

Read Novel You Can Run But You Can't Hide My Contractual Wife Chapter 441

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"Charles David?" Lira couldn't help but repeat the newcomer's name.

She was astonished to see the young famous celebrity in the sports field.

Who would have thought that he was an owner of a resort on this island when people knew that he grew up abroad?

"Nice to meet you," Charles shook Lira's hand who was still stunned seeing a celebrity then he winked at Lira cutely.

Eric was quite cool as he had the blankest expression among all the people there.

He wasn't affected by Charles' presence while Rosy's eyes sparkled seeing her new friend.

She just bumped into him in a mall abroad and they had a little chit-chat about Capital Z and this guy made his way of inviting her knowing she was going to the city.

Of course, she found him friendly and had a very good rapport so she could not say no.

Not to mention, he was a cutie.

How could she resist his appealing good looks?

With her thoughts, Rosy could not help but spread wider her smile.

She was excited to the part of knowing him well on this vacation and of course to hear and see the reactions of her friends toward her new friend.

"It was nice to meet you. Eric Grant." Eric stood and formally introduced his name.

"Oh, please sit down. Mr. Grant! Who on earth would not know you?" Charles said jokingly shaking Eric's hand. His expression was shocked and excited for having the famous Eric Grant.

Eric was just so calm while the others laughed at Charles' joke.

It was true that Eric's name and face were always in business magazines internationally.

If Charles is a celebrity in the sports field, Eric is also a celebrity in the business field.

They were considered famous in their respective field but Eric had proven his success and wealth all throughout.

“Please take your seat guys.... And thank you very much for coming.” Charles sounded while he strode to Rosy and kissed her cheek like they were already very close.

Eric and Lira didn’t miss it.

Eric just smirked while Lira smiled giggling.

“Mr. Harry? Kindly served the dinner now, please.” Charles started to be a busy host.

He didn’t expect to have the big-name Eric Grant tonight.

Rosy just informed him that she was coming with her friends but she didn’t mention Eric Grant.

“Right away, sir.” Mr. Harry bowed slightly before he hurriedly went to the kitchen.

“Everyone, the son of the owner is here. Be very careful this evening or I have to say pardon in advance because I cannot help you if our boss will fire you. So please, do your best and avoid mistakes tonight. I don’t want to see you all go. You know we are already family here.” Mr. Harry tried his best to encourage everyone to do their best as he was already briefed by the madame of the resort that he should not be so soft-hearted or he would be the one to lose his job.

The madame was strict and she didn’t like a lousy servant and the first on the line was none other than Helen.

If Mr. Charles would complain anything about Helen tonight to his mother, Mr. Harry could not do anything but fire her.

It was the madame’s strict order and Helen was just very close to it.

“We are going to do our best.” Everyone answered enthusiastically to Mr. Harry except Helen who seemed to answer uneasily.

Without any delays, some servants started to serve the set of delicious dishes.

Helen got Danielle’s task and started to wash the dishes that their chef had used.

Mr. Harry frowned curiously but he had no time to bother.

Everyone was busy and Helen was also working so it didn't matter until Charles unexpectedly went inside the kitchen.

Everyone stopped and quickly bowed to him.

His expression was so excited but uneasy.

He seemed to want something in their kitchen.

"Mr. Charles, do you want anything? Please tell me so we can serve it to you." Mr. Harry quickly sounded.

"Hmmm... not you." He went to Beth first then he sounded. "Hmmm...not you," Then to Olive then he sounded again.

Everyone frowned at his acting like he was finding someone in the kitchen.

His eyes were looking at the girls one by one but he could not find what he was looking for.

"Mr. Harry, we have a servant here... what is her name again? He...." Charles sounded unsure of the name and he could not continue the name still trying to remember it.

Mr. Harry waited for him to continue though he knew what he was looking for.

The old man felt something bad about Charles wanted so he remained silent and let him think.

He hoped that Charles would just surrender and go out for his guest.

"He...." Charles snapped his fingers still trying to recall the servant's name. "The newest servant here. What's her name?" Charles turned to Beth to ask like he was already pissed by his memory.

"Helen, sir." The innocent Beth answered.

"That's it!" Charles snapped his fingers again and sounded so excited. "Where is she?" Then he quickly asked.

When they heard their boss ask, everyone, cleared the way in Helen's direction.

Helen stood with a low head still holding the sponge and the big pan.

Her back was facing Charles and she didn't turn around to face him.

Hearing her name, she couldn't move.

Her heart was racing so fast and all she wanted was to run.

Run away from the place and didn't want to come back anymore.

"You, hey! I'm talking to you." Charles turned impatient when Helen didn't face him.

Helen had no choice so she slowly put down the sponge and the pan, tidy up herself, and turn around to face the boss of the resort.

"What the?!!" Suddenly Charles uttered in shock. "What happened? You are pregnant?" He added in a surprised tone.

He just saw Helen twice.

First was his first time going to this resort with his family it was the day that she was hired. He had to make so many sweet talks to his mom to hire her.

Of course, who didn't want a beautiful servant?

Admittedly, Helen's beauty made him fantasize about her even though he had met and been surrounded by beautiful people every day.

The second meeting with her was today.

One of the reasons he went back to their resort was to see his beautiful servant.

Since she was an island girl, Charles knew he could get her without any effort at all.

The simple and naïve girl on the island needed nothing just sweet talks and his natural charisma.

"Yes, sir. I am." Helen answered him directly.

She never liked Charles.

She remembered him staring all day when she first met him.

With her work before, she could easily decipher men and Charles belonged to the womanizer playboy group.

"What? Why?" Charles could not control his shock as he frowned deeply.

There was disappointment in his eyes.

Of course, he was too late.

With such beauty, it was just such a waste that an island man just made her pregnant.

What could he expect from an island girl?

No class... no taste... What made him greatly disappointed was that he had not touched her before she got pregnant.

He should be her first before he disposed of her and be pregnant with another man.

He would not care.

For him, Helen was a total waste!

"Hmmm...okay." Realizing that he reacted too much for a servant and in front of the many, Charles got back his composure. "You!" Charles pointed to Beth. "Come with me," Charles added then without saying another word, he left and Beth quickly followed shaking her head.

Helen heaved a sigh of relief.

She was saved by her baby.

She heaved another heavy sigh as she stroked her belly gently and continued her work.

At the dining table, Rosy's smile never left her face.

"So, Eric... what can you say to my good friend, huh?" Rosy asked excitedly almost whispering.

"Hmmm..." Eric drank the wine in his glass before he answered. "He is not a match for you, Rosy. Enjoy this vacation but after forget about him." Eric replied seriously.

"Oh! That hurts! Are you really my friend?" Rosy refuted very disappointed with Eric's direct response. "Where's Arabella? I need Arabella. Not, you!" Rosy couldn't believe that Eric could easily judge Charles for her.

"Since when I am not right, Rosy? Trust me. He is not your match so end everything you felt about this young man because he likes women a lot." Eric ended his speech with a mocking smirk and then went back to his drinking and working on his phone.

He didn't want to continue the topic and opposing wasn't accepted as his expression became stern.

Rosy looked at Lira helplessly.

Lira just shook her head like she could not help her and she slightly agreed with Eric.

Rosy sat and drank with a disappointed expression for she knew, Eric was expert in judging people.

He couldn't be mistaken.

"Sorry, Let's eat now." Charles came in with a servant beside him. "Beth, this is Mr. Eric Grant, please serve him the best you can, okay?" Charles sounded beside Eric.

It was obvious that Charles was treating Eric the most VIP by giving him his own servant.

The servant was a young girl like she was just in her 20s.

With this, they could not help giving another meaning to Charles' intention.

He seemed to give the girl to Eric not just as a servant but to accompany Eric the whole night.

"Oh, no need. Mr. Charles. I'm good at serving myself." Eric quickly refused. His voice was nice but carried a strong seriousness.

"Oh...but I insist, Mr. Grant. If I only knew that you are coming, I should have brought beautiful girls from the city." Charles insisted still mesmerizing his VIP guest.

No one could easily get close to this famous billionaire so might as well use the chance to get close to him now since he is in his resort and the easiest way boys have the same thing in common is Girls.

They are all interested in beautiful girls.

Eric quickly stood up and his expression was displeased.

Everyone was stunned.

Rosy quickly came to Eric. "Eric..." She sounded to control his temper as she knew Eric could be so arrogant to the person he didn't like and obviously. he didn't like Charles.

Eric looked at Rosy and smirked. "I have to excuse myself for tonight. I think I drank a lot. Enjoy the rest of the night." He sounded with a controlled temper and without waiting for their response, Eric left them.

He left not to put his friend, Rosy in an awkward position.

Rosy released a smile to break the tension and awkwardness in the air.

Charles shook his head like he was still thinking about why Eric resisted his offer.

He was still thinking if Eric didn't like the island girl or if he felt insulted that he introduced him to an island girl.

Oh! how stupid he is to think that an Eric Grant would appreciate an island girl!

He is Eric Grant and he had high standards.

If he was surrounded by beauties every day, surely Eric was surrounded by goddesses.

With his thoughts, Charles shook his head annoyed with his impulsive action.

After taking his shower, Eric went to the beach.

He needed some fresh air to calm himself.

He didn't like the arrogant Charles and he hated his decision to come to the island.

Somehow, he was thankful that he was able to check on Rosy's guy.

He would never let Charles hurt Rosy nor gave him the chance to hurt her.

Eric knew that Rosy was still hurting from what happened to her family so, at this time, she was desperate to find comfort in someone.

Anyone could take advantage of her now but Eric swore no one could do that to her.

Eric heaved a deep sigh and got his cigarette.

He smoked so much these days to release his tensions.

Eric's back leaned on a palm tree while he smoked and his eyes were looking far away.

The area was dark but the warm lights coming from the resort, made him see the dark horizon.

There were still fishermen out there with their boats.

Eric continued smoking trying to calm his mind as he could not wait to get out of the place earliest thing in the morning.

Aside from his original plan, he could not be with this Charles.

It was just a waste of his time.

"Ms., your handkerchief!" Suddenly, Eric's thoughts were interrupted when someone passed him and something fell to the ground without her knowing.

She seemed to walk in a hurry like she was already running.

The woman stopped a meter away upon hearing him.

“Ms., I believe this one is yours.” Eric threw his cigarette and got the handkerchief on the ground. It was quickly covered with sand so he spread it in the air to clean it up then strode closer to the girl.

The woman was unmoved and didn’t take an effort to turn around and face him.

“Ms.?” Eric called her again with a deep frown. It was not his first time calling someone today and he didn’t get a response.

He felt awkward.

“It’s not mine!” Finally, the girl answered then she ran off quickly.

Eric frowned deeper.

His confused eyes landed on the handkerchief in his hand.

If he was not mistaken, that woman was also the woman in the kitchen earlier.

Her long smooth hair would prove it and her broad slender shoulder.

But unlike all the servants, she was avoiding him.

Is she just shy?

Eric remembered that Mr. Harry introduced to them all the servants but he could not remember her.

She wasn’t there but she was also wearing a servant uniform.

Eric was a bit troubled by the woman as she acted differently so he decided to see Mr. Harry about this.

“Anthony! Anthony! Where are you? Pack all our things now. We have to get out of here. Do you understand? Anthony!” Helen was shouting and panting when she arrived at their small house.

She was calling her brother panicking even though she was still outside.

Her knock was her shouting.

The door opened immediately.

Helen quickly strode inside and closed the door like she was hiding from something but she instantly jolted seeing another figure inside her house aside from her brother.

“Ar...Arabella...” She muttered in shock.

“Hanna...”

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Earlier in the kitchen, Beth entered inside with a complaining look.

She seemed not to like something outside but she could not totally protest.

“Oh no! Don't give me that look, darling. Tell us what happened to you out there?” Ms. Dally, the oldest lady servant was sniffing at the newly entered Beth. Her expression was screaming with annoyance but she was controlling it.

Instead of answering Ms. Dally, Beth went to get a glass of water first and drank it in one go.

Everyone was looking at her and excited to know what happened to her outside.

“Hmmm....” Beth hummed and released a heavy sigh before she started to share her story.

“That son of madame is so rude!” Beth said with strong protest in her expression toward Charles. “He brought me and introduced me to a man.” She continued.

“Then what happened next?” Marissa asked horrified but excited to hear more.

“That man....” Beth continued but paused. She smiled excitedly like she remembered something good.

“What?” Olive could not wait to hear more of Beth's story.

“Good thing, that man is very kind.” Beth's eyes and her smile started to daydream.

“He was so gorgeous and unlike that son of our boss, he is respectful to women. Oh my gosh! I never thought I will see that kind of a man. He.... he is a gentleman... he is so good-looking... he is perfect!” From protesting to admiring, Beth was now smiling enchantingly like she was still thinking of the man who didn't take advantage of her.

"Wow! I agree with you! That man... wow! all I can say is wow!" Marissa agreed as she herself admired that man too outside.

"Me too! He is more sexy and handsome than those men celebrities on tv." Olive butted in too to show her admiration.

"Yes, he is!" It sounds like Ms. Dally agreed too. "But ladies, you have to get yourselves a grip. That man there is super rich and high. Mr. Harry said, he is the most VIP guest. A billionaire and the richest guest this resort accommodated. So, wake up! wake up! Enough of daydreaming and let's start working." Ms. Dally was the one to break the group chat. "Let's be like Helen. See her? All of us here were busy talking about that man and there was Helen who kept on working." Ms. Dally continued gesturing her hand toward Helen who was still washing the left-used dishes.

Beth naughtily came to Helen. "You should go out there Helen so you can see this gorgeous man we were talking about. I assure you, we are not exaggerating here. You will also be fascinated by him." Beth continued excitedly.

"Yes, you have to go out Helen. This opportunity comes only once in our lifetime. You shouldn't miss seeing this gorgeous sexy man because we would not know when can we see this kind of high-caliber man ever again." Marissa came also to support Beth and they have the same level of enthusiasm side by side.

Still holding the sponge covered with bubbles and a glass, Helen smiled at them awkwardly. In her life, she didn't have any other man. She was already satisfied with her baby and she could not see any other man in her life ever again.

"Girls! Girls! Girls! That's enough! Don't disturb Helen's work over there. Go back to your work and stop talking about Mr....." Ms. Dally scolded then she paused trying to recall the gorgeous man's name. She knew, Mr. Harry uttered his name to her but she couldn't remember it already. Ms. Dally frowned deeply still trying to recall their guest's name when Mr. Harry came inside.

"Oh, Mr. Harry, what's that most VIP guest's name again?" Ms. Dally quickly asked as if she couldn't sleep tonight if she could not recall the name that was just hanging in her mind.

"Oh, Mr. Grant. Eric Grant." Mr. Harry directly answered. "Why?" He asked but the answer was a shattering sound of the pieces of glass breaking on the ground.

Everyone quickly looked in Helen's direction.

Helen stood shocked and very pale.

She knew she heard Eric's voice earlier but she had gotten rid of the idea as for her it was too impossible that he would be on this island very far away from Capital Z.

Helen just thought, she was just imagining things.

Maybe she just missed him so much or maybe missed his father that was why she was given some piece of him like hearing his voice out of nowhere but now that she heard his name, Helen's heartbeat stopped.

The man they kept on talking about and admiring was none other than Eric Grant.

"Helen, are you okay?" Ms. Dally was quickly snapped out of her senses as she ran toward Helen.

Helen wanted to move but she couldn't.

It seemed her feet were cemented onto the ground.

They weren't cooperating.

Suddenly, cold sweats disappeared all over her.

She felt cold and trembling.

Her heartbeat was now palpitating fast.

"Come here, you girl. Are you hurt?" Mr. Harry sounded as he and Ms. Dally grabbed and assisted Helen in a corner.

Beth quickly fanned Helen with her apron. Seeing this, Marissa and Olive joined fanning her with their aprons.

Danielle quickly swiped all the shattered glass pieces on the floor and took them away.

Emma quickly gave Helen a glass of warm water.

"Oh, darling, are you okay now?" Ms. Dally asked after Helen drank the water.

Everyone was looking at her worriedly.

Helen was a bit guilty to these people because she could not tell them the truth.

"What's wrong in here?" Suddenly the group was broken when Charles sounded behind.

Everyone moved and continued their work except Mr. Harry who was left with Helen.

"Mr. Charles, Ms. Helen here is sick. On behalf of her, I would ask that she could leave her work early and be back tomorrow." The old man couldn't stand seeing Helen's pale condition.

Charles strode closer to Helen. His eyes looked at her sharply from her head to toe like he was still admiring her beauty.

"When are you going to deliver your baby?" Charles asked as he stopped in front of Helen who was still sitting with Mr. Harry at her side.

Helen lifted her head and looked at Charles' sharp eyes.

She didn't care about him and she didn't like his question so she didn't answer.

"Okay, you don't need to answer." Charles sounded naughty as he leaned closer to Helen without any care about Mr. Harry's presence.

"It's just a waste seeing you again with a baby bump. Do you know why I came back here? Because of you. But you are just such a waste, Helen. You should come to me first if you need a baby. At least you are sure that your baby would look exactly like me and you know... with a high standard in life, not an ordinary island guy. Such a waste!" Charles shook his head as he fixed his composure then he faced Mr. Harry like he said nothing. "Okay, she can go now but remember my mother asked me to rate her performance? What should I rate, huh???" Charles teasingly uttered. "Hmmm... okay, leave now but do not be late tomorrow. Consider this as my last goodness to you." Charles was sound annoyed then he went away.

Mr. Harry shook his head as he released a deep sigh.

Helen was unmoved. Obviously, her mind was not on Charles but on Eric.

"Go now. Don't mind that spoiled brat. Here, put this handkerchief on your wrist and pressed it hard so the cut would not bleed heavily." Mr. Harry gave her a handkerchief.

Helen then moved quickly and left.

When she arrived at her house, Helen was shocked again.

"What.... What are you doing here? How?" Hanna was Helen.

She went to the island to start a new life, especially when she knew about her early pregnancy.

She felt scared.

Very scared about the situation she was in.

She and her brother, transferred from city to city so no one could trace them.

Life in the old cities with her brother was not so easy so when she got pregnant, she decided to move in and settled on an isolated island far away from Capital Z.

Where she felt safe and no one could see them even her dad.

"Hanna... I am sorry but I didn't mean to invade your privacy. I just... happened to see your brother..." Arabella knew Hanna felt so troubled with her presence and her eyes could not deny her uneasiness.

"It's okay," Hanna cut off Arabella.

She knew that Arabella also was troubled about seeing them as she considered her feeling too. "I'm happy to see you." Hanna smiled though she felt very nervous.

Arabella smiled finally feeling the warm welcome of an old friend.

She couldn't help but stroke and hug Hanna.

They hugged each other for a while.

"How are you?" Arabella looked at Hanna's belly.

She wondered but she controlled it.

She seemed to have an idea who was the father of Hanna's baby but she didn't want to be so nosy about it.

She wanted to hear it from Hanna.

"Ah... Eric is with me." Arabella announced directly not wanting to hide anything from Hanna.

She just knew a little of their story but seeing Hanna living on a small island, Arabella could think only one thing and that is Hanna was hiding from Eric.

With the thought of this, Arabella could not help feeling sad about Eric and Hanna.

She wanted to help them as she knew that Eric loved her and she could not do anything less for her brother Eric but of course, she had no right to meddle in their affair.

Hanna still had the right to decide on this.

"I know. I met him." Suddenly, Hanna answered with a gloomy tone.

"Wait. What?" Arabella was so shocked. "So, he knew?" Arabella could not help to feel worried.

Hanna looked at her troubled and sad.

She quickly held Arabella's arms.

Her eyes were begging her.

"He didn't know about this. He did not see my face but I heard his voice and I can't be mistaken. I know it's him. I am working in that resort where you are staying." Hanna confessed like she trusted Arabella so much that she would not tell anyone what she saw.

"But... are you guys okay here? I mean... Hanna, you know that I can help you. Eric is like a brother to me. He is a good man and he would be a responsible father in the future." Arabella could not help but to convince Hanna to reconsider her decision.

After all, he is the father of Hanna's baby.

"I don't want to... It's very complicated Arabella. You know that and I don't have my expectations anymore. My baby and I will be fine without him. Just please, don't let him know about this." Hanna's eyes were begging her. She was uncalm and she just hoped Arabella would agree to her.

Sympathizing Hanna's struggle, Arabella nodded her head.

Hanna was so determined to live her life with her baby without Eric.

Arabella squeezed Hanna's hands. "Don't worry, Hanna. I respect your decision. I don't know what you are going through or the hardships you encountered but please know that you can always contact me whenever you need me. Okay? I can't believe that I will see you here!" Arabella uttered sincerely and hugged Hanna again.

"Me too!" Hanna cried out.

"What a small world!" They uttered at the same time still in disbelief that they met on this small island.

They hugged each other for a while.

"Sister, should I still pack our bags?" Anthony shyly butted in. He was still stunned hearing his sister's hysterically shouting outside.

Hanna nodded at him like she had no choice but to leave.

"No!..." Arabella quickly stopped them. "You guys don't need to go. Eric is going to leave early tomorrow. He is flying back tomorrow morning." Arabella added remembering Eric's words earlier.

Hanna looked at Anthony and after a while, she nodded at him.

Anthony got the message and put down his bag.

Hanna looked at Arabella who was also looking at her after she was satisfied with what she heard.

'Thank God!' Hanna was still in a deep mess but was in great relief hearing that Eric would be out of the island in the morning.

Just one night then she could not see him anymore.

With her thoughts, Hanna could not deny the fact that she was also sad.

Also, she could not deny that she missed him so much.

So much that caused her so much pain whenever she thinks of him.

Now that he was here, she wanted to hug him and forget everything.

Everything that hinders their love. Eric... Eric Grant... she loved him so much.

She could not love another man than him. The only man who captured her heart.

The man who made her soften every time he was around and made her heart melt.

The man who she could never forget and the man who is the father of her child.

The next morning, Helen was at ease to know that today, Eric would fly back to the city.

That just meant, she would not see him anymore.

With Arabella's promise, she would not tell Eric about her and she would help her in the resort.

Except for Arabella, no one needed to know about her existence on the island.

And just like her normal day, Helen got up trying to find her best enthusiasm for today.

She knew she would meet the playboy Charles again, so she needed to have a lot of patience for him.

He would not stay that long anyway.

She just needed to survive his arrogance today until the third day and they would all go back to normal.

Helen arrived on time.

She went directly to the kitchen but to her surprise, there was no single soul in the kitchen except for her.

She looked at her old wrist watch then she frowned deeply.

Normally at this time, everyone was already working in the kitchen.

Suddenly, the door opened and the cold air instantly went inside which made her tremble a bit.

Then it was followed by a tall stunning figure striding inside the kitchen.

“Eric...”

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Last night, Eric went back to the resort and came to see Mr. Harry, the oldest butler.

With the handkerchief in his hand, he just wanted to give it to the old servant somehow there was something that kept on bugging him. His curiosity about that girl servant who was so distant from him.

Well, it was quite usual for this kind of place maybe.

Maybe that girl might just be shy.

Eric shook his head and got rid of the idea.

Then, he looked at his wristwatch.

It was just a matter of a few hours left and he would fly back to the city and then go back abroad.

His works there were waiting for him and he had no time to spare.

When he was walking in a hallway, he luckily met the old man.

"Mr. Harry," Eric strode closer to the old servant.

"Good evening, Mr. Grant." Mr. Harry halted and greeted him politely.

"Good evening," Eric answered reciprocating his politeness. "By the way, I found this." Eric showed the colored brown handkerchief.

"Oh, that is very kind of you, sir. But... where did you find my handkerchief?" The old servant asked puzzled. "Because I gave this to Helen." He added still very confused.

Eric nodded and then he smirked.

So that girl was named Helen.

She must have some reasons why she was so distant from him.

"She dropped it," Eric answered plainly.

"Oh, poor girl! She's always sick because of her pregnancy." Mr. Harry murmured worriedly like his guest didn't exist. "If only her baby has a father, she would not suffer this way." Mr. Harry continued as he was about to go away with his handkerchief.

Eric was not a nosy type of person but he thought he overheard Mr. Harry saying something about the girl that caught his attention. "So, where's the father of her baby?" Eric didn't know why he even asked that kind of question.

He seemed stunned also for having time to gossip about someone's life when he had so many works in his hand.

Mr. Harry halted then he turned around to face Eric.

His eyes were full of sympathy toward the girl in their conversation.

"Hmmm... that girl, Helen... She is a newcomer to this island with her little brother. Please don't get humiliated at her trait as she is really a bit discreet about her whereabouts so no one knows about her true-life story but this island is too small so gossip is the official tabloids here." Mr. Harry smirked as he continued. "They say, Helen, came here to hide something. Her baby. But ... no one could confirm that gossip so it remained a gossip." Realizing that he already talked too much to his most VIP guest, Mr. Harry quickly gathered his best composure. "I'm sorry Mr. Grant, I didn't intend to waste your precious time on this trivial matter." Mr. Harry quickly bowed politely and planned to leave immediately embarrassed by his long storytelling about another people's life.

His sympathy for Helen just enveloped him totally which made him share her story with a stranger.

“Wait, Mr. Harry.” When Mr. Harry thought their topic was over and he could leave him freely, Eric stopped him.

The old man looked at Eric puzzled.

He seemed to study Eric through his eyes and he could not get any answer to his questions.

There was no way that this billionaire had something to do with Helen as they came from two different worlds.

Mr. Eric Grant is like a sky. So high and unreachable.

Helen is so poor trying to strive every day for herself, her baby, and her little brother.

If there were no guests in the resort, she sells dried fish in the street with her brother just to earn and put food on the table.

So there was no way these two were connected.

“This Helen has a brother? What’s his name?” Eric asked full of curiosity which made Mr. Harry more confused as his wrinkles showed deeper.

“Hmmm... Johnny. His name is Johnny.” Mr. Harry answered truthfully even though he was troubled about a billionaire interested in someone’s life. Still, Eric is their guest and if ever he leaves the resort, the old butler believed that Eric would not remember their topic tonight. He is a busy man to start with.

“Helen... Johnny?” Eric muttered like he was thinking of something deeply. “How old is the baby?” He added.

“Hmmm... If my guess is right, 4 months, sir” Mr. Harry answered blankly. “Mr. Grant, are you okay?” The old man asked when Eric was taken aback.

Why his heart was racing so fast and his mind could not find its calm?

Eric heard something interesting maybe because he remembered someone but it wasn’t just like that.

His mind was running wild.

He knew he had to control it as he knew it was too impossible.

'Helen is not Hanna.'

'Her brother's name is Anthony, not Johnny.'

'And a baby???' Eric remembered their last night before she went away.

It pained his heart unbearably.

How could he not forget her?

Connecting the dots could not change the fact that it was too impossible to happen.

He knew where Hanna flew by tracking the flight that day.

The place was very far away from this island.

And that Helen was just a resemblance because his mind kept on thinking about Hanna.

He had to forget Hanna.

He was so tired of her memory.

Admittedly, it was not her memory but his guilt and his own self.

Though his mind was telling him that he was right but his heart was still longing for her.

And that was the very hard part.

How to teach your heart from forgetting someone.

In that part, Eric failed.

There were so many women seducing him every day but they could not get his interest.

What's wrong with him?

Why he could not take away Hanna from his mind?

It seemed all the faces of women he encountered changed into Hanna's beautiful face like he was bewitched by her.

Should he date another woman to get rid of Hanna in his mind?

It seemed working a lot was not that effective.

"Sir, do you still need anything?" Mr. Harry broke the deafening silence.

"Ah... nothing," Eric answered plainly trying to get a grip of himself.

"Well then, I would like to excuse myself." Mr. Harry bowed and after Eric responded to him with a nod, he left.

Eric was left rooted in his spot.

He could not get rid of all the thoughts in his mind.

Helen reminded him of Hanna but again he debated, it was too impossible!

After a while, he gave up thinking about Hanna.

Hanna chose to leave him and that is the fact he needed to live and accept.

When he finally calmed himself, Eric walked in his room's direction.

He had to take a nap for his early flight and he badly needed to rest his mind.

He continued walking in a long hallway but then he suddenly stopped after passing a wide foyer of the main villa.

His expression turned sharp as he took a few steps back and his eyes quickly landed on a mid-size picture framed and was hanged on a wall together with some other pictures.

What caught his attention was the group picture of the employees in the resort and he believed the well-made woman in the middle was the owner of the resort, Charles' mom but it wasn't her that made him halt.

One of the employees there was none other than the woman who never let him sleep at night.

"Helen..." Eric muttered as he gritted his teeth. His eyes turned the sharpest. "Hanna..." Then he smirked meaningfully.

"Brother?" Suddenly, someone sounded behind him. "Are you, okay?" Arabella came in still having troubles about how she would keep Hanna's existence on this island from Eric.

She felt she was caught in a big situation where she had to choose one person to save but it wasn't an easy part for her.

It was too difficult as she felt like betraying the person she didn't choose.

Hanna and Eric were her friends.

Eric is her closest but how could she forgive herself for betraying Hanna who struggled enough in life just to have a simple and peaceful life?

Arabella could fully understand Hanna as they shared almost the same sentiments in life.

Fate was too cruel to both of them but they continued their lives for their loved ones.

"You are here," Eric quickly snapped back to his senses.

"Hmmm..." Arabella hummed uneasily but tried not to be obvious. "Are you... are you ready for your flight back tomorrow?" She wanted to confirm.

Eric looked at Arabella seriously. "I changed my mind," Eric answered plainly. "I want to have fun on this island." He added with a stern tone.

"What???" Arabella's jaw dropped.

It wasn't intended but she could not control it upon hearing Eric.

"What's wrong? Is there something that I didn't know?" Eric asked meaningfully.

Arabella could feel her heartbeat was going to explode.

She wasn't good at lying but of course, she had to try her best.

She promised Hanna that she had to help her no matter what.

"What do you mean, brother?" Arabella could not look at him.

She was trying but she could not deceive someone like Eric.

"Nothing." Eric smiled. "Why do I feel you are so tense? Where have you been?" Eric averted the topic.

"Nothing." Arabella smiled at him awkwardly too.

'I'm so sorry, brother.'

At the back of her head, she was so sorry for Eric.

"I just walked around trying to breathe some fresh air and mingle with the good locals." She added to break the awkwardness she felt that was starting to build up in the air.

"Oh, so how're the people here? Are they beautiful? Because... I am thinking to date someone from here. You know, maybe that's more fun than my work in the office." Eric uttered naughtily as he smiled at Arabella.

"Brother..." Arabella complained.

"Hahaha! Just kidding!" Eric chuckled. "Good night!" He sounded plainly then went away.

Arabella froze in her spot frowning so deeply.

She was stunned by Eric's trait just now.

What happened to him?

Did he know something?

Thinking about this, Arabella could not help but felt nervous for Hanna.

The internet wasn't available on the island the same as the network.

Only in this resort, they could get better connections and networks with their own signal transmittal equipment.

"Hi," Suddenly someone sounded behind her.

Arabella quickly turned around.

"Hi," She answered formally seeing it was Charles who had a wide smile on his face as he strode closer to Arabella.

Arabella didn't like the obdurate air Charles was bringing in.

She didn't like him for so many reasons like she could not identify them all.

"Where's everyone?" Arabella felt she was away for a long time and she didn't know what she missed tonight.

Charles smiled at her.

His dimples were deep showing off like they were seducing her.

He stopped in front of Arabella leaving only a half meter away from her.

She quickly took a few steps back from Charles.

"Can we not talk about the others? Can we talk about us?" Charles sounded sexy.

Instantly, Arabella quickly felt all her tiny hair skin go up with this man's arrogance.

For her, it was so irritating.

"I'm sorry. I'm not interested." She quickly answered to block his intentions looking at him with sharp eyes. "Rosy is too good at you. Please behave yourself." Without wasting any more time, she turned around to go directly to her room but Charles suddenly grabbed her arm.

"Oh, sorry. Please, I don't mean to be so rude." Charles mumbled stopping her to go away.

Arabella halted.

She forcefully withdrew her arm from Charles but he gripped it hard.

"Let her go!" They all jolted with the angry voice.

Charles looked at the man quickly.

"Dude, it's just a misunderstanding!" Seeing another man who was so angry approaching their direction, Charles quickly released Arabella's hand as he explained but it was too late.

"Ahhh!!!" The next sound heard was Charles' painful cry.

Damien enragedly strode forward clenching his knuckles so hard and before they could react, Damien's fist already landed on Charles's face.

Blood quickly slipped from his nose.

"Ahhh!" Another punch and cry were heard at the same time.

Charles was directly shoved to the floor.

"Damien! Damien! That's enough!" Arabella sounded in panic blocking his way to Charles.

His expression could kill and Arabella would not let that happen.

"Damien! Stop! Listen to me! Will you, please?" Arabella tried her best to control Damien's intense temper.

She then held his wrist.

“Please...” Damien halted and looked at her seriously.

“Dude! Are you nuts? Why are you acting like I am holding your girlfriend, huh?! It’s not your girlfriend!” Charles was wiping the blood from his nose as he hissed.

“Ahhh!!!” Another cry from Charles made the servants and the other people went out.

After his words, Damien kicked him on the floor.

“Oh my gosh!” Rosy screamed in shock seeing the violent scene.

“Damien! Damien! Stop!” Lira came running in panic.

The two girls heard the screaming and some servants came in too.

“Rosy, what’s wrong with your friends? This guy just hit me!”

Arabella and Lira quickly assisted Damien before everything would get messier.

They knew Damien’s temper and no one could stop him from hurting Charles if he continued his arrogance.

When the three left, Charles shooed his servant.

“Rosy, this is just a misunderstanding, okay? Don’t worry. I am an open-minded person. I already forgive them.” Charles sounded boastfully trying to get Rosy’s side.

Rosy gracefully strode closer to Charles as she smiled at him sweetly.

Then she held Charles’ shoulders.

“Don’t worry. I am also open-minded Charles.” After Rosy sounded, “Ahhhh!!!” Charles’ painful cry was heard again.

“Oopsie! Sorry, I trust my friends more than you.” Rosy said after she strongly hit Charles’ manhood with her knee then she strode out gracefully leaving the man crouching on the floor with intense pain.

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You Can Run But You Can't Hide My Contractual Wife Chapter 444

“Knock! Knock! Knock!” A knocking on the door was heard loudly like the person who knocked was angry and in a hurry.

"Come in." Eric sounded so calm not reciprocating the urgency of the person on the other side.

The door was quickly pushed open.

"Eric, we are leaving now. I already arranged our flight back. 5 minutes we are leaving." Rosy, Arabella, Damien, and Lira strode inside and were ready for the said trip back to the city after what happened earlier.

They were announcing it to Eric since he was not present and wasn't aware of the commotion with Arabella, Damien, and Charles earlier.

They decided that they would fly back to Capital Z and would not wait until tomorrow.

Rosy felt shame with her friends because of Charles.

She never thought that he was a lowly playboy brat.

Just thinking of it, Rosy hated him so much and felt her time was wasted but it was okay.

Charles learned his lesson and that is not to mess up with her and her friends.

With this, Rosy felt they were even.

"I'm not leaving." Just when everyone thought, Eric would be too excited to leave tonight, after hearing his declaration, everyone dropped their jaws in disbelief.

"Wait! What?" Rosy felt she just heard Eric's answer mistakenly.

He was the one who didn't like this vacation and itching to leave, what happened to him?

What made him change his mind that quickly?

Rosy could not find the answer but she felt troubled by Eric's decision while Arabella's heartbeat raced so fast like she was thinking about something that caused Eric's decision to change.

'Could it be, Hanna?'

'Did he already know that Hanna and her brother are here plus his baby?'

Arabella felt intense confusion but she was hoping that Eric had a different reason for this because if that was the case then, she was in big trouble.

Hanna would think that she was the one who told Eric about her existence on this island.

She promised Helen not to tell any single soul about her but now, Arabella felt it was too late.

She sensed that Eric knew it already in some other way.

Arabella could not help but feel pity for Hanna.

“Brother, why?” With her thoughts, Arabella could not help but ask Eric so she could let go of the thoughts that troubled her.

Eric looked at Arabella sharply first then he smirked.

Everyone looked at him as they could still not believe why Eric didn’t want to leave with them.

“I like the resort.” Eric blurted with a meaningful smile. “And... yeah! I think I need a great vacation which you,” Eric looked at Arabella with his smile never left his face, “... and you proposed in the first place.” Then, he looked at Rosy as he smirked.

“But... you see, Eric that Charles is rude. He tried to harass Arabella....” Rosy tried to convince Eric to go back with them but Eric stood up and cut her off.

“Okay...” Eric blurted calmly. “... then I will buy this resort,” Eric answered plainly but his eyes were too serious.

He wasn’t joking but he was so determined which made everyone stunned by him again.

“Wait! What?” Rosy still could not figure out what had happened to Eric in just a day.

She felt troubled about Eric’s behavior and his lame decision. Yeah, for Rosy it was a very lame excuse as he knew Eric all her life. “Come on! This resort??? Eric, you have thousands of resorts around the world and I know this resort would never pass your taste.”

Rosy was telling the truth.

Without her convincing power and Arabella, Eric would not go into this low-end resort compared to what Eric’s properties had.

This resort could never be incomparable with Eric’s 5–7-star resorts.

Eric stood calm unaffected by Rosy’s nagging.

He seemed to know and was prepared for Rosy's complaining behavior.

"You just said it. It is different so I like it." Eric answered philosophically which made Rosy taken aback.

With Eric's determined expression and gritty words, she had nothing to say anymore.

"Then we will take our leave," Rosy answered in a soft disappointed voice.

Obviously, she was tired of defending and complaining because she knew that she would just lose the case with Eric.

"Take care." With Eric's words, they all went out except for Arabella who remained in her post.

When the door was shut closed, Arabella strode closer to Eric.

Her expression was worried and filled with concern.

At first, a deafening silence invaded the room.

"You know..." It was the only words she could spill which already could make a big impact if the other person knew the meaning.

She spoke softly but carried a deep meaning in her tone.

Eric looked at Arabella sharply and then he nodded.

"When?" Arabella asked. Her eyes were full of confusion and worried about them.

"Hmmm... Last night." Eric got his glass of whiskey and took a sip.

The sound of the glass and the wood table bumping together was heard after he put his glass empty.

"But brother..." Arabella knew that she had no right to meddle in Hanna and Eric's matter but she could not help worrying about Hanna. She didn't want to see Hanna suffer in the future as she believed she is a good woman and she is also a good mother to her child.

She struggled so much and preferred to live a simple life on the island when she could go back to what she was good at doing.

With Hanna's beauty, she could just swindle a big fish if she had to but she was determined to change her life for her brother and her coming baby.

Her life's transition wasn't easy but Arabella could see that she was getting used to it and now that Eric knew about her, Arabella was very nervous about what was going to happen next.

"There is no but... Arabella. That baby is mine and she dared to keep it from me?" Eric sounded angry which made Arabella's heart skip a beat.

Now, she sensed that there was going to be big trouble, especially in Hanna's life.

"Whether she likes it or not, that baby is going to be with me," Eric mumbled as he took another glass of whiskey and drank it in one go after he spoke.

"Brother, Hanna just wanted a simple life. You can't make things right by force. You know that!" Arabella wanted to pacify Eric and maybe she could make him a little bit gentle to Hanna.

"Force..." Eric blurted out then he smirked mockingly. "Just leave this matter to me. You can go now." Eric turned around not wanting to prolong this conversation.

Obviously, he didn't want to offend Arabella too.

"Then, you have to answer this question, brother." Arabella refused to go. "Are you ready to betray your family for Hanna?" Arabella was disheartened.

It was not because of Eric but she already knew Eric's response.

She was just very eager to know as she didn't want to hurt Hanna because the ending of a man's confusion and hesitation would always hurt a woman.

Hanna would probably suffer in the end if Eric could not make up his mind.

For a while, no one talked and no one answered.

Eric chose not to answer Arabella sending her a message that she had to leave.

Eric had no plan to answer her.

Without any choice, Arabella turned and left.

"Goodbye, brother. I hope you will not regret anything in the future." Arabella spoke softly but with a serious temperament before she went away.

Eric stood frozen.

The next day, Hanna arrived just in time for work as she remembered Arabella told her that Eric would fly back to the city very early today.

By this time, she was sure that she could not see Eric.

Though her heart was aching, she still found a reason to pacify herself, her baby.

Now, she didn't need to abandon the island and transfer to another place.

Aside from that, she already loved the place so much and also the kind people on this island.

They were like her family already.

Well, she could not please everybody at least, she had co-workers who were very helpful and supportive to her.

Hanna felt a bit relaxed today now thinking that Eric wasn't on the island.

She could continue living in peace.

Hanna entered the kitchen and put her things inside the servants' locker.

Then she fixed herself with her servant uniform.

When she finished, she ultimately entered the kitchen but then she halted.

Her eyes wandered around the big kitchen but she could see no one.

Nobody was inside the kitchen which made her feel so unusual.

She had been working for almost a month there and she knew how busy is the kitchen first thing in the morning plus it was their meeting place unless....

Hanna was thinking of something.

Her brain cells were so busy thinking of why there was nobody in the kitchen except her.

'Did I miss something?' She asked herself and frowned.

'Did they all outside for an important announcement or did Charles talk to them with the order of his mom?'

Thinking about this, Hanna halted in full.

The madame of this resort was a strict woman and she was always eyeing her.

It was said that she was just waiting for her to commit a mistake then she could have a reason to fire her.

Hanna instantly felt nervous if it was the case.

She felt the need to go out and find the others but when she was about to go to the back door, the front door suddenly opened.

Hanna jolted as she quickly look at the person who strode inside.

Seeing the person who she didn't want to see anymore, Hanna quickly turned around and was about to leave in a hurry but, "Where are you going, Helen?" Eric sounded stern. "Oh... sorry, Hanna..." He smirked mockingly. "Running away again?" He asked like there was great disappointment in his voice and at the same time in a strictly cold tone.

Hanna instantly felt trembling like she felt very cold.

How could Eric is still here?

And why he was calling her Hanna?

There was no doubt that he already knew about her.

She could not hide anymore from him.

Hanna felt so messy.

It was not to her expectation and now she didn't know what to do.

Eric strode closer to her.

The sound of his footsteps slowly approaching her made her heartbeat pound hard and loud like a big drum.

"Stop! Stop! Stop it now!" Hanna could not help it.

She ordered him shouting and she felt like crying.

She was mad with the situation she was in right now.

Her peaceful life was now again disturbed.

Why he had to know about her?

He could just take the flight back to where he belonged.

Eric is just too hard-headed.

She had nothing to say to him as they already had separate lives.

She didn't care how he was going to live his life and in return, he should also do that.

Minding their own lives would be the best thing they had to do so they could avoid conflicts.

In the first place, she chose to leave because she didn't want to make his life difficult.

He didn't need to choose between her and his family.

She was giving him an easy solution to his problem but he seemed not to see her effort.

Eric was stupid and Hanna wanted to shout it out loud to his face.

"Don't come closer to me!" Hanna was shouting strongly.

She didn't know how her body would react when he would touch her.

She was afraid that her body and heart would instantly betray her.

The scariest part was herself. She didn't know how much she could hold it.

Eric stopped. "We have to talk." He demanded firmly.

"We have nothing to talk about," Hanna answered quickly.

She was still facing the back door and she seemed no plan to face Eric.

In just the next second, Hanna's arm swayed and she was forcefully flipped to face him.

Eric grabbed her arm and his grip was tight. It was sending her a message that this man in front of her was mad.

Hanna lowered her head not wanting to see Eric's face but he lifted her chin using his thumb.

"Look at me, Hanna." He ordered as their faces were too close to each other but Hanna disobeyed him and had no plan to follow his order.

Her eyes were wandering and obviously avoiding his sharp orbs.

"Hanna... why are you so stubborn, huh?" Eric gritted his teeth in annoyance.

She was avoiding him at any cause and he perfectly knew it.

"About that baby," Eric had no reason to beat around the bushes.

At this point, hearing Eric, Hanna fearlessly met his eyes.

"This baby is not yours," Hanna answered him in a hurry but she was killing softly inside.

She was so nervous and tried so hard not to break down.

She could not let her baby be separated from him and she greatly knew that it would happen in the future if she could not convince him that the baby wasn't his.

But how could she deceive him?

Eric Grant would not be that rich and successful if he could be easily deceived.

Eric smirked mockingly upon hearing her answer.

"I know that baby is mine." Eric looked at her sharply and sounded possessive.

"No! As I told you, this baby is not yours. So you can ease your mind now, Mr. Grant. Please leave us alone in peace." Hanna stood roughly as she sounded firm.

Her furious eyes met his wrath.

Eric suddenly dragged her wrist. "Then come with me." He sounded angry.

"Wait! What? Are you insane?" Hanna shouted madly.

"We are going to have a test." Eric was gripping her so tight and had no plan to let her go.

"Eric, stop!" Hanna shouted again. "You are insane!" She kept screaming.

Eric jolted but he didn't release her arm. Then he turned around to face Hanna.

"Yes! I am insane! I am very insane because all these days, you! I can't get you out of my head! Hanna, you make me very insane!" Eric looked at her with hateful eyes.

Hanna was stunned by his words.

"What's happening here?" Suddenly, someone strode inside.

Charles was shocked to see Eric Grant holding servant Helen.

Obviously, it was beyond his imagination.

"This baby...." Hanna suddenly uttered looking at Eric deeply. "The father of this baby is him." Then she continued pointing in Charles' direction.

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You Can Run But You Can't Hide My Contractual Wife Chapter 445

"Stop it!" The surging tension was building up in the air as Eric shouted angrily.

His expression was dangerous like he wasn't willing to hear any unworthy reasons.

He seemed so sure that the baby was his and no one could change that not even, Hanna.

Charles David stayed lost and very puzzled by the happenings inside the kitchen.

His eyes were stuck on Eric's hand holding his lowly servant, Helen.

His expression was so confused like believing them wasn't an option when the truth was already in front of him.

Eric and Helen had something with each other and that was what his eyes were seeing.

"Yes, it is! He is the father of my child and you have nothing to do with it. Do you understand? Now you can leave me alone!" Helen gathered all her strength to push Eric and she succeeded.

Then, she quickly got back her arm then she ran away using the back door.

The tears that she was holding for too long, make their way down.

As she strode big, they poured like rain along with the heaviness of her heart.

She was very happy to see him again but she was also in a big mess.

If her heart would decide, she would not be probably running away from him.

She may be hugging him and kissing him right now because the truth is, she missed him a lot.

She missed him all nights and days and there were no times that he didn't occupy her mind.

She loved Eric so much and in this lifetime, he would be the only man she would love.

Eric Grant ...

But he is so high.

This reasoning gave Hanna heartache.

And with happened to his family because of her, it was impossible that they could be together.

Hanna just wanted Eric to go away and stop bothering her anymore.

As for Hanna, Eric had nothing to worry about because all her devotion and dedication was to her child.

She would give all her love to her baby and do everything to give the child home.

"What happened here?" The silence was broken by Charles' lame questioning in the kitchen.

He blocked Eric's way as he was about to follow Hanna.

Eric's sharp eyes landed on Charles' face like they wanted to swallow him for Charles to stop asking or saying anything.

Obviously, he had no time for Charles.

"Get away!" Eric sounded so angry and in a hurry.

"Wait. What? This is my resort and she is my servant. I have the right to know what's happening." Charles stubbornly refused but already trembling in fright.

Eric's angry expression was something that he could not afford to take but his pride and curiosity were unstoppable.

If the media reporters could capture the moment of Eric Grant and his maid, this would surely be a big hit all over the world.

Everyone would go crazy about Eric Grant having a love affair with a lowly servant on a small island.

How could it be?

The famous Eric Grant ...

Charles' could still not believe this.

Eric heaved a deep sigh as his dangerous eyes landed on Charles' face.

It made this Charles tremble more.

Eric strode closer to Charles like his every step was telling him to run away or else he would be hurt badly.

"The more you have to get away if you don't want your family's businesses to go bankrupt! Do you understand?" Along with his warning was with his sharp eyes digging Charles while his strong hands held Charles' collar tightly.

Charles had seen Eric Grant always on TV and he always wore a collected noble expression too different from what he was seeing now.

Charles' shoulders instantly dropped down.

Then he quickly stepped aside without any word.

He was completely stunned by Eric's deadly reaction.

Without delaying any second, Eric went away.

Charles was still in disbelief.

He just offended Eric Grant.

He just hoped that Eric would forget about his family's businesses or else he was doomed because his money was coming from his family and Charles exactly knew that Eric was very capable of doing his warning.

He still couldn't believe his servant, Helen.

He never thought that she had a hidden big fish.

Who would have thought that his lowly servant had a relationship with a big business mogul?

With his thoughts, Charles smirked meaningfully.

"Hanna! Hanna! Stop!" Eric was chasing Hanna along the shore where she walked that night when she dropped her handkerchief.

Hanna didn't stop running instead, she ran faster but luckily, Eric was quick enough to catch her.

She quickly took a few steps back but Eric caught her shoulders to stop her in full.

Hanna struggled with all her might.

She pushed him but Eric was overly strong for her.

Eric stood mighty and was not bothered by her struggling.

There were random people on the bay at that time.

Just seeing a handsome figure on the shore made them stop plus seeing Helen, they were more curious about who was the gorgeous man in Helen's life because people saw her already pregnant but they never saw her with any guy on the island.

"You stop!" Hanna's eyes were misty due to her stubborn tears.

She ordered Eric strictly which at this moment it was very impossible that he would obey her.

"If that's not mine, then why are you acting this way? Answer me!" Eric blurted angrily.

Hanna stopped struggling.

She didn't expect that his question would give her a blow.

Obviously, she didn't know how to answer him.

She could not afford to meet his sharp eyes like she was afraid that she was going to fall into his deep dark abyss and couldn't retrieve herself back.

"Look at me, Hanna, and answer me now." Eric sounded impatient and domineeringly as he looked at Hanna's beautiful face.

He could see Hanna's eyes were filled with uneasiness then shortly, his eyes landed on her luscious lips.

Eric knew the time wasn't perfect to reminisce about the last night they had spent together but he could not help himself.

All the sensual details and all that they did that night popped out like bubbles in front of him.

"I miss you..." Eric uttered all of the sudden.

This was completely out of the topic and it just came out from somewhere.

Eric was also stunned that he was being so honest about it.

Hanna who still had trouble answering his question and still trying to find the right answer to it immediately stopped after hearing Eric. Her mind instantly went blank.

She blushed uncontrollably and she was shy about it but it was too late.

Eric grabbed her closer to him and she instantly shove his chest.

Their body touched each other.

She didn't know how to react to this.

She wanted to withdraw herself quickly from him but her body didn't want to cooperate.

She couldn't move at all.

It seemed her body wanted this and it longing him for a very long time.

"Don't do this, Eric." She could only utter complain as her eyes were avoiding him.

"Don't do what?" Eric asked but obviously, it was a tease.

"There's a lot of people here and they all know me so stop harassing me, please." She was right.

On such a small island everyone knew each other. If not, they knew by faces.

"So, come with me." Eric was serious.

His eyes were serious it's just his words were funny to Hanna as he seemed to be teasing her in a broad daylight.

She smirked at him mockingly.

"No! You can't be serious, Mr. Grant. Please leave now and let me go." Hanna tried to calm herself as she knew fighting against Eric would never make her win.

Eric was a good man but he was also righteous and stubborn at the same time.

They shared the same traits sometimes so, it was too hard to choose who would win over the other.

So whatever it is, maybe she could persuade him to go in a nice way.

"I said, no!" Eric was not bothered by her tricks.

He seemed to know more about Hanna and her being nice wasn't an option.

He would not give in to her no matter what.

"Eric, go back to where you belonged and stop bothering me, will you?" Hanna sounded so displeased again.

Her eyes got wider when she saw her co-workers coming toward them.

She saw the old butler, Mr. Harry, Ms. Dally, Beth and etc.

They seemed to know that there was a commotion happening in the place so they went and check.

She instantly felt nervous.

At this time, Hanna hoped that the ground would open and swallow her whole to avoid disgracing herself.

How could she continue living on this island after this?

If people knew that the father of her child is Eric Grant, the billionaire business mogul, there is no way she could live peacefully on this island.

"No! Please go!" With her messy thoughts, Hanna blurted angrily.

She struggled again as her face was blushing.

She didn't like creating a scene but she had to get rid of Eric.

She was struggling using all her might but suddenly, her body was lifted into the air.

Eric suddenly carried her in a bridal position.

"What are you doing? Put me down!" She asked in a panic but Eric seemed to not hear her.

He deliberately didn't want to hear her this time.

"Where are you going to bring me? Put me down, please!" Hanna was already pleading and panicking but Eric strode big still not hearing him.

She saw that they were heading back to the resort and they were going to pass to the other servants.

Hanna could not help but hide her face in Eric's chest.

Seeing this, Eric smiled. He seemed his anger toward her quickly dissipated in no time.

Eric brought Hanna directly to his room.

He locked it and dropped her on his bed.

She was taken aback.

He was a VIP guest in this resort and she was just a servant.

It was not a good idea.

Everyone could accuse her of climbing his bed to catch a big fish.

It wasn't good for her reputation and what about her work performance?

What about the madame of this resort that is waiting to fire her?

Hanna was in big trouble now.

She could not afford to lose this job otherwise they would go hungry.

She didn't know what to do.

All she wanted was to run away from the place urgently.

She was also blaming fate this time.

Of all people, she was to see, but why it had to be Eric?

Why Eric had to be in this resort where she was working?

And why he had to be on the island where she settled?

Grrr....

Hanna could not help gritting her teeth to control her annoyance.

If only she could rearrange her fate, she would not hesitate to undo everything with Eric.

"Why did you bring me here?" She asked with nervousness mixed with annoyance.

"So, we can talk?" Eric answered plainly unbothered by her nagging.

"You are really insane, Eric. We have nothing to talk about. I already closed that chapter of my life where you are in it. Okay?" Helen said seriously and she was very hopeful that Eric would agree with her.

She was very hopeful that he would understand her even though it was very impossible.

"If that's the case," Eric strode closer to her. "Why you are still messing in my head, Hanna?" Eric lifted her chin to face him. Her eyes met his serious eyes. For a while, they stared into each other's eyes.

Helen was hypnotized by his eyes again like she was caught and imprisoned unwillingly.

"I... I don't know," Hanna answered like losing her senses in his deep wary eyes.

She wanted to add or tell him honestly that he was also messing her mind and he was not only suffering that kind of torture but she couldn't.

Hiding her true feeling for him was the best option for her in order to get rid of him successfully.

Eric held her shoulders as his eyes never left her beautiful face.

"Come with me. Let's get out of this island." Eric said in a serious voice.

Hanna felt happy with his words but it was also too painful in her heart because she knew that could never happen.

In front of Eric, Hanna chuckled softly.

She seemed to hear the funniest joke in the universe.

Then she looked at Eric with her self-deprecating smile.

"Then, what about your friend, Rosy? Your aunt? And your uncle Byer?" Hanna was clenching her fists hardly as she asked him the question she never wanted to ask.

She never wanted to bring it up to him as she knew Eric was still hurting about this but she had no choice.

This was the only way she could use for now and she was sure that it was the most effective way but the most painful for Eric.

As expected, after hearing her question, Eric was taken aback.

His courageous eyes instantly turned gloomy.

Seeing Eric like this made her heart clench so hard.

She was sorry for her question but she had to use this against him.

His grip on her shoulders loosened.

She could see guilt in his eyes.

Hanna confirmed that Eric was still in the state where his guilt was maneuvering him.

And this guilt would never go away.

That just meant, there was no chance that they could be together again.

Helen fixed herself and her composure.

She knew she won over him and she could now go freely.

“Goodbye, Eric. Take care of yourself.” It was her last words then Hanna left.

Meanwhile, Rosy and the rest arrived back in the city.

They were all tired but still, they were all awake as the internet fussed about Bill and Trishia’s honeymoon on a very luxurious and the most expensive island.

Their sweet photos were all over the internet.

“Arabella, are you okay?” Rosy asked worriedly.

Lira also looked at Arabella filled with concern about her friend.

Arabella smirked sweetly. “Of course,” She responded but it was obviously a lie.

Rosy quickly read her uneasy expression. “Don’t worry. You know what? Forget about him. There are so many men out there. Don’t be afraid to open your heart to someone who truly deserves your love.” Rosy quickly appeased her dear friend.

Arabella just smiled at Rosy who was now playing the role of an expert love guru.

When Arabella arrived in her new small apartment, she could not help but feel lonely again.

It was a quiet vicinity she had but at some point she liked it.

It was just this time, her heart was still heavy because of the photos of Bill she had seen with his new wife, Trishia.

Inside was dark so she quickly turned on the switches.

But she was suddenly taken aback.

“Bill?”

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You Can Run But You Can't Hide My Contractual Wife Chapter 446

“What???” The next day, when Hanna thought that Eric had already left the island, it was another shock to her life seeing him still in the resort. “What are you still doing here?” She asked confusedly to Eric who was in his stunning gorgeous look wearing his black ray-ban.

He was sitting so elegantly waiting for his food to be served.

Seeing him, Hanna's eyes grew wider as she didn't expect to see him again.

Eric looked at Hanna behind his sunglasses and smirked cutely.

“What's that expression? Am I some kind of contagious disease that is banned from this island?” Eric answered with a cute smile.

He had a very vibrant aura.

A rich handsome stunning guy.

Hearing him, Hanna could not help but roll her eyes at his response.

Why this man was acting as if nothing happened between them?

And why sitting there doing nothing made him look so elegant and handsome?

After realizing what her mind was bringing him, Hanna quickly shook her head repeatedly to get rid of her naughty thoughts that instant.

Admittedly, Eric was always the apple of her eye.

The only love of her life that was why she could not help to admire him and of course deep down in her, she felt happy still seeing him.

It was just the reality of seeing him repeatedly hurting her.

She was afraid that the more she was able to see him the more she would get hurt after.

It was the reality for them and just the thought of it was already hurting her.

“Eric, your friends left already. Why are you still here? Can you just disappear already?” Hanna uttered complaining.

“Hey! What’s with the attitude, huh?” Eric responded coolly.

He wasn’t angry instead his charming smile never left her face like he was seducing her.

Admittedly, it was very effective and she didn’t want to share his charming look with everyone.

She felt jealous just thinking of the crowd seeing Eric’s charming look.

Hanna just wanted to have it all by herself which was very impossible.

“Is this how you treated the most VIP in your resort?” He asked frowning but smiling.

“What are you implying, Mr. Grant?” Hanna asked controlling her temper.

He sounded a bit arrogant but a charming one.

She could not carry on like this meeting him always with his charming look.

She might grow weaker and weaker every day.

How could she resist him?

“I know you are the most VIP, you don’t need to say that. And the most VIP should be served by our most efficient servant and that should not be me. If you will excuse me, Mr. Grant, I will ask Mr. Harry to attain all your needs while you are staying in this resort.” Hanna slightly bowed and left quickly without waiting for Eric’s permission.

She had to leave quickly or she might fall in love with him again.

It was just funny for her to still admire him so much even if she knew the painful fact that they didn’t have a future together.

To further accumulate more pain, she had to avoid Eric as much as she could.

She knew Eric had something up on his sleeve but she had no time to decipher it.

She had to live and work for her little brother and her baby.

Sooner, Eric would get tired, and eventually, he would realize that he could not betray his family and he would leave the island.

Just the thought of it made her heart clench so hard.

“Running again, Hanna?” She heard Eric blurted behind her provokingly but she didn’t stop.

She went directly to the kitchen to gather her strength back and fix her blushed face.

Shortly, she arrived inside and went to the corner, and then catch her breath.

‘When is he going to leave the island?’

‘What is he thinking?’

Hanna was so bothered about Eric’s existence that she could not sit down.

She was walking back and forth and kept massaging her temple.

She felt going to have a headache.

Eric was causing her a headache.

“Helen,” Suddenly someone strode inside the kitchen.

She stopped and looked at the person who called her.

“What is that there?” Charles strode closer to her with a scolding voice.

Helen was surprised that even Charles was still in the resort.

She didn’t need to ask what was he pointing out.

She quickly bowed her head. “I saw how you treat our guests. Do you want me to fire you this instant, huh?” Charles was at the distance earlier watching the two figures.

He still couldn’t about the love story of a well-known billionaire in loved with his lowly servant.

Charles could not miss this once-in-a-lifetime chance to his advantage.

As long as Helen is with them, he could use Eric in the future whether it’s a personal matter or business or beyond that.

"I'm sorry, sir." Hanna had no plan to explain to Charles about her misbehaving earlier instead apologizing was the only thing she could do.

Charles strode closer to her.

Hanna was stunned as she quickly took a few steps back until her back touched the wall's surface. "I didn't know that you are that capable, Helen." With his judgmental eyes, Charles uttered so sarcastically. "I wonder how what is your taste which made that billionaire go crazy over you in spite of having beautiful women around him. You... an island girl!" Charles laughed mockingly.

"Sir?" Mr. Harry suddenly sounded behind them on time which made Charles quickly withdraw himself from Hanna.

"Mr. David we are all here." The old butler added together with all the servants.

"Okay, listen to me closely because I am not going to repeat myself. Do you all understand?" Charles fixed himself.

Everyone nodded to agree with him and looked at him attentively.

"Helen.... Our Helen right here will be the only servant of Mr. Eric Grant. Do I make myself clear?" Charles sounded so serious as he asked everyone.

Though they were shocked, they had no choice but to agree with the owner of the resort.

They nodded with a pitiful look at Helen while she was in a hanging state.

Hanna felt like losing her sanity with Charles' decision.

"And you..." Charles' voice made her snap back to her senses. "You have to continue doing what you do best. Okay?" Charles sounded sarcastic carrying meaningful words.

Hanna was pissed with Charles's arrogance but she had no choice but to control and tried not to oppose this rude man. "You serve Mr. Grant your best and do not offend him. Clear?" Charles added like giving her a dangerous warning.

Hanna nodded to end the conversation and she could not wait for Charles to disappear from her sight.

"Good." That was the only remark Charles said then he quickly left.

"Oh my gosh! He is really getting on my nerves!" Beth could not help but protest Charles' behavior.

"Helen, are you okay?" Ms. Dally was the one who first strode closer to Hanna and asked worriedly.

Hanna smirked uneasily.

How could she answer that?

Obviously, she was not okay but she could not blame anyone because they didn't have facts.

She knew they had lots of questions for her but they held it as they didn't want to offend her.

They didn't want to add more trouble for her.

Hanna nodded at Ms. Dally but her eyes could not lie the obvious.

"Oh, come on, darling! Don't take it to heart. That Charles is just messing with you because he likes you. It is very obvious to us." Ms. Dally was a keen observer person.

She was the only servant who could tell directly whatever she wanted because she was the oldest among all the women servants.

Hanna just smirked at Ms. Dally.

More or less, she knew.

Charles was not hiding his affection toward her from the start but she was not into him and never she would be because he was not her type.

He might be famous because of his athletic figure and cool good-looking but his fans didn't know that he is arrogant and rude and her type was just too far from him.

"Ms. Dally, you don't need to say that. He is not Helen's type though." Beth responded giggling on the side.

"Helen has a very high standard. Higher than the sky." Olivia sounded like daydreaming. She was pointing out something and thinking of one man who she saw with Helen yesterday.

Even without any confirmation, she was guessing that Helen had something with their VIP guest.

All of them could not help but have their wild guesses.

"Ladies, back to work. Spare Helen for now. Let us help her and give our support to her." Suddenly, Mr. Harry butted in as he strode closer to Hanna. "Helen, I know you are troubled but you can do this. Mr. Grant, I think he is a good person. I talked to him once and he is a very kind person, unlike Mr. Charles." Mr. Harry explained as he grabbed Helen's hands. "Just think of your brother and your baby. You need this job and that man would not stay here for a long time. Eventually, he will leave this island soon so just endure whatever trouble you have now. It will all pass. Okay?" Mr. Harry sounded very encouraging.

This is what she needed now.

Yeah, the old butler was right.

So, what if Eric is here?

She could not ruin her life because of him.

She could not continue running away from him.

She had established herself on the island and running away was a drastic move for her, her little brother, and her baby.

Also, Mr. Harry was right.

Sooner, Eric would eventually leave the island.

He had no reason to continue staying there and would take his work for granted.

Eric would go sooner maybe tomorrow.

Hanna was just hopeful that Eric would leave soonest.

She could not wait to continue living her life peacefully on the island and with Eric, peace was too impossible.

After hearing Mr. Harry, Hanna nodded agreeing with the old butler.

"Okay, let us continue our work." Mr. Harry then encouraged everyone.

Without no choice, Ms. Dally gave Hanna a tray for Eric's table.

Hanna heaved a very deep sigh before she completely got the tray.

Then, walked away to serve the meal on the wooden tray.

"I know you are going to be back." Eric sounded cool like he knew that Hanna would appear in front of him again shortly.

His red luscious lips brushed his white perfectly aligned teeth and all she could do was grit her teeth to control her annoyance.

She didn't say a single word to him instead, she served the meal on the table the nicest that she could then when she finished, Hanna slightly bowed at Eric to take her leave but when she was about to turn around, "I think I need someone to be here with me while I am eating." Eric sounded teasingly.

Hanna looked at him pissed. "What?" She asked frowning like she wanted to add annoyingly, 'Are you insane?' but she saw Charles was looking at them so she fixed herself.

Charles seemed to keenly observe her if she was following what they discussed earlier.

"You know, I might have food poisoning, or maybe I want something more later. I hate to call someone. So, might as well...." Eric's serious eyes landed on her before he continued talking. "...stay." With a brief word, it made her heart skip a beat.

Conscious that Charles was watching her, Hanna smiled at Eric as she could not afford to lose her job.

She was showing, acting, and pretending that she was not fighting with their guest. She should give Charles a good impression of her so he had no reason to fire her.

"Eric, can you just leave this resort?" She uttered smiling at Eric but her eyes showed extreme annoyance at the man in front of her. "Can you just vacate this island now? You are ruining my job. Not just my job but my life. Don't you know that?" Hanna sounded these words along with her sweet smile showing Charles that she and her guests were on good terms when in the reality it was the opposite.

Eric smirked at her coolly.

He seemed to find her funny.

Her harsh words along with her smiles. "Wow! When did you practice this hypocrisy?" Eric uttered teasing Hanna. His eyes landed on Charles from the distance and this made him understand her.

Then he pulled out a chair beside him.

"Come, sit with me." Eric seemed not affected by her soft nagging and Charles as their audience.

Hanna just smirked at Eric.

Her eyes were already disdaining him.

If she could not control herself, she would definitely lose her job in an instant.

“Eric, what are you doing? Why are you doing this? What do you need?” She smiled at him though her heart was already trembling.

She was pissed and she was not used to controlling her true feelings.

She seemed to be caught in a no-choice situation and that is what she hated the most.

Eric looked at her so deeply like he was digging her inside.

“You.” He answered. “I want you, Hanna.” He continued with deep emphasis.

His eyes were so sincere that could shake her heart.

Hanna was taken aback.

She didn't like this kind of situation.

If she would believe him, she would be the one who was going to be hurt in the end.

Why this man was making her life so complicated now? Hanna's smile faded away as she needed to breathe ample air.

She had to stabilize herself in front of Eric.

“Eric, you are selfish. You know that.” Hanna could not help but bicker with him.

She was right.

She could lose her job that instant but he didn't care.

He had nothing to lose but her world would crumble without putting food on their table.

Eric was taken aback.

He strode closer to Hanna and held her shoulders.

Knowing that someone was seeing them, Hanna was so uneasy.

“Hanna, I'm staying because it is the only way that I can be with you. And yeah, you can call me selfish because I am putting everything aside just to be with you. So, please, let

me... let me be with you." Eric's eyes met hers and they sincerely talked for a while through their stares without saying a single word.

"Eric, don't you know that Charles is watching us right now?" Hanna uttered.

"By this time, he knew that you are mine." Eric suddenly hugged her.

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You Can Run But You Can't Hide My Contractual Wife Chapter 447

"Johnny, I am here." Hanna survived the work in the resort for the day.

She felt very exhausted even though the work was not that much.

She was with Eric the whole time under the watch of Charles.

How could she argue with that?

"Johnny? Anthony! Are you already there? Open the door now." When they came to the island, Helen intentionally changed their names to be safe and even though it is a big world, she could not stop thinking that someday someone would know them on the island especially her dad but then, she was mistaken yet correct at the same time.

It wasn't her dad who found her first, it was Eric Grant.

Somehow, she was happy that he found them not her dad.

If it was the senator, surely, he would do vicious things on the island just to bring her back to him.

She could not risk the people there whom she already considered her family.

If that happened, she would rather go with him than hurt the innocent people on the island.

"Johnny! Why aren't you opening?" Hanna was already shouting but the door was still shut.

It was always their agreement that he should be already in the house before her works end.

Anthony was quite responsible now as he was the one to prepare and cooked their dinner.

He also cleaned the house while she was away and before he could play basketball with the boys on the island.

Hanna was happy with Anthony's improvement.

He seemed to accept their situation and unlike before, he was now helping her.

"I'm coming." Anthony sounded then opened the door.

Hanna instantly couldn't believe what she saw inside her house.

Her small place was full of groceries, new furniture, and appliances.

If she was not mistaken, a flat 65" smart TV was already mounted on her wall enough for the distance and space of the elegant sofa set in were in her living room.

In her small kitchen, there was a baking oven, toaster, cooking set, a modern two-door ref, automatic washing machine, and a lot of groceries.

She felt her things were more modern and expensive than the resort.

'What in the world is happening?' Hanna muttered in disbelief at Anthony who was so excited about the new things.

His eyes sparked like he could not wait to eat and use the new things around him.

"Sister, people came here earlier and put these all together. Isn't it good?" Anthony announced with excitement.

Hanna lazily smirked.

She didn't need to ask who was the mastermind of all of these.

'Eric Grant!' Her mind was shouting his name annoyingly.

The expensive things inside her house could not be found on the island.

What a rich man could do!

These things were heavy and were transported to the island.

Hanna could not help but wonder what Eric could not do.

Frowning, she gritted her teeth. "Where are our old things?" Hanna asked Anthony.

He shook his head and lifted his shoulders as his response. "I don't know," Anthony mumbled without any idea.

She had not disclosed anything about Eric to her brother yet.

"Ahhh... just eat your dinner and do not wait for me, okay?" Hanna quickly turned around to go out again.

"Wait, sister. Where are you going? You just arrived." Anthony asked curiously.

"Ah... I forgot something in the resort." Hanna answered in a hurry and then went out without waiting for Anthony's response.

She quickly went back to the resort like she was going to a battle.

Her expression was angry.

She didn't like it as she felt Eric was mocking her.

He had no right to touch her things.

He had no right to change whatever she had in her house.

"Do you think I am a materialistic person?"

"Do you really think that you can change whatever you wanted?"

Hanna kept on complaining about Eric in the air along with her big strides.

"You don't have the right!"

"You can't buy me with your money!"

She was gnashing her teeth as she almost ran to scold the man responsible for changing her things.

If only he could change her house that instant, he would transport a house too that was already made.

With her thoughts, Hanna could not help but roll her eyes in annoyance.

When she came back to the resort, she went directly to Eric's room.

She was very careful as she didn't like Mr. Harry and the rest of the servants who were stay-in there would see her.

It would surely give her trouble.

Gossip about her knocking on the guest's door would surely be a heavy blow to everyone.

"Come in," Eric sounded inside like he knew she was going back to see him.

His door was intentionally not locked.

Wow! Eric's confidence was getting on her nerves.

What if she was not the one knocking?

Since he was known as the most VIP of the resort, what if bad guys attacked him?

Hanna could not help but frown as her expression was scolding him in silence.

Without delaying any second, Hanna strode inside.

Her eyes immediately landed on her target.

"Oh, sh*t!" Hanna could not help but utter then she quickly turned around to cover her eyes.

At that moment, Eric was half naked and only a white towel was covered on his waist.

Obviously, he just went out of the shower room.

She could even see some water droplets running smoothly on his muscled chest and wet hair.

"What brings you here?" Eric asked coolly.

"Can you at least put on your clothes first?" Hanna's sounded like she was scolding him for misbehaving in front of her.

Right after, she heard Eric's soft chuckles. He seemed to find her interesting and funny.

Hanna didn't like it.

She was there to scold him and it wasn't on her plan to be seduced by him.

She didn't know what he was thinking at this point.

She should not show any emotions to him otherwise this man would always test her patience and self-control.

She knew Eric very well and even though he was not planning everything, she felt like he deliberately did his thing on purpose.

“What’s the reaction? As if you had not seen me naked.” He murmured complaining at the same time his tone was teasing her.

“Eric... you!” Hanna wanted to protest but then she realized that he was right.

She could only hold her annoyance for him.

When did he become a seductive man?

Eric always behaved before except when he tried to punish her.

“Okay, you may turn around,” Eric announced behind her.

Hanna heaved a deep sigh before she turned around again to face him.

“You!” She protested shouting as she saw Eric was still half naked.

He only put on his sweat pants but he didn’t put anything on his top.

His broad shoulders, muscled chest, and abs were screaming with sexiness.

Eric’s soft chuckles were heard.

He seemed to find her very funny again.

Her innocent reaction was funny but it did turn him on.

“Do you think I am here to mingle, Eric?” Hanna was gripping her annoyance. “Can you behave yourself? Take everything. All... in my house.” She sounded facing the door as she didn’t want to see him naked.

She had said what she wanted so it was time for her to exit his room but before she could reach the door, Eric blocked the door with his topless body.

He stood domineeringly with messy hair down freely on his forehead.

He smirked cutely at her while his two arms were folded in front.

His muscles popped out on his arms.

“Where are you going?” He asked with his sexy smile.

Eric didn’t give her a vibe of awkwardness like the other reunited couple.

He was not distant and cold to her which gave her an overwhelming relief.

The only problem was he was too sexy to handle for her.

The man was still giving her butterflies and tingling sensations just by his stare.

Her heart was panicking and her heartbeat was racing so fast whenever he was around.

“Eric, get out of my way.” She ordered strictly.

She didn’t like what her eyes were seeing.

If she could not control herself, her eyes would be hypnotized by the beautiful view.

“Stay...” Eric sounded. He was ordering her but in a nice way. “Please?” Now, he was begging.

His eyes were like those of an adorable puppy.

“No!” She strongly refused. “A servant cannot stay in a guest’s room. Do you want them to gossip about me and have a bad and dirty reputation? Eric, what you are doing now could ruin me. I am just here to tell you to get everything you put in my house. I don’t need them. Okay?” Helen dared to meet his eyes.

She was determined in her words while he was unreadable.

“Hanna, I just want to help you.” He explained.

“I don’t need your help. I am fine... We are fine,” She had an emphasis on the last.

She wanted to show him that he needed to do nothing.

All she needed was her work so they could survive on the island.

Obviously, she didn’t want to rely on someone especially, Eric.

Eric heaved a deep sigh like he heard a most stubborn girl. “Well then, those were not for you. They are for your little brother and my baby.” His eyes then landed on her belly.

She felt uneasy.

Eric was claiming the baby on her tummy and his expression was very sure that the baby was his.

She then felt very scared.

What if Eric would get her baby away from her?

How could she find them?

With Eric's connections and money, surely, she would go crazy before she could see her baby again.

This is not good.

She had to make Eric leave the island.

"Eric, please. I told you this is not your baby. Charles... he is the father of this baby. We met in H City and he was the one who brought me to this island... we had a relationship. So, stop hoping, I don't want you to expect something that would never happen. I know who is the father of this baby and that is Charles David." Hanna dared to lie while courageously meeting his eyes.

Eric looked at her with strict serious eyes.

He was studying her again.

She just hoped that he would find her realistic.

It was the only way she could put through for Eric.

She was determined to get over of his thoughts that he is the father of her baby.

She never wanted to hurt Eric because she loved him so much but it was the only way that was feasible for her and him.

Eric was unmoved.

His eyes were strictly scrutinizing her.

She could feel her tiny skin hair lift and her cold sweat appeared on her forehead.

Her heart was like sinking.

She could not breathe easily.

Hanna held her grip.

She had to surpass this because it was her baby's matter.

No mother wanted to be separated from their child.

This baby is the reason why she dreamt of living a simple life.

Her baby was the reason why she had to stop swindling with men, a server, and a performer in the club.

She wanted to start a good life with decent work because she wanted to be a good mother to her child.

After a while, Eric strode closer to her.

Hanna instantly felt nervous.

His explicit fragrance wafted her nostrils.

It was so good and she missed his good smell.

“Looked at me, Hanna.” Eric lifted her chin using his thumb. Her eyes were uneasy along with her surging nervousness.

She looked at him courageously.

“I am sure that baby is mine,” Eric smirked while his sharp eyes were digging her inside. “In this lifetime...” Eric continued putting the strands of her on her face behind her ears. “You can only love me and you can only bear my child. Do you understand?” With his domineering demeanor, Eric sounded along with his strict eyes never leaving hers.

It was like Eric was making an irrevocable declaration even Hanna could not change it.

While Hanna was still in a stunned state, Eric used the opportunity to seal her lips with his.

She just didn’t know how he missed her so much.

She just didn’t know how much he wanted to see her and be with her.

She just didn’t know how much he wanted to kiss her again.

Eric could not stop himself and tonight, he had no plan to control himself.

At Arabella’s apartment, she was looking at Bill Sky.

She didn’t know what to feel.

She had mixed emotions about his presence.

Since he appeared in front of her, she was guessing that his sweet honeymoon with Trishia Meyer was over.

Now, what does he want from her?

Arabella heaved a heavy sigh as she was very troubled by Bill's presence in her house.

"What's that reaction?" Bill asked frowning.

He was very handsome with his deep blue turtle neck.

His lips were red and his eyes were clear.

Arabella didn't want to be bothered by his handsome appearance.

Of course, he looked fresh because he just came from a honeymoon.

Her thoughts made her heart clench so hard that instant.

Arabella was tired and didn't want to answer him.

For her, he didn't deserve her response.

She just wanted to pass him and go directly to her room.

In short, she didn't want to talk to him.

Arabella did what was exactly in her mind but Bill quickly grabbed her arm.

He seemed to clearly read her expression.

He then quickly pulled her and made her sit on his lap.

She wanted to get out.

Quickly, she moved but Bill suddenly hugged her tight.

So tight that prevented her to move even an inch or go anywhere.

His explicit fragrance quickly wafted her nose.

This made her realize how much she missed him.

She missed him so much.

Arabella didn't move.

She let him hug her but along with it, she felt happy but annoyed with something at the same time.

"I miss you." Bill sounded softly behind her ear.

He seemed to be true to his words.

She wanted to answer him, 'I miss you too... so much,' but she couldn't.

There was something that didn't feel so right.

Bill is married and what they were doing right now is wrong.

She is going to be a mistress if she let him do this.

With her thoughts, Arabella quickly struggled to get off from him.

"Get out! Get out now!" With an overwhelming annoyance she was holding for these past few days, Arabella shouted hysterically.

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Arabella was so irate with Bill but the latter was calm and unaffected by her nagging.

Bill took his seat back.

Then he crossed his long leg over the other.

He sat elegantly like a powerful king on his throne.

This scene made Arabella more annoyed.

From that moment, she already knew that Bill would not leave even if she would shout at him at the top of her lungs.

He was a professional headache maker.

Arabella could not help rolling her eyes at Bill.

Tomorrow, she was thinking of putting a banner outside.

NO MARRIED MEN ARE ALLOWED INSIDE

Realizing how lame her thought was, she quickly shook her head to get rid of all the nonsense.

Then, she looked at Bill with her sharp eyes.

‘What is he thinking?’

‘What if Trishia knew that he is here?’

‘That would cause another big problem for her.’

‘Trishia would not just go easy with her this time and she is not the type to take things easy especially when it comes to Bill and her.’

With her thoughts, Arabella heaved a heavy sigh.

She could feel another big trouble with Bill’s presence and she could not help but feel hopeless and helpless at the same time.

It seemed that her dream to be with him was impossible as time goes by.

She just wanted to be with him and Adam but it was like finding a pin dropped into a vast ocean.

She just wanted a simple and happy life with her family but it was too hard to achieve the life she wanted.

Arabella heaved a heavy sigh of frustration.

It seemed she could only watch the gorgeous man.

She could not hug him even though she missed him a lot.

She could only imagine and reminisce about their memories of being together.

“Are you just going to stare at me? I am also a good kisser and a human warmer, you know?” Without her realizing that Bill was already facing her, Bill sounded teasing her.

Quickly, Arabella blushed and averted her gaze to the side.

Her eyes wandered uneasily like she was seeing all corners of her house just to avoid the sexy eyes of Bill.

Her heartbeat was racing faster.

"I am tired and I don't want to argue with you, so please close the door when you leave." How could she possibly get rid of Bill Sky? She quickly went to her room and locked it.

She leaned on her door as she closed her eyes trying to calm herself.

Her vacation was too soon and now after a long time, Bill appeared.

She had so many things on her mind plus the new school that she needed to concentrate.

But how could she deal with Bill Sky?

All her concentrations were smashed to smithereens with just his presence.

She didn't know what to do to get rid of his effect on her whenever he was around.

She was troubled and bothered so much by him.

"Why are you so stubborn?" Suddenly Bill sounded outside complaining like he was very entitled to protest against her actions.

Hearing him, Arabella's heart skipped a beat.

Then just in the next seconds, she heard footsteps approaching her room's direction.

She jolted.

She didn't know what he wanted to do but she was determined not to let him in.

She was in her safe place inside her room.

She didn't move with every single step he made, her heart trembled.

It pounded fast and heavily giving her extreme nervousness.

"Didn't I order you to stay in my penthouse? But you are here in this shabby place." Bill sounded again.

His voice was stern and deep.

He stopped upon reaching her door.

"And... you went on a vacation with your exes." He continued calmly but his tone didn't feel right.

He was complaining in a calm way but wary.

Hearing Bill made her clench her fists.

She didn't like his words.

What about him?

She wanted to laugh in mockery.

He just arrived from an expensive luxurious honeymoon abroad and now she had the audacity to question her vacation and the people she was with but instead of protesting, she kept quiet.

She had nothing to prove to him.

They had no relationship that she needed to explain her side of why she had to go on a vacation with her exes and now her good friends.

She isn't his wife nor he isn't his husband.

Arabella felt annoyed with Bill's domineering attitude.

She didn't know how to handle him and she didn't know when she could still control herself.

She also wanted to complain about him and Trishia and how he dealt with things.

She had so many questions that she wanted to ask him but she chose to keep her silence.

Seeing him again made her happy but sad and bothered at the same time.

She felt very complicated and Bill was very easy and calm.

As always, they didn't share the same sentiments.

"Are you really sure, you don't want to talk to me?" Bill was behind her door.

He was on the other side while she was on the opposite surface.

His voice was quite louder this time.

He was not in a hurry but his tone was still domineering.

She didn't answer him.

Truthfully, she didn't know what to answer.

She wanted to say, 'Just go away,' but her heart was clenching hard.

She was reluctant to say something as she didn't know what to answer him.

She wanted to finish the conversation but also, but she didn't want him to go away.

What trouble Bill was causing her?

He went there to complain about her but he failed to explain himself.

She didn't even know if she could sleep tonight.

"I know you are listening to me..." Bill seemed to lean also on the door's surface on the other side. "I want to let you know that I am angry with your actions. You kept on disobeying me and you are testing my patience." He continued talking on the other side. "You are not following my orders again and you know how I punished people for their disobedience." He remarked like he was calmly scolding her.

Deep, serious, and frightening, she could describe Bill's tone.

She was just rolling her eyes at his words.

So what?

Why she felt committed a very mortal sin with what she was hearing?

It was not what she wanted to hear.

After a while, there was a deafening silence.

Bill stopped talking but she could still feel his presence on the other side.

He seemed to think thoroughly.

She didn't know what he was thinking right now and why he was still there.

"Trishia and I..." Suddenly, Bill uttered. He seemed hesitant to explain himself.

Obviously, he was not used to it.

It seemed his situation felt awkward to him.

With his words, Arabella's two ears lifted actively.

Obviously, she was waiting for him to explain.

“Don’t believe everything you saw and heard.” Bill sounded brief like it was the only words he could give to her just to appease her.

Though she wanted to hear more but realizing Bill Sky took time to explain the matter to her was already a great relief.

She smirked trying to calm her heart and mind.

Maybe, for now, she had to be satisfied.

After a while, she finally heard his footsteps going away.

Then the main door was opened and shortly, it was shut.

Arabella heaved a deep sigh.

She felt disappointed but a great relief at the same time.

It felt like Bill went there not to complain but explained himself.

He just wasn’t that expert to give someone an explanation of his deeds and whereabouts.

She quickly ran out to check if he was gone.

To her disappointment, Bill had totally left.

She felt lonely again until her eyes landed on a red invitation card placed on the center table of her living room.

If she was not mistaken, Bill put it there before he went away.

Arabella quickly got the card and in just the next second, she put it down.

Her eyes turned empty.

How could she forget about the date of Sky Corporation’s anniversary?

It was going to be the day after tomorrow but she could not think of any reason why Bill invited her.

Why she had to be there at the said event?

To humiliate her again?

How could she forget this event brought her into a disastrous life?

Seven years ago, she was humiliated in the middle of the crowd.

Her reputation was ruined and everyone looked at her as the dirtiest woman in the world.

Who could also forget that this event ruin her good relationship with her aunt Kelly and everyone blamed her for the death of Ed Sky, Bill's father?

This event was a total disaster for her.

Thinking about this, Arabella wanted to throw the invitation immediately into the trash bin beside her but her phone rang.

The caller was Bill Sky.

"Why are you giving me this?" She answered annoyingly.

For her, the invitation served as a reminder of her tragic past.

She didn't know what Bill was thinking but she didn't feel right.

"Trust me. Just attend the party. I will be happy to see you there." Bill plainly answered her annoying words.

"Bill, what are you trying to do? You are going to be with your wife. Bill, it's been seven years ago! Why do you still hold grudges against me? Until now, I am still putting back the pieces of myself. Please spare me from another disaster." Thinking of the past, Arabella felt her body trembling.

She could not forget how she was humiliated in front of a crowd.

After seeing the video of her and Jayson together, there were people throwing wine at her face.

Her face and gown were soaking wet with red wine.

Someone also pulled her hair, pinched her, and scratched her.

She was just so lucky she came out that night alive.

It was the most tragic night in her life and Bill wasn't there for her.

She suffered and broke down alone.

Now, Bill wanted her to attend the same event.

"I'm sorry." Bill's voice snapped her back to her senses.

His tone was deep and sincere. "I'm sorry that I let you suffer and I was not able to be with you at that time." He continued like he felt the pain she had.

"I want to make everything right. Just trust me on this. Will you?" Bill asked in a deep serious tone.

She didn't know if she had to believe him again.

Believing him always caused her disappointment.

"No, I will not attend." She answered stubbornly and ended the call.

She quickly turned off her phone.

Her decision was fixed.

She would not go to his company's anniversary.

She rather stays in her house than go to this event.

Arabella spent a sleepless night after.

The next morning, she was determined to start her day right.

She went to the school and met Damien with Lira.

They were also early.

They had breakfast together then suddenly Damien put the same invitation card on the table.

Arabella was stunned.

Bill invited her friends.

What was he thinking?

"Are you guys going?" She asked Damien and Lira with a frown.

"Are you?" Damien responded with another question.

"No!" She answered with a strong refusal.

"That's good to hear then we are not going," Damien answered lazily.

At lunchtime, a messenger came into the school.

Lira accepted the package for Arabella.

They looked at each other as the sender was Bill Sky.

Arabella opened the wide box and to her surprise, it was a red cocktail gown.

She was amazed at the expensive gown but also annoyed at the same time.

She made it clear to him that she was not going but why did he still waste his money and effort to buy this gown?

“Do you want me to throw it?” Damien quickly came to her rescue.

Arabella wanted to say, ‘yes,’ but there was a part of her that hinder her.

She wanted to keep everything that was coming from Bill and she hated this part of her.

“Just leave it there.” She answered trying to gather her cool.

Then she stood and went outside to gather some air.

“Whatever that was bothering you, just let go. He didn’t deserve everything.” Suddenly, Damien stepped outside too.

She looked at Damien and then she smirked.

He seemed to read her mind.

“Arabella, you remember our life before with Adam? The three of us?” Damien looked at her seriously.

She smiled. Those days were precious in her heart. Then, she nodded.

“We are simple yet we are peaceful. We don’t need a lot to live simply and happily.” Damien smiled thinking of their happy moments together which were too different now.

“I missed those days,” Arabella muttered in the air.

Damien glared at her then he smiled. “Then why not let’s go back abroad and live there?” Damien asked seriously.

Arabella jolted. She felt something wasn’t right with Damien’s question.

She felt the atmosphere get instantly awkward but then Damien broke a smile.

“Just kidding. I just missed those days too.” He uttered smiling coolly.

Arabella smiled too as they reminisced together while Lira was looking at them from a distance.

When school time was over, Damien invited them to have dinner outside.

While they were about to leave, a black Mercedes stopped in front of their school.

Trishia Meyer came out and strode gracefully to their office.

Her eyes were distrustful.

She seemed to be there to create chaos.

Trishia entered their office without invitation wearing her strict mocking look.

Lira quickly faced Trishia.

“You! Get out of my way! I am looking for my husband’s mistress.” Trishia strictly said at Lira.

Arabella stood in front of Trishia. She never trusted this woman to create good.

“Trishia, this is a decent school so your savage behavior is not allowed here,” Arabella warned Trishia but the latter just smiled at her annoyingly.

“Oh! So you are a teacher now! Hahaha...” Trishia laughed as she strode closer to Arabella teasingly. “Teacher slashed mistress.” She continued mocking her. “Tell me that my husband wasn’t with you last night and I will stop.” She said so sure that Bill was with her last night.

Arabella halted. Trishia knew that Bill went to her apartment last night.

“Get out!” Suddenly, Damien shouted angrily as he had enough of Trishia.

He dragged Trishia forcefully outside.

Lira and Arabella were shocked.

“Get off of me!” Trishia shouted angrily outside.

Damien pushed her violently.

Trishia smirked at him as she strode closer to Damien without fear.

"Huh!" She chuckled softly. "I know who you are." She said to Damien meaningfully along with her wicked grin.

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You Can Run But You Can't Hide My Contractual Wife Chapter 449

"I know what you are capable of doing." Trishia was gnashing her teeth talking closer to Damien's face without any fear.

Then she smiled at him. "We are in the same boat don't you ever forget that." Trishia patted Damien's shoulder coolly and she quickly went away.

Damien stood rooted on his spot when Arabella came to stop him but it was too late.

Trishia was already gone.

Maybe she was scared of Damien's actions a while ago that was why she left that instant.

Knowing Trishia, she would not leave as long as she was not satisfied with her purpose of coming to her school.

"Damien, are you alright?" Arabella asked worriedly seeing Damien was still not moving.

It seemed her voice just snapped him back to his senses.

"Hmmm..." Damien answered Arabella nodding assuring her that he was good and there was nothing to be troubled of.

"Why do I feel that you are not, okay? Did Trishia tell something to you? Oh, please, I want to apologize, Damien. She should spare you for my matter." Arabella knew Damien for too long now and more or less she could read his eyes if he was troubled by something.

"Nothing..." Damien answered briefly.

He was avoiding her stare.

"Are you sure?" Arabella could not help to ask him again as it seemed that Damien's answer didn't satisfy her.

"Yeah, of course." Damien smiled at her and then strode back to the office but he stopped before he could reach the door.

"Arabella, I don't want you to get hurt. With Trishia's power and connection now, she could easily kill you. So, please avoid her husband the best that you can." Damien said sincerely to her before he completely got inside the office.

Arabella was left dumbfounded by Damien's words.

He was absolutely right but how could she do it?

It was not her who always appeared in Bill's life.

It was Bill Sky.

He was the one who got inside her apartment last night.

He even gave her an invitation to his company's anniversary.

"Believe me, Damien, I am doing my best," Arabella muttered in the air as she was gritting her teeth after being determined with her words.

Maybe her best wasn't good enough because if she was already doing her best, Trishia would not come and bombard her with harsh words.

But seriously?

How could she get rid of Bill completely when she wanted him so badly?

So much... that was already hurting her to see him with someone else.

So much... that her heart was deeply wounded thinking that he was already someone's husband.

How could she get rid of her love for him?

If she was a dirty woman, she already grabbed the opportunity last night.

If she wanted Trishia to die in anger and jealousy, she already took the chances that Bill was giving her.

She could tempt him to be with her arms again or him on her bed.

She could definitely do that but she was not that dirty woman.

Love could be so desperate sometimes but Arabella didn't want to indulge in a dirty love.

That kind of love would just cause her another trouble and she was not just putting only herself in trouble but also her loved ones especially her son, Adam.

True love was not dirty.

It is genuine and that kind of love isn't selfish.

He would rather protect her loved ones than satisfy herself.

"Excuse, Ms. J, should I bring your package to the car?" Her thoughts were disturbed when Lira sounded behind her.

She was talking about the gown Bill had sent her earlier.

Realizing, Damien's words, she answered, " Could you bring it here to me, please?" She asked politely.

Damien came out with the parcel.

It was an elegant red box and it really looked very expensive.

She looked at Damien who was also looking at her at the same time.

Without any hesitation, she got the expensive box from Damien and quickly put it in a big trash bin beside her.

For the last time, Arabella looked at the box like she was telling herself that she was doing a good job and it is the best thing she had to do then she turned around and went away.

Damien was left standing outside then he smirked mysteriously.

Tomorrow was Sky Corporation's Anniversary party.

The three people went to a restaurant to have dinner and some more drinks because the next day was a weekend.

They didn't need to go to school and they didn't have the plan to attend the party.

Arabella and Damien drank too much while Lira didn't because she was going to drive.

Even without asking the two have obviously had personal problems that they could not share with the group.

Those were the problems that only alcohol could solve.

Figuratively, alcohol could make forget problems and could make you sleep easier.

Just easy and quick because after you were sober, the main problem was not totally gone but for the people who suffered enough and for those people who were badly hurt, that quick moment already meant a lot.

“Okay, I think I am done drinking. Let’s go home. Oops!” Arabella announced as she stood but she tripped.

Luckily, she got her balance quickly, and instead of on the floor she was shoved back into her seat.

“Ms. J, be careful.” Lira was also quick enough to assist her.

“Be careful, will you?” Damien said annoyed with her action. “Be careful, I don’t want you to get hurt.” He said it again.

Arabella frowned.

She knew Damien said it earlier in the school and now he was saying it again.

He must be very worried about her.

“Don’t worry my friend. I am and I will.” Arabella answered him satisfyingly.

“Nah...” Damien uttered shaking his head strongly showing his refusal. “Because if you are, you will choose me over that dangerous man, Bill Sky.” He continued with a tipsy expression.

His head was leaning on his palm while his other hand was holding a bottle of beer.

His expression and tone were carrying disappointment.

Hearing Damien, Lira was taken aback.

Even though she knew Damien’s feelings for a long time, she still felt hurt.

She still could not process everything and instead of complaining she rather felt the intense pain all by herself secretly.

Arabella looked at Damien and chuckled softly. “Thank you. You are always there for me, my friend.” Arabella didn’t put Damien’s words to heart. She avoided giving the wrong meaning to his words.

She knew he was drunk and she was already drunk too.

All their words were just caused by their drunken state.

“Nah! Just leave that dangerous man if you wanted a peaceful life and away from any troubles. Do you understand me? Let’s just go back abroad and live together the same way as before. Leave that man! Okay?” Damien was looking at Arabella seriously.

His tone was strictly ordering Arabella like there was also a trace of anger in it.

“Damien, that’s enough. You are drunk already.” Lira felt the commotion and the tension was surging up in the air.

She quickly butted in to pacify Damien.

His expression was serious and his words were serious.

“Shhhh.... Lira, I am just telling the truth. Just don’t interrupt.” Damien cut her off while putting his index finger on his lips signaling Lira to shut up.

“Okay, let’s go. No need to bring me home. I can go home by myself.” Arabella suddenly stood up trying to balance herself.

She was determined to go home alone and didn’t want to hear anything about Bill Sky.

“No, Ms. J, wait. You can’t go home like that.” Lira quickly went to her to stop Arabella.

Arabella turned around to face her. “Shhh... what did I tell you, huh? Stop calling me, Ms. J. Lira I am not your boss. You...” She pointed to Lira, “...and you!” Then she pointed to Damien. “You two are my friends and my family.” Then Arabella pointed her heart. “So, go on... take care of Damien. I swear I can manage.” Arabella waved her hand at Lira then walked in a zigzag while she kept on burping.

Lira was left without a choice.

She looked at Arabella’s back who was trying to walk in the correct direction and at the same time trying to gain her balance not to stumble.

“Arabella, don’t leave me....”

“Arabella...”

Lira’s senses were snapped back after hearing Damien’s voice.

His head was leaning on the table’s surface while his eyes were closed.

He was very drunk and was summoning someone in his sleep.

“Arabella Jones, choose me instead of him.”

“I can love you more than he could...”

“Arabella... I can also give you all the things you needed...”

“Don’t go away...please...”

Stay with me... please...”

Lira could clearly hear Damien’s muttering.

All these times, she should be used to it but she still felt so badly hurt whenever Damien was doing this.

He kept on muttering Arabella’s name whenever he was drunk.

He still couldn’t get over her and he seemed no plan to get over with her.

With her thoughts, Lira’s heart clenched so hard.

“Let’s go,” Lira pulled herself together as she assisted Damien to her shoulder.

Damien suddenly hugged her.

Lira was stunned.

He hugged her so tight.

“Damien.... Let’s go now. Let’s go home now.” Lira tapped his back as she muttered.

“Arabella... “

“Arabella just stay with me...”

“Don’t leave me ever again...”

Damien muttered with closed eyes.

Lira tapped his shoulder.

“I will not leave you again. I promised.” She answered Damien while a tear skipped from her eye.

After Lira’s answer.

Damien kept quiet.

It seemed her answer satisfied him.

Lira quickly wiped her tear.

She remembered Arabella earlier.

She could not blame Damien why he could not get over her because she was truly sweet and a good woman.

Arabella is pure and has no hidden hypocrisy unlike her.

Lira looked at her reflection in the glass bottle.

In Damien's life, she was just a substitute for Arabella.

Damien loved Arabella, not her.

She lived acting Arabella whenever Damien was drunk.

She comforted Damien whenever he missed Arabella and gave him what he wanted as a man.

She took care of Damien and stayed beside him even though he loved another woman.

She was not a masochist for staying with him.

She stayed because she had a very deep reason.

Thinking of her reason, another tear came out from her eye.

At this point, Lira let her tears roll on her cheek down to her chin.

Then after she heaved a very heavy sigh.

She had her reason and she chose to hide it on her own and no one should know about it.

Lira just wanted to bury this reason deep in her heart.

Meanwhile, Arabella waiting for a cab.

She sat at a waiting kiosk with some people trying to get sober.

Now she regretted drinking a lot but thinking about the reason she drank a lot, she smirked satisfyingly.

Now she had a reason not to attend that party.

She would surely have a hangover tomorrow.

She would get an immense headache and she would spend her whole day tomorrow in her bed.

With her thoughts, now, she was not regretting at all.

She smiled satisfyingly.

When she reached her house, it was a bit late like just another tick of the clock and it was already morning.

She strode inside and she frowned upon realizing that she didn't insert any key into the door but it opened.

She smiled thinking that she already had superpower or that her door had an amazing characteristic but her smile sooner faded upon seeing the angry man sitting on her couch.

Bill was inside her apartment again without any notice and he seemed to wait and sit on the couch for a very long time.

His angry expression was screaming impatiently.

"Oh, you again." She mumbled then smiled throwing her bag elsewhere.

"Where have you been? You are not answering my calls." Bill sounded impatient.

Arabella frowned and strode closer to Bill.

Her face moved closer to Bill like she wanted to see something on his face.

She stared at him for a little while then, "Who are you again?" She asked like she didn't meet him before.

Bill was speechless.

His eyes turned called not because of her question but because of her smell.

She smelled alcohol.

His expression was so displeased as his eyes were already scolding her but then he smiled trying to play with her drunkenness.

"Me?" He sounded. "I am your husband." He answered gripping her shoulders.

Arabella smirked unsatisfyingly upon hearing his answer.

"I bet not." She responded with dissatisfaction. "You can't be my husband." She exclaimed then she smiled. "You are...." Arabella pointed to his chest.

Bill was waiting for her appropriate words as her face move closer to him. "You..." She sounded again as her face was just 3 inches gap from him. "You..." She seemed to find the best word to describe him but she could not say it.

"Who am I to you?" Bill asked smiling cutely as her movements turned him on.

She knew the girl in front of him was driven by alcohol which is why she was acting unusual and daring.

"Hmmm," Her eyes were meeting him while she bit her lower lip still thinking of that best word deeply.

Seeing Arabella biting her lower lip, Bill could feel something uncontrollable.

He wanted to bite her lips too.

She didn't know how much he missed her.

He never thought of taking advantage of her in her state but how could he control himself if she kept turning him on?

After a while, Arabella smiled. "I know who you are." She exclaimed excitedly.

Bill frowned waiting for her to continue.

"Hmmm... I am sure you are not my husband because you are... you are.. a dragon." She announced. "Look, your nose was already breathing fire," She cutely poked his nose and then withdrew herself from him but Bill quickly grabbed her wrist and pulled her back to him.

She got out of balance and quickly shoved to his chest and sat on his lap.

She looked at him stunned.

With his predatory eyes dug deeply into her, "Then let me prove to you that I am not a dragon but your husband," Bill charmingly said then without any warning he sealed her lips with his.

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You Can Run But You Can't Hide My Contractual Wife Chapter 450

"Why... why are you here?" When Hanna arrived at her house after work, she saw Eric with her brother, Anthony. They were sitting on the sofa and watching a movie like they were already close friends.

"Sister, brother here... we played basketball earlier then we get tired and went home." Anthony quickly stood up to greet Hanna and assisted her with her bag and the things she was holding.

Hearing Anthony, Hanna frowned.

She didn't believe that Eric could be this friendly.

But she couldn't avoid thinking about his plan.

She knew Eric had something up his sleeve.

Hanna just didn't like that her brother would be dragged into their matter.

She didn't like her brother would be hurt because she knew his brother was already beginning to like him judging from Anthony's jolly expression. If Eric would be staying on the island, it would be okay but she clearly knew that Eric would leave them sooner. She didn't want to put her hopes up on him because she knew she would surely be disappointed.

Eric could not continue living on the island and he would never throw everything he had for them.

"Bro... brother?" Hanna asked with a deep frown.

Anthony smiled at her and nodded.

His expression was something and she didn't like it.

Anthony was playing a matchmaker for them.

"Eric! We need to talk." Hanna called out the man who was lazily sitting on the sofa and he seemed not part of the topic.

After hearing Hanna, he looked at her calmly and smirked.

"Okay, come here and sit beside me." He ordered tapping the space beside him.

Hanna looked so annoyed as she felt there was a new owner of their house.

"No! Outside!" Hanna ordered almost shouting.

Eric heaved a sigh like he was complaining about her stubbornness in his mind.

Hanna looked at Anthony like she was reprimanding him to go to his room through her eyes.

Anthony quickly got the message and ran to his room.

After he left, Hanna went to Eric and held his arm forcefully pulled him up but Eric was overly strong than her. He pulled her instead then, she was quickly shoved into the space beside him.

Eric smiled satisfyingly at her while she was bursting with anger.

"What are you doing here and why are you with my brother?" She was rolling her eyes in annoyance.

Eric looked at her and then smirked charmingly.

"Didn't you want to see a handsome guy inside your house?" He answered kiddingly.

"Hahaha! Should I laugh now? I am serious, Eric." Now she understood why he didn't see him in the resort.

It seemed he went out to mingle with her brother, Anthony.

After seeing that Hanna was already bursting with annoyance, Eric's face got serious.

His eyes were fixed on her.

"I... I'm going back to Capital Z," Eric uttered seriously.

Hanna heard Eric clearly and she was suddenly taken aback.

She was right, Eric would leave them sooner.

And the time was just too quick.

She should be happy that at long last, he would return and leave the island but why she felt so sad?

Hanna felt disappointed and her heart seemed crying.

Even though, she tried to smile hiding her true feelings.

“Then, good for you.” She uttered trying her best to hide her real emotion toward Eric.

“Hanna, I want you to come with me.” Eric suddenly held her hands.

Hanna wanted to say yes.

God knew how much she wanted to be with him but she couldn’t.

If only her heart could shout, it already betrayed her.

“You know that I” Hanna answered and she was about to refuse him but Eric cut her by putting his thumb on her lips.

“Shhh... I don’t want to hear your answer now.” Eric sounded so sincere. “Tomorrow, I will wait for you tomorrow in the resort. I expect you to come with me, Hanna. I want you to come with me.” Eric continued with his hands holding hers then he hugged her.

Hanna felt her heart shatter into pieces again.

She didn’t understand why she had to see Eric again and they had to separate from each other again.

Her tears wanted to betray her but she tried her best not to cry behind him.

Eric’s hug seemed to tell her his last goodbye and it seemed it was the last time they would see each other.

Meanwhile, when Bill kissed her, she was stunned a little.

This was because the alcohol made her body hot and hotter when Bill started to flirt with her.

Just when her phone rang, she was quickly snapped back to her senses.

Quickly, she pushed Bill and got her phone as she frowned thinking of why she kissed the man and she even let him kiss her.

"You can go home," Arabella sounded so uneasy like she was already sobered.

"Seriously? After what you did to me? Ahhh!" Bill was mad. He obviously didn't like Arabella's attitude.

He quickly stood up and went to her shower room.

"Hey, what are you doing? Where are you going?" She asked panicking. "Go back to your home right now!" She exclaimed annoyed with the man who invaded her place again.

What made him so irritated was that Bill moved into her house like he owned her place.

Bill just halted at the center and turned around to face Arabella, "This is my home." Bill claimed as he smirked then went straight to the bathroom without waiting for Arabella's reply.

Arabella was puzzled by his claim.

She never gave him any right to her house and she had no plan to give him.

Everyone knew that Bill was a married man.

How could he put her reputation in a dangerous state?

If people knew, surely, her reputation would be ruined.

With her thoughts' Arabella's jaw dropped as her eyes grew wider.

Then, she touched her lips with unstable breathing. "Oh my! Oh my! What did you just do? Arabella!" She muttered in the air thoroughly questioning herself after she realized that she just kissed a married man.

"Yeah, it is Bill Sky but his status isn't the same anymore and you and he were nothing.

Why did you let it happen, huh?" Along with her noisy ringtone was her voice mocking herself.

She was immensely complaining and at this point wanted to choke herself. "Arabella, you are a sinner!" She exclaimed in the air as she held her hair with her two hands and shook her head.

She was guilty of everything that happened.

Though she tried to stand what she believed was correct but whenever Bill was around, she was always shaken.

Her heart trembled and her heartbeat raced so fast.

She lost all her control and then everything was ruined just like that.

That was all the effects whenever Bill was around and she was aware that she needed to stimulate strong control and barrier between them but the big question was, HOW?

How could she hide from him when he could even enter her house without her giving the key?

It was just so funny that in these modern times, rich people like Bill could always find a way on whatever they wanted using their power, people, and money.

Arabella even wondered if she had a tracker.

She quickly shook her head to get rid of her silly thoughts then she got her phone.

Eric Grant.

She quickly answered seeing the caller's name.

"What's up, brother?" She tried to calm her voice. Arabella just hoped everything with Eric and Hanna was settled.

"Are you coming to the party tomorrow? Eric asked. Though he never mentioned a lot of details, she already knew what he was talking about. This also confirmed to her that Bill invited Eric and she could not help but feel bothered.

"No. Definitely, I'm not going my brother." Arabella answered with a strong refusal in her tone.

Eric seemed to be caught in silence on the other line.

"Brother... how are you?" Arabella felt the need to ask.

"I'm in Capital Z now for the party tomorrow." Eric's tone was emotionally blank.

"Are you... are you, okay?" Courageously, she asked. Arabella was worried about Eric and Hanna. The way she saw things, wasn't that good. Eric's voice was gloomy and he left that island quickly. It just meant Eric and Hanna separated ways again.

"I... I am." Eric plainly answered.

"Would you like to talk about it?" As a woman, Arabella had strong senses and she could feel Eric was not okay even though he denied it.

"Hmmm, no need. I will just see you tomorrow at the party." Eric announced then he cut the call.

"Wait! What? Brother, I said... I am not going!" She mumbled but it was too late, Eric had dropped the call.

After a while, she frowned as she felt awkward. Eric was awkward.

He seemed sure that she was going to the party when she had no plan to attend.

She was never going to attend and humiliate her life again at that party.

"Done talking?" Bill sounded behind her. She quickly turned around to face him. Her eyes grew bigger seeing the man's wet sexy abs. Bill stood up top naked. He only wore back his pants. His hair was still wet and messy which made him so cute to look at. Though Arabella found it very hard to ignore the sexy sight in front of her, she tried her best to avert her gaze to the corner of her house.

"Bill, why are you doing this?" She complained clenching her fist. "Why are you inviting all my friends to your party, huh? What is this again? Another trick?" She felt angry as she remembered the moment when she was embarrassed by people at that same party.

"Hmmm..." He just muttered as his expression was not affected by her nagging. Bill wiped his wet hair like he was not in a hurry.

"Bill! I am freaking serious here!" She hissed angrily. "Please stop ruining my life." She was begging in her anger.

"You are going whether you like it or not." Bill took his shirt and went away.

"Wait! What?" Bill just left without waiting for his response. She ran to chase him but Bill was gone.

She stood rooted on her spot for a while as her mind was in a deep mess.

She was puzzled by Bill's words and she knew there was something with him.

"Bill, what are you planning?" She muttered in the air while wracking her brain.

She eagerly wanted to know so she could get herself ready for anything.

The cold air outside snapped her senses back.

She quickly went inside to get herself warm.

In her bed, Arabella could still not avoid thinking about the party and Bill's words before he went away.

They made her unable to sleep the whole night.

Before the night ended, one thing was fixed for her and that was, she was not going to attend the party because she knew that party would be no good for her.

She could not let anyone or herself be embarrassed again.

Morning came so quickly.

The sunlight entered through the gap in her curtain which made her open her eyes.

She heaved a heavy sigh as she felt the expected headache due to her drinking last night.

Arabella was not in a hurry to get up but she had to mend her headache.

She quickly stood up and went out of her room.

When her eyes landed on the couch where Bill and she sat last night, all the memories at that moment instantly flashed across her mind.

She felt good about it but was quickly covered with sadness at the same time.

After realizing her complicated emotions, she shook her head to get rid of the memories in her mind.

She should not be thinking of those as she prohibits herself to think of Bill.

Just by thinking of the married man, she was already committing a sin.

She quickly went to her kitchen and got herself a glass of water then she drank medicine to get rid of her hangover.

In just a few hours, the anniversary party would start.

She didn't wish anything bad would happen to the party.

Instead, she wished the party of Bill would be fun and successful.

After she got her breakfast, her doorbell rang.

She had no choice but to open the door.

The person behind the door was another delivery man.

She didn't need to ask about what he was going to give her.

Judging from the size and kind of box he was holding, Arabella knew that it was from Bill and it was a cocktail gown again.

She didn't want to receive it but upon realizing the delivery man's trouble after, she received the parcel.

She didn't want anyone to be in trouble with her personal matter.

When she entered back inside her house, she just threw the box onto her couch without bothering to see what was inside the box.

She was just so impressed how Bill could waste his money and effort after declining his invitation but even if he would send her thousand of gowns, she would not go.

It was clear to her mind and to herself that she would not go to that party and no one or nothing can convince her.

After she cleaned her house, she went back to bed.

Finally, it was time for her to rest her mind and didn't want to be bothered by the party that was going to happen.

Arabella quickly took a nap.

"Mom? Mom? Mom...." Suddenly, she heard Adam's voice calling her.

She was not mistaken, it was her son. She felt so happy hearing Adam's voice but was unsure if it was real or a dream.

Her eyes were closed and the last thing she remembered she felt asleep.

She was pretty sure she was just dreaming. Well, even in her dream, she was happy to hear from Adam and she also wanted to see him but it was all dark.

"Mom? Mom...." She heard Adam again.

"Mommy! Open the door, please. I am here outside. Mommy! Mommy!" Adam sounded followed by loud knocks on her door.

At that moment, Arabella quickly opened her eyes.

She was sure, she wasn't dreaming.

Adam was outside as she still kept hearing knocks on her door.

Realizing everything, Arabella smiled.

She felt so happy and excited.

She ran outside and opened the door.

Quickly saw her chubby charming boy smiling lovingly at her.

He was dressed up so gorgeous with his black tuxedo and well-fixed hair.

“Mommy!” Adam quickly hugged her. “Get dressed now, mommy, because you are going to be my muse at the party.” Adam’s adorable dimples showed with begging eyes.