

Read Novel You Can Run But You Can't Hide My Contractual Wife Chapter 411

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Inside her ward, Arabella's tears could not stop flowing.

She broke down after Bill visited her.

Her cry was silent but her tears serenaded the intense pain in her heart.

Once again, her heart was shattered into pieces.

Arabella cried with all her heartache.

She could not bear the pain anymore.

When all she thought was that Bill was already by her side, she was slapped by the reality that Bill was just playing with her from the start.

Arabella sobbed as her thoughts took her back to Bill's words for her earlier.

"I don't have any feelings for you, Arabella, as you have claimed. I tried... I tried to assess myself but there was nothing at all." Bill stopped as he released a heavy sigh.

"I never saw a woman as desperate as you and I must admit, I had enjoyed playing with you from start to end." At this point, Bill's tone was arrogant.

He was mocking her in a calm manner.

Arabella was taken aback.

Now, she realized that Bill didn't take her to let her prove herself to him but he took her to play from the start.

It gave her so much pain in the heart.

She wanted to say something and asked so many questions but the intense pain in her heart hindered her.

She wanted to cry out loud but she couldn't.

She wanted to get angry with Bill but at this moment, she could only feel nothing but pain.

Her eyes instantly got moist signaling that her stubborn tears would come out so soon.

Even though the pain was slowly killing her, Arabella managed to gather her composure and fix her breathing.

She looked at Bill seriously finding the truth in everything he said because, for her, Bill was just lying.

What about the time they shared on the small island?

That kiss on the cliff?

The time when he picked her up in the bar where she met Mark for the first time?

What about his anger toward her whenever he was jealous?

What about his words for her that she found sweet?

Arabella felt those moments were real and sincere.

Why Bill was telling the opposite to her now?

Why?

Is it because of his wedding tomorrow with Trishia?

Or did Trishia trick him again to do something for her?

“Bill... when are you going to wake up that Trishia was the villain?!” Arabella could not help blurting it out. “If you are just playing with me from the start then why did you save me? Why did you f*cking bring me to the hospital? Why did you not let me die?” This time, Arabella’s temper blasted.

She suddenly flushed as she seemed to go insane with Bill’s cruel treatment of her.

She didn’t expect Bill’s greetings after she just escaped from death.

How cruel!

Bill stood up.

He seemed not to like what he saw from Arabella.

It seemed he already wanted to go out as the topic seemed not to interest him anymore.

"Any woman who was in your situation, I will save. So, you can let go of your thoughts thinking that you are special." Bill sarcastically answered her. His tone and expression were domineering.

Arabella's heart pained more.

She was like slapped by a million times with his words.

"You... you... don't have to do this to me, Bill..." With a soft voice, Arabella muttered.

She tried her best not to cry but then in just a quick second, a bead of tears skipped her eyes.

Quickly she wiped it.

She didn't want Bill to see her crying.

"What about our moments together Bill? Are they all nothing to you? Why did you stop me that night when I decided to leave?" As she frowned deeply, Arabella sounded aggressive.

For the last time, she wanted to ask.

She wanted to know because right at this moment, she already felt defeated.

She already lost the battle and she must accept.

Hearing Arabella's question, Bill put his right hand inside his pocket.

His handsome indifferent face was staring at her.

She looked at him with a questioning expression and looked at him like she would not see him again.

Bill did the same.

His eyes pierced into her beautiful troubled face.

He looked at her scrutinizing the depth of her tantalizing wet eyes.

For a while, they were just looking at each other like they were both finding something in their eyes.

Something deep... something worth seeing...

Arabella was seeking the truth.

She was hoping that inside his eyes there lies the genuine truth but it was to no avail.

Bill's eyes were cold and her heart froze under his gaze.

Suddenly, Bill smirked at her. "Look Arabella, I am a man and you know all men just wanted one thing for a woman. So, don't be surprised by what I acted." Bill answered her question sarcastically. "S*x... I am no different from the others." Bill confessed and smiled but his eyes were not. "So, whatever happened to us, it was nothing. Think of my reputation with women... and you... you are just one of them. I hope you enjoyed the benefits of it." Bill continued hurting Arabella.

His expression was so arrogant for her to bear.

He was hurting her non-stop.

Arabella's heartbeat was pumping erratically like she just wanted to stop her heart from beating.

She wanted to not feel the immense pain anymore.

She didn't want to breathe anymore.

She wanted to go back to her sleep and hoped that everything was just part of her dream.

That every pain would go and her restless heart would find its serenity.

"Bill... you don't have to be so cruel to me," Arabella sounded complaining in a soft tone with another bead of tear escaping from the corner of her eye.

Bill heaved a sigh before he spoke again, "Now that you know, I think this is over. We are over!" Bill announced with deep emphasis. "Just like that, I am dumping you, Arabella Jones," Bill added with an arrogant smirk on his handsome face.

Arabella's heart pounded heavily.

She froze as she could feel the reality was already there in front of her.

It was all over.

Their story is over.

Arabella gritted her teeth to stabilize herself as she wiped her tears.

She didn't want to cry in front of the person who just dumped her.

"So... stop pestering Trishia and me again. Do you understand?" Bill was looking at her without no pity.

He looked at her cold like usual.

Disheartened by his painful words, Arabella nodded at him.

Now that Bill finally dumped her, she felt fighting was not an option anymore.

It was futile when Bill had already given up on her.

Arabella felt her world shattered again.

She felt losing everything.

Adam and Bill.

She never abandoned and she would never abandon him if she only knew the truth about what happened in the past.

If she had known it earlier, maybe she still had the chance to save her relationship with Bill.

Now, she had no chance at all.

Arabella knew she was too late for everything.

Maybe they were not really meant to be for each other.

Maybe they were fate to meet but not to be together forever.

This thought was bringing down her spirit but Arabella knew the time that she had to let go too.

She had to end all her suffering and the non-stop tension in her life.

"Bill..." Before Bill could exit her room, Arabella called him. "I promise to stop pestering you. I will not see you anymore for your peace of mind but..." Arabella was hesitant but for the sake of, "Can I see Adam? Can I have time with him too? Even once a week please?" Arabella could let go of Bill but not her son.

She missed Adam so much.

She had hoped that Bill had done terrible things to her today and that maybe he would compensate her in a certain way.

She just hoped that he was not that heartless but Bill frowned deeply.

He turned around to see her clearly.

His eyes were questioning her but quickly recovered.

“Why do you want to see him when you already abandoned him?” Bill’s eyes became furious.

“Believe it or not, I never abandoned my son, Bill. Never!” Arabella quickly refuted.

He could blame her for anything but not Adam.

She refused to be accused of abandoning her son.

Bill looked at her deeply.

He was like scrutinizing her keenly before he answered.

“Once a month.” Then without waiting for her reply, he strode away.

Arabella jolted and couldn’t believe what she had heard.

Could she just be dreaming?

Even if Bill didn’t grant what she wishes, at least he agreed with her.

It was already a blessing to a mom who could see her son even if it was just once a month.

All the pain in her heart seemed to vanish right away.

They were replaced by excitement.

Arabella heaved a sigh of relief.

She wiped her tears right away.

She still felt blessed.

Even if she had to close a door in her heart, she still had her son.

Adam was the only man who loved her genuinely and the only boy she would love the same.

Suddenly, her door opened. Arabella looked at the uninvited visitor.

Trishia Meyer.

She was sitting in a wheelchair and a nurse was pushing her forward.

She looked pale.

Her expression wasn't the usual.

Seeing Trishia, Arabella felt angry.

For everything she had done to her and to all her loved ones, as much as possible, she didn't want to see her as she didn't want to fight with her now.

Arabella had no appetite to bicker with Trishia.

"What are you doing here?" Arabella asked unhappily with Trishia's presence.

Before Trishia spoke, she nodded her head giving a sign to the nurse to leave.

When the nurse left, Trishia rolled her wheelchair closer to Arabella's bed.

"I'm here to check on you, sis..." Trishia sounded very sincere.

Her expression was serious like she really looked worried for her.

Arabella was taken aback.

As she always says, Trishia could trick anyone but not her.

She had experienced her viciousness and never she would fall to her trick again.

As the thought of this, Arabella chuckled mocking Trishia. "Get out, Trishia. You just escaped from death but here you are again, trying to start another scheme. Not me! Exclude me! Now, get out!" Arabella's hatred towards Trishia would never fade. If she would not be lucky enough, maybe she died a long time because of Trishia Meyer.

"I'm... I'm sorry." Suddenly, Trishia burst into tears. "I know I did a lot of bad things to you. I am very sorry."

Arabella was shocked.

She couldn't believe her own ears.

She frowned deeply as her sharp eyes were with Trishia.

Trishia seemed very opposite to her bitchy trait. Her pale face was covered with her tears.

"I told you to get out because I don't have time to play with you now, Trishia." Though she felt something was different from Trishia, Arabella still refused to be schemed by her.

"I know your anger for me is eternity. For what I have done to you, I know I can't change that anymore. If I can't go back in time, If I knew earlier that you are my sister, maybe... things would be different between us." Trishia sounded soft.

Her expression showed sincerity while her eyes were filled with her tears.

"Arabella... my life wasn't that easy. As you know, I really didn't have a family to call my own. Growing up... I was abused verbally and physically by my father." Trishia sounded in pain and Arabella could feel it because she knew about this.

Arabella suddenly felt pity for Trishia remembering how the Senator treated her before in front of many people.

Even though her anger towards Trishia was so intense, Arabella could not help but feel sympathy for Trishia.

"I grew up alone...alone and no one."

"Until...you came."

"Gosh! Heaven knows how I badly wanted to have a sister!" Trishia continued sentimentally.

"I am not greedy... Arabella. All of my life, I just want to have and marry the person that I love." Trishia muttered softly along with her tears.

"Arabella... I know, I can't fix our relationship but please... let me be happy for once." Trishia sounded pleading with her tears as she was trying to move down.

Trishia was going to kneel in front of her. Arabella was taken aback.

"Please, let go of Bill Sky and let me have him." Kneeling on the floor and crying, Trishia begged.

Arabella was lost for words. She did expect a fight with Trishia's presence but never expect her to beg and worst knelt on the ground.

With such arrogance and pride as Trishia Meyer, Arabella could not believe what she did.

“Nurse! Nurse!” Arabella shouted loudly for help.

She was annoyed with Trishia and herself.

She didn’t want to believe her as she knew how good was Trishia’s acting skills.

She didn’t want to fall for her trick again but then she started to feel pity for her.

No... This can’t be!

After she called, Trishia’s nurse who was waiting outside rushed inside.

“Arabella, you are my sister. Please, just this one... please... let me marry Bill. Please let go of Bill Sky.” Even with someone’s presence, Trishia begged.

For a while, her cries broke the silence of the room.

Arabella looked at Trishia keenly.

“Bring her back to her room.” In a plain tone, Arabella ordered Trishia’s nurse.

The nurse quickly followed assisting Trishia to get up silently.

When Arabella thought, Trishia would get mad at her for not granting her wish just like usual, she was wrong.

With a low head and shoulders, Trishia didn’t say anything else.

The nurse turned the wheelchair around to leave and then pushed in the door’s direction.

“Bill...” Before the nurse could open the door, Arabella suddenly sounded. “I already let him go,” Arabella added plainly.

Hearing Arabella, Trishia smiled meaningfully. “I will hold on to your words. Thank you... sis.” Trishia sounded sentimental and then they finally went out.

When the air and the silence were back to normal, Arabella heaved a deep sigh.

Bill just dumped her and Trishia begged for Bill.

It was time for her to close their story.

With a heavy heart, “Goodbye, Bill Sky.” Arabella muttered in the air.

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"Arabella, why are you crying? Where are you? I'm going there now!" Damien worriedly sounded over the phone.

His tone was a little agitated.

Obviously, he didn't like Arabella's cry.

"S Medical. Please come and pick me up." Dispirited, Arabella sounded.

She was pleading to Damien in a hurry like she didn't want to stay in the hospital any longer.

Who wanted to when all she could feel was sadness?

Arabella felt she had to start again from scratch.

She had nowhere to go and no one but Damien.

Arabella was very thankful that she had Damien always by her side even though she was not that considerate friend to him all the time. The reason was clear, she didn't want him to misunderstand her.

She didn't want to give him hope too that their relationship would go more than friends.

Just like before, she just hurt Damien but the good thing, he had Lira now.

Arabella was happy with Lira and Damien and she was very happy that Lira took care of Damien.

She was very hopeful that someday, Damien would see Lira as the woman he wanted to marry and live with forever.

She was hoping deeply in her heart that Damien would no longer be interested in her as she could only see Damien as a friend.

She tried it before but it didn't work.

It was just unfair for Damien to continue loving her when she only saw him as a good friend and nothing else.

Now that she felt very down, it was only Damien who she could call and disturb.

"I'm coming." As expected, Damien would not fail her.

He was always available for her.

He was always there for her even before.

Without Damien, she didn't know if she did survive her past life abroad.

With Damien's help and support, she raised Adam better.

That was why Arabella was always thankful for Damien.

When the call was over, Arabella wiped her tears and fixed herself.

She wanted to stop crying but her stubborn tears would not allow her.

All she just wanted to do now was to get out of the place.

She didn't want another visit anymore and she didn't want to see Bill and Trishia again.

When she agreed to them, she meant it even though her heart was bleeding tremendously.

For Arabella, since Trishia loved so much that she could kneel in front of her and beg, there was no doubt, she would take care of Bill for the rest of his life.

If Trishia loved Bill so much, she would not harm him anymore.

Thinking about this, Arabella felt all her worries about Bill's condition fade away.

She felt great relief in her mind though her heart seemed no plan to stop crying.

Then he heaved a sigh as her mind was already thinking about how to move on.

She had to be very busy to avert her mind and not feel sad all the time.

She had to work to sustain her living and though she was separated from Adam, she still wanted to give something special to her son as a form of a gift, and of course, she would bring Adam to the park or a nice restaurant or maybe they could watch a movie together.

Arabella had everything planned in her mind for Adam at least Bill had given her this chance.

She would no longer feel so deprived of her son.

She missed Adam so much and she could no longer wait to see him again.

She was sure Adam missed her so much too.

If she was not mistaken, Bill agreed to her because of Adam's request because it was shocking for Bill to agree to her that quickly.

Well, whatever it is, the good thing was she could see her son, Adam once a month and that was more than good enough for her at this moment.

She swore she would not hinder Bill's personal life anymore as long as she could see Adam.

As parents maybe they had grown mature.

Even though they were not living together and already had different lives, they still had to share the child. Arabella was thankful that Bill seemed to improve his decision-making skill.

It seemed that he knew now how to be considerate.

He seemed to be more mature about how to raise Adam and that gave Arabella great relief.

Meanwhile, Greta was brought into the prison.

She was no remorse on her face.

Though, Trishia killed herself, the fact that she bathed her own blood made her fulfill her revenge.

"Boss, I'm sorry, I failed you." Greta sounded disappointed over the phone.

"No need for that. How are you there?" Mark was on the other line.

"Well, I'm good here. It's just that, my food is very limited. Boss, it's not good for me to look sexy." Greta had still an appetite to chuckle at her own joke.

Mark was just silent on the other line.

He seemed to be caught in his deep thinking or he was thinking about how to help and get Greta out.

"What happened there?" Mark suddenly asked in a serious tone.

"Boss, that b*tch! She stabbed her own self." Greta couldn't still believe Trishia's deathly guts earlier.

"Huh!!! That woman..." Mark could only utter. "And Arabella?" He added with a tone filled with curiosity.

"I didn't get the whole thing but I saw her unconscious and was put inside the ambulance too. There must be something that happened inside Bill's office." Greta spilled in detail.

"Hmmm..." Mark hummed only. He was thinking deeply like he was playing a game of chess and keenly thinking of his next move.

"By the way, boss, tomorrow is your brother's wedding. Are you gonna be there? I am sure your brother would not invite you though." Greta reminded and commented harshly.

"I don't an invitation to go." Mark quickly refuted.

"Plus, all the media was there. Maybe it was time to tell the whole world about your existence, Boss." Greta sounded excited.

"Hmmm...: Mark just hummed. He was still thinking about his next move like all his moves were all for the win.

Careful and sure.

"We will see, Greta. We will see... but first, let us get you out there." Mark said firmly as his eyes bore into the white plain wall in front of him as his memory brought him back to where he met Greta.

When he went away from the mansion, he lived in the street.

Since he was thin and small, he was always bullied by a gang of street kids until a fat girl stood up for him.

At first, living in the street was not easy for him. It didn't suit his fragile body.

He got sick without no place to stay only in the street.

At that time, he never wanted to be healed because all he wanted was to see his mother.

He wanted to end all his suffering.

Even if he died in the street, no one would find him because the only person who truly cared for him had already left him.

With no family, no shelter, and food. The poor Mark lived in the street and when it was raining, he took shelter inside a public huge trash bin.

“Don’t touch him or I’m gonna slash your neck!” Greta shouted angrily to the boy who wanted to snatch the bun he just stole from a leftover in a dining place.

Seeing Greta was holding a sharp knife, the boy quickly released him and ran off without saying a word.

Mark looked at Greta who was just a little older than him by 3 years or more but her physique was sturdy unlike him.

She seemed to be living in the street all her life and she was so used to everything.

She was already holding a knife at her age and knew to threaten someone.

She was a gangster in the street but she worked solo.

“Do you want to have some?” Mark offered his little bread.

Greta looked at him deeply. “Huh! Boy, you can’t live in the street like that. You cannot survive here if you are full of drama. Sharing is not for the street, boy. We steal and we snatch to live, do you get me?” Greta sounded very expert in her words.

“But still, I want to give you this because you save me.” Mark was firm as he reached out the bun to Greta.

Greta just smirked at him as her eyes were doubting his intention. “I didn’t save you. It’s just you are in my territory and I want any noise when I am sleeping. Now, go!” That was his first met up with Greta.

She was tough and rough at that time but Mark could already see her as his protector.

Seeing the horrified face of the boy who bullied him earlier, Mark wanted Greta to be his friend.

He needed Greta to teach him to live in the street and he needed her to protect him.

With the bun in his hand, he put it inside Greta’s cart.

“Maybe you will need it when you get hungry later.” Mark sounded before he left her.

Every day, to avoid the bully kids, he always dropped and stayed near Greta’s territory.

Also, he always put a bun inside her cart until they became friends.

Greta taught him everything that he needed to learn to survive in the street.

She taught him to steal and to make money out of it.

She taught him how to use a weapon and fight with the bullies until he made his way to be the leader of the gang.

Mark became a gang leader who steal and make money out of it and Greta was always his side as his protector.

"Where are you going?" One night, it was raining, and Mark saw Greta pushing her cart away from her so-called territory.

"I need to leave," Greta replied.

"What? Where?" Mark was stunned by Greta's sudden announcement.

"My sister needs me. I'm going to the province." Greta answered him.

"What?" Mark frowned deeply. "What about me?" Mark muttered.

"You don't need me anymore. You have your gang already so, you can already survive without me." Greta answered trying to point out something.

"But... I..." Mark was at a loss. That time he felt someone was abandoning him again. He was going to lose someone again. He felt very bad about it because after his mom had left him, he found Greta, and now, she was going to leave him too.

"Can you just stay, Greta?" Mark said looking at her seriously.

"I can't. I have to leave now. Sorry. There is only one schedule for the train and I am now in a hurry." Greta pushed her cart leaving Mark. Obviously, she didn't like any drama.

"Wait!" Mark shouted.

Greta halted then Mark ran toward her. He took out a bun inside his pocket and gave it to Greta. "Just in case you will get hungry on the road." He sounded.

Greta smirked at him then she strode away.

After Greta left, Mark was back to normal life in the street.

He felt off without Greta.

He was not so confident of their operations until one night, his gang was captured by cops.

They fought and someone was killed and his members were killed.

Luckily, he survived and was put into prison.

There, he felt like losing himself once again.

He was alone and lonely.

He was just a boy but he had already hurt someone. He got sick but no one was there for him.

"Get up boy, you have a visitor." The cop suddenly banged his cell.

He was stunned.

Who was going to be his visitor when he had nobody?

No one would take an effort to find him aside from his mother.

"Greta?" Mark's eyes widened seeing Greta once again.

"I came because I heard," Greta announced plainly. "How are you?" She added.

"Not good..." Mark answered along with his cough.

It was a terrible place for him.

He would rather choose the dirty street than a prison.

"Boy, you are in big trouble." Greta reminded him.

Mark didn't say anything.

He knew that.

"You better get out of here. And start a new life outside. You know, enjoy life away from the chaos and everything in the street." Greta said to him.

Unexpectedly, he couldn't believe he could hear this coming from Greta.

Her expression was real like she was doing it right now.

All he could see was Greta trying to hope and dream to have a good life someday.

"What for? Who for? I don't have anyone." Mark disobediently questioned with a gloomy tone.

"For yourself boy. For yourself." Greta answered firmly.

Mark just heaved a heavy breath.

He was still in disbelief that these words came out from Greta.

Before she said goodbye to him, she got out something of her pocket.

"Here..." Greta sounded. "Just in case you will get hungry." She added handing him a bun wrapped in a thin plastic.

After that, Mark hoped for Greta's well-being.

He hoped for her success in what life she had chosen.

Every day, Mark's sickness worsened.

He just thought of dying as he could not see his future anymore.

He had no future anymore as Greta had said.

He was alone and hopeless.

He would die a boy, alone and inside the prison.

The next morning when he woke up, Mark's eyes were greeted by a familiar wall.

He knew it was in his room in the mansion.

The mansion that he hated the most.

At first, he thought, he was just dreaming but then he realized that everything was real.

He saw medical machines beside him and he was having medical treatment inside her room.

Then Mr. Hendrick came and greeted him.

"Young Master, you have a visitor." The old butler sounded like nothing had happened.

"Greta?" He asked like he could not think of anyone who would visit him aside from her.

"Mr. Bill Sky is here, young master." Mr. Hendrick then announced with emphasis like he was announcing a king's arrival.

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Mark couldn't believe what he heard.

'Bill Sky'

His brother.

The only child who his father acknowledged.

The sole heir of Sky Corporation.

And his greatest rival.

Mark didn't want to see him.

At that time, he felt jealous and angry with Bill Sky because he had everything while he had nothing.

Bill was acknowledged and he was hidden like a dirty thing that could stain their prestige family reputation in society.

"Young Master, Mr. Sky is here to see you." Mr. Hendrick explained politely.

"No... Tell him to leave." Mark replied firmly as he went back to bed and wrapped himself in the thick quilt.

"But..." Mr. Hendrick's expression showed strong uneasiness.

How could he relay that to Mr. Bill Sky?

Though Bill was just young at that time, he was already handling the business and he was far from the usual young people.

He was already profound and dignified.

Bill Sky was serious about everything.

"Don't bother yourself, Mr. Hendrick." The old butler jolted when Bill's powerful voice came inside the room.

Bill strode inside with a stern expression.

He seemed not happy to be there or one could easily sense through his expression that he didn't like to waste his time on some irrelevant things.

As the busiest man on earth, Bill always valued his time and he had no time and tolerate stubbornness.

Mr. Hendrick felt shaken when he saw Bill striding inside with a serious expression.

"You, get up!" Bill ordered Mark who was under his quilt like a child who hated to talk to anyone.

Hearing Bill, Mr. Hendrick understood that he should not be inside the room. It was between the two brothers.

"No! Get out! I don't want to see you." Mark was screaming with a heavy heart.

He didn't understand why his father only acknowledge Bill Sky and he wasn't included.

He didn't even see his father again.

What's happening in the world?

Mark was very lost in his thoughts.

His father didn't love him because if he does, Bill Sky wouldn't be her but him.

His father would show up every day and take care of him but instead, he just gave him a mansion and a servant away from the city.

He didn't need those.

All he needed was a father who could comfort him every day.

A father who he could talk to, laugh, and listen to his jokes.

Someone who could be proud of him too.

Someone who could encourage him and support him in this life.

A father that could guide him and console him.

But... unfortunately... he was left alone and abandoned.

He had nothing.

Mark's thoughts were disrupted when a heavy thing landed on his quilt.

"That is your school abroad," Bill announced after he threw the pile of documents to the bed as he was striding out.

It was clear that Bill didn't have patience with stubborn kids like Mark.

Bill halted before he could reach the doorway out. "Remember that you are the captain of your own ship. Your future lies in you. Don't blame anyone in the future." Bill said sternly before he strode again.

"Where's my father?" Mark questioned getting out of the quilt.

His tone demanded Bill explain to him and give him an appropriate answer but Bill didn't even turn around to see him.

He never answered him.

He just stopped between the doorway then he left without saying a word.

Hateful, Mark gritted his teeth as he clenched his fists hard.

He was like lost in a huge maze.

Alone and abandoned by his father.

He wanted to see him or talk to him.

He wanted to ask many questions but he had any sort of way.

Now, he just saw his brother, Bill Sky but he couldn't feel any belongingness from him.

Bill didn't treat him like his own brother.

Bill treated him like a stranger.

Maybe he was just used by his father.

But why?

Why his father didn't even bother to check on him?

Why he didn't even bother to talk to him even on the phone?

Mark's eyes became furious.

He was angry with his situation.

He was angry with his father and he was angry with Bill Sky.

Mark cupped his face with his palms.

He felt unwanted in this world.

What did he need to do to be acknowledged by his father?

What did he need to do to be acknowledged by his brother?

What did he need to do to be acknowledged by the Sky family and what he needed to do to be acknowledged by society?

Mark was very lost and tired of thinking.

He was going insane thinking but he could not find any answer to his questions until his eyes landed on the documents on his bed.

He quickly got it.

It was a profile of school abroad and his.

He was enrolled in this school.

At first, he wanted to tear all the papers and put them inside the trash bin.

He didn't want to accept anything coming from them anymore.

He was okay now that he survived living in the street for a couple of months, he could carry himself and he didn't need them anymore because Mark could not find any difference.

In the street, he was taking shelter in a garbage can, and inside a huge mansion, he was also treated like garbage.

No one wanted him and no one wanted to associate with him.

Either way, he was dirty and a piece of trash.

But then... he remembered Greta's words when he was inside the prison.

"You better get out of here. And start a new life outside. You know, enjoy life away from the chaos and everything in the street,"

"Do it for yourself."

Those were the words of Greta that made him move.

Gripping the documents tightly as his eyes bore deeply into them, Mark was caught in deep thinking.

Maybe the answer to his question earlier was with the documents in his hand.

Maybe he had to prove himself to be acknowledged.

He is going to study and know everything about the business.

He would exceed his only brother Bill Sky and show him that he is more than capable of his position right now.

He will show to them that he is also excellent and prove to his father that he is also capable and someone he could be proud of.

One day he would prove his self-worth to his father.

He would show him that he is more capable than his brother Bill Sky.

He wanted to see his face so proud of him and his face disappointed with his brother, Bill.

With his thoughts, Mark, clenched his fists hard as he made up his decision.

He would study abroad and he would gain everything he needed to compete with his brother.

Mark was determined to be acknowledged by his father and beat Bill in any aspect.

For Mark, Bill was his supreme competitor.

One day he would be back successful as him or more than him.

Mark was looking for that day to happen.

He prepared and studied hard.

He changed himself for the better because of his goals.

He was always the best of anything in school.

He was focused and always got the highest grade but then it was never enough.

He always sent his grades, awards, trophies, medals, and certificates from all his wins to Mr. Hendrick hoping that one day he would get a call or even a text message to his father that he was proud or even a simple congratulation for him would suffice but nothing.

Nothing but silence.

Nothing but heartaches.

Mark felt he is still a failure.

He still wasn't enough.

All the excellent awards he got were still nothing to his father.

All the awards were still not acknowledged by his father.

At first, he was very sad about it and was very angry but then he was still determined and looked forward to the time he would get his father's acknowledgment.

He was very eager and he could not wait to hear from his father the words, "I am proud of you, son." With pride on his face looking at him.

"That day will come," Heaving a heavy sigh, Mark muttered in the air while he was putting his new gold medal in a box.

Day by day, Mark struggled hard to be the best for his father.

Determined and couldn't wait that day to come until that day he wanted the most was gone all of the sudden.

"What are you doing here?" At the funeral of his father, Mark appeared and was greeted by Bill's arrogance.

At that time, Bill was displeased with his presence.

He even questioned his presence in the wake of his own father.

It made Mark very angry with Bill Sky.

"You do not belong here. You can go now." Bill's tone was calm but stern.

Mark felt Bill was trying to hide him again even at his father's funeral.

How could he not see his father for the last time?

How could his brother be so cruel that he would hinder him from seeing his father for the second and last time?

He was insanely mad at Bill Sky.

"I just want to see my father." At once, Mark hardened his stance.

Just in case Bill forgot that he is also a son of his father.

He had the right to attend his funeral and the right to see him for the last time.

He was never informed about the death of his father as he only knew about it through the news.

Instead of answering him, Bill snapped his fingers then his men came running.

Bill didn't need to say a word, they grabbed Mark away.

"Bill, he is my father! You can't do this to me! You can't do this to me! Let me go!" Mark struggled while he was shouting at Bill but he didn't get a response from him.

His men put him in a car and drove away swiftly.

"Bill Sky!!!!" Inside the car, Mark's loud scream was heard like it was going to crack someone's ears.

Mark couldn't help cursing his name angrily.

Mark promised that he would not forget this day in his life.

He was abandoned once again by his own brother and his father.

His father never waited for him to be more successful than his brother.

He was inconsiderate and unfair!

Until his last breath, he only acknowledged Bill Sky as his only son.

Now that his gone, he would never hear that he is proud of him.

He would never hear his words of praise to him.

It was too unfair for him.

He studied hard and took all efforts to be the best in everything but in the end, he still was a failure.

He failed to get acknowledged by his father.

Back abroad, he continued his college but always had failures.

Mark became too lazy to study and get good grades. He didn't want it anymore.

There was no reason for him to be successful.

He already accepted that he was just a mistake and the hidden child of the Sky.

Girls, clubs, friends, Mark spent all his pennies every night.

He was going to spend all the money he got from the Sky.

Since he was not considered one of the members of their family, he would just enjoy spending all the money he could get from them. It was the only benefit he had.

Mark continued his life abroad but also collected updates on Bill Sky.

He had lots of newspapers piled up about Bill's whereabouts and it always got on his nerves whenever he had another achievement.

It irked him a lot.

Then Mark decided to go back to Capital Z without attending his graduation ceremony.

A graduation was supposed to be a happy celebration with families but not him.

As usual, Mr. Hendrick was always there to greet and welcomed him.

When he got to the city, Mark missed everything a lot.

He spent his nights in bars as he didn't want to stay in the mansion and bore his loneliness.

He didn't want to feel alone that was why he had a lot of girlfriends every night.

And because of his good looks, it was very easy for him to change girlfriends every other night.

He had no time for any serious relationship as his mind was focused on his plans.

With his luxurious car, he sped up feeling the freedom in his hand until his wheel suddenly busted in a remote area.

He went out to check the wheel but then someone suddenly grabbed him in the dark and pinned him with a sharp knife.

Then that someone became many.

He then realized that they were a group of 4 people.

"Give me your car key, your money, and all your belongings and you will not be hurt." The man behind him that was holding a knife was threatening him as he pointed the sharp edge of the blade at his neck.

Mark felt he was back to the time when he lived in the street for a while.

He couldn't reminisce those days of chaos, stealing, and street rumbles everywhere.

He suddenly laughed.

"And if I don't?" He asked playfully with a grin.

"Boss, that man is sick!" The other man who was carrying a bat shouted pointing his baseball bat to Mark.

"You are dead meat, man!" Another man sounded boastful.

"Tell me what group are you guys in? Maybe I'm your leader before..." Mark just laughed at them.

The familiarity was sinking in him.

"Oh, shut up! These rich people really know how to trick us! Nice try but we are not convinced!" The people around him laughed.

Since it was dark in the area, only seldom cars passed through and it seemed no one would bother to stop to investigate them and put their lives in a dark and dangerous place.

"I'm the mad Mark... Do you guys know me now?" Mark sounded confident that those people were the kids before.

When he became the leader of the street kids gang, he was known as mad Mark and nobody dare to offend him before.

After his words, the group just laughed at him crazily.

That's when he realized that those people were not one of the kids before.

"Just stop talking nonsense or I will kill you. Now give me all the things that you have!" The man behind him screamed like it was going to crack his ear.

"Keep on dreaming!" Mark sounded annoyed as he struggled for his release.

"You!" The man was going to stab him when,

"Stop!" A fat woman shouted beside them.

She seemed to come out from a shabby tent behind her.

Everyone quickly looked at her.

"Run!" She shouted as she threw firecrackers at them.

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"Run!" The fat woman shouted as she gathered the four men's attention.

Mark was confused.

Now, she was in danger as the men were running to avenge her.

Mark was definite that with the four men carrying some weapons, that woman couldn't survive.

The woman ran in indifferent directions while the four men kept chasing her.

Mark quickly jumped inside his car and drove away.

"Hop in!" He shouted as he stopped the woman while she was about to cross the street.

The woman stopped and her expression was quite hesitant but seeing the four men getting closer to them, she had no time to think.

She quickly entered Mark's car then he swiftly maneuvered the car.

The four men stopped panting while cursing them shouting repeatedly in the air.

“Hold on tight!” Mark drove fast like they were like flying in the air.

“Wohooo!!!” The woman shouted in the air like she was fulfilled escaping the four men.

After a while, they stopped.

Mark looked at her frowning.

“Why did you save me there?” He asked with deep curiosity.

In his life, he didn’t believe in goodness.

Goodness comes with something in exchange.

This woman just saved him out of nowhere.

Did she need money?

Or what did she want from him?

The street was always for the crook people.

Poor, unwanted, no shelter, abandoned.

People forcefully learned to do bad things to live and to survive day by day.

After his question, the woman grinned. “I heard you are mad Mark, is that really you boy?” Then suddenly, she sounded with familiarity in how she said things.

Mark still frowned deeply.

He was thinking of someone but he couldn’t get her completely.

“Do you know me?” Mark asked with a big question mark on his expression.

She nodded repeatedly.

Then she smiled.

“Wow! What can I say!” She uttered with her eyes sparkling. “You are now a big time!” Her eyes wandered inside his luxurious car. “Look at you, so handsome. Is that really you? Are you really, mad Mark?” The woman asked in disbelief.

Her eyes grew wider.

Mark was still puzzled by the woman’s identity.

He could not still remember her.

She was just smiling at him like she didn't want to introduce herself to him and let alone him guess who she was.

"Do I... happen to offend you in the past?" He just wanted to be sure because he knew he had many enemies in the past and trusting wasn't his option before until now.

He only had himself and no one else.

The woman smirked and shook her head meaningfully.

Her eyes were teasing him.

Mark felt discontented by her mysterious identity.

He didn't like being tricked as his eyes turned impatient.

"Okay! Okay! Okay!" The woman raised her hands in the air to avert the topic. "I think, you have to give me something in return for saving your life, big time." The woman blurted out.

Mark heaved a sigh.

Just what he was expecting.

No one could do good deeds today without any return and he never expected too much from one of her kind.

A bit disappointed, he spoke directly, "Name your price."

The woman looked at him seriously then she smirked. "Hmmm... a bun will do," She answered with a smile.

Hearing her, Mark was taken aback.

It was the only time, the person's identity inside his mind that he was trying to revive suddenly appeared. "Greta?????" He sounded surprised and shocked in one.

Greta was smiling as she nodded.

"What should I call you now, big time? Or boss?" She asked.

Mark was still in disbelief.

He couldn't believe seeing her again after very long years.

She saved his life before and now, she saved him again.

What a coincidence but for Mark, it wasn't.

They meant to see each other again.

It was fate.

Greta was always his protector.

"Wow! It's really you!" Mark uttered smiling. "But... what happened? I thought you left life in the street. Why are you in that shabby tent? Why are you still in the street?" When all he could think in the past was Greta was already living a good life with her sister, he was wrong.

Seeing Greta's filthy clothes and look, he could easily tell that she didn't make it.

Upon hearing Mark's questions, the smile on Greta's face and the sparks in her eyes quickly disappeared.

She heaved a very heavy sigh like it was the weight she was carrying every day.

"Well, I tried to dream and hope but you see... the world was too cruel to me." Greta started to share her story.

She smirked again before she continued. "My sister did everything to send me to school but then she was captured doing illegal activities in the neighborhood. All her creditors were chasing me so I have to run from place to place. Continued living in the street alone and same as usual, go back to stealing and accepting illegal activities. Back to where I belong." Greta sounded very dispirited but trying not to show this kind of emotion to him.

So, all the while, Greta lived back in the street all these years.

It seemed that people who were living in the street were not only the poor, and the abandoned but also those people who didn't have a chance. Those people who dreamt and hoped but failed.

Those people who were greatly affected by the cruelty of the world.

Those people who were deprived of luck and even little good things that the world could offer.

Mark heaved a sigh.

If only he knew, maybe he could do something about Greta but it was too late.

"Where's your sister now?" Mark asked. Maybe he could do something about it since he felt the heavy weight she carrying.

Greta looked down. "She was killed."

Mark was stunned.

He wanted to ask more but he felt too much for Greta.

He chose not to interrogate her awful life anymore.

"So now that you know my story, you can drop me anywhere. You know me, I can always find my shelter like a stray cat," Greta was smiling now.

"Those four men will look for you, Greta because you saved me again. From now on, you are not going to live in the street anymore. You are going to live with me." Mark said firmly.

Greta was stunned.

She didn't expect to meet Mark again and will have an instant home.

Greta smiled. "Are you sure? Are you not playing tricks with me, boy?" Greta asked to confirm if she didn't just mishear it.

Her expression was extremely excited.

Mark looked at her seriously then he nodded. "Yes. But don't ever call me that again. I forbid you. The past is the past. Do you understand?" Mark said sternly.

"Yes, boss!" She gestured doing a proud salute to him. "From now on, I will call you boss. And in return, I will be loyal to you and do everything you wanted me to do." She said proudly.

"Well, that's better!" Mark smiled as he felt satisfied with Greta's words.

Then he started the engine and drove away.

Greta was true to her words.

He shared with her his plan and the more Greta liked it knowing about Trishia Meyer was involved in the cycle.

Another coincidence, she said, and a very, very small world.

She was determined to avenge his sister.

Before her sister died, she wrote her a letter.

This letter was kept in the police station and was handed to her after her sister was found dead in an abandoned warehouse.

There, she wrote about Trishia Meyer.

It seemed that her sister knew that she was going to die as she offended the only daughter of Senator Meyer.

Greta showed the letter to Mark.

Mark promised Greta that he would give her what she wanted.

The time that she could avenge her sister but then it went awful.

They underestimated Trishia Meyer.

Mark was snapped back to his senses when his phone rang. He answered.

"How much?" The man asked directly.

"Same price the usual," Mark replied.

"Oh no... the gasoline went up and so did my service." The man said with a teasing tone. "Double." He demanded.

For a while, Mark didn't answer.

Then he gripped his phone hard, "Deal," He agreed then the man dropped the call.

He was not doing illegal things but he learned to hire services from people and he was using the Sky's money.

He enjoyed it a lot.

The man who called him was a very powerful man.

Though his service was so expensive, Mark couldn't think of anyone who could have the dirty guts and tricks, especially Bill Sky's name was attached to the case.

He was confident enough that this man could get out Greta of prison.

With his thoughts, Mark heaved a sigh then he threw his phone on the couch.

His eyes pierced into a picture of the headline.

The wedding of the century.

Bill Sky and Trishia Meyer's wedding.

People and the media were talking about this wedding that would happen tomorrow.

It was the talk of the town and abroad.

Then, Mark smirked meaningfully.

He stood up, and press the intercom attached to his wall. "Mr. Hendrick, prepare my suit," Mark ordered his old butler.

Back in the hospital, Arabella was still waiting for Damien.

She planned to stay in his house for a while until she could find another apartment that she could rent.

She was determined to open a school where she could teach piano lessons.

She was very hopeful that she could get over Bill Sky.

First, she had to get a new apartment then she would find a job.

Either way, she had to do something for herself.

She had to uplift herself and be the better version of herself.

This is for herself and Adam, her son.

She wanted Adam to be proud of her as his mom.

Starting a new life wouldn't be easy for her but she had to start rather than never giving it a try and dwelling on the love she couldn't have.

Enough chasing and forcing herself on someone.

She had done everything and still, it didn't work out.

She was tired and shattered but she would get over it.

She could get over it for her son.

It would be very hard but she knew that this sadness would get through over time.

Time would heal everything and the right time would come eventually.

You just need to take a breath and wait until you are fully healed.

Arabella was hopeful that she could eventually get over Bill Sky.

After a while, she was snapped back to her senses when her door opened.

"I'm here." Damien appeared in a rush.

Arabella was happy to see him.

Damien quickly went over to her and checked on her. "Are you okay? Are you sure you can go home now?" He asked worriedly. His expression was worried and at the same time angry with her situation.

"I'm fine, Damien. Can you help me out now?" She asked quickly as she didn't want to spend another minute in the hospital.

Damien heaved a sigh. "Okay, I will process your release. Just wait for me." Damien quickly stormed out.

After quick minutes, he was back with a wheelchair.

Arabella felt satisfied that she finally got to go out of this place.

Damien assisted her to sit in the wheelchair.

Damien's expression seemed to have so many questions for her but he chose to keep silent.

He was just contented that Arabella remembered him and called him for help.

He thought, Arabella already forgot him.

He went crazy finding her but he couldn't.

Lira was there for him following and always stayed by his side.

Now that Arabella was with him, he intended to ask Lira to move out of his place.

He just wanted to have Arabella and cope with the lost time that they didn't see each other and be together like they were abroad.

On the other hand, Arabella was excited to share her plan with Damien.

She knew he could have his support.

Damien was good at composing songs and playing instruments so maybe they could work together.

They could put up a music school.

Instead of just playing the piano, the students have their options now.

They could opt to learn how to play guitar, bass, and drums.

Also, how to plot notes in their compositions.

With her thoughts, she got more excited.

She was very determined with her plan and she knew Damien would agree to her.

Damien was always there for her and he never made her disappointed.

She knew she could have his support on this.

Arabella couldn't wait to tell Damien about her plan until they stopped.

They were about to take the elevator but Damien stopped in the hallway.

She quickly looked at the person who was standing in front of them and caused them to stop.

Bill Sky

He was standing powerfully and looked at her sharply.

She thought, when he was inside her room, that was the last time she could see him personally.

She never thought, she could see him too soon.

Never had she expected to see him again that quickly.

Arabella lowered her head.

She didn't want to see him as she was afraid of herself.

Maybe she would beg him to go back to her and cancel his wedding with Trishia because that was what her heart wanted her to do.

Of course, Arabella didn't want that to happen.

She just wanted to concentrate on healing her heartaches and not add another.

She wanted to totally get over him and she had nothing to do with him anymore as he already made their relationship clear to her.

He already dumped her just like that.

After all her efforts, he still dumped her because according to him, that was all his plan.

Dumping her for her to feel what was feeling of being abandoned like what she did to him and Adam.

What more she could argue?

She accepted all his words because fighting with him and defending herself against him was futile.

He would still believe Trishia and it seemed his lost memories of her weren't that important to him.

He was confident and fully satisfied living without those memories.

All she could do was wish him happy with his marriage.

"Let's go," With head and shoulders low, she asked Damien in a soft dispirited voice.

Damien looked at Bill Sky with disdain then he pushed the wheelchair passed him.

Bill was unmoved but then an unexpected thing happened.

Bill suddenly grabbed Arabella's wheelchair causing them to another stop.

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"Let go!" When the stiffness of the air was so palpable, Damien was the one who regained his senses first.

It's been a while since he saw the domineering man again.

He hated this man so much for giving Arabella such hard times.

Ever since and until now, he didn't change but more became worse.

Damien witnessed everything Arabella had to experience from him terribly.

And now, he still had the face to come in and out of their lives.

Damien just wanted Arabella to forget this man and instead, she would see him as the man who truly cared and loved her but because of Bill Sky, that was going to be impossible to happen.

After Damien's words, Bill didn't move even Arabella.

She felt her heart skip a beat for a while and then when it raced to the highest rate.

She didn't understand why she had to meet Bill very soon and what he was doing right now.

Why he had to stop them?

He just put an end to their relationship, then why he was wasting his precious time with them?

"I said, let go!" Damien sounded angry but Bill was still unmoved.

His sharp eyes were pierced into Arabella who was looking at him too puzzled.

Her eyes were in disbelief to see him again.

She was puzzled by what he wanted from her now when he just dumped her.

It was clear to both of them that they were over.

Their presence in each other's life was over.

"I never thought, you're that fast..." The real silence broke when Bill finally spoke.

His eyes were despising Arabella.

The tension surged up in the air as his tone was calm but sarcastic.

He was mocking her like all his attention was on her and Damien didn't exist.

Arabella looked at him meeting his mocking eyes then she smiled at him. "My business isn't for you to mind, Mr. Sky." She tried to hold her smile and sounded so calm even though her heart was clenched so hard. "Once again, Congratulations on your wedding tomorrow." She had to act cool and unaffected by the situation.

Now that she finally wanted to let go of him and gave her half-sister what she wanted, maybe this time she would live peacefully and try to focus on her own life.

For the last time, Bill looked at her with the sharpest look she could have.

It made her heart scared, sad, and trembled.

She didn't know why but she felt something in his stare.

It seemed telling her goodbye and not just that, his stare was despising her.

For the last time, her image to him was a dirty woman who wanted all the men in the world.

His sharp eyes were screaming that and for the last time, he still despised her.

With that, she could let go.

She would not correct him anymore.

She had tried so many times to prove herself to him but she failed.

He never believed her and he only believed Trishia.

Arabella was done explaining herself and defending herself to him and to anyone.

She had enough and it seemed fate was cooperating for her now.

First, Bill dumped her.

He admitted that he never believed in her and he was just playing with her all along.

Secondly, Trishia begged her.

For the first time, she lowered herself just to beg her to give Bill to her.

These two reasons were just enough for her to move on and stop.

Giving up would give everyone live peacefully.

Though she would have a very hard time dealing with her heart, she would sacrifice if it would mean that everyone would live in peace.

Bill and Trishia would not pester her anymore.

Even the Senator would not contact her again because she would have no hold on Bill Sky.

Let alone Trishia, Bill, and the Senator deal with their problems, and she would be out of the picture.

Most importantly, Adam would be safe.

The greedy culprits would not use her son to get what they wanted from her.

With her satisfying thoughts, Arabella heaved a heavy sigh.

Letting go of bad luck and taking in all the positivity.

Arabella was positive to live in her own way and without any connection to Bill Sky.

Standing tall and dignified, Bill let go without any word.

Dispirited, Arabella broke her stare from him and looked far away to avert her gaze then Damien started to push her wheelchair again passing the man who was still unmoved standing on the side.

The air was back to normal when the two separated ways.

Arabella held her deep emotion meeting Bill Sky again.

She gritted her teeth to stabilize herself and promised not to be affected again by Bill Sky.

When they would meet again coincidentally, she would not feel the same toward him.

She should learn how to let go of the pain and the love that she had for him.

Now that Bill would enter another marriage with another woman, she should be happy with them and accept that they were not really meant for each other.

Bill wasn't the man for her.

They were meant to be separated in this life.

Trying hard to believe in all her thoughts but the more she felt they were getting far and far away from Bill, the more she felt very anxious and sad.

Her heart just couldn't lie.

She wanted to run back to him. Kiss him and hug him.

Tell him to cancel the wedding or even sign the contract to be his mistress.

She knew she was stupid to think of that but then if she had to follow her heart, that was all her heart wanted.

She loved him so much to swallow her pride and be his slave.

She loved him so much that she was willing to go with him wherever he would go.

Even if he would jump from the cliff until death but then she realized that she only loved him. It was just her who continued loving him.

It was just her who still holding and it was just her wanting to do all these things. It's only her and not him.

Arabella was snapped back to her senses realizing her thoughts then she heaved a heavy sigh to release all her frustrations and disappointments.

"Are you, okay?" Damien asked worriedly.

"Hmmm..." She answered nodding her head. Obviously, it was a lie. She was never okay and would never be okay.

She didn't know when but she would surely get there.

When they arrived at Damien's villa, the dinner was all prepared.

Lira was standing and smiling at them when they entered the house.

She was busy preparing the dining table for them. Her expression was excited upon seeing them.

"Welcome home." She muttered running with her arms spreading to hug Arabella.

Arabella smiled at her in return.

She hugged Lira. "I miss you," Arabella muttered sincerely. Admittedly, she knew she had been so busy with her personal life that she had less time for the two.

"I miss you too Ms. J," Lira was her friend but she was still hesitant to drop the formalities.

"Oh no, Lira... Call me Arabella. We are friends and I am very thankful that you stayed with my friend, Damien here." Arabella sounded very thankful as she was making a bit of a joke to kill the formal atmosphere.

Lira just chuckled as she looked at Damien.

Her eyes to him were serious.

She wasn't happy but she was smiling in front of Arabella. "Oh, the table was ready, shall we?" Lira quickly sounded.

"Sure, and thank you so much for the effort, Lira." Arabella sincerely sounded.

Damien assisted Arabella carefully.

With a heavy heart, Lira was trying her best not to get affected.

Her relationship with Damien was still no label.

He never forced her to live with him.

It was she who wanted to take care of him.

It was she who agreed with what he could only offer.

They kissed, they hugged and slept together sometimes but she knew, Damien's love was only for Arabella Jones.

He never looked at her the way he looked at Arabella.

He never cared for her the way he cared for Arabella Jones.

Even though, Lira chose to live with him and accept what he could only give to her.

Now that Arabella was back in their lives, Lira wondered what would be her place in Damien's life and in his house.

"Thank you, Damien," After Damien assisted her to sit, Arabella, smiled and sounded.

Damien just smirked at her with a satisfied expression.

Lira's eyes didn't miss it and her heart started to get jealous.

Damien scoped the first dish and put it on Arabella's plate.

Then the second dish and the third until her plate got full.

"You have to eat all so you can easily regain your strength." Damien sounded like a worried boyfriend.

Arabella's eyes were contemplating as they traveled to Lira who was sitting in front of them.

She had no idea the status of their relationship but of course, she knew Lira's feelings toward Damien.

Arabella knew this for a long time and that was why she chose to live with Damien. It was just so awkward for her to be treated by Damien in front of Lira because as much as possible she didn't want to cause any trouble.

She didn't want Lira to get hurt or she could misunderstand her.

Arabella had no plan to stay longer in Damien's place.

All she wanted was to transfer to a new apartment fast so she could not disturb Lira and Damien.

"Ah..." Arabella wanted to try to clear the atmosphere. "Hmmm... Is it okay if I can stay here for a few days? I promise it will just be quick." She was determined to get a new apartment fast to avoid misunderstanding between the three of them.

"Oh, come on. Here we go again." Damien uttered like he didn't like the topic. "Do not forget that I got this house for you. It's ours." Damien added with a serious tone and expression.

Lira looked at Damien who was looking at Arabella sincerely while Arabella was looking at Lira problematically.

She could feel the awkwardness in the atmosphere and she couldn't help to get annoyed with Damien.

Why he could say all these things in front of Lira?

Did he still not develop any feelings for Lira?

Why he was so insensitive?

Arabella quickly looked at Damien.

She met his eyes like she was scolding him for being so insensitive.

Damien seemed to get the meaning of Arabella's stare as he looked at Lira who was still looking at him.

Then Lira averted her stare to her plate.

Silently, she started eating.

"Don't worry, Lira had to go back to her apartment as her new work was near her old apartment," Damien announced calmly to Arabella.

Arabella was shocked.

Upon hearing Damien, Lira stopped eating.

She was stunned for a bit then she looked at Damien.

Her eyes were questioning him.

She gave up her work for Damien to be his full-time assistant so she didn't need to go back to her old apartment.

Damien was lying to get rid of her and solo Arabella.

Realizing this, Lira felt like she could not taste the food in her mouth.

She felt she just lost her appetite.

How could Damien do that to her?

How could he say those words in front of her without even informing her first?

It was not the most painful, it was the fact that he didn't have second thoughts about getting rid of her inside his house.

After giving up her career to be with him.

It was clear that Damien still didn't value her.

"Wow! Is it true, Lira? Well, I have to congratulate you on your new job." Arabella excitedly sounded.

Lira's heart was bleeding inside but upon hearing Arabella, she smiled at her trying her best to control her real emotion not to show up in front of everyone. "Thank you," Lira replied with a cool voice and smile but then she didn't think that she could hold her emotion any longer. "Please excuse me," Politely, Lira sounded as she quickly stood up not wanting any disapproval from them.

Still wearing her smile, she exited swiftly.

Arabella was left a bit confused.

She sensed something was off. "Damien, are you sure about this?" She quickly asked Damien frowning deeply.

"Of course," Damien answered plainly before he started to eat.

Arabella started eating too but she couldn't help thinking and being troubled by something.

"You... and Lira, are you... in a relationship? Or..." She didn't sound to be so nosy but she just wanted to clear her thoughts.

Of course, she didn't want any relationship to be affected by her presence.

"Nothing... We have nothing..." Damien cut her off. He sounded firm and plain.

Arabella smirked at him then she started to eat again.

In the corner, Lira was standing hearing their conversation clearly.

She had no issue with Arabella but could not help but feel jealous and disheartened by Damien's words.

They were like sharp blades pierced slowly but deeply into her heart.

"I'm back..." Lira announced with still a smile on her face.

"Oh, let's eat now before the meal gets cold," Arabella announced trying clear her doubts.

After dinner, Lira went inside her room and packed her things.

Damien wanted her to leave so she had no choice but to grant his wish.

She was wiping her stubborn tears when her door opened.

She turned around to see the person who had just entered the room.

"Damien..." Lira muttered in a gloomy tone. "Where's Arabella?" She asked trying to hold her tears.

"She rested." He replied plainly. "You can go out tomorrow. It's late now." He added.

Lira looked at Damien.

Her heart just ached so much seeing him so plain toward her.

"No... I will leave tonight." Disheartened, Lira refuted.

After her words, Damien snatched her bag and threw it onto the couch.

He looked at her with scolding eyes.

Without any warning, her stubborn tears skipped from her eyes.

She quickly went to the couch and got her bag.

She didn't want to listen to Damien.

"I will go tonight." She said in a firm voice.

"What is this, Lira?" Damien asked frowning deeply. "Why are you doing this?" He asked bothered by her actions.

"You asked for it! Why you are asking me now?" Tears dripped down her cheeks again.

Damien heaved deeply.

He was calming himself as he strode closer to her and grabbed her arm. "Let's talk."

"Look, I understand. You don't need to say something. She is back. Your love is back and I have to leave." Lira said with a heavy heart.

Suddenly, Damien pulled her.

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"Don't!" Lira shouted with a strong refusal in her tone.

The feeling of being rejected and disowned by Damien was just too much for her to handle.

She felt angry but she felt she needed to understand everything.

In the first place, she knew everything about Damien's feelings toward Arabella but then she still accepted the truth.

She all knew the situation she was putting herself into but now, she had to leave with a very heavy heart.

Arabella was back in Damien's life and she had no place in his house anymore.

"Lira, calm down yourself, will you?" Damien uttered holding her arms.

He was obviously trying to stop her from creating noise or she would be heard outside.

"Damien, I want to leave now." Lira refuted very eager to leave the house.

Damien looked at her like he was studying her keenly.

Lira looked at him meeting his eyes.

In her heart, she wanted Damien to stop her and tell her the words she wanted to hear from him right now to appease her sadness and disappointment.

She wanted him to hug her and stop her from leaving.

She wouldn't ask for more but to see in Damien's eyes that he didn't mean what he said to Arabella a while ago.

Lira gritted her teeth to have a grip on herself.

"Stay..." Damien then muttered while looking at her attentively.

Lira felt good.

Is she just dreaming that Damien wanted her to stay?

She couldn't believe him.

She looked at him in disbelief.

"Stay... Arabella will get worried if you are going to leave tonight." Damien added plainly.

His eyes were serious and firm looking at her.

Lira was quickly taken aback.

She felt very disappointed.

How could she expect Damien to ask her to stay?

How could she expect that Damien was worried about her wholeheartedly?

All this time, she was still nothing to him.

She had no value for Damien.

He just saw her as a friend, a helper, and an acquaintance if necessary.

Lira felt her heart clenched so hard.

She felt embarrassed but she could not be angry with him.

She had no rights and they were not lovers.

She couldn't nag or express her disappointment toward him.

Then Lira smirked. "Just please tell her that my first day is tomorrow. I'm sure she would understand." Lira said trying hard her voice not to stagger in front of him.

Damien's expression looked displeased and his grip on her arms tightened.

He looked at her impatiently.

"Then tell it to her," He said with an impatient tone then he left like he was pissed at her.

Lira was left alone in her room.

She shoved herself onto her bed and cried.

Her stubborn tears were unstoppable.

She was hurt.

Very hurt by Damien but she had no right to complain.

It was her choice at the beginning so she should be responsible for all her heartaches caused by her decision.

Lira heaved a deep sigh while wiping her tears.

She stood up and looked at herself in the mirror.

She had to fix herself to avoid Arabella's suspicion.

Lira had no hatred toward Arabella.

She was always thankful to meet her before and had known her wonderful family.

She was forever grateful for how she helped her before and she would never forget that.

She didn't consider Arabella as her competitor in Damien's heart for she knew the fact that she could not replace her in his heart.

Lira made sure that her eyes weren't moist and red anymore before she went out with her trolley luggage in her hand.

First, she looked around feeling the intensifying sadness that she had to leave the place.

When she decided to quit her job and be with Damien, this place became her home.

In every corner of this house, she had memories like dancing and singing while cleaning or cooking for Damien.

Some were fun memories with Damien and some were their intimate memories.

Now, she was not just going to leave the place but she also had to leave the good memories and this saddened her heart.

She felt her heart crying inside.

It was too heavy.

Why leaving was so difficult?

Especially leaving good memories.

Lira heaved a heavy sigh trying so hard not to cry again.

She had to finish what she needed to do and completely leave the place before she couldn't control her emotion.

Controlling her emotions was torture for her.

She wanted to release everything and be okay after though she knew it was going to be very hard.

Lira knocked on Arabella's door but there was no answer.

She knocked again but still, it was silent inside.

She clearly heard Damien earlier that Arabella was already resting in her room.

Lira looked at her watch and frowned.

Is she already sleeping this early?

Maybe she is just so tired today because she just got out of the hospital.

Having her thought, Lira still needed to check on her.

So, she opened the door and slowly entered inside.

She didn't want to bother her if she was already sleeping.

She just needed to know if she was okay since she just got out of the hospital.

She maybe needed something or maybe something happened to her.

Fever? Or she collapsed because she still felt sick.

These were the thoughts of Lira.

Afraid to disturb Arabella, Lira tiptoed to check on her.

To Lira's surprise, her bed was empty.

Arabella wasn't resting or sleeping.

Lira quickly looked around the room.

She checked the bathroom and her walk-in closet but Arabella wasn't around.

Lira felt something was odd but she still have to look outside for her.

Maybe she just wanted to chat with Damien.

Maybe the two were catching each other.

Just the thought of it, it gave Lira's heart instant pain.

Even though, she went outside and found Damien in the living room.

He was sitting and reading something.

"Damien, Arabella is not in her room." Lira came rushing and announced worriedly.

Hearing Lira, Damien quickly stood up. His expression was shocked by her announcement.

"What? Are you sure?" He asked in a hurry wanting to confirm the situation.

"Yes, I already searched everywhere." Lira answered worriedly.

Without delaying another second, Damien went out.

“Arabella!” He was calling her so loud.

“Arabella!” He called out checking the garden outside but there was nothing.

Lira was also checking the rooms entire the house but Arabella wasn't there.

Damien went back to her room.

There, he stopped seeing a paper on the bedside table.

He quickly got the paper and he easily deciphered that it was a letter from Arabella.

Damien,

Sorry but I have to leave. I got some urgent things to do so I have to go like this.

Please take care of Lira for me. Remember that she is an orphan and she has nothing but you. She loves you Damien please do not offend her. I really hope that you two will take care of and look after each other. I will be the happiest if you two will end up as a lover soon.

Thank you for helping me out today.

Your forever friend,

Arabella

After reading Damien's letter, Lira came in running.

“Do you find anything?” Lira asked worriedly.

Damien quickly clenched the paper inside his palm.

“Nothing,” Then, he went out leaving Lira inside the room.

His expression was displeased and pissed.

Lira stood rooted on her spot.

Earlier, she had read the letter from Arabella but she didn't dare to pick it up and give it to Damien.

Judging her letter, Arabella seemed to hear them earlier inside the room.

There was no doubt that Arabella was running away than Lira leaving the house.

Arabella was always considerate of other people.

This just meant that she didn't want Lira to leave and she didn't want to cause any problems between Lira and Damien.

She rather leaves than destroy a relationship.

Lira was snapped back to her senses when she heard the shattering of glasses on the floor.

Then Damien's car followed.

Damien was surely followed and looked for Arabella outside.

Denying the letter to her earlier already crushed her and now he was going to find Arabella.

Lira held herself and breathed heavily.

She needed to breathe the air she needed in her body.

She needed to stabilize herself so she could think properly.

One thing is for sure, she couldn't leave Damien like this.

Lira quickly put her luggage back in her room and closed her door.

Meanwhile, Trishia heard that Arabella was already dismissed.

She was not in the hospital anymore.

She felt relieved that finally after a little of her drama, she agreed to her.

She saw Arabella's sincere eyes and she knew she was going to be true to her words.

Now, she had no problem.

She now knew that begging sometimes was a powerful tool.

Too bad for Arabella, she wasn't genuine about it.

Trishia just considered it as one of her acting like she was doing a movie drama.

She giggled that Arabella easily believed her drama.

She smiled then it widened when she realized that she was going to be Mrs. Sky tomorrow.

She was overwhelmed with excitement when her door opened and someone strode inside without knocking on her door or getting her permission.

She looked at the person who was standing arrogantly in front of her.

“Why are you here?” She nagged with her eyebrow curled upward.

“Trishia... Trishia... dear, to congratulate you of course.” Sen. Meyer sounded with a wicked grin on his face.

Trishia rolled her eyes at him.

The Senator was acting close to her but there was more.

She could see something more, something big why he was inside her room.

“Get out! Or I will call my men or... my husband, Bill Sky!” Trishia knew that this old man was no good.

She was sure that he was up for something.

After her words, the Senator burst to laugh at her.

He seemed to hear the funniest joke in his life. “Men?” He asked frowning and laughing at the same time. “Husband?” He laughed louder.

His laugh was too irritating in her ears.

He was deliberately mocking her.

Trishia was clenching her fists hard.

“Dear, you are too excited.” Sen. Meyer added then he laughed again.

“You! Get out! I don’t want to see you anymore. Don’t you know what I can do to you if I’m already Bill’s wife?” This time wore a wicked grin. The Senator’s smile quickly faded away. “You wouldn’t want to know. After all your cruelty towards me, you should know that I am going to after you. If I were you, say goodbye to your business and your political career already because I will make sure that those will be gone so soon. You will wake up one day that nothing has left for you old man.” Trishia said roughly.

Her eyes were despising the old Senator as she released a wicked grin.

"Oh! I like that! Your brain is getting bigger. but always remember this, you can't beat me in anyways, Trishia." The Senator went closer to her. His wicked eyes pierced into her.

"What do you want now, huh?" Trishia asked just to end their unpleasant conversation.

"Well, just so simple." The Senator answered. "I want to be at your wedding. Aren't family should be invited to a wedding of any family member like me as your adoptive father and you as my useless daughter?" The Senator continued his mocking of her.

"No way! You are not invited to my wedding and spare me! You are not my family and will never be!" Trishia was already shouting. "Now, get out!" Trishia was already bursting with anger.

The Senator strode closer to her.

Trishia wanted to go out and leave the senator alone but she was given another shot earlier.

It was the last shot and she could go home.

Bill promised to pick her up later.

If she wasn't mistaken, he was already around the area by now.

"I know you will say that but think about this, are you going to go with my demand, or I will tell to Bill Sky that you are just tricking him all these times." The Senator had a wicked grin on his face.

His expression was clearly telling her that he was not joking.

He was serious and his eyes were threatening her.

Trishia was trying to hold her grip.

She knew this old man was capable of anything.

Too bad, he also knew her secret.

Soon, she had to get rid of him again in her life.

She would not let this old man destroy her plan and her future with the Sky.

"What now? What is your decision? huh?" Sen. Meyer sounded impatient.

"Aren't you afraid that you will die at my wedding? I can always ask someone to poison your drink there." Trishia sounded with her eyeballs bulging provoking the old man. She was not afraid of him anymore. Plus, she almost killed him but he survived. This old man seemed to have a long life but Trishia swore she would put an end to his life sooner.

"Hahaha!" The Senator's serious expression faded then he laughed again mockingly. "Before you can do that, think about your beloved mother, Trishia." The Senator then spoke laughing. His eyes were threatening her.

Hearing her mother, Trishia jolted.

Surely, the Senator would not spare her mother.

Even if she poisoned the Senator, his men would do the work.

This Senator was always cunning and couldn't be trusted.

"So? tell me now, Trishia... what is your decision? huh?" The Senator's voice quickly snapped Trishia back to her senses. She looked at the Senator with her killer eyes.

"Don't you ever touch my mother, you monster!" She screamed at him angrily.

"It's up to you dear." The Senator replied with a smile. "Invitation or your secret to being revealed. Well, I am thinking to gather the media and make a press conference about this tomorrow. Hmmm... It will be fun! Your secret was going to be broadcast around the world." The Senator sounded excited.

Trishia was irked so much that she wanted to shoot dead the Senator at that moment.

She never wanted to see this wicked old man again and she would not allow him to ruin her wedding.

She knew it wasn't just the invitation, he wanted but he wanted more.

This old man would not stop until he got what he wanted from her.

And he would use all means including her mother.

Trishia gritted her teeth giggling with annoyance with the Senator's presence.

Just when the door opened, "Secret?" Bill unexpectedly strode inside standing dignified with his black suit as he sounded calm.

Trishia was dumbfounded looking at the Senator.

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Trishia could only blame the situation on the cunning Senator.

She was cursing her repeatedly in her mind.

She would kill him if he messed up with her and Bill Sky.

"Ah... secret?" The Senator grinned looking at Trishia.

He was obviously teasing her right now in front of Bill.

Bill was just looking at them.

His expression was unapproachable as usual.

One could easily be intimidated.

"Ah... sweetheart, my dad right here just talking about..." Though Trishia was nervous as hell, she managed to speak up and gather her cool to avoid suspicion. "Dad, yes, of course, you and mom are invited to my wedding. And... that secret... oh make sure I will be surprised with that secret gift of yours and mom." Trishia smiled as if nothing happened but deep inside she was very nervous as she knew Bill was a smart guy.

He would not be Bill Sky, the most successful businessman and the richest if he would be easily deceived.

With these, Trishia knew that she had to be very careful in dealing things with him.

"Right, dad?" Trishia added trying to hold her smile and not to look awkward.

The Senator smiled at her too but his eyes were looking at her meaningfully. "Right, honey." He agreed. "That secret is safe and surely would surprise anyone. Of course, you are our only daughter. I will give all the best to you." The Senator added meaningfully with his wicked smile.

Trishia clenched her fists so hard.

This old Senator seemed no plan to stop.

"Sure, don't worry dad. I am looking forward to it. As long as my mom would be happy." She answered as if nothing happened between them.

She was trying to act normal though she was very pissed inside.

“Don’t worry, honey, your mom is safe and happy with me as long as you still visit us even if you are already married to the mighty, Bill Sky.” The Senator replied with his smile not leaving his face.

He looked at Bill Sky like he was worshipping his future son-in-law.

“Sweetheart, I think my dad loves you so much.” Trishia was talking to Bill who was now sitting elegantly on the couch reading a magazine.

One could easily say that he was not interested in their conversation.

“Hmmm...” He just muttered then he dropped the magazine on the table and stood up. “Shall we go now?” He asked in a formal tone.

“Sure!” Trishia couldn’t wait to get out of her room and leave the Senator. “Let’s go now, sweetheart.” She quickly added.

After hearing her words, Bill dialed someone on his phone then his men came in soon.

When they were about to leave, “Wait, honey, Bill...” The Senator stopped them. “Ah... since you two were going to get married tomorrow, it’s just right that we should have a proper welcome for you in our family... so...” Sen. Meyer was always looking forward to this happening. “I am inviting you to my house for a formal dinner. Right, honey? Your mom is excited not only to see you but to finally meet your future husband.” The Senator winked secretly at Trishia who was still shocked by his sudden dinner invitation then he looked at Bill who was already expecting a positive answer.

“Sorry dad but as you can see, I have to regain my strength for tomorrow’s wedding. I think I’d prefer to rest than to go out tonight.” Trishia quickly blocked him.

Her anger toward the old man was surging up.

Obviously, he was just making a fuss.

This old man would not stop leeching on them until he gets everything that he wanted.

Now that she would be married to Bill, Trishia expected that this Senator was going to be present in their life.

As cunning as the Senator, he would not stop until he gets all the money of the Sky.

“Hmmm... It’s okay if you can’t go. So that means I have to bring the secret gift tomorrow to your wedding then,” The Senator smiled wickedly.

"Are you okay, Trishia?" Bill asked when he saw Trishia's face turn pale and her hand that was holding his turned cold.

Trishia was quickly snapped back to her senses.

Of course, she had to gather all her composure before Bill could suspect her. "Oh... I think I'm just a bit tired. A little rest would be fine, dad. Then, expect us tonight, right sweetheart?" Trishia answered secretly gritting her teeth in anger.

After hearing Trishia, the Senator smiled in satisfaction.

Bill nodded at them. "Then, see you later." He said looking at the Senator.

He then turned around with Trishia clinging to his arm.

Trishia's head turned to see the Senator again who was waving and smiling at her mockingly.

Trishia's eyes shot him with daggers before they totally went out.

While they were walking in the hallway, "Sorry Bill, he's always like that. Always full of surprises." Trishia had to make sure that Bill has no doubts.

"Hmmm... it's fine." He simply answered.

When they reached the exit, Bill's driver was already waiting for them. Bill opened the door in the backseat then he assisted Trishia to get inside.

"Bill? What? Aren't you coming?" Trishia quickly asked troubled as Bill didn't hop inside.

Bill looked at Trishia. "I will see you later in the dinner. I have to go back to the office." With that said, Bill closed the door without waiting for Trishia's response then, the driver swiftly drove away.

Giggling in irritation, Trishia was clenching her fists hard but then she realized that her wedding was going to be tomorrow.

She heaved a sigh then she smiled.

Finally, her long-awaited dream was going to be fulfilled tomorrow.

Tomorrow is her big day. She should be happy.

No one could ruin her happiness even the Senator.

Trishia swore that she was going to put an end to the Senator's wickedness.

She would not allow him to hold her neck forever.

The old Senator should be gone forever.

Without him, her secret is safe.

Then, Trishia looked outside the window with a meaningful smirk on her face.

In the city, the weather was cold as it was going to be winter.

The traffic was bad along with the noise in the street.

Arabella walked in the street with her thick hooded coat and denim jeans nowhere to go.

She was all alone walking in no definite direction.

She could not stay at Damien's place tonight because she didn't want to ruin Lira and Damien's relationship.

It was clear to her that Lira was in love with Damien.

It was also clear to her that Damien's feeling for her was more than a friend.

She fully hoped that changed a long time ago but it didn't.

Arabella simply didn't want to hurt Lira.

She hoped that Damien would realize his true feeling for Lira and they would end up loving each other in the long run.

She also thought of going to Eric's place but then she quickly got rid of her thought.

Eric was a busy person and she knew that he had so many things on his shoulder right now.

Arabella heaved a heavy sigh.

When she saw a convenience store across the street, she went over as she felt thirsty.

She quickly crossed the street when all the cars stopped.

She went inside and directly went to open the fridge.

She rubbed her palms and then patted them on her cold cheeks.

Good thing the store had a heater.

She felt good a bit then she looked at the drinks piled lining up with different colors.

Suddenly, she remembered the wedding tomorrow.

She felt gloomy.

Her eyes became sad too then she breathed a heavy sigh as her hand grabbed the can of beer.

Maybe this beer would help her forget everything.

Aside from forgetting Bill's wedding, she wanted to forget that she was alone on this cold night and had nowhere to go.

She sat behind a glass wall fronting the street outside.

There are lots of people walking and cars that made up the traffic in the street.

These people outside were walking fast rushing to go home to their families.

With her thought, she felt lonelier. These people have families and she didn't.

She had no reason to rush home because she didn't have anyone or a place to call her home.

Arabella then looked at the occupied table beside her.

There, a couple was sitting and they were very sweet to each other.

They were happy eating instant noodles.

Their smiles were up to their ears and their eyes were with sparks.

This couple was certainly in love with each other.

Arabella heaved a sigh as her memories brought her to when she and Bill entered a convenience store abroad.

They also ate instant noodles.

At first, Bill was hesitant to eat.

He was just looking at her like his eyes were questioning her why she was eating that kind of food.

His stare at the food was like poison.

Remembering Bill's expression that time, Arabella couldn't help but smile.

At that time, she thought Bill would not give in but after she forced him to eat, he took the cup and eat all.

He wasn't satisfied with one cup.

He ordered more cups of instant noodles.

He only stopped after finishing three big cups.

Admittedly, it was his first time eating instant noodles and his first was shared with her.

She was sure that the media would go crazy spotting Bill Sky, the billionaire inside a convenience store eating instant noodles.

Remembering those times with him made a deep pang in her heart.

She had good memories of Bill but tomorrow is his wedding.

She felt they were going back to being a stranger to each other.

Strangers with good and bad memories perhaps.

Realizing that she lost him, Arabella drank the beer in one go and went back to the fridge, opened it, and grabbed three more cans of beer. She went to the cashier and paid for the beers.

Then, she went outside and sat on a chair with a table.

She wanted to continue drinking there trying to ease the pain in her heart.

Since she didn't have a place to stay, she might as well stay outside the convenience store and drink.

The table and chair were really meant for the store's customers so it was safe to stay there.

Though it was cold outside, she liked it.

The cold seemed to give warmth to her heavy heart.

After a few more drinks, Arabella felt her head getting heavy.

She placed her head on the table.

She was getting tipsy as she closed her eyes for a while trying to sober up after drinking the two cans of beer.

“Hmmm... I’m not gonna cry for you anymore...”

“What doesn’t kill you makes you stronger, Arabella...”

“Hmmm... I will... yeah... I will forget you...”

“And... I will be happy someday...”

“Someday....”

“Someday...”

“Someday...”

Arabella muttered in the air while her eyes were closed and her head was on the table’s surface.

After she was caught in her deep slumber but with the noise from honking cars, she opened her eyes.

Awakened with her head and heart still heavy.

She grabbed the last can of beer on the table.

She wanted to drink the last can of beer hoping to make all the heaviness she felt go away.

When she got it, she was stunned.

The can was lightweight and it was already opened.

She flipped the can to check but it was empty.

She frowned deeply as she was sure that before she closed her eyes, there was still one can left untouched.

How come it was finished?

Did someone drink it while she was asleep?

Arabella looked around and felt nervous.

No one.

She thought the place was safe but at this point, she wasn't sure.

Arabella quickly stood up and then, walked away.

Walking in a zigzag she crossed the street.

She walked until she stopped in a middle of a long bridge.

Her eyes widened seeing the view.

From where she was standing, she could clearly see the water sparkling because of the city lights around it.

She smiled like she instantly forgot all her pains.

For a while, she allowed her eyes to enjoy the view then when she remembered that she still had to find a place to sleep, she continued her walking.

With a heavy head, she walked slowly to get a grip on herself.

Now, she regretted drinking but it was too late.

Tipsy, she walked crossing the bridge.

She would find some cheap inns in the area.

Arabella rubbed her palms again together and kept on putting them on her cheeks.

She felt too cold since the night get deeper.

She had to find shelter before she would freeze in the street.

She continued walking but then she suddenly jolted.

"Why?" She suddenly uttered shockingly in the air seeing a very familiar figure in front walking toward her.

Her heart skipped a beat and then raced to the fastest rate.

She could even hear the sound of her heart pounding.

"Nah... you are just drunk, Arabella. Now you started seeing things. Keep walking before you sleep here in the street." Arabella told herself as she shook her head to get rid of the thing she was seeing.

She walked forward and closer to the man.

She was sure it was a different man but she was seeing Bill Sky in him.

He was wearing a black trench coat and walking so tall, sexy, handsome, and charming.

He was very dignified and domineering like he carried a powerful wind behind him.

Arabella kept on shaking her head as she was getting closer to him.

She was blaming the beer now for still thinking of Bill and seeing him in another person.

With her heart beating so fast, she walked past him.

She didn't dare to look at him.

Then she heaved a heavy sigh trying to calm herself not until a hand suddenly grabbed her arm.

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"Congratulations, Mr. Sky." After a moment of hesitation, Bill's driver, finally congratulate his boss who was sitting calmly in the backseat.

"Thank you," Bill answered plainly.

Then a deafening silence was back inside the car.

Along with it was Bill's thought of his wedding tomorrow that he almost forgot.

His wedding with Trishia was just a thank-you gift to her for saving his life.

It was she who asked for it and tomorrow, he would grant it to her.

A grand wedding.

Bill looked outside the street.

His black orbs were deep and unreadable.

The city lights were so vivid and the street was so busy as usual.

They were caught in traffic again.

Somehow, his mind was caught wondering about his wedding with Arabella Jones.

They said that he was married her before but not a single memory appeared in his mind.

He heaved a deep sigh.

Maybe that memory was not so important to him that is why he could not remember it.

That just meant it was not worth remembering.

When the red light signaled, their car stopped again.

He could not feel any excitement for tomorrow's event or he felt the need to prepare himself for the event.

Bill was just satisfied to pay Trishia for what he owed to her.

Tonight, was his last night being single.

He should maybe spend it at a party or with his women but he didn't like the idea.

Just the thought of it made him bored and he felt it was just a waste of time.

He still had many meetings lined up tonight plus he still need to attend the Senator's dinner invitation.

With that, he had to finish his work early as possible.

After a while, his phone rang.

Looking at the caller keenly before he answered.

"Trishia," He said plainly.

"Sweetheart, I called just to remind you of our dinner. Dad will surely not forgive us if we will not show up." Trishia seemed to be in a good mood again.

Her voice was back to its usual sweet vigor.

"Hmmm... I will be there." Bill smirked while he replied.

"Oh... Okay! Then I will wait for you there," Trishia replied like an obedient wife though she was irked inside as Bill would not come to pick her up and go to the Senator's house together.

Trishia could not mess up this night.

Just a little bit and she would have the fulfillment of her dream.

“See you then,” Bill replied plainly then dropped the call without waiting for Trishia’s response.

His eyes wandered outside until they landed on a very familiar figure sitting beside a sidewalk stool.

Bill looked closely and he confirmed that the figure was no other than Arabella Jones.

“Stop!” When the car was about to speed up after the traffic lights signaled to green, Bill ordered.

The driver was quite stunned.

“Pull over on the side,” Bill added.

The driver followed quickly without any questions asked.

When the car stopped on the corner, Bill went out.

He felt bored earlier but seeing Arabella beside the street, he felt a bit thrilled, puzzled, and a bit of excitement.

Bill wanted to stop himself but it was too late.

He looked at her from afar and saw that she was drinking alone.

He didn’t know but he felt angry with her seeing her alone sitting outside a convenience store drinking without any care for the people around her.

“Such troublesome,” Bill muttered complaining in the air.

When she put her head on the table, Bill strode closer to her then he sat on the empty chair in front of her.

Arabella kept on murmuring while her eyes were closed.

Her words made him smile for no reason.

His cute dimples showed up along with his luscious red lips parting giving way to his brilliant white teeth.

He never saw someone who was cute as her when drunk.

Then he got the can of beer on the table and drank it.

His eyes were pierced onto her beautiful face.

Even if she was sleeping, she was still a goddess, and it angry him more thinking of why she was there outside the store sleeping after a few drinks.

What if he didn't see her?

What if someone grabbed her and dragged her into the corner or someone took advantage of her while she was sleeping and drunk? Just with his thoughts, Bill absentmindedly gripped the can hard which caused it to coil on its body's surface.

When he found himself too carried away by her, Bill stood up.

He went back inside his car.

He had already dumped her so there was no way he would take her back again.

She needed to feel the feeling of being abandoned by someone just like what she did to him and Adam.

Bill believed that Arabella was cunning and she could ruin him.

She could ruin his relationship with Trishia because admittedly, she had a strong effect on him.

Bill knew he had to stop seeing her and he had to put an end to whatever they had.

He should stop being worried about her or being affectionate toward her.

For the first time in his life, Bill found it difficult to do.

Arabella's presence to him was just too strong to handle.

He could not forget her beauty in his bed, her sexy body's details, her soothing scent, and her luscious lips running on his thumb.

Bill shook his head trying to get rid of his thoughts about Arabella.

"Let's go," Then he ordered his driver who was quietly waiting for his command.

The driver followed as the car moved but before it speed up, "Stop!" Bill ordered again.

His eyes looked at Arabella who was now moving in a direction. She walked unstable which made him frown deeply.

"Follow her," Bill ordered pointing the figure outside.

"Right away, sir." His driver answered.

The car was running so slowly.

Good thing, Arabella crossed the street and went to another street that had only a few cars.

There was no traffic and their car could run freely.

Then she stopped in the middle of a bridge.

Bill looked at her keenly.

She was smiling then afterward, she was sad again.

Then she smiled again then she was sad again.

She was doing it repeatedly. Bill was puzzled and affected by what this girl does.

He knew she was drunk but he didn't like her being alone outside and she was drunk.

Bill frowned deeply.

It pissed him to think of her and still continued thinking about her.

He should be working right now in his office but because of her, his time was wasted.

He should now be in a conference but because of tailing her, he didn't make it.

Bill was angry with himself about why he couldn't get rid of Arabella Jones.

He should leave now and leave her.

He didn't care about her and she didn't matter to him.

With his thought, "Let's go," He ordered the driver again.

The driver quickly followed his order.

The car speed up a bit.

Bill averted his look in front but then his eyes caught a glimpse in the side mirror.

Arabella was walking forward in a zigzag.

She was cold as she kept on rubbing her palms together and patted them on her cheeks repeatedly.

Her eyes and cheeks were red due to the cold wind that was brushing her skin.

And It seemed she had nowhere to go.

“Stop!” Bill ordered again for the third time.

At this point, his voice was stern.

After seeing Arabella accidentally bump into some guy on her way.

She bowed her head repeatedly to apologize.

Bill could not help but get down again.

It was a quick decision and without any hesitation.

He walked approaching her direction but she just passed him.

She seemed not to see him or not to know him like they were complete strangers.

Bill felt angrier with her act as he grabbed Arabella’s arm.

She jolted and it seemed that she was still thinking if she had to turn around or not.

Without any moment of delay, Bill pulled her toward him.

She instantly faced him shocked.

Her expression was in disbelief as her eyes grew wider.

“What?... Why?” She blurted out completely puzzled.

Bill heaved a sigh like he was troubled to see her again.

“Let’s go.” Then he uttered impatiently.

Arabella looked at his handsome face keenly.

She wanted to make sure that the man in her mind and the man in front of him were the same man.

She knew she was drunk but she didn’t like to be deceived by her eyes.

"No," After confirming that the man in front of him was no other than Bill Sky, she answered him back with a firm refusal in her tone.

"Get inside now," Bill ordered again. His expression was impatient.

"I said no! And let go of me!" Arabella felt she was breaking down. With a little drive of the alcohol in her body, it seemed all her heartaches were coming out.

"Bill, let go of me, and don't touch me ever again!" Arabella added trying to get out of his grip but she failed.

"Why are you so stubborn?" Bill asked pissed as he gripped tightly her two arms.

"Huh!" Arabella then laughed bitterly. Her stubborn tears skipped her eyes. "I don't talk to strangers." She answered sarcastically as she tried to snatch her arms back.

She didn't like to be cornered by this man.

Never did she expect that she could see him again and meet him there.

She felt she had to laugh as fate was throwing a joke at her again.

He dumped her and he willfully accepted it for everyone's peace of mind.

She was ready to move on and planned her future alone.

She already starting to fix her shattered heart but then, he appeared again.

Too soon and now she was losing herself again in front of him.

Bill was really unreadable and he was giving her confusion.

"Stranger?" Bill sounded frowning deeply. His tone was obviously displeased with what he heard from her.

"Yes, Bill. It's better that way so we don't need to talk like this and not even the need to greet each other." With a disheartened tone, Arabella uttered firmly. "Let's forget each other and every new memory we have." She added with a gloomy tone.

Then, once again, she tried to escape from his grip.

The air seemed to sympathize with her as it became colder.

"You want to forget everything?" Bill uttered displeased. His expression was annoyed.

Arabella looked at him. For a while, their eyes met. Then, she nodded. "Yes." She answered sincerely.

After hearing her, Bill released her. He just granted her but why her heart was aching? It was too painful.

Arabella looked at him again. Her eyes seemed to say goodbyes then, she continued her walking in a zigzag.

Bill was left frozen on his spot.

Arabella walked along with her tears.

She couldn't stop crying.

Why she always felt so lost and hurt whenever she encountered Bill Sky?

Arabella heaved a heavy sigh to stabilize herself.

In just the next second, her body was lifted in the air.

"Bill Sky, what are you doing?" Before she could react fully, her body was already curled downward on his shoulder.

Bill was carrying her like a bag of potatoes. "You! Let me go!" She shouted while struggling to escape from him.

"I will decide when are you going to forget me. Do you understand?" He was seriously angry. He walked back to his car carrying Arabella.

"What? You are insane!" She was very annoyed at him as she didn't understand him.

She didn't understand all of him now.

"Where are you bringing me?" She asked shouting as her head was facing down.

Before Bill opened the door of his car, he jolted.

"Just in case you forget everything we had, let me remind you of everything." After Bill answered her, he quickly stuffed her in the backseat.

"Go now," Bill ordered the driver.

Arabella settled herself properly upon seeing another person inside the car.

She went to the other side giving a big space in the middle away from Bill.

She looked at Bill puzzled and annoyed.

Bill just looked at her sternly.

“Sir, where to?” The driver then asked.

Seeing Arabella’s presence, he knew there was a change in their schedule but before Bill could answer, his phone rang again.

He answered.

“Sweetheart, I am here now,” Trishia announced very sweet and excited. “Where are you? Are you near?” She added.

Before Bill answered, he looked at Arabella who was also looking at him with a questioning look mixed with annoyance.

“Yeah, I’m near,” Bill answered while his eyes pierced into Arabella.

“I can’t wait to see you again, sweetheart. I miss you already.” Trishia’s voice could be heard inside the car though he wasn’t on a loudspeaker.

Arabella gritted her teeth while she heaved a sigh.

“What a show-off!” She couldn’t help to utter in the air.

Hearing her, Bill frowned at her deeply questioning her words.

She smirked mockingly and rolled her eyes at him.

She didn’t care if he gets mad at her as she was just telling the truth.

“Okay, I will see you later,” Bill replied plainly then he dropped the call.

“To the Senator’s mansion,” Bill replied to his driver.

Arabella looked at Bill with eyes wide.

“Then you can drop me anywhere,” She uttered like ordering the driver and Bill.

No one replied. The driver was just waiting for his boss’ order.

Bill seemed not to hear her. He was doing something on his phone sitting with cross legs.

“Bill, stop the car now. I want to get out.” Arabella felt panic.

She never wanted to go to the Senator's house and he could not read what Bill was trying to do.

"Bill, just stop the car now!" She was already screaming at him.

Bill put down his phone and faced her.

"Didn't I tell you earlier that I will make you remember everything?" Bill said to her pissed.

"Stop the car." Bill then ordered the driver. "Get out," He added.

Finally, she felt relieved. Arabella quickly opened the door but Bill's hand stopped her.

"Not you." He said with predatory eyes pierced into her.

The driver quickly went out.

Bill followed and got the key.

Arabella found the chance to get away but Bill caught her.

He carried her again in a bridal style and stuffed her in the passenger seat.

Bill went inside the driver's seat.

He met Arabella's furious eyes.

"There's no escaping now." Bill sounded with his sharp eyes on her.

Read Novel You Can Run But You Can't Hide My Contractual Wife Chapter 419

You Can Run But You Can't Hide My Contractual Wife Chapter 419

"I'm here, where's mom?" Meanwhile, inside Sen. Meyer's mansion, Trishia strode like she was going to war.

She was very pissed with this old man and good thing she would have time to face him alone.

After Bill's driver dropped her off in front of the mansion, Trishia went directly inside like she owned the mansion and went to find her mother.

It's been too long since she hadn't seen her.

The Senator said she was abroad but Trishia was doubtful about it.

This Senator was going to use her mom as a hostage so he could manipulate her again.

“Oh, you’re here?” The Senator was sitting on his working chair.

He put down some documents in his hand when he saw Trishia come in.

He grinned but then he frowned seeing Trishia was alone.

“Oh, where is your husband to be?” He asked mockingly. “Don’t tell me he got his memory back then back out? Hehehe...” The Senators’ words were not pleasing to Trishia’s ears.

She gritted her teeth in annoyance and clenched her fists hard.

If only she was not in the Senator’s territory, maybe she hit this old dirty man already.

She had been wanting to hurt him since he appeared in the hospital and blackmailed her in front of Bill Sky.

“Do you think it’s funny?” Trishia sounded impatient as she rolled her eyes at the old man.

“Hah! Of course... Come on, Trishia! You can fool everyone but not me! So don’t act too arrogant in front of me because you are nothing. You are just good at tricking that stupid Bill Sky. Hahahha...” Sen. Meyer sounded agitated but then he laughed again trying to show Trishia that she had nothing to brag about him. “If that Bill Sky had not lost his memories, don’t you think he will marry you? Huh! So don’t ever, ever come here again wearing that arrogant face of yours because you are still nothing Trishia. You are nothing!” Sen. Meyer added shouting at Trishia angrily as if she offended him too much.

“Huh!” Trishia smiled bitterly. “I am nothing because a man like you could not accept someone would just pass you to the top.” Trishia grinned while she sounded. “A lousy man like you could not accept that you had to cling to me once again to get what you wanted.” Trishia was clenching her fists harder. “Ha...ha...ha...” She couldn’t help laughing in front of him when the Senator threw his lampshade table to her.

Suddenly, a loud shattering sound echoed inside the mansion.

Luckily, Trishia had dodged in time before the thing hit her.

She looked at the old Senator smiling. “Poor old man! You can’t even hit me with that! You missed again!” Trishia sounded chuckling. Obviously, she was provoking him.

“Look! Things have changed here. I am not your little girl that could be easily manipulated and punished anytime you want. Listen carefully, old man because I am

not going to repeat this to you. I am going to be Trishia Sky tomorrow, the only legal wife of Bill Sky. Hit me again and my mom and I swear that you will regret it till your next life! Do you understand old man?" Trishia warned him seriously with her eyeballs bulging at Sen. Meyer.

Her warning seemed to be effective as Sen. Meyer's expression changed. Trishia smirked satisfied with him.

"So? Where's mom?" She asked with her brow curled upward getting the advantage of the situation.

"Your mom... that woman... same useless as you," This time, the Senator's voice was normal but his tone was complaining and disappointed.

"Yeah, maybe... we are the same because we don't settle for anything less like you." Trishia was really up for combat with the Senator.

This was the only thing she could revenge herself for now.

After hearing her, the Senator jolted for a while then, "Get out!!!" He shouted angrily.

All the things on his table scattered on the floor after he wiped them all.

His anger was like up to the sky.

His expression was flushed and his eyes could kill her if she was not going to leave immediately.

Another shattered piece echoed in the mansion.

Trishia had no time to stay there if she wanted to go out there alive tonight.

The Senator had gone mad after hearing about her mother.

Until now, it was obvious that the Senator could still not accept that her mother had affair with another man.

The Senator could still not accept that her mother loved someone else and not him even though he tried so hard to get her heart.

To the point that he accepted her child from another man.

Senator Meyer raised Trishia and gave her his family name looking forward that someday, Alice would feel something for him but it went all wrong.

His sacrifices and effort just went in vain.

Alice never loved him.

She was still in love with her old flame.

And now, Alice wanted to throw away just to be with this man.

Trishia went out hurriedly seeing the Senator was getting his gun from his drawer.

She banged the door closed and heaved a sigh.

She was very satisfied seeing him go mad because of her.

She felt she already got her revenge after what he did earlier.

Then she smirked with sparks in her eyes.

Remembering her mom, she quickly went up to the master bedroom. "Mom! Mom! It's me! Are you there? Answer me now!" The door was locked and all she could do was knocked repeatedly.

"Trishia... Trishia... is that you?" Alice answered shocked. Judging from her tone, she was in disbelief that she could hear her daughter's voice.

"Yes, mom. It's me! Open the door now." Trishia was satisfied hearing her mom and she quickly ordered.

"I... I can't," Her mom replied with a gloomy tone.

"What? Why?" Trishia's voice was alarmed.

"I'm..." Alice uttered like she was hesitant. It was obvious that she was thinking if she had to tell the truth to her daughter or not. She had to be careful not to put Trishia in danger.

"Mom... what's the matter? Open the door now," Trishia felt something was off. Her mom seemed to hide something from her.

"Hmmm... Trishia, I am okay. Is just that... I... I can't open this door because I am sick..." Alice coughed on the other side. "You see, I don't want you to have it because it's gonna be your wedding tomorrow," Alice added.

"But... I haven't seen you for a long time, mom. I just want to see you and check if you're okay." Trishia uttered worriedly.

"Nah... Listen to me, honey. I insist." Alice was wiping her tears and secretly sobbing trying hard not to be heard by her daughter behind the door.

Her face was still swollen because of Sen. Meyer.

Alice knew her daughter so much and she knew how Trishia would react to this.

She could not let her daughter be in danger.

“Let’s talk like this honey, can we?” Alice added while she sat on the floor leaning her head on the door. Trishia knelt on the floor and touched the door.

“Are you really going to get married, honey?” Alice suddenly asked trying to confirm what she heard from her wicked husband.

“Yes... mom.” Trishia couldn’t help but sit on the floor with her mini-dress.

She didn’t care about the servants around her.

It just felt so good talking to her mom once again after a long time.

Her mom was always her confidant and nobody else.

If she could think of one person that would not betray her, it was her mom.

“Are you happy?” After hearing Trishia’s response, Alice asked sincerely.

“Of course, mom. You know how much I love Bill, mom. And tomorrow, Oh gosh! I can’t wait for tomorrow, mom! I am very happy right now.” Trishia blurted filled with excitement in her tone.

“But... what about him? Did he love you?” Alice asked like she was into something.

Her tone wasn’t happy for her daughter as she knew, Bill was not in love with Trishia.

Everybody knew for a fact that Trishia kept on forcing herself on him but got always rejected by Bill.

Since Alice was imprisoned in the mansion, she had no updates about her daughter’s whereabouts and how she got into marriage with Bill Sky.

Trishia didn’t reply.

She seemed to be frozen outside.

“He is...” Trying to make herself believe with her own words, Trishia sounded.

Then she smiled bitterly and her eyes went bitter.

Good thing, her mom could not see her gloomy expression while trying to convince her that Bill was madly in love with her now.

"Mom, Bill asked me for this marriage and I believe he will not do that if he didn't love me, right?" Trishia added to support her lies.

Hearing Trishia, Alice heaved a sigh deeply.

She knew her daughter was lying.

Trishia was obsessed with Bill Sky.

There must be something that made this wedding happen.

"Honey, I... I just don't want you to get hurt. I don't want you to be like me. Okay? If he didn't love you, stop forcing yourself on him. You are still young and you still have many chances to meet the person who will love you genuinely, honey." Alice just wanted to protect her daughter.

"Mom, please stop." Trishia cut her off. She didn't need to hear her mom opposing her marriage.

She already knew what her mom wanted to say to her but even her mom could not stop her wedding tomorrow.

"I..." Trishia heaved a heavy sigh before she continued. "I will not be going to be like you, mom because we loved each other." Trishia was a bit pissed already. She stood up like she didn't want to continue their conversation. Lying and pretending were too hard when the other person knew all about her. Trishia felt, she was just convincing herself and believed her own lies. "You may rest now, mom. Make sure that you can attend my wedding tomorrow so you can see how happy we are and loved each other." Trishia added still in a convincing tone.

"I always wish you to be happy in the future my love," Alice replied sincerely.

After hearing her mother, Trishia rested her forehead on the door's surface.

She closed her eyes and opted not to reply to her mother anymore.

She wanted to wish herself happiness too but happiness for her was so cruel.

She just wanted to be happy too but she felt she had to work and capture it for herself otherwise, this so-called happiness would not come to her.

She had to work for it hard and even she had to risk her life so many times just for this happiness to land on her palms while Arabella had done nothing.

All she had to do was to sit and happiness would land on her.

What a cruel and unfair world.

Now that she had it in her hand, Trishia swore to hold it tightly and would never let it go.

After a while, dinner was served.

Sen. Meyer was sitting on the edge side of the long table as the host of the dinner.

Trishia was on the side.

They kept on staring and mocking each other while they were waiting for Bill Sky.

A deafening silence invaded the room.

Sen. Meyer was already drinking.

It seemed it was more fun for him than talking to Trishia.

Trishia was also drinking wine.

She kept on looking at her wristwatch as she could not afford to be mocked by this old man again if Bill missed this dinner.

She didn't want to see his wicked smile again and his eyes embarrassing her for being a loser and a stupid one.

She was enough of his insulting words as all her life she was hearing all his abusive words.

Now that she was going to marry Bill Sky, she wanted to slap him with his abusive words.

She wanted to show him that she was not that stupid and useless.

She wanted to see the big remorse on his face.

All she wanted to hear from him now was praise.

After all, she did a good job.

The wall clock was ticking but still, Bill's appearance was to no avail.

Trishia started to feel agitated and nervous.

She quickly called him but he wasn't answering his phone.

Senator Meyer was looking at Trishia who was still trying to be cool in front of him.

He smirked at her and continued drinking.

This girl is still very arrogant and the Senator wanted to see where her arrogance would take her.

Trishia called again but Bill still didn't answer.

She was already clenching her fists in annoyance.

"What? Are you being rejected again?" Sen. Meyer couldn't help to mock her again.

His smile was insulting her again.

Trishia was controlling herself.

At this point, she wanted to get hysterical and mad.

She was angry with Bill for not answering his phone and he was already late for 15 minutes.

With the Senator, she felt suffocated and wanted to leave immediately but of course, she could not just let the old man mock her again.

"You are too impatient, old man. Don't forget that patience is a virtue." Trishia drank her wine coolly in front of the senator but she was already very pissed inside. "I know you want something big for this marriage, so if I were you, you wait, okay?" They both understand what she was talking about.

Trishia still had to plan to eliminate him without putting her mother's life at risk.

Before that time come, she had to put up with him.

The Senator just smirked at her, "If you say so, my dear. I just hope I'm not right." He said with a sarcastic voice then drank his whiskey again.

"I'm here," Just after a few minutes, Bill appeared.

Sen. Meyer and Trishia quickly stood up to welcome the VIP guest but they both jolted seeing another person beside Bill Sky.

"Arabella Jones?!"

Read Novel You Can Run But You Can't Hide My Contractual Wife Chapter 420

You Can Run But You Can't Hide My Contractual Wife Chapter 420

As usual, Bill was standing dignified with his trench formal coat like he just finished an international business conference.

His elegance and powerful demeanor were always intimidating to everyone but not the person beside him.

Not anymore.

"Why are you here?" Trishia's loud shouting disturbed all souls inside the mansion.

She was like breathing fire as her killer eyes despised Arabella.

She was very pissed with the situation and what she didn't like the most was seeing Arabella in the mansion tonight and with Bill Sky. Trishia expected everything from the Senator's awful encounter and Bill's appearance tonight but she never expected Arabella's presence.

Trishia wasn't ready for the situation.

She felt her anger was boiling but she had to control it not to offend Bill Sky.

"Sweetheart, why... why... that girl is here? Did she offend you again?" After noticing that she was already acting crazy, Trishia quickly mellowed her expression and voice going back to the sweet Trishia but she secretly shot a dagger stare at Arabella.

She wanted her to get out immediately as she was not invited to the dinner and not even their lives.

"Trishia... Senator... I'm sorry for being late. The traffic is too bad," Finally, Bill spoke with a formal demeanor and tone.

He seemed not affected by the tension surging up in the air. "I hope I didn't offend anyone. Also, I have one guest here. If it's not too much to ask Senator, that she could dine with us." Bill formally asked for the Senator's permission.

It was just right for him to ask because the Senator invited him and he was the owner of the mansion that just meant he was the host tonight.

Hearing Bill asked nicely, the Senator couldn't say no to him.

Plus, in the long run, he knew he would ask more than he simply asked now.

As for Trishia, the Senator looked at her again mocking then he smiled at her meaningfully like his smile was saying 'loser!' to her before he answered Bill, "Sure, no problem. Come! It's not good to make the food wait." The Senator said like there was no tension between them.

Though he was also shocked seeing Arabella Jones, he also felt excited.

Either the two women married Bill Sky, he had his ways to hold them by their necks.

With Arabella, he could always find her weakness and that is her son and her dad.

After hearing the Senator, Bill strode forward but Arabella stood rooted on her spot.

Her expression was hesitant.

She could feel the people around her were just pretending to be nice to her because of Bill Sky.

Trishia could not hide her displeased toward her but then because of Bill, she was controlling her temper.

Tomorrow was their wedding and Arabella knew Trishia could not mess up with him tonight.

Arabella still felt lost.

She wanted to leave quickly as she never wanted to see these vicious faces ever again.

These people caused all her suffering.

Now, they were acting fine as if nothing happened.

Even Sen. Meyer and Trishia, they were acting cool at each other like they didn't almost kill each other.

Arabella could only feel hypocrisy toward them.

Who wanted to be inside the Senator's mansion?

Who even wanted to be with the two vicious people?

Arabella felt suffocated by them but she had to endure it because Bill promised her something in exchange for her presence at the dinner.

Shortly, Arabella was snapped back to her senses when Bill went back to her and grabbed her arm.

She looked at him like she was asking his permission to leave but Bill's expression was firmed.

He dragged her and put her to sit on the chair opposite Trishia.

Seeing Bill assisting Arabella, Trishia could not help rolling her eyes at Arabella repeatedly while gritting her teeth controlling her temper that was going to burst.

She could feel her blood stirring madly and at any moment it would explode.

Her smile showing to everyone that she was sweet but the truth was Trishia was staring at Arabella and was thinking about how to kill her.

It seemed her pleading wasn't that effective and she had to eliminate her tonight.

'Maybe this fork can kill her,' Trishia thought while she was holding her fork and her deadly eyes pierced into Arabella.

'A knife can cut her neck and off!' She continued imagining her neck covered with gushing blood.

'Poison. Poisoning her food is quick and effective,' Trishia continued thinking of how she could get rid of Arabella.

Arabella met Trishia's eyes.

She could sense Trishia's eyes were sending her a hideous message.

She was like saying 'Welcome to the lion's den! I hope you can go back alive.' These are the words that she could read from Trishia's eyes but Arabella felt worse.

She felt like she was inside a dungeon surrounded by murderous monsters.

They started eating.

Trishia was very active playing a sweet fiancée to Bill.

She was serving him by putting some dishes on his plate.

She even feed him sometimes but Bill stopped her in a polite manner.

Trishia was showing off to everyone that she had a good relationship with her husband-to-be.

Obviously, Arabella had no appetite.

She was forced to go there with Bill and she didn't know why he had to bring her there.

Earlier, Bill got her.

She was arguing with him the whole time and he was angry at her.

She didn't want to be inside his car and not even wanted to be with him anymore.

Of course, she already felt the need to protect herself from being hurt by him again.

Everything was clear to her and where she wanted for her future.

No more messing around, forcing, and chasing as she had enough.

As much as possible, she wanted to erase everything about Bill and the people around him except for Adam.

If there is love left for him, she wanted to kill it just to avoid doing things that she would regret later but the more she run away from him, the more their fate entangled again.

If what he said was true that he just saw her drinking outside a convenience store then fate worked for them again.

Fate really works in mysterious ways.

"So, Arabella, since your sister here is going to marry your ex-husband, did you already congratulate them?" Sen. Meyer suddenly sounded after seeing Arabella silently just tasting one dish and water.

One could easily say that she didn't feel like eating. Now, the Senator seemed to find someone to make fun of.

Arabella looked at Bill who was also looking at her.

Trishia looked at the Senator giving him a scolding stare.

Arabella felt she was going to fall deeply in Bill's dark deep stare.

Trying her best, she averted her gaze to the Senator who was looking at her with a meaningful smile on his face.

He was eating like he said those words out of curiosity.

"Yeah. I did." Arabella answered plainly then looked at Bill Sky again.

After she broke her stare and drank some more water.

“Oh... so, I hope there’s no more hurt feelings to the couple.” Sen. Meyer sounded again like he had no plan to stop.

Arabella looked at the Senator. She was sending a message to him, ‘mind your own business,’ through her stare but the Senator just smirked.

“No hurt feelings. Bill can marry whoever he wanted.” Arabella replied confidently trying to show everyone around that she is fine.

The Senator seemed so bored with her answer but nevertheless, he had to stop putting something in the air or he could already offend Bill Sky.

He continued his eating.

Arabella secretly gathered more air to breathe. She should not be there.

“You told me ... you are giving Bill to me wholeheartedly. Why are you with him again?” At this time, Trishia sounded like she could not hide the question she had been wanting to ask Arabella when she saw her inside the mansion.

Trishia asked with a sweet tone like she was just talking to a close friend and they were not fighting over a man.

Arabella smirked at Trishia.

She didn’t know what to answer her because she was true to her words.

Then her stare transferred to Bill Sky who was now elegantly sipping on his wine glass.

“Ask him,” Arabella replied lazily.

She was disgusted by Trishia’s sweet acting.

Trishia was dumbfounded.

How could she ask Bill about this?

Of course, she didn’t want to act like a jealous wife because maybe Bill would change his mind about marrying her.

“I just met her somewhere.” To end the controversy, Bill said plainly.

Explaining wasn’t Bill’s thing. He had given his words and it seemed he didn’t care what people would take or think about this.

The dinner went silent until it finished.

“So, dad. We are going. I need to have my beauty rest for tomorrow.” Trishia quickly butted in.

She was giggling to go home with Bill and getting rid of Arabella.

Sen. Meyer agreed.

Bill formally thanked the Senator.

Arabella just went out silently without giving any words to the old man.

“Hmmm... Trishia, try to put a knot on your man’s neck before someone can snatch him back.” The Senator chuckled softly as he whispered at Trishia who was now giggling in annoyance.

She gnashed her teeth toward Sen. Meyer and quickly turned around hooking her arm on Bill’s arm.

When they were outside the mansion, Trishia’s driver was waiting for her.

Arabella just followed quietly.

“Trishia, you go home first. I still have matters to attend to.” Bill announced.

“What? With her?” Trishia panicked pointing to Arabella.

Bill nodded.

“Bill, our wedding is tomorrow. What are you going to do with her? Huh!” Trishia could not help but released a self-deprecating smile. She felt insulted by the situation.

With Arabella’s presence around Bill, she could not get any calm.

“Adam... he wanted to see his mom,” Bill answered plainly. His eyes were serious.

“Then, let me go with you,” Trishia replied in a hurry.

Her tone had no calmness.

She felt nervous and deep inside she was cursing Adam because he is the only one that could bring his parents together.

He is their tie and it pissed her off so much thinking about this.

"Trishia, don't you trust me?" After backing out from her car, she jolted hearing Bill. She was at a loss.

Of course, she didn't want Arabella and Bill to be together.

What if Bill would change his mind about their wedding?

What if he suddenly remembered Arabella?

What if Adam would make a way to bring his parent together?

All her what-ifs were like poison to her body.

She felt insanely mad about the situation but she could not push herself.

Bill would get mad at her and this could result in him backing out from their wedding.

"I trust you but I don't trust that girl." Though she wanted to give in to Bill but Trishia couldn't just hold her jealousy toward Arabella.

Arabella just smirked at her mockingly.

"Are you afraid of your own ghost, Trishia?" Arabella said without minding Bill's thoughts of her. "Don't worry, I am not gonna bite your husband-to-be." She added jokingly.

Trishia looked at Arabella like she wanted to tangle her to death.

"Okay, sweetheart but please, be home early. I will be waiting for you." Trishia had no choice but to agree though she was very perplexed inside.

Bill assisted her to get inside the backseat then her driver drove away.

Bill then went inside his car without opening Arabella's door.

She never complained.

Arabella entered inside of her own will.

Tonight, she would see her son, Adam and she was very excited.

The boy just reached the city to attend his father's wedding tomorrow.

When he called, the timing was just so right.

Arabella was inside Bill's car earlier.

At that time, Bill was angry with her after she said about forgetting all they had.

With his sharp eyes, he wanted to punish her but his phone suddenly rang. Without asking the caller, Arabella knew it was her boy.

“Adam! My son, is that you?” Arabella could not hold it as she blurted his name.

“Mommy? Mommy! Dad, please give it to mommy. I want to speak with her, please.” Adam ordered in a hurry.

They talked for a while. She was crying and laughing talking to her boy. She was very excited to see him so when Bill asked her to accompany him to the mansion, she had no choice but to agree with him. Bill promised to bring her to Adam after dinner.

Shortly, they arrived in his penthouse.

Arabella frowned deeply as she knew Adam was in his big white mansion.

“Why are we here?” She asked puzzled.

Instead of answering her, Bill went out of the car. Arabella felt off as she was looking forward to seeing her son.

She was so excited to see Adam again but it seemed that Bill was delaying it.

Bill was very insensitive and she couldn't tell if he was doing it on purpose.

Arabella quickly chased him. “Bill, you swore to me. Now, bring me to my son.” She ordered hysterically as she strode faster to get to him in time for the elevator to close.

Bill was silent but his domineering demeanor was screaming.

“Bill, please. I want to see my son, now.” She ordered and pleaded at the same time.

Instead of answering her, Bill turned to her as he strode closer to her.

She had to take a few steps back until her back pressed against the wall.

Bill then crouched toward her.

His handsome face was getting so close to him.

She quickly blocked her lips with her hands thinking Bill would kiss her as her eyes widened.

"You smell.... beer, are you going to face Adam like that?" Bill then said smirking with eyes narrowed.

Arabella quickly blushed in embarrassment.

When the elevator opened, the elegant interior of Bill's penthouse greeted them.

He walked away from her and went directly to his study room.

She smelled her coat and he was right.

She smell awful so she quickly went inside the bathroom to get rid away of her smell.

After, she wore a bathrobe and went outside to find some clothes.

She knew she had clothes there which Bill prepared for her before.

When she opened the closet, her eyes sparked as she found what exactly she was looking for.

She got a simple dress but when she was about to wear it, it was suddenly snatched.

"You don't need clothes for tonight," Bill was already standing behind her. Her handsome ex-husband sounded so serious.

Arabella was quickly taken aback.