

Read Novel You Can Run But You Can't Hide My Contractual Wife Chapter 361

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Bill opened the door of his bedroom.

He seemed to memorize every detail of his house that he could easily maneuver around even in the dark.

When she reached in Bill's room, she felt something was wrong.

She could not find any happiness that finally Bill was going to bring him to the master bedroom of his house.

She was not overwhelmed by what they were going to do in his room.

Her nervousness was surging up and her mind was in a deep mess.

Something was off and she could feel the extremely cold air telling her that there was danger inside his room.

When the door closed, Bill suddenly pushed Arabella against the wall.

Her back landed on a hard wall hardly and it caused intensive pain.

She endured it as she tried to stabilize her weak knees.

"Are you thinking that I'm going to touch you?" Bill asked with a very sarcastic tone.

Arabella could feel the warmth of his fresh breath and scent mixed into one.

She didn't move and didn't say anything.

"Huh! Are you thinking that I want to sleep with you?" Bill's tone carried a full mockery as he chuckled belittling her.

She endured his words as she clenched her fists hard to stabilize her breathing and posture.

At this time, she was afraid that she broke down as she could feel her weak body was already taking its toll.

"Bill, you are mistaken." She could only mutter softly while her cheeks burning as a reaction to Bill's mockery.

She could feel the coldness of her own palms while her body was trembling tremendously.

“Huh! Really? But you accepted my offer because you wanted to seduce me, right?” Bill pressed her frail body forcefully with his hard-muscled body.

She could not breathe as her back was pressed hard against the wall.

She could feel Bill's face was very close to her.

She flipped her face on the side and didn't dare to move.

His hot sexy breath was fanning her ear giving millions of tingling sensations in her body.

She gritted her teeth to control all the electrifying sensations crazily running throughout her entire body.

Bill was obviously harassing her on purpose.

She could sense it and he was seducing her.

She bit her lower lip to stabilize herself.

She was restraining herself from his seduction.

She knew she had to resist him but the sensation and his sexiness were too overwhelming to handle.

Her body knew what it wanted and it magnate every Bill's touch and action.

She gulped quietly while trying to be unaffected by his sexiness.

“Are you already wet, baby? Should we go to my bed now?” Bill asked sexily while he was smelling her natural body fragrance.

He seemed to like it as she felt her hardness down his torso.

There was no doubt that Bill was very aroused by her.

She could sense how he controlled his muscles but his erection could not lie.

They had the same feeling so she knew Bill's feeling only that they didn't share the same goal.

Bill was vengeful and she just purely want to hold his hand and guide him to where his real home is.

Trishia wasn't his family but Adam and her.

"Or you want me to take you here?" Bill whispered brushing his hot lips on her earlobe.

Arabella jolted.

Her heart was clenched so hard.

She knew Bill was humiliating her to prove something.

She would not give in to it.

With her strength left, she pushed him with all her might.

Then she lifted her hand and swiftly, she gave him a loud slap.

The sound of a thunderclap slap suddenly echoed in his room.

In the dark, even if she could not see his face clearly, she knew Bill was already breathing fire.

She held her anger as her heartbeat was too fast like it was going to explode.

She trembled realizing what she did.

She just slapped the owner of the mansion.

What was gonna happen next?

Her mind was messing with her.

She could already imagine Bill was forcefully dragging her out tonight.

Suddenly, the lights had turned on.

Bill was staring at her like he wanted to eat her alive.

She held her breath.

"I'm... I'm sorry." Her lips trembled as she spoke.

She didn't feel apologetic for slapping him but with Bill's killer expression, she just felt she needed to say something.

Of course, she didn't want to be thrown outside.

Bill was staring at her with eyes carrying the coldest gaze.

He was extremely furious like no woman hit him just like what she did.

"Clap! Clap! Clap!" In just the next second, a clapping of hands was heard along with a wicked chuckle.

That was the only time Arabella noticed that they were not the only two people in the room.

They were three people inside.

Arabella looked at the person who made the sounds and her eyes weren't shocked anymore seeing Trishia with a black sexy silk nightgown sitting on a king-size bed.

Her flawless long legs were crossed over each other while she sat on the bed calmly like she was enjoying a show.

"Do you really think that my fiancé is going to touch you?" Trishia was wearing her long wig again.

Every time she remembered those prisoners who cut her hair, she was irked so much but then she already had her revenge on them but the thing was her head was still bad and she didn't want Bill to be disgusted with her bald appearance.

Trishia just wanted to be sure that Arabella would not win this time.

She would make sure that only her beauty would Bill wanted.

On the other hand, Arabella didn't like the situation she was in.

It was obviously a set-up.

Bill and Trishia planned something to make her feel so little.

If she really wanted to seduce Bill then she had already kissed him sooner in the kitchen when Bill grabbed her arm.

She would not miss that opportunity to be alone with him.

She would risk whatever it takes just to bring his memory of her.

Trishia obviously planned everything to set her up.

With her thought, Arabella regretted not kissing him when she had all the chances earlier.

She was irked seeing Trishia's wickedness using her and Bill.

Arabella swore she would not miss the chance again.

If they accused her that she accepted the offer because she wanted to seduce Bill Sky, then be it!

"Why? Trishia, are you afraid?" She asked with a mocking face.

Trishia was always getting to her nerves.

This time, she would not give in even if she was in her mansion.

Sooner, she would have Bill with her and he would leave Trishia after she could bring back his memory.

Trishia didn't expect that Arabella would attack her with her words.

She just thought Arabella was trembling in fear right now but she was mistaken.

She was in for a little chit-chat and a catfight but nevertheless, she was the queen of this night.

She would not plummet especially in front of Bill Sky.

She is Trishia Meyer and she had to handle Arabella and the situation in a triumphant manner.

The way where Bill would be proud of her as his future wife.

"Oh!" You are too proud of yourself, Arabella Jones." Trishia stood up with her chin high.

She strode closer to Arabella then she stopped in front of her and looked at her from head to toe.

Trishia was scrutinizing her dirty bare bruised feet, her used to be white hospital gown that was still covered with dirt from the soil then it became a coffee brown color, her dirty face, and tangled frizzy hair.

Then, Trishia laughed like she heard the funniest joke on earth.

"How boastful you are thinking that you can compete with me? Look at you! You look like a disgusting sh*t!" Trishia's face was delighted by Arabella's messy appearance.

Surely Bill would never like her as she was so dirty like one could easily misjudge her as a mental patient escaped from a mental clinic.

Hearing Trishia, Arabella clenched her fists.

She wanted to attack her.

Scratch her face with her nails.

Hit her hard to release her extreme anger toward her but Arabella held herself because of Bill who was watching them with his cold eyes.

As usual, she could not read his mind but she could sense that Bill was weighing the situation.

As of now, he agreed to Trishia as he even agreed to her plan but sooner, he would despise Trishia after he regained his memories.

Arabella didn't want Bill to believe that she was really a mental patient and be thrown outside.

"Do you know why you are here in our bedroom?" Trishia put emphasis on the word 'our'.

She obviously wanted to annoy Arabella.

Arabella looked at Trishia despising her.

Then, she looked at Bill who was also wearing a wicked smirk.

Bill was obviously under Trishia's control.

What Arabella didn't like was Bill was easily deceived at this time.

How come he believed Trishia that easy?

Judging from his expression, he was completely brainwashed.

At this point, Arabella went blank.

She didn't know what to do but she was aware that she had to have a plan sooner.

Trishia went back to bed.

She took off her silk wardrobe and dropped it on the floor.

She moved gracefully as she smiled at Arabella then she crawled onto the king-size bed.

Bill strode closed to Arabella then he held Arabella's shoulder.

He guided Arabella and pushed her to sit on the couch fronting the bed.

Arabella was clueless at first but she could sense that Bill and Trishia were just starting.

While sitting on the couch, Arabella clenched the hem of her hospital gown absent-mindedly.

Bill turned around then he strode in the direction of the bed where Trishia was already lying down almost naked.

Bill stopped at the edge of the bed then he looked at Arabella with his sharp eyes, after, he started to unbutton his white shirt.

Trishia felt divine seeing his muscled chest.

It was her first time seeing Bill's body and she could not wait to taste Bill tonight.

When she talked about her plan earlier, Bill quickly agreed.

It made her feel very satisfied.

Her plan was not just to set up Arabella but for her to sleep with Bill.

Finally, she could show him how awesome she moved on the bed.

Trishia swore that she would do everything to make Bill exceed his satisfaction.

Tonight, Trishia promised that Bill would get addicted to her after he tasted her and experienced her in bed.

After he tasted her, he would not taste another woman but her.

He would not touch Arabella anymore and he only craved her awesome performance and her sexy body.

With her thoughts, Trishia's wide smile didn't leave her face.

Even her eyes sparkled as she looked forward to how wild they could be tonight.

Arabella looked at them blankly as the situation started absorbing to her.

It was obvious that Bill was going to touch Trishia and they were going to do the intimate bed scene in front of her.

Arabella felt so disgusted with their plan.

How could Bill agree with this plan?

She could not believe that Bill who was domineering and always an entitled man agreed to this disgusting plan.

So, they wanted her to watch them making out in bed.

They wanted to prove something to her that Bill didn't love her and he loved no other else than Trishia Meyer.

Arabella tried to stabilize her breathing.

She looked at them hatefully as she tried her best to control her anger.

Gripping her hospital gown, she could feel her nerves trembling.

She looked at Bill who was now topless.

Trishia smiled nastily as she bit her lower lip showing deliberately for Bill to see.

Trishia seemed to extremely prepare herself tonight for Bill.

She was acting promiscuously and seducing Bill with her sexy moves.

Arabella watched the two with her heart clenched so hard.

All she wanted was to close her eyes but she couldn't.

Her eyes seemed to have their own mind.

Her eyes stared at the scene in front of them.

She wanted to go away but her feet weren't cooperating.

She hated the scene and she hated them.

Arabella didn't expect her first night in this mansion would be like this.

For her, they stoop so low.

They were like uneducated people that they completely forget their manners.

Arabella just wanted to flee at the moment but her martyr fighter self didn't want to.

She had a purpose that was why she accepted Bill's offer.

Arabella refuse to be bullied and be bullied again and again while she was staying in their house.

It wasn't part of her plan.

So, without a moment of delay, Arabella stood up mustering all her courage.

She lifted her hand and brushed her long hair with her fingers.

It bounced gracefully then, she called out to the man who was about to crawl on top of Trishia.

"Bill!" Arabella hissed to get his attention.

Bill halted and then he turned around to see Arabella.

When she saw that she had successfully gotten Bill's attention as he was now seriously staring at her, Arabella courageously took off her dirty hospital gown.

Read Novel You Can Run But You Can't Hide My Contractual Wife Chapter 362

You Can Run But You Can't Hide My Contractual Wife Chapter 362

Arabella accepted the challenge but being bullied inside the mansion was not part of her plan.

She was not that gullible not to know what they were trying to portray.

Bill offered her to live in the mansion with them to show her that she was wrong about him loving only her.

He wanted to show her and prove to her that he only loved Trishia Meyer.

Upon entering the mansion, Arabella already prepared herself for the worst that was coming along her way and tonight was one of them or maybe it was not yet the worst but one thing she considered mentally was that every scene that would happen inside and outside this mansion was already worst, especially she was going to live with Trishia Meyer.

In the master bedroom, Arabella keenly studied the scene with Trishia and Bill.

At first, she felt very disgusted with plotting an intimate scene in front of her.

They were obviously showing her that they were really in love with each other and they were doing what exactly normal couples do.

Arabella was so over with schemes and this type of scene was not new to her.

She could only make herself a martyr for Adam but not this kind.

She could not fathom the fact that they were very desperate to prove to her that she was wrong and that they wanted her to watch them making out in the bed.

“So disgusting!” Admittedly, it annoyed her a lot but it annoyed her more thinking about Trishia.

She was sure that this disgusting plan was made by Trishia.

For Arabella, Trishia would never stop pestering her while she was still breathing.

Arabella was so aware of the level of intensity of Trishia’s hate for her and she could not just let her bully her again and again.

Until now, she could not still imagine how she shot her without any hesitation.

Trishia shot her dead then after she brainwashed Bill and made up a story like she was the hero for saving his life.

Just the thought of it irked Arabella.

Then after that night, she survived but just earlier, Trishia struck again.

She ordered her men to bury her alive.

What an evil sister she was!

Remembering how Trishia wanted to kill her made Arabella mad.

She wanted to kill Trishia before she could kill her first.

Arabella wanted Trishia to stop pestering her but she also knew that Trishia would only stop what she wanted when she was already dead.

With her thoughts, Arabella refused to just be bullied by Trishia again and again.

This time, Arabella swore that she would turn the table.

The situation must change.

She would change the situation between Trishia and her.

If she could not stop Trishia from pestering her life then she would give her own dose of medicine.

It's time for them to switch roles.

This time, she would not just sit or stand and watch her ruined her life.

This time, Arabella swore to pester Trishia and give her back the miseries she experienced because of her.

Arabella had no plan to remain in the same situation where she always defended herself from the attackers.

This time, she would be the attacker.

For Arabella, she had to put an end to Trishia's wickedness.

"Bill!" Arabella called Bill's name.

Bill stopped climbing to the bed.

He looked at Arabella with a serious gaze.

Arabella's eyes were empty.

She looked like a natural beauty without any effort, unlike Trishia who did everything on purpose just to look sexy and wild.

Arabella was different.

She had innocent eyes but all the details of her face were so sexy and beautiful, especially since he had gotten a closer look at her.

Her beautiful face was like a spell that his eyes had a hard time looking away.

Bill was stunned by how his eyes reacted to Arabella's beauty that he completely forgot the seduction of Trishia.

Just when he thought that Arabella just simply called him to stop climbing the bed, she suddenly took off her hospital gown in one go.

Her long hair danced in the air before it landed under her shoulders.

Arabella's perfect curves flaunted in front of him shimmering due to her porcelain flawless skin.

Her healthy bosoms were cupped perfectly with her push-up bra and her bikini was just too sexy that his imagination had already gone wild.

Bill could not help but gulp with the sexy creature in front of him.

He could feel his throat was intensely dry and the only thing that could quench his thirst was Arabella.

He seemed to feel so thirsty and only her juices could mend his thirst.

Bill was clenching his fists so hard to control himself as he could feel his hard erection.

It was an evidence that Arabella Jones could make him so aroused and he was not sure if he could control himself any longer.

"Arabella, you are really so disgusting!" Trishia roared angrily as she quickly sat on the bed.

Her eyeballs were bulging as she was so pissed by Bill's reaction toward Arabella's nakedness.

In her eyes, Bill was so attracted to Arabella even if he had no memories of her and it made her so sick.

"How dare you seduced my fiancé?" Trishia could not contain her anger as she quickly jumped out of bed and she was ready to attack Arabella.

She wanted to hurt her so bad.

She wanted to kill Arabella at that moment as her plan to sleep with Bill tonight was ruined by her again.

Trishia had already imagined all the wild things that Bill could do to her and her to him but this Arabella girl just ruined her chance to sleep with Bill Sky just like that.

"You should be taught a lesson that you will never forget!" Trishia ran hysterically toward Arabella while pointing at her.

Arabella felt satisfied by Bill and Trishia's reaction.

She felt accomplished for tonight as she just ruined their scheme for her.

Not only that, tonight, she had proven that Bill's body remembered her even if his brain didn't.

It made her happy and contented for the night.

When Arabella saw Trishia approaching her very enraged, she ready herself from her attacks.

Before Trishia's hand could land on her cheek, Arabella had caught Trishia's arm.

Arabella strongly pushed Trishia's arm away from her.

"You!" When Trishia failed to hit Arabella, she had gone more hysterical.

She rushed back to Arabella to throw her out of the mansion by dragging her long hair but Arabella didn't give her the chance to grab her hair.

Arabella dodged all Trishia's attacks and she even got Trishia's arm and flipped it behind like she was going to break it.

"Ah!" Trishia screamed painfully. "Bill, help me! This girl is mentally ill. Let's put her in the mental hospital before she can kill me. Sweetheart help me! Call the mental now or call the police! She should be punished for hurting me!" Trishia stubbornly cried. She was acting so pitiful.

"Stop!" This time, Bill roared the loudest.

His tone was very angry and it carried a great danger when it wasn't obeyed immediately.

Even Trishia halted and was shaken by his voice.

Arabella stopped and released Trishia.

The two women were still looking at each other like they were killing each other using their eyes.

Bill strode to Arabella then he grabbed her arm.

Arabella was stunned as his grip was so painful.

She broke her stare from Trishia and looked at Bill.

She met Bill's furious eyes.

She looked at him unapologetic for what she did to his fiancée.

For Arabella, Trishia deserved it and it was nothing compared to what she did to her.

All the evil doings that made her suffer could not suffice for what she did tonight.

Arabella looked at Bill full of hatred in her eyes.

She was not backing down this time and she would not give in to Trishia.

From furious, Bill's eyes on her got deadly.

He suddenly dragged her out of the room.

It was forceful leaving Trishia inside.

Thinking of Bill and Arabella alone would not put her to her calm so Trishia quickly ran to chase them.

She wanted to witness how was Bill going to punish Arabella.

She wanted to see Arabella being beaten by Bill Sky.

She wanted to see Arabella get hurt so badly and hear Arabella's painful scream but it was too late.

Bill pushed Arabella inside a room just adjacent to their room.

Then he went inside too.

Judging from his expression and how he dragged Arabella, Bill was very angry but Trishia could not find any joy as she could not see what was happening inside.

She tried to push and opened the door but she failed.

"Bill! Bill! Sweetheart open this f*cking door!" Trishia roared outside irking with her imagination had gone wild.

She kept on shouting outside and demanding Bill to open the door but no one opened her.

It seemed that she had not totally brainwashed Bill Sky or maybe Bill didn't want her to witness what he was about to do with Arabella but surely, he was going to punish her.

With a heavy heart, Trishia went back to the master bedroom.

She closed her door with a bang as she was very irritated with Bill leaving her outside and taking Arabella to another room.

Her senses were very active, especially her ears.

She wanted to hear every sound from the next room.

Clenching her fists very hard, Trishia swore that Arabella would pay for everything that happened tonight.

She would dispose of her the soonest no matter what before Arabella would ruin all her plans.

Meanwhile, Arabella was pushed to the bed roughly.

She had not gotten a chance to wear her hospital gown back as Bill dragged her forcefully.

She was like a bag of potatoes that was dragged heavily on the ground.

Bill seemed to forget that she was a fragile human and not a sort of bag.

His action was very inhumane.

“You are enough!” Bill roared angrily inside the room.

His tone carried a great danger.

It made her tremble but she tried to gather all her courage not to falter in front of him.

“What did I do, Bill? What made you very angry?” Though she was secretly trembling inside, Arabella didn’t stop pestering him.

Arabella had already turned the table.

She already started it and there was no backing out.

They were alone in a room again and she had to use this chance to prove to him that he liked her and his body knew her body.

They belonged together.

Bill looked at her seriously frowning.

Arabella looked at him provokingly.

She suppressed the trembling inside her as she didn’t want to be afraid of him anymore.

"Why Bill? Why are angry with me?" When she could not get his answer, she didn't stop knowing the truth.

She wanted to hear something from him even though more or less she already knew the answer.

She just wanted him to realize it for himself.

Even though he had no memory of her, his body knew her and that was a fact that he could not deny.

After a while, Bill strode closer to her.

His topless figure was irresistibly sexy.

He was the most handsome and sexiest man she had ever seen.

Bill's expression was blank but she could clearly see that his eyes were furious.

He stopped within an inch of distance from her.

Arabella was sitting at the edge of the bed wearing only her underwear while Bill was standing in front of her sexily topless.

He looked down at her and she looked up to meet his furious unreadable gaze.

Their eyes met like their stares made the talking for themselves.

After a while, Bill averted his gaze from her.

He seemed to recover his senses before he fell into Arabella's deep abyss as she was seeking his good soul.

Bill seemed to escape from her eyes.

"Bill, listen to your heart. I know you lost your memories but you can't deny the fact that you wanted me right now. Bill, you don't love Trishia Meyer, you love me!" Arabella was determined to do anything to get Bill. She would not miss this chance again.

"Shut up!" Bill answered her back roaring angrily as he suddenly gripped her neck.

Arabella was shocked by Bill's rough action.

She didn't expect Bill's level of anger was so intense that he was choking her right now.

Arabella felt disheartened but she tried her best to think of a way to save herself.

Bill could kill her.

“Bill... don’t do this.” She pleaded.

After hearing her, Bill released her.

He heaved a deep sigh like he was controlling himself not to kill Arabella.

“I don’t want to hear you say that ever again! Do you understand?” He was seriously denoting her statement earlier regarding him loving her instead of Trishia.

Without any choice, Arabella nodded.

She just wanted to pacify him before he could kill her.

Bill looked down again at her.

She looked up.

Their gazes met again.

Bill’s eyes were angry and Arabella’s eyes were purely innocent.

In the next second, a sound of a zipper opening sounded in the air.

Arabella unzipped Bill’s pants without breaking her stare into his eyes.

Bill didn’t refuse nor move.

Read Novel You Can Run But You Can't Hide My Contractual Wife Chapter 363

You Can Run But You Can’t Hide My Contractual Wife Chapter 363

Meanwhile, Damien went home very late.

He was obviously avoiding Lira as he didn’t want someone to nag him about getting very drunk.

He walked in a zigzag as his mind was with Arabella Jones.

He threw his body on the couch inside the living room of his house.

It was the house he bought for Arabella but unfortunately, she didn’t like to stay in this house.

Damien rested his head on the backrest of the couch as his eyes wandered around the corners of his house.

Then he closed his eyes remembering how he missed Arabella.

Their life abroad was the most amazing memory Damien got.

Arabella's sweet smile always greeted him every morning whenever he shared his breakfast in her house before.

Those pure innocent eyes with effortless natural beauty.

Her long smooth hair was always glancing in the air whenever she moved and he hated her having a ponytail.

He used to get her tie out whenever she opted to tie her hair.

With his naughtiness before he smirked admitting to it.

Then his memory brought him whenever they spent time having a grocery together.

Eating street barbecues on the street side with his pal, Adam.

After, he remembered the time he hurriedly brought Arabella to the hospital for her labor brought him a smile but his heart was clenched very hard.

"Where's my baby?" That time Arabella was very weak after her labor but her eyes were very excited to see her newly born.

"Shhh! Keep quiet. Tadaahh!!" Damien strode inside the room carrying a newborn.

He carefully carried the baby and showed it to Arabella.

Without any hint, Arabella cried.

Her tears were very pure.

It was her tears of joy.

Then she kissed the baby's forehead gently along with her tears dripping down her cheeks.

She was the happiest person Damien had seen.

She seemed to overcome all her fears and worries because of her new baby.

She was ready to embrace the future with him.

"The doctor asked me what would be your son's name?" Damien sounded puzzled looking.

His eyes were delighted to see Arabella's happiness.

Hearing him, Arabella wiped her tears with her fingers.

She looked at him with sparkled eyes before she spoke.

"Adam.... I want to name him, "Adam." She uttered clearly but Damien was left puzzled.

Even without saying it, his expression was carrying a big WHY?

Arabella smirked at him cutely then she spoke. "Hmmm... Adam short for Arabella and Damien."

It was a simple answer by her but it gave him a heavy blow in his heart.

He was very surprised and he could not get a grip of his heart that was already jumping for joy.

"Are you sure?" Damien was still in awe of her decision but admittedly he was happy and hoping she would not change her decision.

Arabella smiled at him sweetly and she nodded repeatedly.

"Damien, if it wasn't for you, I won't be able to make it. If it wasn't for you, maybe I was already dead in the street. You helped me and Adam a lot. Without you, I don't know... I can't just imagine my life then without you. So please let me use your name for my son's name as a way of telling me to thank you for all the time, effort, kindness, and help for us." Arabella explained with an overwhelming smile.

Damien was also very satisfied with what he heard.

Arabella's words were all music to her ears.

He was happy.

Very happy at that moment.

He felt like he was going to be an instant dad and that happened.

Damien was there always for Arabella and Adam.

Whenever needed a father in his school, Damien was never absent to present himself.

Then he got very close to Adam.

They went for an outing almost once a month.

Beach, camping, trekking, and just purely a road trip.

They were quite happy back then.

They even made a little concert whenever their barbecue night.

He sang his composition, Arabella was playing the piano and Adam was with the drums.

Those were the nights he went to his bed with a smile on his face after.

His life abroad with Arabella and Adam was the best he had.

Now, he was left alone.

Bill Sky.

He was always the one who ruined their lives.

When they got to Capital Z, everything had changed.

Damien blamed Bill Sky for causing these terrible changes in his life.

He got had a family but because of Bill Sky, the family he owned had gone that instant.

Now, he felt his house was very empty.

He missed the shared laughter of the three of them.

Everything just faded that instant.

The feeling of emptiness suddenly struck him.

It was unlikely for a man to cry but Damien could not help but cry hugging the pillow on his sofa.

The tears that were dripping from his eyes seemed for so long and now it was uncontrollable.

His chest and shoulders heaved up and down crying for lost loved ones.

In the corner, Lira was standing secretly watching Damien.

Her heart was clenched for she knew those tears were for Arabella.

Lira felt very sad for Damien but she also hoped that she could help him forget about Arabella.

She never expected to be so martyr following Damien around, understanding him, putting up all his tempers.

Lira had gone all these for one reason that only she knew.

That reason she protected it almost her entire life and she swore no one would know it except her whatever it may cause her.

Meanwhile, in Bill's mansion, Arabella felt that she had no other choice but to be gone aggressive.

Admittedly, she was not thinking properly.

She let her initiative do the honor as she had no time to waste on hesitation.

She had to get Bill no matter what and given the opportunity to be with him alone in one room was the perfect chance for her to get back to him.

With what happened earlier, Arabella could sense the strong control he was putting on himself just to avoid her nakedness.

She could tell it by the heat of his body, his unsteady breathing, the movement of his muscles, the movement of his Adam apple, and his honest eyes.

This time, Arabella could tell that his eyes were the windows of his soul.

His eyes could not lie.

With all the signs, there was no moment of hesitation.

When Bill strode closer to her and stopped just right in front of her, she could clearly see his erection protruding toward her.

She could not be mistaken and honestly, she got aroused by the scene of him.

Who would not?

Seeing the man who your body wanted and who also wanted you?

Just perfect but the time was not.

She was sure Trishia was waiting outside the room.

She could already feature Trishia's angry face but at this point, she didn't care.

She was with Bill now and her mind was focused on him.

Without any warning, Arabella unzipped Bill's pants.

Call her desperate but she didn't care.

For her, this was the only way she could make Bill remember her.

She would take all the risks just to get out of the mansion with him far away from the dangerous Trishia.

She wanted Bill to push Trishia away from them and cut all ties with Trishia Meyer because she was a criminal and a dangerous woman.

She could kill them or Adam.

Trishia was very dangerous and if Bill was in a proper mind, Arabella was sure that he was going to lock her in a prison or through her very far away from Capital Z but the thing was Bill lost his memory of Trishia, and her.

Arabella could only rely on herself now.

She would put Trishia to her right place just like tonight.

Trishia had planned to set her up but the switch of events slapped her face.

She was now waiting at the doorstep outside waiting for them.

Arabella felt satisfied with her thoughts about Trishia who was maybe wondering what they were doing inside the room.

Trishia's mind maybe wanted to blow up right now even though Arabella was not even starting yet.

A deafening silence invaded the room and the sound of a zipper moving followed.

No one dared to talk. Bill had no movement and he seemed to be waiting what's Arabella's next move.

On the other hand, Arabella felt nervous after she realized what she had done.

It wasn't her plan but her hands were like having their own brains.

She felt her hands maneuver and moved with their own.

Now, she was trembling inside as her nasty action slowly got to her nerves.

There was no backing out now.

She had to get this done whatever she absent-mindedly started.

Arabella tried her best to gather all her courage left.

She could already feel her cheeks burning.

She felt very hot too even though the aircon inside the room was at a negative temperature.

She felt extremely hot maybe because of the embarrassment she put herself into. It was not her.

She had never been so aggressive in her life, especially in bed.

She felt very embarrassed but she tried her best not to be obvious.

Bill looked at her seriously.

He seemed to study her and he was like thinking if she could really do it or if she could finish what she started. Arabella felt his stare was challenging her if she really could do it.

Arabella gritted her teeth.

For her, there was no other choice but to accept the challenge.

She swore to give him more than what he needed.

Her wild and exceeded to good performance would make him forget Trishia.

Afraid that she changed her mind, Arabella quickly stroked his erection with her hand.

Though it was still underneath his underwear the tingling sensations she felt was so overwhelming.

She could already feel her wetness inside her.

She maneuvered her move by stroking it gently and slowly giving him some thrill.

Bill was still unmoved but she could feel his erection getting so boisterous and harder.

It seemed it wanted something to ravish and bully.

It wanted to crush something into pieces.

Arabella felt afraid with his erection as she already how painful it was whenever it invaded inside her and what happened to her whenever they finished.

It was a week of pain but it gave her great satisfaction.

With her thoughts, Arabella absent-mindedly bit her lower lip. It didn't miss Bill's gaze. He caught her very sexy that he wanted to suck and bully her by kissing her lips so wild. The intensive wild that could rapture her lips. He wanted to hurt her so bad. He wanted to put his erection inside her and f*ck her hard until he broke all her bones. This was the punishment he wanted and this was the perfect punishment for her but something stopped Bill.

When Arabella was about to take down his underwear, he gripped her hair tightly.

He wanted her so badly.

He wanted to feel and taste all her juices for his satisfaction.

He wanted to put his erection inside her so badly.

She would surely moan but he had no plan to listen to her.

She would surely beg to stop but he would not give in to her.

He would bully her the entire night and she was not allowed to sleep until he was satisfied with her punishment.

Read Novel You Can Run But You Can't Hide My Contractual Wife Chapter 364

You Can Run But You Can't Hide My Contractual Wife Chapter 364

Arabella was determined to satisfy him with all of her.

She wanted to mark Bill's entire skin with her teeth so Trishia would know that Bill only belonged to her.

Call her vicious but at this point, Arabella didn't care.

She had all the chances she needed tonight as she was clinging to the fact that Bill would remember her in bed.

There was a great possibility that his body would return his memory when he got a chance to taste her tonight.

Arabella was looking forward to bringing back Bill's memory of her.

How he was so addicted to her body.

How he was astonished and how he worshipped her body.

Tonight, she would please Bill and let him do whatever he wanted to her body.

Though she felt nervous inside, she mustered all her courage to implement what was all her instinct had planned.

"Stop!" Suddenly, all her thoughts were shattered when Bill's voice came out sternly.

She looked up at Bill with a questioning look while Bill was looking down at her.

"Don't!" His eyes were sharp and they pierced into hers.

Arabella could not able to react immediately.

She was looking up at him just wondering why he was pissed off.

"Don't bite your lip! Just... stop!" That was the only time she realized that she was still biting her lower lip.

Bill's voice made her realize that.

She wanted to follow him but there was a part of her that wanted to be rebellious.

It was a shame on her part that Bill was stopping her when she knew Bill always lost his control whenever she was naked in front of him.

She looked at Bill stubbornly still biting her lower lip.

Their eyes were both fighting with each other and no one wanted to back down.

"Why, Bill? What's wrong with me biting my lip? Are you already aroused?" She muttered mockingly but sexily.

She was nervous as hell but she was very thankful for her courageous self.

Somehow it saved her from this kind of situation, especially with Bill Sky.

After her questions, she even licked her lower lip and bit it again along with her seductive stare at him.

Her action was putting his imagination running wild.

She wanted to allure him and continued what she started.

Bill suddenly averted her gaze to the corner. He seemed to quickly avoid her gaze as he was not sure of his self-control or how could he hold himself any longer.

That gave Arabella a sign that Bill was avoiding her seduction.

Somehow, it gave her the challenge to do better but her heart was clenched so hard.

It led her to a question, 'Is he very loyal to Trishia now? Is he really serious about her?'

Bill Sky wasn't serious to any women.

So, is he changing for his future wife?

With the questions in her mind, Arabella was so restless.

Of course, she could not let that happen as she knew Bill could only love her.

Bill would never love someone else other than her.

He saved her life many times and he was willing to risk his expensive life just for her.

She would never let him go to Trishia Meyer.

Trishia was just taking advantage of the situation where Bill had lost his memories of her.

She was an opportunist.

Arabella swore to save Bill Sky from Trishia's hands whatever it takes.

That was the only time she could breathe calmly.

"Get out!" Bill suddenly ordered with a deep tone.

His voice and expression were dangerous.

She was sure of her instinct that he was trying so hard to control himself so she decided not to follow him.

“Not now, Bill.” She muttered fiercely looking at Bill.

He looked down at her again.

Their eyes met.

Bill’s eyes were carrying a threat but she didn’t care.

She was ready for whatever he wanted to do to her.

Suddenly, he grabbed her hair again roughly.

It was painful as he gripped it very hard.

He dragged her head to face him clearly.

His eyes were now full of mockery.

“What made you think that I still wanted to taste you after some other man had tasted you? You are a slut! Disgusting!” Bill’s tone was deadly.

His eyes were too.

He was mocking her and she could feel his intense disgust of him for her.

She trembled in fright.

She didn’t know what to do or say to him to make him believe her.

She was lost for words.

Arabella clenched her fists so hard to gather her senses.

At this point, she felt she had to say something to defend herself but the air turned to be so awkward.

She felt danger.

“Bill, that is not true!” She roared mustering all her courage to talk back.

“Not true?” Hearing her defense, Bill got angrier.

He gripped her hair tightly as he bent down to her face.

His expression could kill her right there.

He was very enraged with something.

He believed Arabella was with someone and she left him and his son for someone.

He believed that she abandoned her family.

Of course, Trishia and Kelly put up everything.

These were the only people who didn't like her and the only people who Arabella could think of doing it.

"You abandoned us for another man! They are right about you. You can't be tamed with one man. You are dirty! You can't be contented with one man! F*ck you! Trishia is right about you. You are a seducer and I must admit you are good at it!" Bill smirked full of mockery.

She could see his face full of hatred and disappointment.

"I'm not... It's not true! Bill, the only person you have to believe is me. They are lying to you. Trust me, please." Arabella exclaimed.

She refused to be just a victim of these people.

They were slandering her and they were ruining her name for Bill to hate her.

"Believing you?" Bill released her hair.

His expression was still full of mockery towards her as he smirked disdainfully.

"Look at yourself.... Hmmm..." He stood straight fixing himself then he glanced at her again. His sharp eyes wandered every detail of her body then he gritted his teeth.

"I don't think so." He added looking at her like he was giving his final judgment for her through his contemptuous eyes then he got out of the room with a loud bang of the door.

Arabella was left disheartened by Bill's judgment of her.

If only words could break a bone, she was sure his words for her broke all her entire bones inside her body.

She felt stabbed directly to her heart through his words and actions.

He misinterpreted the whole scenario and her way of saving him. \

He was right though about her seducing him but that was the only thing she could think of that would be a greater help in bringing back his memory.

When she saw Bill's eyes earlier being allured by her nakedness despite Trishia around, she knew Bill's body knew her even his mind didn't.

It gave her the sign and her instinct took over but she never expected Bill would use it against her.

By the way, he delivered his insults to her earlier, he strongly believed that she was the bad person who ruined their family.

She was the cheater and he was being cheated by her.

She was the dirty slut and seducing him tonight was a bad idea.

It just gave him the chance to prove what Trishia had said was right.

Arabella felt angry with her situation.

Her thoughts were caught in a deep mess.

She cupped her head with her palms as she felt her head become so heavy.

How could she possibly solve this problem when Bill won't believe her?

She felt hopelessness slowly invade her.

These were her words against Trishia and Kelly's words.

What about Adam?

Hopefully, Adam could help her but she didn't want her son to be involved with this situation she was into for she knew how evil Trishia could be.

Arabella just wished she would never have any bad thoughts about Adam or she would never just stand and let go of her wickedness.

Not Adam.

Not her son.

Arabella could not imagine what she could do to Trishia once she dragged Adam with their personal matter.

"Clap! Clap!Clap!" Arabella was snapped back to her senses when someone clapped her hands repeatedly.

'Thinking of the devil.' Arabella muttered in silence.

It was not to her surprise to see Trishia at the door's entrance.

Because of her thoughts, she didn't even notice that she had already opened the door.

Arabella looked at Trishia with a cold expression.

As much as possible she didn't want to see her wicked half-sister because she didn't know if she could still hold herself and won't scratch her wicked face.

"Do you really think Bill will sleep with you tonight? Hmmm..." Trishia sounded and smiled at her wickedly.

Her arms were folded in front.

Arabella just stared at her with a blank expression.

She could not feel Trishia's bullying right now as her emotion was greatly affected by Bill's words earlier.

Her plan failed.

Her seduction was not effective and because of it, Bill misunderstood her more.

He saw her now as a dirty woman who is not contented with one man.

A seducer.

A dirty slut.

"Go to rest Trishia. I don't have time with you." Lazily, Arabella sounded.

She didn't even want to see her face right now.

It made her vomit.

"Why? Because you are too disappointed with Bill disposing of you like a piece of trash? Hahaha!" Trishia seemed to have so many times to insult her.

Her expression was very satisfied with what happened inside the room earlier.

She was the person who felt the happiest knowing nothing happened between Bill and her half-sister inside the room.

She could party already as she felt in a partying mood but not after she could slap the situation at Arabella Jones.

“How pity. You are really assuming that Bill would still touch you even after sleeping with Eric Grant?” Trishia was in for a fight as her happiness right at this moment was to see Arabella pissed off.

Arabella heaved a heavy sigh of hopelessness.

It seemed Trishia didn't know the words, 'Leave me alone!'

Arabella was so tired of today's unlucky events.

She just wanted to sleep in a soft bed and forget the humiliation she got from Bill Sky today.

She just wanted to close her eyes and closed every thought she had for today's event in her life.

She wanted Trishia to go away and put her mouth shut but this simple wish of her seemed so hard to be granted.

Cupping her face trying to shake away all the exhaustion, she looked at Trishia lazily.

Her eyes were too tired but Trishia's eyes were still too aggressive.

“Trishia, I know what you are doing. I know who you are. So please stop acting like you are an innocent angel.” Arabella could hold her temper toward Trishia. She wanted to rest but Trishia didn't want to allow her so losing interest to do so, she felt like she had to give Trishia a warning.

Hearing Arabella, Trishia strode closer while her arms still folded in front of her.

She walked gracefully like she was confident that she was going to win over with their discussion.

She was confident that Bill would not leave her anymore and that Arabella could not steal Bill from her.

“Seriously? You really think Bill will still believe you?” Trishia sounded along with her chuckles. Her face was very delighted and had a bitchy look.

"Come on, Arabella! Why can't you just leave us? You have them once but you messed up. Now, it's my time. You already blew up all your chances so could you please just exit our lives? After all, no one really wants you. You are a nobody." Trishia smirked at her full of mockery as she sounded so mean.

Arabella was clenching her fists so hard. She was thinking to hit Trishia with her fists so she would shut up and she would wake up from her dreams.

For her, arguing with Trishia was useless as she was a self-righteous person. What she believes was firm and cannot be shaken and she was always right.

"Trishia, when are you going to wake up with your illusions?" Arabella was so annoyed with Trishia's presence. She just wanted to put her in the right place where she belonged. "Bill was protecting you and agreed to your engagement because he lost his memory of me. Trishia, wake up! If Bill didn't lose his memory, he will never see you as a woman. Didn't you try seducing him so many years ago? And what? Didn't your ambitious dad abandon you because you can't get Bill Sky?" This time Arabella chuckled mocking Trishia. "Come on, Trishia! You are talking to the wrong person. What is there to boast about when I know and I'm sure that you just made up a story to get Bill's sympathy for you? Saving his life?" Arabella frowned as she spat on the ground insulting Trishia as she wanted Trishia to get lost. She wanted her to feel humiliated because of her wickedness. She maybe could boast to other people about Bill but not her. Arabella knew everything and she knew about Bill.

"Grrr!!!" After hearing Arabella, Trishia roared angrily. Her expression was giggling due to hatred.

Arabella's smile greeted Trishia's angry face. She was satisfied with Trishia's reaction.

"Please close the door when you leave." Arabella stood up yawning and then she went to the bathroom to have a good hot shower.

Trishia was left with an awful expression. She gritted her teeth cursing Arabella repeatedly. "Arabella Jones... There is no other way to get you out of my way. I will kill you!"

Read Novel You Can Run But You Can't Hide My Contractual Wife Chapter 365

You Can Run But You Can't Hide My Contractual Wife Chapter 365

"Can somebody use their brains for a new proposal? Why do I'm giving you such a salary if no one can preach me new ideas?!" Eric roared angrily.

“Okay, everyone. Let’s adjourn this meeting. Let’s meet again next Thursday.” Inside a conference room, Rosy took over quickly. “See you,” Rosy added giving all the participants to exit the room.

When everyone had already gone, Rosy looked at Eric who was still pissed.

His expression was displeased of so much and he seemed to lose all his temper during these days.

Knowing Eric her entire life, he was not like that.

Eric always practiced the balance of work and personal life thoroughly.

He knew how to manage everything calmly and everything was always under his control.

It was so unlikely for him to change from his usual self.

Rosy never saw Eric lose his temper in front of their colleagues.

“Eric, tell me. I know something is bothering you right now. Talk to me now and get a grip on yourself. Will you?” They were best friends since the first day they met so Rosy knew everything about Eric.

Eric looked at Rosy with a stern look.

Rosy could see that his expression was angry and problematic.

Eric’s eyes were deep like he didn’t have enough sleep with black circles around his eyes.

Rosy waited for him to share as she smirked but Eric was still muted.

He seemed to have no plan sharing what was his troubles lately.

She could see Eric was so troubled by something but he was aloof with her and that she didn’t understand.

“Eric... what’s wrong?” Rosy asked again with a questioning look but already looking impatient.

She was just not used to Eric being so secretive.

“Nothing... nothing Rosy.” Eric sounded strict.

He averted his gaze from her to his desktop.

"Come on, Eric! You can't just go on like this every day. People around you are also affected by your mood. Cheer up, man! We can drink outside if you don't want to talk about it here. I can't... and I don't want you seeing like this every day." Rosy was always that pushy and Eric knew that.

"Rosy, don't bother yourself with my troubles. I'm just too preoccupied lately. Okay?" Eric replied.

How could he possibly share his troubles with Rosy when the cause of his troubles was none other than the person who ruined her family?

In just an instant, Rosy's perfect loving family shattered into pieces because of the girl named Hanna.

Her mother committed suicide when she knew about her husband's affair with Hanna and now her father was still wasted getting all the blame for what he had done.

Eric even assigned a private physician for his uncle Byer just to look for him all the time as it seemed his conscience was eating him up and he was always lost and mute all the time.

At first, they thought his uncle Byer was just mourning his loss but as time goes by, he started to imprison himself in his room, he refused to eat and he said nothing to everyone even if they tried to talk to him.

Eric tried to talk to him but he refused.

He listened but he didn't say a single word.

His uncle Byer shut his world outside and they could not force him to go out and take some fresh air.

They were hopeless as he didn't want to help himself plus Rosy was not in a good term for him.

Rosy put all the blames on her father and his mistress.

It was too impossible for her to forget the reason for the death of her mother and too impossible for her to forgive her father and his mistress.

"I don't believe you, Eric. I know you and I know you are hiding something from me." Rosy sounded provokingly.

She had no sign of stopping. "And you know me, Eric, the more you hide it from me, the more I will dig. Yeah?" She smiled at Eric giving him a chance to talk with a hint of a challenge.

"Come on, Rosy! I'm okay... I'm just in a bad mood today." Eric sounded cool now to appease Rosy but she frowned more. "Okay... I'm just in a bad mood today, yesterday, and the other day." He corrected himself.

Rosy nodded with a smile. "You know I treated you as my brother. You are my only family now. So, whoever messed up with you, messed me up too!" Rosy felt relieved seeing Eric back to his usual cool self.

She was always very thankful to him for always being there for her.

Even before, Eric was always helping her family and her mom and dad loved and treated him as part of their family.

The same goes for Eric, he treated Rosy's parents as his own.

Without them, he won't be able to achieve as the CEO of his own company.

Eric was always grateful to Rosy's family.

"Care for lunch later?" Rosy stood up as she was about to exit the conference room.

For now, she would leave him in peace for a while but surely, she would dig the things that troubled him.

She was good at it.

"Hmmm... okay. See yeah!" Eric quickly replied.

When Rosy went out that was the time Eric heaved a very heavy sigh.

His cool was quickly gone.

His eyes were deep and sharp.

One could easily say that he was very angry with something.

Then in the next second, his phone on his table rang.

It kept on ringing every day and the name of the caller appeared on his mobile's screen.

Hanna

Eric just looked at his phone on his table.

He let it ring and vibrate on the surface.

He just stared at it with his deep sharp eyes.

Until now, Eric was still full of hatred for Hanna as she dared to deceive him.

Also, he still couldn't forgive himself for being deceived by her.

He was deceived by the mistress of his uncle Byer.

A dancer in a club.

A hustler and a stripper.

Eric showed every good to her and he could not believe that he became one of her victims.

It angered him so much just the thought about Hanna.

He knew Hanna was calling him non-stopped because she wanted to explain.

Maybe she wanted to pacify him and clear her name but Eric had enough of her lies.

How could he believe her again?

How could he make sure that all words coming from her mouth were all true?

How could he make sure that Hanna was true to him?

How could he make sure that Hanna was not doing all the explaining with the other men she was with?

At this point, Eric felt by answering her call or talking to her, he was going to fall into her trap again.

This girl could not be trusted.

Starting by using different kinds of names and identities.

She was an expert hooker and she used her beauty to get money from rich men.

With his thoughts, Eric felt disgusted with her.

Just imagining how old his uncle Byer was and Hanna was sleeping with him for money.

Eric felt more enraged as he strongly clenched his fists then he wiped everything on his table with his arm including his phone.

It fell to the ground and the ringing stopped.

He stood up and went out of the room with the loud bang of the door.

Eric went directly to get his car.

When he got in, he drove furiously.

He was very angry and he didn't know where to go.

He felt lost but he wanted to be alone.

Eric was in love with Hanna and he felt so f*cked up for not forgetting her after she revealed her true identity to him.

Heaven knew how he wanted to forget her so badly but he failed.

All the corners of his house and in his office, he could see the beautiful Hanna.

Even now, he could see Hanna on the road and his mind was occupied with her shining eyes, her sweet smile, and all the details of her beautiful face and sexy body.

Eric could not get enough of her but thinking about how her beauty works for all other men, he became angrier with her.

Eric felt like he was going to explode and he could not continue having this kind of mood.

He had to release his anger and all he wanted was to punish Hanna.

He wanted her to suffer.

With her sufferings, he could avenge her aunt's death.

His conscience would no longer bug him.

He should do what is right to avenge Rosy's family.

Hanna should feel all the pain with all the wives being played by her.

For Eric, Hanna is a dirty woman.

She didn't deserve to be treated like a queen.

She should be treated badly.

Eric stopped abruptly having his thoughts molded into a plan.

His eyes were deep and dangerous.

Then he smirked.

Meanwhile, Hanna was getting ready for her other work.

Tonight, she was going to perform in a new club.

She was back to this kind of work again after stopping for a while.

She tried to apply for some decent jobs but she was always declined.

Once, she was accepted as a waitress in a bar but she resigned immediately after someone harassed her physically.

For Hanna, all men were the same.

They were all hungry for women and they would never get satisfied with one woman.

They would always want to have as many women as they could because it would give them more confidence but except for one man.

Eric Grant.

She thought he was different.

There was no doubt about it but he despised her a lot.

She tried to contact him and explained everything to him but his ears were closed.

He was angry at her.

Very angry and she knew it.

Somehow, Hanna managed to continue her life trying hard to forget about Eric Grant.

She put her mind and body to work.

She accepted all works that could pay her well so she could at least forget him for a while.

Tonight, she had done 3 performances already in different bars and she was going to her last performance in Z Club.

This club was one of the largest among all clubs in the city.

The manager personally called her and requested her to perform at a bachelor's party.

He mentioned that all guests were VIPs and she was the perfect performer he was looking for.

The fee could compensate her for more than a month of working different jobs.

Who would say no to it?

Of course, since she wanted to work and work to forget Eric, Hanna grabbed the opportunity.

She went there wearing her half mask as she was known for it.

She continued performing with her mask on and tonight, she was going to dance in front of men wearing her white mask, knee-high white boots, and white mini fur fitted dress while her long smooth hair was dancing under her shoulders.

Her collarbones and long legs shimmered and were flawless.

Hanna was wearing red lipstick to complete her sexy look.

This is her work and every time she performed, she gave her best shot.

She loved dancing when she was still a kid and she used the stage to enhance her skills every time she danced.

Hanna talked to the manager first when she arrived.

It was quite late but she didn't have any choice but to perform and finish her job.

After this, she was still thinking to eat and drink in the side streets booth.

She didn't want to go home and just think of Eric.

She avoided thinking of him so many times but she failed.

She planned to drink so she could easily go to sleep.

So, with her thoughts, she wanted to finish her performance right away.

She just had to perform one sexy dance then after she could get his talent fee and go.

Her rules were clear to the manager that no one could touch her inside the VIP room.

If this happened, she would quit and the club should still pay her the total amount agreed for her performance.

The manager agreed and everything was settled.

The manager brought her inside the room then he left after she nodded at him.

When she came in, men's voices were cheering.

They were so alive seeing her coming.

Hanna was used to this kind of noise from men.

She was used to men's excitement whenever she performed.

All she wanted was to finish her performance and get out inside the room so she quickly turned on her Bluetooth and connect her phone to the audio.

She played the music and she started to swing her hips sexily.

She combed her long soft hair with her fingers then it danced in the air for a little while and landed in its right spot making her sexier.

The shouting of men became louder like their excitement had gotten extent.

When Hanna got a greater view of her audience, she suddenly halted.

Her eyes landed on a man who was sitting in the middle of 6 men.

He was looking at her seriously with the sharpest eyes.

Hanna couldn't move.

The tiny hair on her neck raised as her cold sweats appeared on her forehead.

She was trembling inside.

His eyes were dangerous like he was already killing her through his stare.

"What happened? What's wrong? Dance!" Hanna was snapped back to her senses when someone shouted at her.

She wanted to flee immediately but her feet wouldn't cooperate.

Her body was trembling tremendously by how dangerously Eric Grant stared at her.

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You Can Run But You Can't Hide My Contractual Wife Chapter 366

"Guys, I don't think I want to marry. I want to slay this chick first." One of the men sounded.

The giggling of men in the room was too loud but Eric and Hanna were just staring at each other like they didn't hear any noise.

They seemed caught in a different world like they were the only people who exist.

Their eyes were like talking to each other but in a complex way.

Eric's eyes were full of hate while Hanna's were explaining.

She was hoping that Eric could hear her out.

She wanted to clear her name and she wanted to see once again the Eric she once knew.

The cool and down-to-earth Eric.

He never judged her for being so poor and he didn't care what was her work and her poor status in society.

He accepted her just the way she was but everything changed.

It was her fault but at least Eric should have had the heart to listen to her explanation.

But now, Eric had changed completely into a different person.

The person she was scared of.

There was mocking on his face and some kind of a threat with extreme anger.

By how Eric dangerously stared at her, Hanna already felt petrified.

She just wanted to run away from the room because she didn't want to be humiliated.

"Miss? Are you not gonna dance? Are you, okay?" Another man sounded impatient.

"Eric, I think this girl knows you. Do you have some kind of a relationship that we don't know?" Along with this man's voice were chuckles from the rest of the men.

The scene of Eric and Hanna exchanging stares was palpable to anyone.

“Hmmm... I’m sorry but I have to go.” Hanna didn’t feel so right.

She felt she had to go otherwise, she would be the clown of the group.

She didn’t want that to happen as she was a dance performer and not a clown comedian.

Eric would surely add to her humiliation.

His expression was telling her that he would never save her from his friends and Hanna didn’t want also to expect that from Eric.

She just wanted to leave them immediately.

As she was about to turn around, “Stop!” She heard Eric’s voice.

With Eric’s tone, she felt she was a slave strictly mandated by her owner.

Hanna halted as her heart was trembling.

Her breathing was changing as her nervousness was already eating her up.

She didn’t know what to do.

With Eric’s voice, a deafening silence invaded the room.

She was sure Eric’s friends were also shocked by his sudden mandate as he seemed the only one who was drinking solemnly before she came inside the room.

After a while, Hanna could feel footsteps coming her way.

Her heartbeat was racing very fast.

She wanted to raise her feet to run as fast as she can as she could already sense danger was coming her way.

In her job, she could only rely on her vigilant senses for her safety, and tonight she felt the same way.

Her instinct panicked trying to figure out something to escape the place until she realized that it was too late.

A strong hand suddenly grabbed her slender wrist.

She quickly looked at the owner of the hand and she was stunned to see Eric was already standing beside her.

He was tall and had a sexy figure wearing his black coat and tie.

The rest of the men were also wearing professional suits so one could easily say that they came from work and decided to hang out first before going home.

“E...Eric...” She muttered softly.

Her voice mixed the cold air but enough for him to hear it.

Eric’s hard expression didn’t change.

He just smirked at her mockingly and his sharp eyes were already giving her a ‘guilty’ verdict even without any trial.

Without saying any single word, Eric dragged her back in front.

She tried to escape from him by getting her arm back was Eric didn’t release her instead he tightened his grip on her wrist.

It pained her but Eric seemed not to care.

“What’s with the drama, Hanna?” Eric finally spoke.

His tone was full of sarcasm. “Why are you running away?” He added full of mockery. “Don’t you think we can pay for your performance? Look! We are a group of young billionaires here and I can say that we are more capable of paying you more and capable to make you satisfied in bed compared to those old dirty men who you had slept with.” Eric had no sympathy for her as he was insulting her in front of his colleagues.

Even the rest of the men were silent.

They seemed to sense the awkwardness in the air and they didn’t want to offend Eric.

“Paakkkk!” After Eric’s words, a thunderclap slap sound echoed inside the room.

Along with a heavy heart, Hanna slapped Eric with all her might.

She was full of hate for what Eric had said.

She was not expecting that the man she loved could humiliate her in front of other people.

The man who she expected to comfort, support, and protect her would be the one to her down in front of other people.

It shattered her heart.

She felt hit by his words like she was the lowest creature living in the world.

It made her blame herself for why she was being born with poor life.

Her tears came out dripping because of anger and sadness mixed into one.

Now that she had slapped him, Hanna didn't want to defend herself.

All Eric said was partly true.

She deceived old men to get money from them because her mother was dying at that time.

She was pushed by the situation because of the sickness of her mother.

She had to undergo major operations.

She used her body to work 5 jobs a day or more.

All jobs that were offered to her, she never refused just to pay for her mother's operation but it wasn't enough.

Even if she died working, her salary wasn't enough not even half to compensate for her mother's medication.

So, she had no other choice but to play with her fate just to save her dying mother and at the same time support her brother's living.

Though she never wanted to take offers from different men, she had no choice at all.

She had to live, her mother had to live as well as her brother.

Because of her figure and beauty, Hanna was offered a lot of money at that time by different men.

She played and tricked them.

She made them drunk and she always put their drinks a sleeping pill so they would easily go to sleep.

They chose old men so she could easily make them believe that they slept together in the same bed when the fact was, they were just sleeping soundly and she went away after she put them to sleep.

Hanna was very good at tricking old desperate men but never young ones like Eric Grant.

She never tricked him.

She could not admit her real identity to him because she was afraid that she might not be able to see him again.

She was sure of that and since he was the first man who made her heart happy, she wanted to enjoy and live in the moment where they were okay.

They were in love with each other.

There was affection in their eyes for each other.

These were Hanna wanted to protect but she failed.

The moment she decided to save Eric was the time she gave up all her happiness but she had no regrets about protecting him.

“Do you really think that you can just escape from me after you did?” Eric’s dangerous voice snapped Hanna back to her senses.

She looked at him petrified of what she had done.

Then Eric suddenly grabbed away her mask without any warning.

He threw her mask to the ground.

“Wow!” That was the only time again that the rest of the men sounded.

Their tones were astonished by Hanna’s beauty.

Feeling so humiliated, Hanna quickly looked down.

Eric chuckled mockingly. “What’s wrong Hanna? Trying to hide your sinner face again?” Eric calmly asked but his mockery was screaming then he suddenly lifted her chin to face the crowd.

Hanna was trying to control herself not to break down.

She was not treated this way before.

In her everyday life in the slum, the weak had no place there.

Hanna was always tough and strong so she would not get easily bullied but with Eric, she was lost.

Eric was bullying her but she could not react.

She was accepting all her humiliation and she was not even defending herself.

It wasn't her anymore.

She changed with Eric around.

"Eric, this chick is very hot and beautiful. Should we start to bid who can take her home?" One of the men sounded very excited.

His expression was still astonished by Hanna's face.

He seemed to become a pervert in one look.

"Yeah! I agree to that!" Another man agreed and the rest nodded.

Hanna trembled.

Heaven knew, she never slept with a man in her entire life.

Though she was often exposed to these kinds, she already practiced the drill of escaping her clients smoothly and she never failed but these men were young.

They were too aggressive and robust she could not underestimate them.

They were all dangerous for her.

Her heart trembled to realize someone would touch her tonight.

She would never allow it.

She didn't mind dying than to give herself to one of the men in front of her.

"Why bid if we can share her?" Suddenly, their jaws dropped when Eric suddenly uttered. "Right, Hanna?" Eric looked at her with a deadly look.

She felt her breathing had stopped when their eyes met.

She felt his eyes swallowing her soul.

Eric was not the person she loved. He was dangerous and didn't care for her welfare.

"Yeah! That would be great! That's the best idea, Eric! After all, we are all friends, right?" One of his friends was very satisfied with his suggestion.

"Yeah! I'm in!" Followed by chuckles and giggles with the rest of the men.

"Eric..." She muttered brokenheartedly.

Her tears dripped down.

Seeing her tears, Eric's eyes flickered but quickly recovered.

"Why? Are we not to your liking? Come on, I can assure you that all your wild fantasies will be fulfilled by us tonight. I'm just afraid that one man can't satisfy you so I think sharing you is the best idea. Am I right? After all, we are going to pay you a lot and if you can also satisfy us then there will surely be a next time. Don't worry about that. My friends here are all generous." Eric said full of arrogance.

He was very hard and mean to Hanna.

This was her punishment.

Tonight, he would punish her and she would never forget it.

"Okay! In my hotel, then." A man stood up and threw a card on the table. "Eric, we will be waiting. Please deliver our muse carefully. Don't worry dear, you will not forget this night. With us, you will be the happiest tonight. We can assure you that." He added with a wink then excitedly strode out the room.

"See you, Eric, and you, beautiful!" Another man sounded then he followed the first man.

The rest of the men nodded at Eric before they made their exit until Eric and Hanna were the only people left in the room.

Eric suddenly released her.

Hanna remained standing in the middle dispirited and still shocked by what happened tonight.

In just a blink of an eye, she was humiliated and heartbroken at the same.

Everything was absorbing to her now.

Eric went to the door but he didn't go out instead, he locked the door.

A deafening silence and an intense tension were circulating in the air.

Hanna refused to be bullied just like that.

Eric had gone overboard.

She wanted to avenge herself but there was a part of her that stopped her.

She wanted to understand Eric's hatred for her.

She wanted to accept his wrath on her.

His footsteps made her halt again.

"Why are you just standing there? For the last time Hanna, before I will deliver you to them, could you dance for me?" Eric sat back in the middle of the couch.

He poured a drink into his glass and shook it while his sharp eyes were on her.

Hanna didn't move.

She felt hopeless and helpless.

She let her tears just drip down as she promised after all her tears, she would forget anything about Eric.

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After her tears, she would erase every good memory she had with him.

She swore to forget him no matter what.

He was not the Eric she loved and he would never change how badly he treated her.

After her tears, they would be back from being strangers to each other.

"Eric," Mustering her courage to speak, she called out his name.

Then, she heaved a heavy breath.

It was all her frustrations and she swore not to do it again in front of him.

"You just said that I can't be satisfied by one man, so..." She tried composing herself toughly while gulping secretly to stabilize her composure. "Maybe we can meet your friends now because I don't waste my time with one man... with you... here. I want to perform naked in front of all your friends as you know that is my expertise. Don't worry I

will give satisfaction to every penny you guys will pay me. So, let's go?" Hanna was acting cool in front of Eric.

For her, it was the best thing she could do to forget him fast as she knew Eric was not going to believe her anymore.

What she was doing now was good for both of them.

She would not defend herself anymore and whatever he had in mind about her, let it all stay in his mind.

By this, they would stay away from each other forever.

For Hanna, tonight would be the last night they would see each other and she swore that she would never see him again.

What he did for her was enough for her to stay away from him.

What she was about to do would be enough for him to stay away from her.

That would be fair enough for them not to see each other again.

"Let's go?" Hanna asked coolly trying to break the intense tension in the atmosphere.

Eric looked at her hatefully.

He seemed to prove everything about her was right.

His expression was so displeased at her.

He drank the alcohol in his glass in one go then he stood up.

He grabbed her hand tightly and dragged her forcefully.

"There's no escaping now. Let's go!" Eric sounded like he was bringing her to hell.

Read Novel You Can Run But You Can't Hide My Contractual Wife Chapter 367

You Can Run But You Can't Hide My Contractual Wife Chapter 367

Eric grabbed Hanna so tight while they were walking outside the room.

He brought her into the basement parking and opened the door of his car.

He pushed her hard inside the passenger seat then he put on her seatbelt to secure her.

Hanna's tears were about to flow again but she tried her best to stop them.

She wanted to see what Eric could do to her.

The worst would be better so she would immediately wake up from her hopes that they still had a chance together.

She wanted to be hurt so badly by him so that she would stop loving him immediately as she was still hoping that she was just dreaming and everything was just a dream.

She was hoping that Eric didn't change.

That he still loved her and he was still treating her well.

All her thoughts were shattered when Eric went inside the driver's seat closing the door with a loud bang.

He opened the engine and drove his car furiously like they were already flying.

Hanna trembled.

She feared for her life as she suddenly remembered her brother, Anthony.

If she died, Anthony would have no other family.

He would surely go back to the slum with his old friends who had a bad influence on him.

She could not let it happen.

She planned to put Anthony in school next year.

She already had enough money for it.

She saved for his education so that Anthony would be exposed to proper education and she was hoping that he could easily have good friends.

Anthony liked basketball, so she was hoping that he could join a team in their school and they would be able to compete in a big competition.

She was sure that her brother would always be a star player.

Just the thought of her brother excelling in what he was good at always put a smile on her face.

Hanna felt she was just living her life for her brother Anthony.

“Just hang on there, we are almost there.” Eric sounded without giving her a glance.

His sharp eyes were focused on the road.

He was very determined to deliver her to his friends in the hotel.

Thinking about this, her heart was clenched so hard.

Eric was no longer into her and there was nothing left for her even a bit.

There was no gentleness in his expression.

Her heart shattered thinking about how he harshly treated her tonight.

He was even eager to share her with his friends.

She never imagined Eric could be that arrogant towards her.

“Yeah, I’m so excited. Don’t worry, I will not let your friends down. I will not let you down either.” She answered feeling so sad deep inside but she tried her best to sound cool for Eric.

The corner of his lips moved upward.

She knew he smirked at her mockingly but at this time, Hanna was surrendering to her fate.

She didn’t want to fight with Eric.

Maybe for the last time, she would enjoy the moment while with him alone.

She opted not to say any single word again.

She opened the glass window on her side and let the cold air touch her face. She needed it badly.

She needed it to feel that she was still alive.

Hanna closed her eyes as released all the toxic air inside her body breathing heavily.

After a while, the glass window went up.

Eric closed her window without any warning.

“You don’t have the right to enjoy everything free.” He remarked strictly. “A sinner like you should be suffocated to death.” He added while he glanced at her with a judgmental look then he quickly averted his gaze to the road.

Hanna just clenched her fist hard to avoid him.

She was not going to fight with him and she didn’t want to defend herself.

She wanted to let him think whatever he wanted to think about her.

Explaining herself was just useless for him so she would not try anymore.

She had already given up and didn’t find any importance in clearing her name to him.

For Hanna, the damage had been done.

She looked at the dark view outside and she felt her life was like the dark view.

She was trying to escape from her dark life but things always pulled her back.

It seemed she had to live a dark life forever and she was trapped there for the rest of her life.

After a while, the car stopped.

She knew they arrived.

Eric went out quickly and opened her door.

She gulped mustering her courage.

She planned to escape from the men whatever it takes.

She would never give them her virginity.

Hanna was ready to record everything and she would use it to blackmail the men to their wives.

Surely, they have one, especially the one who was about to get married.

She was not born yesterday.

With the hardships in her life, Hanna had already mastered living with the flow of the hardships.

For her to survive she had to adapt to these hardships rather than fight against it.

There was no use fighting with her fate.

Hanna was familiar with the hotel as it was the third largest hotel in Capital Z next to the Sky and the Hansen's.

There was no doubt that the six young men were as billionaires as they claimed to be.

Eric suddenly grasped her wrist and dragged her to the entrance of the hotel.

She had to make big strides to keep up with his walking otherwise she would be shoved to the ground as Eric had no plan to stop walking or go slow.

He was very furious and his expression told her so.

Hanna's arm pained because of Eric's grip but she didn't complain.

She wanted to feel this pain made by Eric.

The more pain coming from him the more she would easily forget him.

Hanna was obviously collecting hatred for him so she could easily move on and forget Eric.

She wanted to feel her heart continuously shattered by Eric so she would curse him.

She would let go of him and the good memories they shared for each other.

After a while, they stopped inside an elevator.

His expression was telling her that he could not wait to deliver her to his friends. He had a hint of being impatient as his slender fingers were running on the wall surface creating a sound that could distract the silent air.

He was restless and displeased but she had no time to ask him. S

he forbade herself to ask him and get his sympathy. She wanted to see what worst could Eric do to her.

The extreme tension in the elevator was palpable.

Each of them seemed to see the worst of each other and they seemed to have the same purpose.

Seeing their worsts, proving what they were expecting, and leaving each other without no turning back.

They were there to prove something.

They had the same thoughts but who was the first one to run?

Who was the first one to stop?

When the elevator had stopped, Eric looked at her with no gentleness.

She looked at him carrying no spirit but she tried her best to act cool.

She just wanted to leave after everything.

Eric would no longer be her lover or her friend.

She just wanted to look at him for the last time.

“We are here. Let’s go.” Eric announced with a strict tone as he grabbed her hand roughly and they exited the elevator.

They stopped in front of a door.

Eric got the key card and quickly tapped it on the door.

When it sounded, Hanna’s heart jolted.

She was going inside there with too many men.

She was sure they would try to touch her but she would not allow them.

She held her clutch tightly as her phone was inside there.

She knew what to do.

She heaved a deep sigh when Eric opened the room and then he dragged her in.

She panicked as the room was too dark.

Hanna was expecting the men would greet them with highly intensified noise but the room was silent.

“Where... where are they?” She could not help but mutter.

In the dark, Eric chuckled. She didn't have to think about the reason for his laughter as it was very obvious that he was insulting her.

Eric opened the lights.

His deadly look greeted her.

"Do you really have the appetite to slay 6 men?" Eric was mocking her as he frowned.

His eyes were full of disgust toward her.

Hanna looked at him seriously.

His insults were too painful in her heart but she gathered all her cool not to let him down.

"Yeah! Come on Eric! 6 men are nothing! In my line of work, I can even slay 20 men in a day. Are you shocked?" Hanna smiled at him with a proud expression but deep inside she was shaking.

She lied and since she had already started, she would finish it by the end.

Hearing Hanna, Eric clenched his fists too tightly.

His eyes were vengeful.

He could not believe Hanna was like this.

She was just showing him her true identity. Earlier, he had some expectations about her.

Though he didn't want to give it to her but his heart was telling him to give her a second chance.

If she could clear her name to him, maybe they could talk in a quiet place.

He could arrange everything just to see her expression with great remorse but he failed again.

Hanna had no remorse for her victims.

She was too proud of herself and her sins.

She was hopeless.

She was nothing but a beautiful sinner and she would surely continue what she was capable of.

“Okay...” Eric hummed calmly and released her. He strode to the bar table, took off his tie, and threw it away on the table.

He got the bottle of alcohol and pour it into his glass.

He shook the glass and the alcohol in it then he smelled it before he drank it in one go. Hanna looked at Eric.

Until now, she was still enchanted by his handsomeness and sexiness too bad they would not see each other again after tonight.

After Eric had calmed his senses, he grabbed Hanna who stayed rooted on her spot.

“What are you doing?” Hanna asked in a panic as Eric was dragging her to the room where the king-size bed greeted her eyes.

“Hanna, I wanted to be nice to you but you keep on provoking me. You know what? I never tasted a woman who can slay 20 men. 20 men! Wow! So, I wanted to see and it excites me a lot how would you satisfy 20 men. So, Hanna can you give me that privilege to feel your expertise first before I will deliver you to my friends if you aren’t satisfied with me?” Eric’s eyes were seriously pierced into her.

He was stricter and it seemed his eyes were sucking her soul at this point.

Hanna jolted trying not to break down.

She smiled bitterly at Eric. “No thanks. Seriously speaking, I’m not interested in you Eric. Not anymore.” She smirked.

“Why is that, Hanna? Do you think I can’t satisfy you?” Eric frowned.

His handsome face was displeased.

“I don’t like one man. I am used to having many men in the bed satisfying me at the same time. That is me Eric and you can’t change that.” Hanna was so determined to ruin her name to him since she could not change his mind, might as well make him believe what he already believed about her.

Proving him that he was right about her was too easy rather than defending herself. It was too hard to clear her name to him when he only believed what was in his mind.

“Really?” Eric frowned looking at her. His eyes were hateful.

Hanna nodded trying not to avoid his stare.

She wanted to prove to him that she was saying the truth.

Eric suddenly grabbed her arm. It was too tight that it pained her a lot.

“I am not asking you, Hanna. It was just right for you to give me what I wanted from you after you have done terribly to my family. You are going to pay me with your body tonight and I can assure you that my strength is comparable to 20 men or even more.” Eric dragged her inside the room and closed the door with a bang. Tonight, he would punish her and he swore to do everything he wanted to her mercilessly even if it would take out all her breath.

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You Can Run But You Can't Hide My Contractual Wife Chapter 368

Hanna panicked by Eric's rough action.

He was obviously going to punish her with his own hands.

Hanna's mind was set to escape from the men after getting their videos and blackmailing them after, they would surely release her and there was no doubt that they were not going to bother her again and so the same goes with Eric but no... What was happening at the moment was that Eric was so furious to slay her.

He seemed wanting to prove something.

His expression was furious and his expression was telling her that he had no room for negotiation.

Hanna trembled in fright.

For whatever reason, she was scared of Eric.

He was not the Eric she once knew and for the first time, she felt very scared of him.

He acted rough toward her way too different from the gentlemanly Eric.

His movements were harsh and his eyes were always mocking her.

She felt like she was with a complete stranger.

But not only that, Hanna was scared of what was going to happen tonight.

Slowly, she realized that escaping from him was never an option.

His expression was telling her that even if she was going to hide in hell, Eric would follow.

Tonight, there was no escaping.

For Hanna, if it was the Eric, she loved the most, she didn't mind being slain by him.

She didn't mind giving her virginity to Eric because admittedly, she would be happy if Eric would be the first person to touch her.

She already loved Eric very much and she could do anything for her love.

She could do anything that Eric wanted and she would not mind giving him all of her.

Well, it was always how love works.

Since it was Hanna's first time falling in love, she was willing to give everything unselfishly but what bothered her the most was Eric was now a different person.

He was a complete as*hole for her.

He looked down at her in front of his friends mercilessly.

He kept on insulting her even if she was already crying in front of his friends.

He judged her without hearing her reasons.

He already wanted to bury her alive without even giving her a little of his time to listen to her.

Just a little but nothing.

Eric immediately closed his doors for her leaving her to wonder why he was like that.

Why he even didn't value her or just their friendship?

Is she not worth it for an explanation?

Is she not worth a second chance?

These questions hurt Hanna so much realizing that Eric's affection for her was not so deep to give her a chance to explain herself and a chance to clear her name.

It pained her because she had her expectations of their relationship.

Though they were not officially dubbed as couples and lovers, they already had a mutual understanding.

Eric was so sweet and very caring to her which is why she could not blame herself to fall in love with him.

In her life, no man cared for her nor was concerned for her well-being if it had no other purpose.

Often, men in her life were too clever to take advantage of her in exchange for money and material things.

Only Eric had given her genuine treatment without him seeing her real face.

He was the kind of person who trusted his gut feeling.

He dared to risk it all just to follow what was in his heart.

With that, Hanna was so happy that he was not mistaken for Eric.

Eric didn't care about physical beauty and he only cares about what his heart was telling him which differed him from the rest of the men.

From her father and the rest of the men, she encountered in her daily work.

"Eric, you can't act like this. Your friends are waiting for us in the next room. How can you be so selfish bringing me in this room and you are just going to enjoy me all by yourself? I don't want to do it with you alone. I want to go now." Hanna hissed while she was already being imprisoned in the main room.

If she was not mistaken, Eric was a shareholder of the hotel as he had his own keycard in a certain room but she was sure that his friends were waiting for them in one of the rooms.

Eric looked at her so furious.

He could swallow her alive through his deep eyes.

He strode closer to Hanna and she took a few steps back until she reached the hard wall.

Eric cupped her chin roughly as he pressed her against the wall.

"They can wait. Don't worry... I will bring you to them after I am finished." He hissed with a very sarcastic tone.

His eyes were the coldest.

“That if you still have your consciousness with you.” He added as his expression was so deadly.

Hanna gripped her purse so tight with her two hands.

She trembled with Eric’s words.

For the first time, she felt very scared.

She didn’t know what to do again as her heartbeat was racing fast.

Eric’s words were so alarming that just implied that he would mercilessly touch her tonight until she was out of consciousness or maybe he meant until she was out of breath.

Having these thoughts, Hanna felt the tiny hair behind her neck had risen and her cold sweats appeared everywhere in her body.

She was restless as her cheeks were burning hot.

Her imagination was limited about making out but she could easily figure out what he meant.

He was going to kill her in the bed tonight.

Eric smirked at Hanna who was lost in her deep messy thinking.

She was brought to where Eric sweetly said “I love you”, to her when they were about to make out in his house for the first time before he rushed out to rescue Arabella Jones. Those words were all music to her ears.

They calmed her restless heart and took away all her worries that time that she was willing to give up her virginity to him but now everything had changed.

Eric was still going to taste her but in a very different manner.

Even his words weren’t sweet but threatening and dangerous.

His expression was too different when he confessed his love to her.

Now, he didn’t care if he hurt her or pained her physically and emotionally.

It was obvious that all he did to her was on purpose.

He was attacking her humiliating her non-stopped.

And now, he was already harassing her.

Hanna didn't like the Eric in front of her.

She wanted to escape from him but it was too impossible for her to do it.

As her plan to blackmail using a video, she was sure it would not work on Eric.

Eric was a famous bachelor and if ever she would complain to the authorities, she didn't think the officers would believe her over Eric.

Eric was a dignified businessman.

His reputation was graded A not only in Capital Z but around the globe.

She wouldn't dare to put more humiliation on herself besides, there was something in her that would not allow her mind to harm Eric whether it was physical or any other form of humiliation to the public.

Sadly, they weren't the same because he just did it tonight.

They didn't have the same level of love.

Maybe, she loved him more.

More than he knew.

"I told you, I'm not gonna be satisfied with one man. I'm used to having more men in bed at the same time. That just means that I'm not gonna be satisfied with you alone. You can't satisfy me, Eric. So, let's go!" Hanna was trembling tremendously inside but she tried her best to gather all her wits and composure.

She started it and she had to finish it by the end.

All she wanted was to go out of the room so that she would have enough liberty to escape from him but she felt instantly hopeless when Eric crushed his body against her and the wall.

She felt her breathing had stopped but her heartbeat was racing so fast.

Their faces were just an inch gap from each other. They were very close to each other that she could feel his heavy breath fanning on her soft skin.

His eyes looked at her very cold and she could tell he was displeased with her.

“Eric...” She wanted to push him but he gripped her waist very tightly.

For Hanna, it seemed Eric didn't care if he cracked her bone and it saddened her.

He didn't care if her heart was bleeding because of him.

He didn't care as long as he could avenge his family.

“Just shut up and kiss me.” Eric suddenly blurted as he pushed her more to the wall and ravished her lips roughly.

He snatched her purse forcefully and threw it to the floor. Then he grasped her arms and put them around his neck.

She refused. She put them down which made him more annoyed.

Eric seemed wanted to eat her flesh as he bit her lower lip purposely making it bleed.

She moaned in pain but her words were like a whisper as it was caught inside their tangled mouth.

Hanna was trying to break the kiss and tried to push his heavy body away but it was to no avail.

Eric had no plan to release her as his wild tongue was forcefully entering her mouth.

He was stunned.

She didn't want to but his domineering tongue immediately invaded her.

It wandered roughly inside her.

She closed her eyes as she didn't know what to do.

She didn't expect that she would be experiencing this kind of kissing from Eric when she imagined it before that kissing with him was the sweetest but it turned out a mistake.

His wild kiss pained her heart because she knew he was doing it with a purpose.

Everything would be her first time and when she imagined it before, Eric would do everything gently because he didn't want to hurt her but all her imaginations were shattered.

It was all happening now but there was no gentleness in him.

All she could feel was roughness.

It was a punishment and he was punishing her.

When the heaviness of her heart seemed to overflow, her tears slipped from the corners of her eyes.

She could not stop to cry.

She felt Eric was not the person she loved.

He changed a lot in such a short period of time.

She wanted to escape so badly from him.

She didn't comply with any of his demands as she was like a lifeless skeletal standing against the wall.

Eric saw his tears but he was driven by his anger.

It pained his heart to see his tears but he could not stop.

He was determined to get what he wanted from her tonight and then leave.

He was going to accomplish everything and he would not see her again.

He didn't know but tonight, he wanted to slay her so badly.

Eric knew it was not all about his revenge.

There was something in him that he was longing to do it even before and now it was all released.

Though he felt disgusted with her for knowing her real identity, he could not still hold his arousal for her whenever she was around.

Honestly, he could not share her with everyone.

He could not share her with his friends.

He felt he failed in this aspect.

Eric had the hardest time as he was in between his revenge and affection for Hanna.

He confessed to her and he was true to his words but unfortunately, she turned out to be the woman he hated the most.

She turned out to be the mistress of his Uncle Byer.

She turned out to be the reason why his Aunt decided to take her own life.

She was the reason why Rosy's family was ruined.

She was the reason why his family was still suffering right now.

In just a very short time, everything had changed.

How could he still love the woman who ruined his family?

How could he still love a woman who was the reason for his Aunt's death?

How could he face his aunt, Rosy, and his uncle Byer if he would still continue loving her? If he would continue seeing her?

Eric had already put a dot to his affection for her.

There was no them.

They were not meant for each other.

It seemed their fates were playing a bad joke on them.

They were meant to know each other, got along very well, and got to have affection for each other but they would be enemies for life.

They would love each other and end up hating each other.

Their fate was bittersweet but somehow Eric already put an end to his feeling for her.

There was no doubt that he would choose his family over Hanna.

But first, he had to punish her, and tonight, he would leave her like a soulless shattered overused doll.

Read Novel You Can Run But You Can't Hide My Contractual Wife Chapter 369

You Can Run But You Can't Hide My Contractual Wife Chapter 369

Eric suddenly lifted Hanna.

Hanna panicked but her strength couldn't overpower Eric.

He was strong and he was driven by hatred.

He had no gentleness in his expression.

Then, he threw Hanna into the bed roughly.

“Ahhh!” She hissed painfully as she arched her back feeling a sharp pain behind her.

Eric just looked at her with the sharpest stare.

She could not see any sympathy in his eyes.

She felt a pang in her heart.

Then in the next second, Eric started to undress himself.

She wanted to jump out of the bed but Eric was quick to grab her and put her back in the middle.

“What’s the drama, huh? Why are you acting like a virgin, Hanna? Huh!” He roared at her as his expression was very pissed with her actions.

She wanted to escape from him but he always had his way to put her in the same place forcefully.

Then finally, Eric tied her arms together with his belt and he tied it to the headboard of the bed.

She panicked and hysterically struggled as she was kicking and moving all the parts of her body just to get away with the tie but it was to no avail.

Her arms were above her.

Her body was exposed clearly to Eric who was just seeing her struggles.

He seemed to know that whatever she would do, she could not escape from the knot.

However, Hanna refused to be just tied to the bed.

She never imagined that she could experience something like this with Eric.

Sadly, she never thought Eric could do this to her.

“Eric, let me go! Let me go!” She hissed with a demanding tone.

She didn’t want to lie on that bed with her arms tied upward.

She was kicking non-stopped until Eric got two ropes inside a drawer and threw them into the bed.

Hanna was dumbfounded.

She didn't have to be so genius to know what Eric would do with the two lengthy ropes.

She tried to kick the ropes out of the bed even though she felt her arms and body flexing so much.

"Eric, you can't do this to me! You can't force yourself on me! Let me go now! Let me go!" Her voice was already dry due to her non-stopped shouting but she didn't care.

She would shout at him for as long as she could until her voice would no longer be heard.

"Hanna, you of all people is not worthy of sympathy. You should already know that your dirty work would put you to hell. This is still not hell, Hanna. We are not getting there yet." Eric sounded very sarcastic.

His eyes were full of hatred toward her.

Hanna trembled again with his words.

She had thought this before.

Eric was right but, in her case, she was willing to go to hell just to save her mother and put food on the table for Anthony.

She was desperate at that time because she had a mother who was dying and in dire need of an immediate operation.

She had no other option but to put herself into that kind of a situation but she swore that she never slept with any men.

With what her father did to them, she hated men.

She never imagined that someone could capture her heart.

She never imagined in her life that someone could rectify her hate for men.

She never trusted them but Eric showed her another dimension that he was different from the rest.

He showed her a life where she could trust someone, she could rely on someone and she could be happy in the arms of someone.

He showed her that she had the right to love and received love from a man at the same time.

She deserved to be taken care of by a man who loved her.

She could rest all her worries and let him pacify everything in her mind.

The kind of love that was calm and there was no pressure.

Eric showed her everything and she believed him without any hesitation.

But now, Eric was no longer the Eric who showed her love.

He was the complete opposite who wanted to oppress and punish her.

He was a merciless man and he didn't care about her feelings just to punish her and get whatever he wanted from her.

What he showed before was now just a dream.

What he was showing now were hatred, anger, and revenge.

His heart was covered by all of these and she could clearly see it.

"Eric, just let me go! I promise you can't see me anymore. I will get out of this country and you will never have to worry about seeing me again. Please. Just let me go!" Hanna cried out loud.

She was true to her words and she swore to herself that she would put an end to whatever she felt toward Eric.

She would stop loving him and she would never aim for him to go back to his normal self.

From that moment, Eric was nothing to her anymore.

Hanna clenched her fists as she swore to herself.

Hearing Hanna's words, Eric looked her in the eyes.

For an inexplicable reason, he didn't like what she said.

He felt the heaviness of his heart but he refused to dwell on this kind of feeling.

Eric was always direct to everything and solved all matters with modesty but with Hanna, he was at a loss.

He was sure to himself that he would choose his family over her.

He was sure that he already put an end to his feeling toward her.

He was sure everything was under his control but why his heart was clenched hard when Hanna promised to go away from him?

Her expression was very serious and he knew she was determined to do it.

“Well, that’s great! Because you know what? After what I’m going to do to you, I will kill you if I will see you again!” Eric roared angrily.

He didn’t want her to see him affected by her words and he hated himself that he was still affected by her.

He got angrier hearing her swearing to go away from him.

He wanted to rectify himself from feeling disturbed by Hanna.

“Why are you treating me so badly?” Hanna could not find her calm.

She was very angry at him and at the same time, she was very perplexed.

She didn’t know what to do anymore because her words didn’t matter to him.

Eric just smirked at her.

He was mocking her, “Bad?” He frowned as he uttered. “Don’t you think you deserve all the worst things in the world?” He added full of sarcasm as his eyes were despising her.

Hanna had run out of words.

Eric was right though but she couldn’t just imagine that Eric would make her life worst.

The person she loved the most would also be the person who would cause her suffering and would make her life a living hell.

“No! please! Stop!” Those were the words that came out of her mouth when she was snapped back to her senses.

Eric started to tie her legs separated from each other.

They were spread as the right goes to the right edge of the bed and the left was tied to the left edge of the bed.

Eric stood up in front of Hanna feeling satisfied with his achievement of tying her hands and legs.

Now her body was spread in the middle of the bed and she could struggle hard anymore.

She was still moving but it was controllable since she was tied up.

Whatever he would do to her was all possible.

Even if she refused or contested, she could not do anything.

"I hate you, Eric! I hate you! This is not the Eric I once knew! I regret meeting you in this life. You are the worst person I know!" Hanna hissed very angrily.

Even though she was already all tied up, she could still not believe that Eric could do it to her.

Eric was consistent and his expression was always displeased and angry.

He seemed not to like seeing her face again and he seemed to be disgusted with her appearance.

"You can hate me all you want, Hanna and if you think I am the worst person?... then let it be because to me you are also the worst, and trust me, I also regretted having met you in this life!" Eric roared as he threw his pants on the floor.

He was now left with his underwear while her masculine sexy body flaunted in front of Hanna.

Seeing the sexy Eric, Hanna was nervous.

She could feel something electrifying crazily running inside her body.

It was restless and it ran back and forth non-stopped.

She wanted to shut her eyes just to stop the uncontrollable wild sensation in her body but her eyes didn't want to cooperate.

They seemed to have their own brains.

She tried hard to close her eyes until she succeeded.

Even though in her work she was exposed to a lot of men but still it was her first time seeing a naked man in front of her.

It was the first time she was with a naked man inside a room and she never imagined that this man was the sexiest man she had ever seen.

This man is Eric Grant.

The man who she wanted to give her virginity before but now, she didn't want it anymore because she promised herself that she would only do that if they shared the same feelings.

Only if they loved each other.

She thought, she already found that man in Eric's persona but too bad she was greatly mistaken.

Eric didn't love her and she didn't want to love him anymore after seeing his true color and after experiencing his cruelty.

He was not the gentleman she once knew but he was the cruelest.

"Now, if you don't stop talking then maybe I have to close your mouth with this." Eric showed her his necktie.

Hanna was taken aback.

She didn't say anything and she didn't care anymore what he was going to do to her.

She felt she had already enough. There was no point in struggling as Eric for her was the cruelest.

Hanna closed her eyes submitting to her fate tonight.

Whatever happened, she knew it was not to her liking.

She knew it would be the cruelest event in her life.

Hanna's tears slipped from the corner of her eyes.

She didn't want to see what Eric would do to her.

She just wanted to close her eyes until everything was finished.

Just after the next second, Hanna felt a movement on top of her.

She knew it was Eric.

Eric positioned himself on top of Hanna and then he suddenly tore her mini dress.

The sound of the tearing fabric echoed inside the room.

Hanna suddenly felt the coldness of the air as it soothed in her bare skin.

She trembled inside.

Eric threw the pieces of fabric to the floor and then he unclasped her bra.

Hanna could feel an intense uneasiness as she felt Eric was staring at her healthy breasts right now.

No one had seen her breasts before and now, it was only Eric who did.

Just when she was waiting for his next move, she suddenly feel Eric sucking them.

He was sucking them hungrily.

There was a pain in his actions as he also bit her nipples and sucked them one at a time then he cupped them both as he continued sucking, licking, and biting her nipples.

With Eric's actions, Hanna couldn't help arching her back as the wild tingling sensations inside her body were uncontrollable.

She could not avoid them.

They were like going to explode inside her.

Eric was rough at her as he bit her skin everywhere he wanted.

It pained her a lot as she kept on arching her body to avoid the pain from his teeth.

It seemed he purposely hurt her and he seemed not to get enough.

He wanted to make her feel all the pain.

Without seeing it, she knew that her body was already full of bite marks.

The pain he instilled in her made her hate him more.

Suddenly, Eric tore the last piece she was wearing.

It made her feel so small.

She was bare naked and he was on top of her.

His skin was touching her skin.

It made her jolted and the nervousness inside her was unbearable.

The tiny hair of her skin raised as she clenched her fists hard.

She still didn't dare to open her eyes as she didn't want to witness how cruel Eric could be.

He didn't want to see Eric's face anymore.

For her, he was already a monster.

As her tears were flowing, the heaviness of her heart was accompanying them.

Eric looked at Hanna's alluring body.

He could not help himself.

Her body was divine.

She had the sexiest body he had ever seen.

It made him so very hungry.

He wanted her so badly for himself as he could not stop his intense arousal for Hanna.

He hated himself but he wanted her.

For Eric, there was nothing in this world that could stop him from getting her.

Tonight, Hanna belongs only to him.

Eric continued to conquer Hanna as he pushed his hard to the deepest part of her.

There was no gentleness in his action. It was all purely pain and Hanna cursed the most painful feeling caused by Eric.

The pain was too much to handle. As he plunged at her, it was always the hardest.

The pain made her open her eyes.

More tears were flowing from her eyes.

Eric was too fond of her body.

He felt very pleased and satisfied with Hanna's body.

He did everything to her forcefully and he didn't stop until she collapsed in the middle of the night.

He felt satisfied after the fifth round as he rolled down beside her.

He planned to leave her right away but when he stared at the woman beside her, he decided to extend the night a little.

After all, he would not see this woman again.

When Eric woke up at dawn, Hanna was not there anymore.

He clenched his fists hard feeling being tricked by her again.

Just when he was about to go out, his eyes landed on the white sheet of the bed.

Blood...

Eric was suddenly taken aback.

"Hanna..." He muttered.

Read Novel You Can Run But You Can't Hide My Contractual Wife Chapter 370

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The next morning, Arabella was awakened by loud sounds everywhere.

She slowly opened her eyes as she thought she was just dreaming but the reality was already in front of her.

Trishia was with a fat woman wearing a servant's uniform.

Without asking what are they doing inside her room, Arabella could already decipher why they were there.

"Hah! Who do you think you are? A princess living in a castle?" Trishia's eyeballs were bulging as she roared at Arabella.

She couldn't still get over the night Arabella had with Bill Sky in her room.

Then last night, this woman made another vicious move.

For Trishia, she could not allow that to happen again.

She could not allow Arabella to ruin all her plans now that she was very close to them.

With Arabella in the house, she could not find her calm.

Trishia had always doubts and worries about her and Bill Sky.

Last night, Trishia tried to talk to Bill regarding the eviction of Arabella Jones from their mansion but Bill disagreed.

“Sweetheart, can we just get rid of that wicked Arabella Jones in our place? You know... I don't trust her. I just don't want to risk you and our relationship. With her, I feel very uneasy because you see, she is a desperate woman and she would do anything to steal you away from me.” Trishia sounded calm but deep inside she was very irritated talking about Arabella Jones.

For her, they shouldn't be talking about her.

Arabella was nothing and she had no importance even a bit in their relationship.

She was just a stain in their life that needed to be erased.

Bill put down his pen on the table and looked at Trishia seriously. “Sweetheart, don't you trust me?” Bill asked with a deep frown.

Trishia was stunned as she was very careful with all her words and actions toward Bill because it was her last shot.

If Bill would not like any of her actions or words, he would be displeased with her and that was the thing she didn't like to happen.

In the eyes of Bill Sky, she should be the most elegant woman, the most sophisticated, the most brilliant woman, the sweetest, and the most resilient woman just like her mom, Alice.

Sen. Meyer used her to his political advantage having a good presentable woman on his side.

Her mom added a very good rapport to Sen. Meyer's image.

So, the Senator could not let go of her mother.

Trishia wanted that to happen to her with Bill Sky.

She would be the first lady of the Sky Corporation and to all his mansions not only inside the mansion he had bought for her.

"Of course, I trust you... I trust you with all my life." Trishia quickly replied to him.

She put up a loving smile to prove her words. "I love you so much." She strode behind him as Bill was sitting on his working chair in the study room.

She gave him a gentle massage on his back and head then she hugged him behind.

"Hmmm..." Bill took her hand as he moved back then he guided her to sit on his lap.

She felt very satisfied with Bill's action.

It gave her millions of tingling sensations in her body.

His explicit scent could make her so aroused.

Her body wanted to eat him alive.

She wanted to savor Bill's taste and juices all by herself.

Trishia held herself as she clutched his neck with her two arms while she sat on his lap.

Her eyes were begging for a kiss but it was interrupted when he spoke, "I love you too, sweetheart, and thank you for understanding. Don't worry about her. I just wanted to see what she got as she claimed that I was in love with her." Bill chuckled softly like he was mocking Arabella. "She couldn't be compared to you. From personality and traits, so don't stress yourself out because of her. She is nothing to you. Okay? I will handle her and teach her a lesson. Don't worry, she will not stay longer inside this house. She will surely surrender." Bill smiled like he had no doubt about his statements along with his chuckles.

Trishia still wanted to contest but she held herself.

She had to act as if she trusted him.

So, Trishia nodded and put up a sweet smile at him.

She made a beautiful eye as she wanted to attract him.

Then slowly, she slowly approached his lips but Bill dodged.

She felt her cheeks blush.

"Sweetheart, let me just finish my work. It's very important and the board is waiting for my approval. Okay?" Bill kissed her on her forehead. "Wait for me in the room." He added as he guided Trishia to stand up then he flipped his leather swivel chair to face

back his working table. "And... pls. take off your wig. You are more beautiful without it. I want to see the real person who saved my life." Bill uttered seriously looking at Trishia.

Trishia felt awkward and humiliated at the same time as she tried her best to gather her cool.

Bill didn't like to see her wearing a wig but she always cursed her face whenever she saw an ugly bald girl in the mirror.

She could not be so demanding with Bill nor be so spoiled and bratty.

It would never work for him even though she saved his life.

Bill was always a thinker and she knew it very well.

She would never give him any reason that would make him question her.

"O...Okay, sweetheart. I will wait for you tonight and please finish your work immediately. Will you?" Trishia uttered sweetly.

Bill smirked as he nodded. "Okay." He answered plainly and then he got his pen and started working again.

Trishia was left standing in front as her sweet smile quickly faded away.

She turned around and exited the room.

Inside her room, Bill never slept with her.

He was always working and got to sleep always in his study room.

Sometimes, he went inside there just to freshen up but he never slept with her.

As for him, he would only do that after they got married as to his respect for her.

Trishia could not complain about Bill's decision.

"F*ck with that respect!" As Trishia was sitting alone on her bed, she screamed irritatingly in the air.

When it comes to her craving and tasting Bill, she didn't need his respect.

She was willing to give her body to him with all her permission.

He could do anything to her body.

She wanted him to overuse her and used her body savagely.

All he had to do was to f*ck her hard, savor her all he wanted and repeat it many times.

She was dying to sleep with Bill.

She was dying to touch every muscle he had on his sexy body.

She wanted to feel his hardness.

She wanted to taste his hard inside her mouth.

Trishia promised if that time would happen, she would do anything just to Bill forget Arabella Jones, and never he would have any affection toward Arabella ever again.

The night was getting so late but Bill was still not inside her room.

Trishia was already used to it and she was sure that Bill was still inside his study room.

She got a glass of wine and got a bottle of expensive wine.

Though she successfully deceived Bill Sky, she was not still satisfied with him because they still didn't share one bed.

She was still always left behind imagining all the wild things they could do together after their wedding.

Trishia had to make sure Bill would stay in his condition otherwise her plans would be put to waste again.

With the help of a greedy doctor, she was able to get some drugs from him and she put them in Bill's everyday tea to make sure his memory would not come back anymore.

Trishia had no choice as she was already very desperate to achieve what she wanted for the longest time and now it was already happening.

She was very close to being Mrs. Sky.

Bill was living with her already and that was already an achievement.

He called her sweetheart and he touched her without disgust in his expression, those were also already achievements.

Trishia was lost in her deep thoughts as she was drinking her wine until she lost track of time.

She wanted to check on Bill as she felt she was already waiting for him for a decade.

She quickly stood up with her sexy silky nightgown and a cup of wine in her hand.

She knew Bill had forgotten again what he promised to her so it might be best for her to go and disturb him.

It was already late at night so it would be just right for him to stop working and take care of his fiancée.

Trishia felt a bit nervous because it was the first time she was going to check and disturb him while he was working.

Usually, she was so obedient to him.

She always followed whatever he said and agreed but this time since Arabella was in their house, Trishia could not just sit and wait.

She could not relax with the existence of Arabella in their house.

She felt like there was a snake living in their house and just finding the right time to steal her fiancée and attack her venomously.

Trishia knocked on his door.

The first knock, there was no sound inside.

She did the second knock but still, it was silent inside.

The next knock, Trishia already pushed the door and it opened just to her liking.

Bill didn't usually lock his study room's door.

She gently slipped her body to the opening but to her surprise, there was no one inside.

Bill's swivel chair was empty.

Without his presence, Trishia felt very nervous.

She felt something very unusual and she already knew that it was something to do with the snake so she quickly ran toward Arabella's room.

She was certain that Arabella was seducing her fiancée again.

Even though Bill lost his memory of her but he was still a man.

Whoever woman seduced him, he would surely feel something.

Feeling very angry, Trishia had gone hysterical.

She felt going to explode if she could not see Bill Sky or if she won't know where Bill was.

Bill would never go out this late without informing her.

Bill would always let her know if he had to go outside.

"Arabella! Open the door! You slut! Open the door!" Trishia roared knocking on the door with her fists banging the surface repeatedly. "Open this door now or I will destroy it! Open now!" She was screaming too loud.

All the servants were curious about what was happening to their new madame.

They looked at each other like they were gossiping through their eyes.

"Madame, that woman is not in her room." One of the servants in the mansion strode to Trishia and announced.

Trishia halted.

She looked at the fat woman who dared to talk to her.

Her right eyebrow curled upward.

Trishia liked this woman as the way she spoke 'that woman,' it seemed she didn't like Arabella Jones.

She was tough and Trishia felt she was going to be very useful to her.

"What's your name?" Trishia asked in a strict manner.

"Greta madame. I am Greta, Mrs. Sky." She said directly.

Hearing Greta calling her, Mrs. Sky, she already knew that Greta's loyalty was on her.

Trishia smirked wickedly.

It seemed she could make Greta her new puppet.

"Greta, are you loyal to me?" Trishia asked just to make sure of herself.

"Of course, Madame Sky. Just say a word and I can do everything you like me to do." Greta replied slightly bowed.

"Good... brilliant!" Trishia muttered nodding at her.

"Listen, everyone!" Then Trishia spoke like she was going to make a very important announcement and she seemed to know that the servants were all gathered around her. "This servant standing beside me," She looked at Greta from head to toe.

She obviously mocked Greta inside as she was fat, dark with kinky hair but Trishia was not showing it.

She disliked her figure but she liked Greta's tough presence and loyalty to her. "Greta, she will be the new head of all the servants. Do you all understand?" Trishia announced without care for the servant who was in the head position right now.

These servants were Bill and they already exist when she came to this mansion.

All the servants clamored as they already had a head servant but they didn't have any choice but to agree.

"Yes, madame." They all answered with a bow.

Mrs. Wilma, the head of the servants had no choice but to bow as well and agreed.

She was the oldest of all the servants and she had been working with the Sky for almost her entire life.

"Greta, follow me!" Trishia sounded at the fat woman who quickly followed her.

They went to a hallway where nobody could hear them.

"Tell me, where is that snake woman?" Trishia was very pissed thinking about Arabella.

Greta looked at her with fear in her eyes. It seemed she wanted to talk but she was scared of something.

"Greta! Don't make me regret promoting you. Are you going to answer me or what?" Trishia was almost shouting.

"Of course, madame. Of course, my loyalty is with you as the future wife of Mr. Sky." Greta was very good at appeasing Trishia.

She bowed at her like a slave worshipping her master.

"Then?" Trishia asked impatiently while her right eyebrow curled upward.

"I saw that woman and Mr. Sky went out with his car just a minute ago," Greta answered like she was putting a piece of wood in a flame.