. It goes wherever her hand led and she had so much fun doing criss-cross cutting to Trishia’s hair.

The three women were also giggling and having so much fun with what they were doing with Trishia's hair. Trishia's hair was scattered on the ground. Trishia still kept on struggling to save her hair but it still was no use. She could not defeat the strength of the two women. She was very very enraged with her situation as she kept on swearing and cursing them in her mind. She would not continue living if she would not be able to revenge herself on these people.

"Okay, stop that now." The fat woman instantly stopped after hearing someone banging the steel bar of the cell leaving Trishia's hair an inch long. Her expression was even disappointed as she planned to bald Trishia but it was disrupted.

The rude police officer who dragged Trishia inside the prison sounded outside. "Oh, sorry officer, we just have a little girl's fun." The fat woman nodded at her girls signaling them to release Trishia. They immediately followed then Trishia was shoved to the ground along with her long strands. Her hair, they were all on the ground. Her eyes flickered in anger seeing her long smooth hair around her. She clenched her fists deeply looking at her hair like she mourned for her crown on the ground.

Then the rude policeman opened the door. "You!" He pointed at Trishia who was still on the floor. "Get out now!" The policeman said impolitely. There was no gentleness in his tone. Trishia didn't move. Her head and shoulders were low while clenching her fists strongly. She had no plan to listen and obey the rude cop.

"Hey! Don't play stupid to me! Come here and don't waste my time!" The policeman roared angrily getting no response from Trishia.

Trishia was still unmoved.

Then the policeman just nodded at the fat woman signaling her something.

The three women giggled then after, the fat woman dragged Trishia's neck in one hand out of the cell. She pushed her out and Trishia slumped directly on the floor.

Trishia still didn't respond. No cries, no sounds from her while the three women's laughs cracked the surroundings. Seeing Trishia's inch hair, deep bruises on her porcelain skin, black and blue marks everywhere on her pretty face and busted lips, the three women were very satisfied especially when they didn't hear Trishia's roaring. They made a high five in the air for winning and successfully taught Trishia a lesson.

Without any delays, the policeman picked Trishia up harshly on her bleeding elbow and he dragged her out. Trishia didn't talk anymore like she let him do whatever he wanted to do but before she was out of the three women's sight, Trishia lifted her head and looked at three women with a vengeful stare. Those eyes were murderous and it seemed it was saying something like 'I will come back for all of you.' Her stare made the thin woman scared a bit but quickly recovered seeing Trishia was very helpless.

Outside the station, the rude policeman opened the door in the backseat. He then roughly pushed Trishia inside then quickly closed the door. He then tapped the roof of the car three times and then the driver of the car gassed up and drove away swiftly.

"Where do we deliver the package?" Trishia could hear the man's voice sitting on the passenger seat.

"Of course, I know." The driver of the car answered.

From the screen barrier, Trishia could see the two men were in a policeman's uniform. Obviously, they were cops too.

"Okay, then hurry up because I can't wait to hold my bag of money. Hehehe. What a lucky night!" The man in the driver's seat corresponded. His tone was very excited and greedy.

"Relax. Boss will surely give us that! Hehehe!" Then the driver answered.

Trishia heard their conversation but she had no care. She felt there was no use in even trying to escape. It seemed her soul was just waiting to strike when she could find any chances. For now, she would check and wait for her fate.

"We're here!" The driver announced.

The car had a full stop. Then her door opened. The two cops dragged her out. With head low, Trishia could only hear the sound of the door opening. The two cops continued to drag her until someone's voice came in.

"Gentlemen, thank you for bringing my daughter Trishia here." Sen. Meyer's voice sounded. Hearing him, Trishia lifted her head slowly to see the person clearly.

My daughter...

She heard him saying 'my daughter' when he clearly emphasized his disgust toward her before. She wanted to vomit with the Senator's words. Sen. Meyer was surrounded by dozens of men wearing his wicked grin. He looked at Trishia sharply and their eyes met. Trishia's eyes were filled with contempt for the man in front of her. Then the Senator nodded at the two cops signaling them to go.

"Your service was already transferred to your bank accounts. Once again, thank you." Sen. Meyer said politely like a true politician. Then the two walked out excitedly leaving Trishia, Sen. Meyer, and his men in one room.

"Trishia... Trishia. Come to dad!" There was something odd with Sen. Meyer's tone. He was not scolding and humiliating her way too far from what he used to do. For Trishia,

the Senator had something up his sleeve and that is what she has to find out as she just looked at him without any softness toward her stepfather.

“Come...” Sen. Meyer strode towards her. The sound of his footsteps seemed to carry great wickedness. Then he grabbed her wrist gently. Trishia just looked at the Senator with murderous eyes. She would be never deceived by his actions.

“Look at you, baby. What happened to your beautiful face? Who did this to you? Come! Have a seat, first.” The Senator guided her to a chair. It was the only chair in the room. Her eyes wandered around and except for the senator and his men, the room was empty. It was like an old warehouse on the outskirts. Trishia was sure that it was just one of the senator’s hideouts where he buried the people who offended him. The question in her mind now is if he would also bury her there. She had no time to dwell on it but her mind was preparing for the worst thing that might happen. She had to escape from the place.

“Are you not going to give your father a hug?” The senator sounded nice. This made Trishia wonder even more. She was very suspicious about the sudden nice attitude of the Senator toward her. She knew he had something and she just waiting for him to spill it out.

“Why I am here?” Finally, Trishia asked full of resentment in her tone. Her murderous eyes were telling him.

“Well, to give you a surprise.” Sen. Meyer answered then he snapped his fingers in the air signaling his men to move.

Four men went out to another door then when they came back inside, they brought four hostages with duct tapes on their mouths, and blindfolds on their eyes while their hands and feet were tied.

Seeing the hostages, Trishia was stunned. Who would not know these people?

These people were...

## **Read Novel You Can Run But You Can't Hide My Contractual Wife Chapter 320**

You Can Run But You Can't Hide My Contractual Wife Chapter 320

Trishia looked at the four hostages in front of her filled with animosity then after, she grinned. It's payback time!



Sen. Meyer's men hastily get rid of their blindfolds at the same time. The looks of hostages were horrified upon seeing Trishia sitting in front of them with a big wicked grin. Her eyes were sparkling with an eyebrow curled upward.

"Booo!" Trishia sounded in a surprising suspenseful tone. "Happy to see me again? I hope I didn't disappoint you by seeing me sooner than you expected." Trishia said full of sarcasm. The four hostages were the rude policeman, the fat woman, and her two buddies who were now trembling in fright. They were like seeing a ghost as their eyes widened in disbelief and fear. The greatest shock was with the fat woman who had lost her braveness and confidence. She was like a lost puppy who wanted to amend her sins with frightful eyes same as the rude policeman. The two women were already whimpering afraid of Trishia's vengeance. They also lost their cheerful giggles and fun.

Trishia liked her sight very much. Very much that she could jump and shout for satisfaction. She couldn't believe that she could get her revenge as early as this one.

"So, do you like my surprise, my daughter?" Sen. Meyer butted in handing Trishia a gun. Trishia didn't answer but she accepted the gun. She stood up then she strode toward the hostages who were now kneeling on the ground begging for their lives to be spared.

"Eennie...Mennie...Miney..Mo... Boom!" Trishia pointed the gun at the hostages' heads. The muzzle of her gun traveled every head of the hostages and then ended up on the fat woman's head.

"Please! No! I'm sorry for what I have done. I'm very sorry. Please spare my life! Please!" The fat woman pleaded. She seemed going to have a heart attack.

Still pointing her gun, Trishia looked at the fat woman in disgust. "Look at me! Look at what have you done to my hair!" Trishia roared angrily. "My hair's worth could not be paid by your peasant life. Do you know that?" Trishia added pointing the muzzle to the fat woman's forehead. The fat woman helplessly crawled onto the ground and hugged Trishia's foot but Trishia kicked right away and shot the ground which made the fat woman back to her original position horrified.

Trishia was sick and very disgusted by her touch and she had enough of it. "Touch me once again and you will die first!" She roared.

The two women cried even more hearing the gunshot. Looking at them, Trishia's smile widened. She strode toward the two. Using her gun, Trishia lifted their heads to face her. "Where are your giggles? Why are you two crying now? Come one laugh! Laugh now or else I will blow your heads off!" Trishia ordered hatefully as she pointed the gun at them. The two women looked at each scared. Who would want to laugh at their situation? "Laugh!" Trishia shouted impatiently. The two shivered in fright.

“Ha... Ha...ha...” The thin woman started. It was a low haha just to follow Trishia’s order. The curly woman still could not utter any word so Trishia got pissed. She pointed her gun at the woman’s forehead. The woman trembled tremendously. Trishia had still fresh memory of this woman. She was the one who pulled her hair and boastfully made fun of her. Her giggles and bully expression were all fresh in her mind. Trishia grinned wider. She was about to pull the trigger when the thin woman shouted. “Please stop! Spare my sister’s life!”

Trishia frowned. So the two women happened to be siblings.

“Interesting!” Trishia commented. “Very interesting!” Her words carried emphasis like she already had fun in her mind.

Then she strode to the rude policeman whose head was facing the ground. Trishia could still feel the pain from his hard grip. He roughly pushed her like an animal that was going to be slaughtered inside the cell.

“What about you die first?” Trishia pointed the muzzle on his forehead. Trishia could see a great fear in the policeman’s eyes which made her delighted. The cruel policeman was now a coward hostage. “Oh! Did you just pee in your pants?” Trishia blurted out along with her chuckles when she saw the man’s trembling stance.

“Huh! You put me in that cell so you die first!” Trishia regained her anger. She was about to pull the trigger but the curly woman shouted. “Please no! Spare my boyfriend’s life!”

Hearing her, Trishia frowned again then her lips widened revealing her white porcelain teeth. “This is even more interesting!” Trishia’s voice was very excited. She seemed to have the most exciting plan as her eyes sparkled. Then she sat back in her chair and signal Sen. Meyer’s men to bring the hostages closer to her.

“Okay, this is what we are going to do.” Trishia sniffed deeply before she continued. “Since you girls love to giggle what about you give us some entertainment.” Trishia smiled wickedly.

The four hostages’ expressions got more horrified. With Trishia, they felt the king of devils would punish them. It felt like judgment day. With the Senator’s men behind Trishia, her plan was perfect.

“Okay! You!” Sitting on her chair like a queen guarded by her armies, Trishia pointed her gun at the fat woman. The fat woman panicked seeing Trishia. “Stand up!” Trishia demanded. The fat woman felt a little relieved for such an easy task as she quickly stood up. “Strip!” Trishia added with a pathetic expression. The fat woman’s eyes widened in fear. Seeking a dozen of men around her, she felt embarrassed as she could not even move. “Do you hear me? Strip!” Trishia roared impatiently pointing her gun at the fat woman.

"Okay! Okay! Please don't shoot me!" The fat woman pleaded and started to take off her shirt. "Faster... My finger is getting impatient." She sounded calm but dangerous when delayed.

Hearing Trishia, the fat woman quickly took off her pants. She was very scared and she had no time to hesitate. Being naked in front of men was no deal if it could save her life but it was the most humiliating.

"Oh!!!" The men blurted out seeing the fat woman's fat naked body. It was not amazement but disgust.

Trishia smiled satisfyingly. "Now, dance!" Trishia whirled her gun but it still pointed at the fat woman.

The woman trembled terribly. She deeply regretted bullying a Trishia Meyer, especially cutting her hair. If only she knew how evil Trishia is, she would not mind serving Trishia. She would be a loyal slave to Trishia but it was too late. Too late for her regrets.

"Dance gracefully or I will shoot you!" Trishia angrily roared. The fat woman danced quickly following Trishia's order. Trishia was very satisfied hearing the Senator's men's laughter and having fun with their entertainment.

"Don't stop or I will shoot you!" Trishia threatened the fat woman. The woman continued dancing sexily with her naked fat body exposed fearful of Trishia's temper.

"You two! You're next. Strip!" The gun was transferred to the siblings. The two didn't move. They were both trembling tremendously. "Come on! Let me hear you giggles while dancing naked in front of these men." Trishia commanded along with her silly chuckles.

"No!" The rude policeman sounded looking at his girlfriend. It seemed that the man was very protective of his girl. Trishia felt more interested in it. Her eyes instantly sparked like she got a better idea.

"Oh! How sweet!" Trishia commented sarcastically as she put her legs crossed over the other.

"Then, you girl you have to choose. I will shoot him or you strip!" Trishia smirked waiting for the curly woman's answer. "Strip or I will kill him!" Trishia roared impatiently. The curly woman hurriedly took off her shirt. She got a beautiful body among the two women so the men got excited. "Dance!" Trishia screamed angrily seeing the two siblings standing frozen. They looked at each other then they began to sway their hips. It seemed the two were not just siblings but also partners in crime. They had great coordination not only in giggling but also in dancing. Trishia could clearly see it and it made her more excited.

The men were cheering the naked girls in front. They became excited when the curly girl entered the show.

"You next!" Trishia pointed at the policeman. "Strip!" She ordered impatiently. "Don't make me say it again because I bet you will not like it," Trishia mumbled confidently.

The policeman felt he had to do it quickly as he knew Trishia would not hesitate to kill him. In the first place, he was the one who dragged her inside the cell. If there was one person she needed to kill first, he was sure it would be him.

"So guys, do you want to have more fun?" Trishia asked nastily.

"Hell yeah!" The men answered screaming in chorus. Trishia's eyes rolled as she obviously knew what these men wanted.

"Okay! Okay! This is what we gonna do. Release them. Whoever tried to escape shoot them." Trishia smirked wickedly. The men quickly followed Trishia's order.

"You and you! Step forward!" Using her gun, Trishia pointed to the thin woman and the policeman to come forward.

Afraid of losing their lives, they strode forward quickly. Trishia smiled satisfyingly.

"You!" Trishia pointed at the thin woman. "Give your sister's boyfriend a good kiss down there. Listen, the best that you can. If we are not satisfied by your show, you will die first." Along with Trishia's nasty order was the enthusiastic screaming of the men.

The curly woman's expression was awful. She could not believe she was about to see her boyfriend and sister were going to make out in front of her. She felt very angry and her looks were threatening her sister and her boyfriend making them unmoved but not until Trishia shot the ground near the two without any warning.

The thin woman quickly knelt and did what Trishia asked. The curly woman was crying in anger while clenching her fists. The policeman's lascivious moan echoed in the huge room. The atmosphere suddenly filled with lustful air. The scene aroused everyone except Trishia and the curly woman who wanted to kill her sister for betraying her.

"You bitch!" The curly woman could not control herself anymore as she attacked her sister and ended up squabbling with each other on the ground. The scene for Trishia was very compelling. The sisters with great coordination were now killing each other. Then Trishia grabbed a dagger from one of the men beside her and threw it in front. Driven with intense anger, the curly woman got the knife first and cut her sister's throat. Everyone was cheering for the one who successfully got out alive.

"Bravo! You killed your sister!" Trishia applauded. "Now drop the dagger to the ground or I will shoot you," Trishia said calmly with her gun pointing at the curly woman.

The woman quickly put the dagger down and one of the men there kicked it out.

"1 down 3 more left," Trishia muttered in the air openly.

"Okay, dance baby dance! We are just starting!" Trishia added giggling.

"Now, since your boyfriend cheated on you, how about....hmmm..." Trishia uttered calmly but her gun was pointing at her hostages.

"You! My men like you." Trishia pointed back at the curly woman. "I will spare you life after you serve all my men. How's that sound to you? Trishia was giving her a choice. The curly woman was stunned and could not able to talk looking at her policeman boyfriend.

"No!" The policeman who enjoyed making out with the thin woman was stopping his girlfriend. There were 12 men in the room to be exact. They were looking at her like prey.

"I! I represent myself!" Suddenly, the fat woman butted in when the curly woman was hesitating.

"Nahhh!!!" She quickly got a reply from the men. It seemed they strongly refused her.

Trishia could not help but laugh at the fat woman's desperate act. As cunning as she is, she was very willing to use her body to save her life. Too bad, no one wanted her and too bad Trishia had no plan to let her escape just like that.

"You heard that! No one wanted your disgusting fat body so back off!" Trishia humiliated the fat woman.

"Okay, I'll take your silence as a yes!" Trishia spoke impatiently to the curly woman then she snapped her fingers in the air signaling her men to take the woman out of her sight.

"No!No!No!" The curly woman shouted with strong refusal as her naked body was carried by many men who were like hungry beasts. The door closed leaving Trishia and the two hostages.

"Oh! It's the three of us here! Who's next?" Trishia coolly said.

"Ah!!!" Just after her words the policeman suddenly attacked Trishia with a vengeful expression but before he could touch her, Trishia pulled the trigger. He was shot directly to his stomach. Blood was dripping down like running water on the faucet. Then another gunshot was heard. Trishia put a bullet on his shoulder which made him fall to the ground.

“How dare you! You will die with the memory of your girlfriend being slaughtered by many men. Hahaha! That’s what you got for offending me.” After her words, she put an end to his life as she shot him in the forehead.

“And you!” Trishia shifted her attention and gun to the fat woman who froze on her spot trembling.

“Please! I’m sorry about your hair and for bullying you. Please spare my life and I will serve you.” The fat woman quickly knelt pleading with Trishia.

The woman’s proposal was not bad at all. She can use her before she kills her. Her service is more worthy than her life but when she was about to agree another gunshot was heard. The fat woman was shot dead with her eyes opened.

Trishia was startled as she looked at the person who did it.

“She is just wasting your time. You still have one guest waiting.” Sen. Meyer appeared and shot the fat woman. Then the door opened and his men were carrying another person.

Trishia was clueless about the Senator’s words.

“Jayson?” Trishia uttered in shock.