

Read Novel You Can Run But You Can Not Hide My Contractual Wife Chapter 481

You Can Run But You Can not Hide My Contractual Wife Chapter 481-“Greta looked at me, huh!?... I’m Mark. I’m your friend. Now, please let go of that gun... Will you?” Mark was asking her nicely.

Saving Bill wasn’t only his intention but also saving his friend, Greta.

Though he felt very betrayed by her, Mark couldn’t stay angry with her knowing that he took a big part of Greta’s hell.

He could not just let himself escape from the responsibility.

He believed that he could still convince her as they had been together for a long time and they got good memories together way back in the slum and in the present time.

They were inseparable before.

Their friendship was proven with time.

Greta was his protector in the slum and through everything they had been through, they always had each other’s back.

“No... I can’t!” With a strong refusal in her expression, Greta refuted.

Her opposing expression was greatly shown on her face and one could easily say that they have gotten to opposite sides.

“What do you mean?” Now, Mark wanted to confront her to clear some things between them.

He was trying his best to hold his temper but at the same time, he wanted to explode.

Mark tried his best to understand Greta’s betrayal but he also wanted to see and hear from Greta that she could really do that to him.

It would greatly help his situation right now.

Mark somehow wanted to believe that other than money, she had another reason for this but seeing the surreal wickedness in her eyes, Mark already knew that they had gotten a different separate way.

” What do I mean? Hahaha!” Greta just repeated his words laughing mockingly. ” You see Mark, I’ve been with you all throughout and yet you never believed in me!” Greta

roared mockingly. "Well... I thought you can help me go to the highest... the richest we can be... together!" Greta screamed her disappointment.

Her face was flustered due to her surging emotions.

From what she could see, Mark was already on the different without him telling her.

"Greta, listen to me! Look at me! We... we can still do that... together... Okay?" Mark was just trying to pacify Greta who was now completely frantic.

She was still pointing her gun at Bill who was unconscious at the moment.

Mark just arrived at a perfect time before she could kill him.

"For the longest time, we had known each other, I know what you are trying to do and you can't deceive me! You are here not to kill this man but save him! Are you insane? We planned this for a very long time! Mark, this is it! If he dies, you can have the position! You can have everything he has! We... we will not hide anymore! We are going to rule this city together! Isn't that what we wanted for a very long time?" Greta's eyeballs were bulging due to intense annoyance and disappointment.

"He... This man isn't my real brother." Mark was holding his temper as he seriously responded to her.

This news was like a bomb to Greta.

Her expression was shattered in a terrible way.

Then she laughed softly.

The laugh grew louder and louder until it resonated in the huge room.

The rest of the senator's men were standing as their audience inside the room.

They were all alerted with their guns.

Hearing Mark, Greta frowned deeply.

It seemed she was not satisfied with Mark's answer causing her in disbelief.

"What? What are you saying?" She stopped laughing and looked at Mark seriously like she was studying his stern expression.

She was merely stunned but doubtful.

Obviously, she was thinking that Mark was deceiving her at this point.

"Yes, Greta! Yes! Bill Sky is not my real brother!" Mark confessed with a strong convincing and firm tone.

"Nah... you're just kidding me, right?" Greta smirked and released a doubtful smile.

With a serious glare, Mark looked at Greta.

Greta seemed to quickly get the message but still wanted to believe things she was hearing now weren't real.

Of course, she put all her hopes in Mark but then just like that it all fails.

"Okay... okay..." Greta was still not putting her gun down.

She smirked at Mark as her eyes were filled with annoyance.

"Then... the more we kill him because we will not be needing him anymore, right?" Greta sounded and held her gun firmly acting like she was going to pull the trigger.

"No!" Mark quickly refuted. "You can't kill him because he is not an enemy, Greta. Just like you, he is my protector too!" Mark explained calmly trying to get Greta's side. "It's a long story but he is not my real brother and yet he helped me make up my future. He gave all the chances he could offer, Greta. You can't kill him, okay? Trust me on this..." Mark tried his best to convince Greta.

"Let's say you are telling the truth, huh?!? Then, what's going to be now?! Our plan?! Our money?! How are we going to have limitless money and power, huh?!" Greta replied annoyingly.

"Greta, let's stop this! Stop the killing. Maybe this is the right time for us to stop and start a good life. Let's enjoy what life has to offer us." Mark was sincere. This is what he wanted for both of them.

He was young and got a bright future ahead of him if he only used his smartness for a good purpose.

Mark was a top-notch engineer and even though he was still studying, companies were lining up to get him.

They were willing to pay him the highest salary depending on his demand but because he was focused on his revenge, he let go of many good opportunities.

Now, Mark realized that he could still continue his life in a good way, and even without the help of Bill, he could go along by himself.

Of course, he would not abandon Greta.

He would support her until she got herself a good decent job.

“No!!!” Greta roared angrily.

She could not accept his words.

“It’s easy for you to say because you have a good education, a mansion, and money plus this man,” Greta pointed the nozzle of her gun closer to Bill’s head. “But... I don’t have any! I cannot go back to being poor!!! So, this man has to die now!” She added frantically.

“You have all the chances! You have everything and I have nothing!” Greta was desperate as her disappointment knocked her down.

All her hopes to become rich were instantly brought to waste.

When all she thought was that they were getting so close to their plan and yet everything was just like a ploy.

She felt the world was playing a trick on her.

Greta was so frustrated that this happened in just a snap.

“Trust me, Greta. I will not abandon you. I believe that there are good things reserved for us in the future. Let’s work decently, okay? No more killings!” For the sake of their friendship, Mark could not give up on her. The reason was simply that Greta came into his life when he needed someone the most.

When he felt everyone around him abandoned him, she came and stay.

Then she became like his strong concrete wall protecting him at his weakest until he learned to be strong and stronger.

“No... No... no!!!” Greta exclaimed while shaking her head. “I will not go back to being poor! If you can’t make me rich, then you are no use to me!” Greta met Mark’s serious eyes.

Her eyes were furious and very determined to kill.

Mark could see the same eyes while she killed Mr. Hendrick.

Her eyes were killers like she didn’t know him anymore.

Mark studied her for a while then he smirked.

"So this is how you killed, Mr. Hendrick, huh?" Mark seemed to blow his temper at her remembering the terrible death of his old butler.

Greta was stunned that he knew about it.

Again, it was a plan to make Mark angry with Bill and he would agree to kill him.

It was the senator's idea back then.

Well now, it didn't matter anymore.

"Yeah... I did it! I killed your beloved butler! But blame it too yourself!!!" She yelled.

"Why? Because I did it for you!" She paused.

"That old butler would just be a hindrance to you and our plan. So, well... I just did what I was told!" She laughed softly.

There was no conscience traced from her and not even a single remorse in her eyes.

Mark was very angry at her but still, he didn't want to give up on her.

Mr. Hendrick and Greta were the people in his life who he wanted to protect and take care just like what they did for him.

It was just right for him to do that because he valued their presence in his life even though they were complete strangers to him before.

Maybe because they were there when he was all alone and lonely and through times, he was getting used to them getting around him every day.

Thinking about them before, there was great disappointment shown on his face.

It seemed that he expected something more from Greta.

He never did think that Greta would betray him and abandon him like this.

"So..." With a low voice, Mark uttered disheartened at Greta.

"What about our friendship? Is it nothing to you?" Mark asked eager to confirm the real situation.

Since they had been together for a long time, he was hoping that Greta was just having a hard time these days that was why she uttered those words.

He was giving her the benefit of the doubt but Greta didn't care anymore.

She smirked with a face full of sarcasm.

“Friendship??? Hahaha!” She laughed the loudest like she had heard the funniest joke in the world. “Screw that friendship, Mark!!!” She spat on the floor as she screamed arrogantly. “Do you think, I need that in my life? It cannot make me rich! I cannot secure my future on that!” Greta was yelling tremendously. “I need money! I love money! That’s the only thing I want in this world nothing else!” She added.

“Greta, me... you... we are inseparable, right? Fate led you to me and me to you... Don’t forget the friendship we built through time.” He would lie if he would tell that he was not affected by Greta’s mocking. He couldn’t just give up on her easily.

“Fate?...” Greta laughed softly again. “It is not fate!” She answered with emphasis and loudly. “Mark, I make my own fate and I succeed!” Greta smiled triumphantly. “It’s me who brought myself to you. It is all me!” She added with her wicked smile. “You see, I was eyeing you ever since. I knew you are rich and I am right. So, here I am! I make you trust me.” Greta confessed proudly.

Hearing about this, Mark was shocked and couldn’t believe it.

He never expect Greta just played tricks on him from the beginning.

He thought everything she showed to him was real but the reality about Greta was all lie.

She stayed because of what he could give.

She stepped in his life because she knew that he is rich.

Mark’s heart was clenched hard.

He felt great disappointment.

Their friendship was just a lie.

She is a lie and the person he hated the most turned out to be the person who truly cares for him.

Mark rested his case.

Greta was not going to be with him anymore and he didn’t want her in his life anymore after hearing her confession.

He felt like a fool.

Besides, she already chose her side and she chose money over their friendship.

"I will forget everything that you are telling me now just release him." Mark's voice was stern and cold.

His tone carried a serious threat.

"What can you do, Mark? Look! I have men over there!" She flipped her head in her men's direction and back.

Mark looked at her blankly.

Without any fear traced in his expression, Mark moved closer to Greta.

Greta was stunned but she held her ground.

She didn't move and she hardened her grip on her gun determined to shoot Bill.

Mark could not change her mind.

She will kill Bill Sky.

Mark quickly held the tip of Greta's gun and guided the nozzle to his forehead.

His eyes were deeply serious meeting Greta's doubtful eyes.

"This is the end of our friendship, Greta. Kill me instead!" Mark ordered at her yelling.

Greta was completely dumbfounded.

Read Novel You Can Run But You Can Not Hide My Contractual Wife Chapter 482

You Can Run But You Can not Hide My Contractual Wife Chapter 482-"Greta! The senator had called and ordered us to finish that man before his men find him! You will never get the senator disappointed, right?" One of the senators' men butted in a hurry.

He was still holding his phone while he stepped in to give the message from Sen. Meyer.

"Shut up!!!" Greta roared loudly scolding the man who dared to interrupt her moment with her longtime companion, Mark.

She was still holding her gun pointing at his chest.

Mark was standing still not afraid to die while looking at her provokingly.

It seemed that he was waiting to see if Greta could really pull the trigger and kill him.

His eyes were challenging her fearlessly.

He had enough of her deception.

The feeling of being betrayed by a friend is the same as dying little by little.

Mark's heart was clenched so hard and it was like cut by a sharp blade slowly feeling his flesh bleed along with his anger at being deceived by a person whom he thought was a family.

Whom he thought was a sincere one.

The person whom he thought that she was his protector but the reality was all the opposite.

Greta was not the person he knew anymore and was not really true to him from the start.

There was no sincerity and all this time she was just playing along trying to get him hooked up with her friendship with him.

Trying to make him believe that she was a good friend and the only person in the world that would never abandon her.

Well, she was smart and Mark could attest to that but he felt a bit lose for her because his sincerity toward her was the purest.

He looked at Greta as his best friend.

No other else than her because she knew him more.

She saved him before when they were kids.

She gave him shelter in the street when no one wanted him.

She protected him against all the gangsters who wanted to bully a new kid in the street.

Well, he lived in the street because of Greta.

She thought him how to survive in the street and that made him feel safe with Greta around but now, things were different.

She appeared in his life again but it was an intentional one.

She saw him and if he was not mistaken it was at his father's burial when Bill told him not to show up.

He knew there were press cameras around even if it was an exclusive ceremony.

After that, the second encounter with Greta was already a deception but somehow, Mark still had hopes that Greta still considered his offer and this is to have a decent life even for the sake of their good memories and companionship when they were kids.

At least those memories could be saved even if he still felt betrayed by Greta.

Whatever Greta had become, it was her choice and Mark could not blame her for that.

Just like him, she was abandoned by her poor parents.

Her sister who took care of her died and after that, she had no one.

She continued living in the street and did everything to survive and live in the present time.

"Greta! If you can't kill that man! Then we can kill him. We don't have time! Kill that man and end the drama before the senator will kill us all. I don't want to die! We don't want to die! That's the senator's order!" The man who Greta scolded shouted impatiently.

It seemed that he wanted to finish the mission clean and was very loyal to the senator's order.

The rest of the men nodded at him agreeing to the man's claim.

Of course, nobody wanted to face the senator's rage and punishment if they would fail the mission.

The mission was very simple and that was to kill Bill Sky.

The most powerful man in the city but now he was captured and was very weak.

It was very easy for them to kill him.

Now that another man entered the room to save Bill Sky, it was just right for them to defend the senator's order.

If Greta could not kill the other man, then they would take extra precautions.

"I said... shut up! Shut up! Shut up! Shut up!!!" Greta roared angrily her face flushed with her extreme fury.

The man just shook his head but he gritted his teeth in annoyance.

“Ar.. ara... bell... a,” Amidst the shouting and noise, suddenly, Bill uttered staggering few words weakly.

“Brother, are you okay? I’m here.” Mark was fast to attain Bill.

His head was still low with blood dripping on the side of his forehead.

“Get... me out... of here...” In a fragile tone, Bill ordered directly to Mark.

It seemed that he had no time to waste and even in his despair, he only thought about Arabella.

That was the thing he was going to do before someone intentionally hit his car.

“Yes, I will do that. You will come out here alive,” Mark answered surely and his tone was determined.

Greta looked at Mark and Bill as her hand that was holding a gun quickly traveled in their direction.

Then Mark looked at Greta. His eyes were cold and stern but he was willing to negotiate with his old friend for Bill Sky.

“Greta, for old-time sake, please spare his life. Instead, take mine.” Mark was extremely angry with her but at this point, he was willing to beg Greta for Bill Sky. It was his time to give back what Bill did for him all this time. In between Bill and Greta, Mark suddenly knelt. He was facing Greta and her gun.

Greta was stunned seeing Mark knelt at her begging.

It was remarkable indeed.

For some reason, some old memories of Mark flashed across her mind.

His begging face was so similar to his kid’s pitiful face before.

She knew Mark came from a rich family ever since they were kids because of his style and his skin.

He was wearing branded clothes and shoes at that time.

He looked clean even if his clothes were dirty or even he was wearing a rug.

He never got so tanned after spending too much time under the sun.

At that time, she quickly saw an opportunity with Mark.

But somehow, she could not deny the fact that she got close to him as they continued living in the street together.

At that time, the city was their playground.

The game they were playing every day was dangerous.

They were being chased by cops and people they had wronged.

Losing the cops and those people, winning street fights, and having food on the table was already happiness for them.

Simple happiness when they were kids but as time went up fast, Greta was looking for a new life so that she was not going to be poor again. She was tired of being poor and now that she had some promising opportunities, she would hold on to them til the end.

Greta was holding her gun so tight. It seemed that she didn't have the guts to kill Mark but she had to so she could stay on the senator's side.

She was going to pull the trigger direct to Mark's head but she couldn't as her hand started shaking.

Greta collected her thoughts, she had to kill Mark as she pointed sharply her gun again but, "Ahhhh!!!" She shouted loudly releasing her madness toward herself and the situation then it followed by gunshots. Instead of shooting Mark, she pointed her gun to the ceiling and pulled the trigger repeatedly.

Mark stood kneeling on the ground.

He was unmoved but he was satisfied with Greta's reaction.

He wasn't failed by his instinct.

Greta could not kill him but after she pulled the trigger at the ceiling she pointed her gun back at Mark.

Mark just looked at her still unmoved and no single fear traced on his expression.

Greta stood still with her gun.

Their eyes met each other for a while but then in just the next second, they heard guns pointing at the three of them in front.

The senator's men were on the move.

All their guns were at them.

They were ordered to kill them all if things would not go as the senator wanted.

The senator could not be blamed because when it comes to Bill Sky, surely, he would be doomed if Bill escaped.

Bill was very capable of punishing the senator and surely the senator was well aware of this.

"Idiot! What are you all doing, huh?!" Greta shouted at her men angrily. She felt the man who kept on butting in was overstepping her power as the leader of the group. Greta's pride could not allow it as she quickly pointed her gun at the man.

"You! You are not the leader of this group! You want to die, hu?!" Greta spoke threatening the man with her eyeballs bulging through excessive annoyance.

"Ha! Ha! Ha!" The man just laughed at Greta.

His expression had no single trace that he was afraid or threatened by Greta.

"Do you really think that you are the leader of this group?" The man shouted as his gun was also pointing at her.

"You are a fool!!! Hahaha!" The man answered along with his funny laugh.

"You can't be our leader! We only served the senator and he is the only leader we know!" The man laughed again and this time the rest of the men laughed together with him.

Greta quickly got the message.

These men were never her men but the Senator.

They could kill her and she knew that it was also an order from the senator.

It was really a fool to believe that the senator would spare her if she had no use to him.

Greta looked at Mark and they seemed to quickly understand each other through their stares.

"Okay... okay... let's talk this nicely." Then Greta said calmly to the men. It was a huge switch for her to give a calm tone from a very hysterical enraged voice.

"There's no talking, Greta. We don't have the time because you wasted so much of our time." The sounded as he strode closer to Greta with his gun.

"This would be fun! I remembered, exactly in this warehouse, the senator killed a fat woman crossed face prisoner who exactly looked like you! So you don't have to worry, you are not the only fat dark woman who will die in here! Hehehe!" The man smiled wickedly after sharing his story with Greta.

"What did you say?" Greta was quickly taken aback.

"What? The fat woman who has an x mark on the cheek?" The man witnessed that time as he tried to remember everything. He knew he saw Greta somewhere when he first met her and now he realized that woman looked exactly like Greta.

Greta was unmoved. Her expression was shocked.

"What is that expression, huh? Are you worried that you are also gonna die here? Oh! Poor warehouse! 2 ugly fat women laid in here. Hahaha!" The man continued mocking Greta. The rest of the men laughed at her and their mocking laughs echoed in the spacious area.

Greta was speechless as she was clenching her fist so hard and gritted her teeth. Her killer eyes were fixated on the man in front of her who mocked her non-stopped.

"But don't you worry... don't you worry..." The man paused and grinned like he was thinking of something funny.

"You will not suffer what that's woman had suffered. You will not dance in front of us bare-naked before we kill you because one ugly disgusting woman was enough. Please no more you. I don't want to vomit again, hehe!" The man laughed and laughed again until Greta suddenly shot the man.

A loud gunshot was heard that made all the laughing disappear.

"That woman!" Greta shouted angrily. "That woman is my sister!" She shouted at the top of her lungs then made another fire.

She shot the man directly and fell to the ground.

His blood covered the ground.

She thought, Trishia Meyer was the one who killed her sister but she was wrong.

It was the senator.

The evil senator.

He didn't just kill her sister but he humiliated her before she died.

This made Greta very perplexed.

She needed to survive to avenge her sister.

If she only knew about this before, she could easily kill the senator.

What made her feel so anxious and angry about herself was she served the person who killed her sister.

The person she needed to punish for killing her sister.

“Mark now!!!” Greta shouted in a hurry as she kept on shooting.

Mark was quick to get Bill out.

“Greta let’s go! Now!” Mark strictly ordered her.

Greta looked at Mark deeply then she closed the door and locked herself inside.

Until the end, she was still protecting him.

“Greta!!!! No!!!” Mark shouted hysterically like he already knew that Greta could not make it out of the 8 men inside.

Read Novel You Can Run But You Can Not Hide My Contractual Wife Chapter 483

You Can Run But You Can not Hide My Contractual Wife Chapter 483-Earlier, Hanna woke up in a daze.

She was pregnant and was suffering from motion sickness but at this time, her breathing wasn’t good.

She didn’t like the smell of the dark place.

She felt like she had been sleeping for a long time and she just woke up.

Her body was trembling, fragile.

Lips were moving soundlessly.

Hanna looked around trying to hold on to her remaining strength.

She couldn’t see anything in a dim place until someone dragged her hair behind.

The force was so strong that she felt her scalp burning.

She tried moving but she was stuffed with a rope wrapped around her body.

“Who... who are you?” With a shocking staggering tone, Hanna asked.

“Huh! I don’t think you know me but I know you!” Trishia answered with a sarcastic tone.

“Please let me go. I am pregnant. Please... I have nothing to give you. I am just a poor girl who is living on an isolated island.” Hanna would do anything to save her baby even if she begged a stranger.

“Nahhh! You really don’t have any idea of this incredible situation you are in, huh!” Trishia mumbled then she smirked wickedly. “You... you are going to be my bait to kill your wicked father and avenge my mother and everything he did to me!” Trishia was gnashing her teeth. Obviously, she had a wave of extreme anger toward the senator.

Even her body was trembling because of her thoughts of the old man.

Hearing Trishia’s words, Hanna quickly got the message.

There was no doubt that these things would happen to her because of her father’s bad deeds.

This was also the reason why she didn’t want to go back to him and live with him even though he continuously reached out to her.

Aside from hiding from the father of her child, Eric, she hid herself on the island merely to avoid the old man from tracking her whereabouts.

“No! You are mistaken! I don’t have a father! I was living alone my entire life!” Hanna was shouting.

It seemed that there was a surging anger inside her giving all her strength back.

All her life, she worked to sustain her own living and her family.

She never got anything from her father because she didn’t want anything from him.

She was angry at him because he chose money and power over his family and never did this anger faded in her heart.

Now, she and her baby were put into trouble because of him.

It was unfair and Hanna felt she didn’t deserve this.

Her baby should be spared from all of these troubles.

"I can't be mistaken," Trishia commented as she released Hanna's hair.

Then opened the light inside the room.

It was too bright that could hurt her eyes.

For a moment, Hanna closed her eyes and opened them trying to adjust her weak sight.

She did it again and again until her vision was stable.

A woman was already in front of her.

Hanna's eyes grew wider seeing the woman.

"Scared?" Trishia asked smiling with her horrifying burned face.

Hanna was speechless.

Her eyes were fixed on the woman's burned face.

It was so ugly that gave her a chill.

She smiled like a devil.

Her half lips were missing and her gums and teeth were shown promptly.

"Booo!!!" Trishia made a scary face at Hanna as she put her burned face closer upfront to Hanna.

With a sudden jump scare, Hanna quickly snapped back to her senses.

"I... I know you," Hanna uttered in a low voice.

Of course, she would not forget the face of one and only Trishia Meyer. "You... you are alive," She uttered in disbelief.

"Hahaha!" Trishia laughed crazily seeing Hanna's expression. "Of course, dear. Of course," She could not help laughing softly.

Then she suddenly stopped and looked at Hanna full of resentment.

Hanna met her eyes.

She didn't know the exact reason why Trishia kidnapped her.

In her eyes, Hanna could feel danger.

She didn't like the feeling and she was very worried for her unborn son.

She should get out of the room safely.

But how? With Trishia's stare, Hanna could sense that there was no way to escape because Trishia would not let her.

"Please, Trishia. I begged you. Whatever that man did to you, I am not with him. I don't deserve this and my baby. Please let me go." That was the only way Hanna could do it for now.

To beg for her life and her baby's life.

"Oh, come on! Don't act like a saint! It hurt my ears! Gosh!" Trishia commented so bitchy at Hanna's words.

In front of Hanna, she grabbed another chair and sat.

Then Trishia folded her arms in front of her while she stretched her legs wide.

She looked at Hanna fiercely like her eyes were digging deeply into hers. "Let me tell you what your dad did to me so you will not be so blank before I kill you," Trishia uttered plainly.

Hanna tried her best to gather her composure.

She knew she had to hold her grip on her baby.

Any single hope, she had held onto it.

She had to fight whatever anxiousness she had to save her baby.

'Be strong!'

'Be strong for your baby, Hanna,'

'You can do this for your baby,'

Hanna kept on repeating these words in her mind as she sighed deeply.

"Your dad killed my mom. The only person who cared and loved me.

So, now... I will get my revenge by killing you too." Along with her words were her soft grins.

"Trishia, I think you didn't investigate it clearly." Hanna mustered her courage to talk back. "My father never loves me." She spilled disdainfully. "If you use me to hurt him, you will fail because I am nothing to him and in the same manner, he is nothing to me!" Hanna was clenching her fists so hard to gather more courage and strength for her first personal encounter with Trishia.

"Huh! I don't believe you! Because from what I can see, your father is dying to get you and be with you. Don't lie to me because I know you know that!" Trishia stood up yelling at Hanna.

Hanna was unmoved.

Then she frowned deeply like she didn't understand why Trishia was acting like a jealous and hateful daughter.

"Why me, Trishia?" Hanna asked in a deep serious tone.

"Don't you think this is too absurd?" She added with a strong complaining expression. "You and my father... you are his daughter and he treated you as his daughter. You tasted a luxurious life and everything that old man could offer while me? The real daughter... could only see you and your perfect family on the television. I never get anything from him. My mother died because he chose your mom over my mother. He chose you over me. He gave you the luxury and the best things in this world while I have to do different jobs in a day just to bring food to my family. I strived hard to give my mother's medicines without his help. I have had no father ever since, Trishia. All this time, I worked on my own without getting anything from him! So what you are doing to me is so unfair! I don't have a tie and don't have the plan to accept him as a father because, to me, he already died a long time ago!" With lips trembling soundlessly, Hanna could not hold herself from not getting her emotions involved.

Her eyes became moist as if her stubborn tears would gush out in no time.

"Huhuhu..." Trishia was making a mocking face in front of her. "You know what? Your story can win a best drama movie award," Trishia commented along with her soft mocking laugh. "Should I give you a standing ovation, now?" She added clapping her hands loudly which echoed in the room.

Hanna just looked at her with her teary eyes.

It was true that she buried her father a long time ago.

She thought she was okay and was used to having no dad at all but she realized that everything that her father did to her and her mother was still tucked in her heart.

It was still too heavy and her hatred toward him was still the same when her mother died that day because he chose to abandon them over a wealthy woman.

"Hanna... Hanna... Hanna..." When Trishia stopped laughing, the place was invaded by a deafening silence until she spoke again.

With her arms folded up to her chest, she walked encircling Hanna who was tied up on a chair.

"You are such a gullible woman..." Trishia commented. "Your father gave me a luxurious lifestyle but do you know what I have to swallow every day in exchange for that life? huh?!" Trishia stopped in front of Hanna and leaned forward toward her.

Her burned face was so close to Hanna with criminal eyes like she was seeing a horrifying monster.

Hanna didn't blink.

Her face was fixated on Trishia's ugly face but she was not scared of it anymore.

It is not the face of a person you should be scared of but the character.

A bad attitude is worst than an ugly face.

A bad character is the ugliest.

"Your father is a narcissist! Do you know what's unfair, Hanna?" Trishia paused while her burned face was still close to Hanna.

Her eyes were full of hatred and mockery. "Your father never cares for me. He never loved me and see me as his own daughter. He never treated me as his daughter. You have to thank your life for being so poor because you didn't get to wake up every day with his vocals humiliating me in every possible way! My life isn't luxurious but a hell with him!" Trishia's eyeballs were bulging due to excessive anger remembering her life with the senator.

Hearing and seeing Trishia's expression, Hanna was shocked. There was no doubt that Trishia was full of hatred toward the old man. Her face was flushed. A wave of intensifying anger was shown on her face. It was excessive and she couldn't be joking about it.

"I'm... I'm sorry to hear about that..." Hanna was lost with Trishia's statement.

She couldn't believe that the happily perfect family who always appeared on television was just a scheme.

They were like the ideal family.

Trishia was a famous actress with perfect parents.

Her dad was an honorable politician and her mother was a beautiful woman who ushered her husband always on different occasions.

“You can’t be... No... sorry? No...” Trishia was shaking her head. “In this world, sorry is nothing to me! Look at me! This life is hell. I can’t live with this ugly face! People hate me and cops... they are chasing me... I can’t... I can die alone... I can live with this hell alone... I want everyone to join me. Do you get me? And your dad?” Trishia paused as she nodded repeatedly with her wicked grin. “He will go ahead and you will join him, okay?” Trishia’s smile became wider. Her eyes narrowed as she laughed softly again. “You will be soon reunited with your father and at this time, you will not have any choice but to be with him in eternity. So, just wait patiently... okay?” Trishia tapped Hanna’s shoulder as she continued mocking her and laughed while she exited the room.

Hanna was left in a daze.

She didn’t know what to do.

The only thing that worries her was the baby inside her belly.

She could not make any rash movements or she would lose her baby.

Hanna could not find her calm.

She was waiting and praying that somebody would come and rescue her.

“Put her blinds and bring her to the warehouse now! I am excited about the show tonight!” Hanna heard Trishia roaring and ordering someone outside the room.

Without any delay, someone blindfolded her.

She was brought inside a car.

Hanna could feel every movement as all her senses were very active.

She was looking for any opportunity that she could escape but she needed to be very careful.

After a while, the car stopped.

She was dragged by two people.

The road was rough so she had to walk fast and follow their movement otherwise she would fall.

After, they tied her up again on a chair.

Her mouth was covered with masking tape.

She could not see anything because of the piece of fabric covering her eyes.

Hanna was still hopeful that she could escape from this situation.

“Trishia! I am here! Where are you bitch? Show me your face and I will kill you! How dare you touch my daughter, huh? You freak!” Suddenly, Hanna heard the senator’s voice.

He is here and hysterical.

Hanna felt a sudden uneasiness.

She felt something terrible was going to happen.

Their fate tonight was according to Trishia’s plan.

Judging from Trishia’s spiteful reaction, Hanna could sense that something bad was going to happen tonight.

Danger... very dangerous.

Killings and blood...

Hanna was very devastated.

“Hanna,” Suddenly, she heard Trishia’s voice behind her.

Her heartbeat was pumping so heavily and fast due to nervousness.

“I know you want to save your baby. But in order to do this... you have to choose.” Trishia continued releasing the blindfold on her eyes.

“Here’s a gun. Shoot your father or I will shoot your baby.”

Hanna’s heartbeat suddenly stopped upon hearing Trishia.

Read Novel You Can Run But You Can Not Hide My Contractual Wife Chapter 484

You Can Run But You Can not Hide My Contractual Wife Chapter 484-Meanwhile, Mark was escaping with Bill.

He was assisting him in his car's direction with all the gunshots heard inside with Greta fighting with the Senator's men.

They were in a hurry.

"Arabella... save Arabella..." Bill was still weak but he managed to utter these words.

"But your wounds... we need to go to a doctor," Mark refuted.

Blood continuously dripped on Bill's forehead.

"No! This is nothing. We go to Arabella now..." Bill exclaimed with a strong determination but with a fragile voice.

Mark was lost for a while.

He couldn't believe that Bill Sky was risking his precious multi-billion life for a girl.

Arabella Jones was magic.

She completely changed the arrogant Bill Sky.

Mark had studied his brother's romances and he knew it was awful.

Very awful...

But from what he was hearing now, he completely understood that his brother was in love.

Truly, there was magic in this change.

An impossible made possible by just one woman.

From an arrogant playboy not to mention a demanding one who always had a contract prepared for each woman he touched.

He always had high standards and requirements.

One woman for a night and no repetition.

That was an advantage of a good-looking billionaire.

It was crazy but Bill Sky could do that.

The only Bill Sky... now, hooked up with one woman, Arabella Jones.

“No worries, brother. We will go there now.” Mark quickly answered to support Bill.

Then without any moment of delay, he fired someone who tried to block their way.

The man fell to the ground.

Mark quickly went to the man and stepped on his wounded knees.

“Where is the senator now?!” He asked firmly while pressing the man’s wounded knee.

“Ahhh!!!” The man shouted in pain. “In the... in the square city. Block 15 lot A warehouse...” He had no choice but to tell Mark otherwise he would die in pain.

Upon hearing the address, Mark didn’t spare to kill the man instead, he kicked his gun away then he left with Bill in a hurry.

Back in Trishia’s warehouse, the air was freezing cold and the suspense was surging.

Killing a father by his own blood daughter was merely a great revenge.

Halted in full, Hanna was in a daze.

With her intense anger toward him, could she really kill him?

The opportunity was already in front of her.

There was a time, she really wanted to kill him, especially when her mother died and the only person she blamed for all of that was the old senator but it was just in her mind and part of her anger toward him.

She resented him all her life and that was the main reason why she didn’t want to accept any help coming from the senator.

She didn’t want him in her life as she was the one who replaced his role in the family.

With all hardships and struggles, she managed to survive.

So there was no reason for her to accept him as her father.

She was used to having self-sustained life and no matter what she could pull off anything together to survive and would not go and ask for help from her father.

But the big question in Hanna’s mind right now was, can she really kill him?

Would her anger vanish if he is dead?

If she is going to pull the trigger on her father, would she be definitely free from her anger toward him?

If he died in her hand, would that make her happy?

Hanna's lips were trembling soundlessly.

She didn't know what to do.

With all the questions she had in mind, there was a definite answer.

It is a big "NO."

Whatever he did to her mother and to his family, Hanna could not kill him.

Even if it was too awful, unforgivable, and worst, she could not kill her father.

She could just forget him that he existed in her life just what she was used to doing but it never appeared to her to truly kill him.

But what about her baby?

There was a gun pointing at her belly.

This scared her the most.

Trishia was insane and she could pull the trigger without any reason at all.

Her baby would die because of Trishia's misconduct and there is no way she would allow that to happen.

"What now, Hanna? Your father or your baby?" The nozzle of Trishia's gun caressed her Belly which made her quickly back to her senses.

With a trembling hand, slowly, Hanna got the gun from Trishia.

She could feel all her cold sweats coming out.

Her tiny hair lifted and she could not hold her nervousness crazily running all over her body.

She was left with no choice.

She had to kill someone in order to save someone.

And she was choosing her baby over her father.

It was indefinite but it was the most likely choice she had.

“Oh... that’s what I like about it! That’s my girl. You are making the right decision, Hanna. Kill that wicked man. Listen to your anger. It is bursting, right? That man left you and your mother to death. That man should disappear from this world so we can live freely. Right? Come on, pull the trigger now.” With a provoking tone, Trishia was uttering very near her ear.

Obviously, she was putting wood in the fire to flare up and rubbing salt into a wound that could not be healed even after a very long time. So much more, Trishia was igniting the hatred in Hanna’s heart toward her father so she could pull the trigger.

“You are wrong....” Hanna replied in a soft voice but a determined one. “You are absolutely wrong.” She repeated gritting her teeth. “Trishia, innocent people can only live freely if all wicked people will vanish from this earth and that includes you...” Mustering her courage to talk back, Hanna held the gun firmly.

She could kill her dad who was still walking trying to see things clearly in front of them.

Trishia was too clever to put her in a blind high spot.

They could see him but the old man could not.

Judging from his movement, he was angry.

So much anger in him that he kept on kicking all the distractions in his way.

A pile of boxes, medium size containers, and a big bucket of water.

He was yelling out loud and cursing Trishia non-stopped with his big firearm in his right hand while the other was his cane.

Surely, he had the intention to kill Trishia tonight.

He had a lot of chances to kill her but spared her as he found Trishia useful as a distraction.

She was good at distracting people and making them crazy.

Plus, the more villains the more fun.

Bill Sky would not be able to trace him easily with Trishia Meyer around.

“Hypocrite!” Trishia roared in silence. “You want to die, instead?” Admittedly, she didn’t expect Hanna to be a tough one as she already put her in a difficult situation but still, she still had a tongue as sharpest as a blade that just pierced her ego.

With a perplexed face, Trishia was gnashing her teeth trying to control herself not to ruin a good show.

She really wanted to see the father and the daughter killing each other.

She wanted to see the old man's expression when his only beloved daughter shot him.

She really wanted to see his eyes full of surprise and horrified.

Then she would laugh at him.

The loudest laugh she could ever make.

That was the price he had to pay for killing her mother and for humiliating her a thousand times.

Aside from that for making her feel worthless.

Trishia could not wait for that to happen.

Her plan, the show, tonight was a victorious one.

All her men were deployed around the warehouse assuring that no other guests were going to barge inside excluding the invited ones. Trishia was on the rooftop of the warehouse seeing the senator coming alone.

She was impressed with him.

It unexpectedly surpassed her expectation.

The senator was always surrounded by his men wherever he go but tonight, he was alone.

He was ready to face her alone.

Trishia didn't know if she was going to compliment him or if she was going to resent him again for belittling her capabilities.

Did he think that she was very easy to kill?

Obviously, the senator underestimated her as he always does.

With her thoughts, Trishia was like a fire flaring up like it could burn everything it passes.

"Kill your father now or I will kill your baby!!!" Trishia shouted angrily while her gun dug into her belly.

In just the next second a loud gunshot was heard.

Hanna pulled the trigger pointing in her father's direction.

The next gunshot was heard but it was not coming from Hanna but from the senator.

It was followed by another gunshot and another.

Obviously, the senator wasn't hurt by Hanna.

Judging from his redundant fire release, he was anticipating that the person who shot him was Trishia.

He fired in the direction where the first bullet came from.

He fired a lot to assure that he hit the target even without seeing the person.

"Trishia!!!! Die Trishia! Die!!!" Along with his gunshots, the senator roared angrily.

He could not lose this chance to kill her.

Trishia was already a pain in his ass and needed to disappear in his way.

Plus, he touched his daughter.

How dare her to touch his daughter?

She really had the guts to do so.

It just meant, she was not afraid of him.

So, now, he was going to teach her a lesson that she would bring to her death.

No one could touch his beloved daughter.

The senator was a freak and became freaked when it comes to Hanna.

She was his descendant.

Of all he had now, the life he had now, and the past life he gave up just to have the abundant life he had now, all were going to be Hanna.

Sen. Meyer was well aware of what he had done in the past.

He knew he had things to do to get Hanna.

Hanna is the only family he had.

He was greedy but Hanna was his treasure.

She had the beautiful face of her mother and she reminded him of his late ex-wife, Margaret.

He was in love with her before even until now, he could not deny the fact that he was still thinking of Margaret in his spare time.

At those moments, he needed some alcohol to pacify his guilt and remorse.

Poverty was the main reason he had to leave his poor family.

He met Alice and he did everything to make her a special girl until she accepted his marriage proposal.

Now that he had everything, Sen. Meyer could not deny the fact that he was at his happiest when he was in his poor family.

It was just his big ego that didn't want to accept that he made a wrong decision.

Now that he had money and power, he had men. He was a leader of a big syndicate and these were part of his life now.

He could not back out as he already had an image to preserve.

All he wanted now was Hanna.

His only daughter.

If he got her, his guilt would be pacified.

He would do anything to make her happy on his side and give her anything that he had.

The life that he truly wanted to give to his late wife and his daughter but it was too late.

Margaret died and now his daughter didn't want him to be part of her life but of course, he would not surrender just like that.

He believed that Hanna would sooner come to her senses and come to him.

The senator was waiting for that to happen and of course, he was excited for that to happen.

There was only one thing he wished for from her and he couldn't wait for that time to come.

The time when Hanna calls him, "dad."

"Dad..." In just a quick moment, the senator was brought to his senses. It was Hanna's voice and he could not be mistaken. It was so unbelievable that he just heard her calling him that word but...

Sen. Meyer stood up. There was something terrible and he could fully sense it. With his firearm ready, he strode following Hanna's voice direction.

"Hanna! Hanna, my daughter... where are you? I'm here. Daddy is here, baby. Where are you?" The senator was sounding so frantic while he kept his steps moving in one direction.

The senator followed his witty instinct as it never failed him.

He was the mastermind of all illegal activities in the city and he was born for it. This Trishia's scheme was nothing to him.

"Trishia, if I got my daughter, you are dead meat!" He murmured angrily while moving in a direction.

"Hanna? Baby? Say something, please... Daddy... daddy is here. Don't be scared. I'm going to protect you. You will be safe." The senator sounded so confident about saving his only daughter and he was not going to die tonight.

Unlike him, he knew Hanna was not used to this kind so he needed to calm his daughter.

At this point, Hanna should trust him in order for him to save her.

After a while, the senator halted a bit.

He was listening deeply but he could not hear any sound.

Suddenly, someone fired a gun again at him.

Good thing, his senses never failed him too.

With his strong and determined instinct, he fired back again and again.

"No one could mess up with me, Trishia!" He shouted angrily after the gunshot faded.

"Dad..." He heard Hanna's weak voice again.

With his heart sounding like a loud drum, the senator stood up and walk following Hanna's voice direction.

Then the senator made a full stop.

His narrow eyes widened in an instant as he unknowingly released his gun and was dropped to the floor.

"My... my... daugh... ter..." He could barely utter his words. It seemed it was so hard for him to speak one word.

His teeth were clenched so hard as well as his fist.

"Hanna!!!" Suddenly, Sen. Meyer cried like a wolf in the night.

His voice resonated in the whole ground.

Read Novel You Can Run But You Can Not Hide My Contractual Wife Chapter 485

You Can Run But You Can not Hide My Contractual Wife Chapter 485-"Dad..." Again, Hanna managed to speak in a very fragile voice.

Blood dripped from her mouth.

Her eyes were looking painfully meeting the senator's soulless eyes.

Full of agonizing remorse, the senator broke down.

He never thought the day he was going to see his daughter was like this.

He just shot her.

The blood coming from her, it was his blood.

And he did this to her.

The intense pain that filled in her eyes was the same pain he saw when he left them.

When he left his family and when Hanna's mother died.

He knew it all.

He was there looking at her but he had no guts to console his only daughter.

At that time, he was still focusing on achieving his dreams.

Hanna as a child was a distraction for him.

Alice would not accept a man who had a child from another woman.

He had a reputation to keep.

It was only a good reputation for a good reputable family but he promised to find Hanna after he got all that he wanted.

After he got all the power and had a lot of money.

Now that he was ready for it, he failed.

Now that he found her again, he shot him.

Hanna...

Her beloved daughter...

She was shot by him.

He shot his only beloved daughter.

His only family in this world.

Sen. Meyer felt his knees soften as he crouched on the floor.

Shoulders down and dropped his cane and gun on the floor.

Dispirited and full of grievance, the senator was speechless and was rooted on his spot like he was lost in the dark.

So lost that he could not find his way and get back to his feet.

His expression was so empty but great remorse was screaming loudly.

"Hahaha!" A triumphant laugh suddenly resonated in the area, with suspenseful steps behind.

"Old man... old man..." Trishia called the senator mockingly.

At this point in time, she wasn't the same Trishia who always listened and obey.

She wasn't the same Trishia who was in dire need of his praises.

Trying so hard again and again for him to acknowledge her but it was put all in vain.

There was no acknowledgment only mockery.

Only belittling from the man who stood as her luxurious lifestyle sponsor.

Yeah... she could say that because this man never was a father to her.

He looked at her existence as beneficial to him but never as a daughter.

A real one.

In general, he was cruel to her and there was no one to blame for everything she became.

It was he who always pushed her to the edge and let her feel so worthless.

She was nothing to him until now, so tonight, Trishia would make him see her real worth.

"Oh, daddy... daddy... daddy..." Seeing the senator was unmoved and was still shocked by his view, Trishia got all the enthusiasm in the world to mock him.

He was all lost now and she was so much alive.

Obviously, her show was irreversible but the main plan was not the one that everybody had expected.

Trishia seemed to see that Hanna could not dare to shoot her father.

Nevertheless, she could see it in Hanna's obvious expression.

Even though there was so much anger in her but Hanna was a typical good woman.

Trishia bet Hana could not do it and she was right.

Fortunately, she had a better plan.

A little twist would not hurt though.

She aimed for the senator to kill his own beloved daughter.

It was in his hand that his daughter would die.

With that, the senator would suffer his whole life as surely his guilt would not let him sleep.

Trishia was just so proud of herself that her plan had gotten its way.

It was a marvelous successful plan.

With her thoughts, she smiled wickedly.

“You know daddy...” Using her melodic tone, Trishia was talking bitchy emphasizing the latter word. “You should have not underestimated me from the start,” She paused as she took a deep breath. “Look at your beloved daughter and me now... Oh dear, she’s going to die, and oh! I forgot to tell you that she was not going to die alone...” Trishia’s enthusiasm was very high at this time.

“I am sure that you are not informed by your beloved daughter, dad that you will have an additional family member. And oh! Should I say that you are going to like it a lot? Yeah... you will like it a lot. You will surely adore and love him! Why? Because that additional family member is a boy. Your own grandson, daddy. Hahaha!” She laughed wickedly seeing the senator’s eyes widen in shock.

There was no doubt that he didn’t have any idea about his grandson.

He didn’t know that Hanna was pregnant and the worst, it was his dream.

He might not be lucky to have a boy but a grandson was better.

“But, oopsie! Sorry, dad! But that grandson is inside your daughter’s stomach. He is probably dead right now! Hahahaha... See what you made me do? You killed my mom and now I get all the people who matter to you. Hahaha! How’s that dad, huh?! Does it feel so good? You turned me into this and you are the one to blame for everything! Your beloved daughter’s death and your grandson’s. Hahaha!” Trishia’s happiness was up to its peak.

Finally, she got what she wanted from the senator.

He took one life and she took two lives in one go.

Trishia felt so good about herself and she deserved good praise for a well-planned revenge.

It was just too bad that it was only herself who could praise her and no other one.

Well, she was used to it though but somehow, she wished to have her mom beside her.

She was the only one who praise her and she missed her a lot.

“Oh!!! I miss mom a lot... What should I do to you, old man? You killed her and now I am going to kill you!” Trishia’s voice turned dangerously horrifying. In the finale, it was

just right that she would be the one to kill him. In her hand, she would take the old senator's life. This is for her mom's life and for what he had done to her. While she was pointing her gun at the senator, some flashbacks popped into her mind with the senator scolding her and belittling her awfully again and again.

"You are nothing, Trishia!!!"

"You are a piece of trash!!!"

"You are useless!!!"

"You are just a stain to this family!"

"Worthless!!!"

"Stupid!!!"

"I regret to give you a home!!! My time and effort!!!"

"You are just a shame to this family!!!"

His expression, his voice, gave her a chill down her spine.

Now, it all ends here.

She was going to kill him after he killed his own daughter.

It was a perfect plan after all.

"Trishia... you will not get away from this!!!" In a deafening silence, suddenly, the senator roared firmly.

His eyes were vengefully meeting Trishia's eyes.

Trishia was quickly snapped back to her senses.

"What are you going to do dad, huh?" Trishia asked still full of mockery in her expression and her tone. "Look, no one is here to help you. You don't have your men. Your daughter is dying and you... hahaha! You are a mess!" She laughed mockingly rolling her eyes. She was not used to seeing the senator as a powerless lost old man as he was always arrogant and boastful.

Now, that man was no more.

She just cut his prowess cruelly.

With her gun, Trishia pointed at the senator determined to end the senator's life all for once.

It seemed that the night was going to choose who would live or die between the two of them but for Trishia, definitely, she would live and the senator will die because she would kill him. She would not spare a single moment to secure his death in her hand.

"Trishia, no! Don't do it!" Suddenly, Arabella's panicked voice echoed in the room.

Trishia smirked upon hearing Arabella. Now that she was her, the show was going to take its finale.

"Oh, dear sister, you are finally here!" Trishia sounded excited.

Arabella stepped closer with innocent eyes widened in shock.

"What... what have you done???" She questioned with a very worried voice.

Her eyes were on Hanna whose head was low covered with blood in front.

Obviously, she collapsed.

Aside from that, Arabella was aware that Hanna was pregnant.

She could not find her calm and she was in great despair seeing Hanna's terrible situation.

"Oppps! You don't get to step any closer dear sister. You stay where you are or I will shoot Hanna!" Trishia ordered strictly.

Arabella quickly stopped as she saw Trishia pointing her gun in Hanna's direction in front.

Trishia's expression was very determined and firm.

Arabella was in a daze as she clenched her fists so hard to muster her courage.

She could not break down like the senator and she had to do something to save Hanna and her child.

"Trishia, you!! you are such..." Arabella bombarded Trishia while her eyes were fixated on Hanna.

"Evil?" Trishia continued Arabella's sentence along with her smirk. "Yeah! Evil! I like that..." Trishia continued claiming it without any guilt in her expression along with her

sinister laughing. For the very first time, she felt the queen of the night with Arabella's existence.

"Dad! Look! Arabella... Arabella Jones is here. Finally, she is here!" Trishia roared excitedly. "You always compared me to her right? You idolized her! You praised this woman so much because she got Bill Sky and me? I am nothing! I am nothing compared to Arabella Jones! Huh! Do you really think that way, huh?! Look at me now... you will witness who will be the last woman standing tonight! Hahaha!!!" Trishia laughed insanely.

Arabella was unmoved.

It was to her knowledge and she was well aware that Trishia was dying to kill her because she considered Arabella her greatest competitor in life.

Trishia also blamed her for all the bad things that happened to her but Arabella didn't dwell on it.

She believed Trishia had a chance to change her fate.

Going there, Arabella knew that she was risking her life.

Trishia would not allow her to live tonight but she could not just put aside Hanna.

All she wanted was to rescue Hanna and she knew Hanna would do the same if she was put in that the same situation.

She would also do anything to save her.

Hearing Trishia talking to Sen. Meyer, Arabella finally realized the real intention of Trishia and why she wanted her there.

It was all about her ego.

She wanted to show the old man who happened to be her stepdad that she was the strongest and the most competitive woman among his daughter and the woman he idolized.

Obviously, Trishia could still not get over from all the belittling and mockery the senator had given to her.

Trishia wanted to stand out and wanted to prove her worth to the senator for the very last time.

Unknowingly, she still wanted to be acknowledged by the senator, her stepdad.

"Trishia, stop doing this, please!!! You are killing innocent people. When are you going to stop, huh? This is all insane! Terribly insane Trishia and you cannot escape from this!" Arabella just wanted to rescue Hanna and bring her immediately to the hospital.

She could see her bleeding.

Eric... Arabella wished Eric to come and saved Hanna but it also worries her.

Would Trishia let someone escape from here?

What is she going to do?

Arabella knew Trishia could not be stopped.

With her burned face and body plus she was wanted in the city, it was hard for her to start a new life.

She made herself doomed but Arabella was still willing to save her.

She would not give up on her and she would take all little chances to stop her from killing people, especially Hanna and her unborn child.

"Cut the crap, Arabella Jones! Shut up! Shut that freaking mouth! Can't you see I am talking to my stepdad?" Trishia roared angrily like she hated to be scolded in front of the crowd when she was supposed to be doing that. She got the main role and other than that, she was holding their lives so no single soul had the right to embarrass her tonight. "Stealing my spotlight again?" Trishia mocked Arabella. She glared at Arabella murderously.

"Trishia, please... Hanna needs to be rushed to the hospital. Pleasee..." Arabella was in a panic.

She knew time is very important for Hanna right now to get intensive medical treatment.

There should be no time to spare.

Instead of listening to Arabella, Trishia just rolled her eyes at her. She really felt pestered by Arabella's existence but she was the queen of the night and no one could make ruin her happy vibes.

"I told you, move or I will shoot your beloved friend, Hanna." Trishia reminded Arabella along with her wicked smirk.

With a heavy heart, Arabella remained unmoved.

She could not risk Hanna's life but just in the next second, another gunshot was heard.

“Ah!!!” The senator howled in pain when Trishia shot him behind but her bullet didn’t stop the senator to walked toward Hanna.

“Bang!!!” Another gunshot resonated in the room as Trishia shot the senator for the second time but the senator still make another step toward his daughter.

“Sen... senator... Meyer..” Arabella could only utter into thin air as she witnessed how the old man walked with two bullets pierced behind him.

“Bang! Bang! Bang!” Trishia was pissed off.

She fired again and again until the senator’s back arched and blood came out from his mouth.

Blood tremendously dripped down from her mouth.

His stance was unsteady but the senator managed to make another step toward Hanna.

With trembling hands, he slowly lifted Hanna’s head and kissed her forehead.

It was a father’s kiss to her beloved daughter.

“Da... da... dy... is... he.. here... I... I will... pro... tect you...” Bleeding and staggering, the senator managed to utter and then he lifted Hanna with all the strength he left.

Read Novel You Can Run But You Can Not Hide My Contractual Wife Chapter 486

You Can Run But You Can not Hide My Contractual Wife Chapter 486-Wobbling and very difficult, the senator managed to carry Hanna, his daughter in a bridal position.

Though his stance was too unsteady, Sen. Meyer was very determined to save Hanna and his unborn grandson.

His blood was dripping tremendously from her mouth but his eyes were filled with unyielding determination that he could make it out with the only family he had.

With Trishia’s bullets pierced inside his body, the old man’s steps were too heavy and hard that one could easily say that they would fall in no time.

The senator’s body was intensely shaking but it didn’t stop him from difficulty dragging his foot to make a step.

Arabella was shocked and in disbelief.

She never did like the senator but tonight, she could not help but feel pitiful toward him and Hanna.

Of all, she knew the senator was the most selfish guy in the world and she could never imagine that he would risk his life over his daughter.

She was used to seeing the man so arrogant and so wicked.

Like Trishia, he killed people and if she was not mistaken, the senator was the mastermind of all the killings like political rivals and all illegal activities in the city.

She didn't like him and never had the plan to like him in the future even if he was the biological father of Hanna.

Who could blame her after all he had done to her?

Sen. Meyer kidnapped her and threatened her using her father.

He was so evil...

But tonight....

Arabella's eyes widened as they fixated on the unbelievable scene in front of her.

Two little steps...

The senator made two painfully hard steps carrying Hanna away in an exit direction never minding if he had to take another bullet from Trishia.

He seemed to be aware of it but he didn't lose hope to save Hanna but Trishia didn't like it.

Seeing the senator's strong impulse made her so angry.

It was like a slap to her face seeing how the senator risk his life for his daughter when all she thought was that he didn't have a heart at all.

After trying for a long time, Trishia gave up on putting all her efforts to make the old man proud of her.

For him to praise her and love her as his real daughter.

She gave up on that matter after waking up to the sad reality that she could never be enough for him.

He would not see her as his daughter and he would never be proud of her.

He was a self-centered man.

Trishia believed that the senator's happiness was money alone and he would do everything for money.

But tonight...

Tonight was too different from what she believed in.

The old man was running away with his daughter struggling with such little strength left.

He didn't care about dying tonight for his beloved daughter.

The most selfish man she ever knew in her entire life and not only that a most heartless and cruel person now saving and protecting his only daughter.

"There is no way you can get out from here, old man! You both die tonight! Hahaha! And your bloodline will end tonight!" Trishia was still full of resentment.

She cursed the senator and his family.

For a person like her who fully experienced his cruelty, Trishia just wished to finish all his bloodline and fortunately, she would make it tonight.

His daughter and his unborn grandson would die together with him tonight.

"Have a happy reunion in hell!" She roared under her mocking grin as she gripped her gun tightly and pointed at the old man's back.

"Bang!!!" In just the next second another gunshot echoed in the room.

"What the f*ck!!!" Then Trishia roared completely pissed off when Arabella suddenly attacked her.

The next bullet that was supposed for the senator's death had gone up to the ceiling.

Arabella was quick enough to rescue the old man.

She grabbed Trishia's hand forcefully trying to stop her from shooting Sen. Meyer.

Surely, both the father and the daughter would shove to the ground if Trishia successfully shot the old man's back.

"What are you doing? Let go of me! You want to die?" In a scolding manner, Trishia hissed while not letting Arabella get her gun. It was hers and only hers.

Now, Trishia felt remorse for not killing Arabella first.

She was ruining her plan.

“Trishia, stop killing! You have no right to kill someone and take others’ life!!!” Arabella replied screaming. She couldn’t take Trishia’s wickedness anymore.

She needed to be stopped.

“I don’t ask for your opinion, you bitch!” Trishia replied with eyeballs bulging in extreme anger.

She had a murderous expression and if only stare could kill, Arabella had long been dead but the latter was determined to stop her.

With all her might, Arabella gripped Trishia’s gun and had no plan to let it go whatever happened.

She would not let Trishia kill her or the senator.

“Let go bitch!” Trishia pulled her gun down forcefully until she successfully got it and pushed Arabella away from her.

The latter was shoved to the ground with palms bruised on the hard surface. With a focused mind, she quickly rolled away from Trishia and got back up but Trishia was also quick to follow her.

Then Trishia grinned with her burned lips and gums.

Her teeth were showing dark along with her bloodshot sinister eyes.

She moved forward to Arabella who also strived to move away father from her.

With every step she made, Arabella’s ass climbed upward.

Obviously, Arabella sensed danger and the only thing she could do now was to run away from Trishia’s gun.

Trishia stood still teasing Arabella with her gun.

She liked to see Arabella was afraid of her.

She liked it when there was fear in Arabella’s eyes.

She then smiled when Arabella’s back was cornered on the wall.

She had nowhere to go but stay unmoved and watched her kill her.

“Hahaha!” Trishia laughed out loud. “What a lucky night!” She claimed.

Arabella Jones was going to die in her hand tonight and it was the perfect time to finish her.

Afraid of losing the chance to kill Arabella Jones, Trishia positioned her gun at the target.

She was excited to finally put a bullet in her heart.

For all the suffering she had experienced because of her, it was about to end tonight.

Arabella would finally get what she deserved.

For snatching all the happiness that belonged to her, especially the man she only wanted, Bill Sky.

The marriage, the life with him that was supposed to be hers but Arabella ruined it.

She stole everything that was supposed to be hers.

Now.... this is her revenge.

Finally, the time came when she had nowhere to go and no one to rescue her from her greatest wrath.

It was her greatest punishment for Arabella Jones.

Dwelling in her excitement, Trishia’s index finger curled forward to pull the trigger.

“Goodbye, my dear half-sister.... send my regards to satan, hahaha!” With a bitchy tone, Trishia spoke like it was her last message for Arabella.

Arabella looked at Trishia helplessly.

She was trapped in a wall and even standing for her was impossible to do.

Is her life would end tonight just like that?

Her heart was beating so fast as she slowly closed her eyes to submit herself to her fate tonight.

“Bang!!! Bang!!! Bang!!!”

Suddenly, gunshots were heard everywhere.

Then came one of Trishia's men running.

"Madame, someone came uninvited! a man..." The man was in a hurry interrupting the scene between Trishia and Arabella.

"Who the f*ck is that?" Trishia roared angrily. "Kill that person right now!!!" Trishia ordered hurriedly while the loud gunshots continued outside.

The man quickly went back upon hearing Trishia's command.

Then she heaved a deep sigh obviously pissed off at the intruder.

When Arabella thought she was going to die, and that loud bang was for her, she was quite satisfied that there was no single bullet pierced into her head.

Trishia's gun was still pointing at Arabella then she grinned wickedly.

She was well aware that she needed to finish Arabella fast before this intruder could enter inside and had a chance to rescue her.

Trishia would never allow that to happen.

Whatever it is, she had to kill Arabella Jones and the senator tonight.

No buts and ifs...

"You! you must die now!" Trishia roared with a sinister expression all flustered in intense fury deliberately pointing the gun closer to Arabella's forehead.

Just one bullet and she would die but when Trishia was about to pull the trigger, "Ahhh!!!" A loud scream resonated in the area.

It was Trishia's cry.

She was in great pain as Arabella grabbed a steel bar on her side and quickly hit Trishia's hand.

The gun swung away to the side and plummeted to the floor creating a cracking sound.

Trishia looked at Arabella with murderous eyes.

With intensifying fury, Trishia went to pick up her gun. She didn't dare to fight with Arabella with a stick weapon.

Arabella had no time to be stunned.

She heaved heavily trying to focus on what she had to do to escape from Trishia and the place.

The air was tensed up as the tension was heavy and fully thrilled.

The night was dangerous and it seemed that it was waiting for someone to be with its resting ground.

No one knew whose life was going to take off together with the night.

As gunshots were non-stopped, Arabella saw Trishia get her gun.

She quickly hid in the corner with the steel stick in her hand.

Worrying about the senator and Hanna, Arabella sneaked only to find out that Trishia was pointing her gun at the senator again.

Arabella was dazzled that she wanted to save the old man by hitting Trishia with her stick again but then, “Bang!!!”

It was a loud sound.

One shot, one bullet and it pierced the senator’s back.

His chest curled upward along with her head.

Blood swung in the air and into the ground.

Facing the ceiling, slowly, his one leg gave up to the ground then followed by the other one.

Arabella’s mouth opened and her lips trembled soundlessly.

What she witnessed was another cruelty.

She wanted to run toward them but her feet weren’t cooperating.

She felt her heart pumping so hard seeing the senator was going down with Hanna but unexpectedly, someone caught Hanna.

“Bang!!!” Eric came just right on time and successfully entered the warehouse.

His expression was cold.

So cold that could freeze the air inside the room.

“Bang!!! Bang!!! Bang!!!” Eric fired back at Trishia with extreme fury.

If he had a cold gaze when he entered the room, seeing Hanna’s awful situation, Eric’s gaze became murderous.

His looks could kill and there was flame blazing in his eyes like he could turn someone into ashes with his glare.

He shot Trishia with a vengeful look.

“Ahhh!!!” Trishia cried out loud and painfully as she hid in the corner.

She was shot in the shoulder by Eric.

She was so pissed that everything just quickly became chaotic.

This cannot be...

It wasn’t how she saw things would happen.

She could not fail at this time when everything was all designed in front of her perfectly.

No one could mess up her plan for tonight.

“Eric Grant!!!!” Trishia roared angrily.

“Bang!!! Bang!!! Bang!!!” Eric replied with his gun.

Trishia could not even get a chance to sneak as she could sense the man was fully loaded.

She could not waste a bullet as she still had many enemies in the room.

She had to kill them all and no one could escape in the hell she made.

“Go now... ple... ase... save.. ma.. my ... daugh... daughter. Te... tell... he.. her... i lo.. ve her... so... much and so- sorry,” With blood covering his palm, the senator managed to hold Eric’s wrist and utter a few words to Eric before he finally closed his eyes. Then his grip loosened and his arms finally rested on the ground.

Eric was taken aback.

He quickly touched the senator and find any pulse but he failed.

He wasn't breathing anymore.

Nothing was there.

He had no pulse.

He is dead.

Sen. Meyer is dead.

He never liked the old man's boastful character but still, he was the father of Hanna.

He loved Hanna and he would accept whoever is her family.

Though he knew Hanna was not on good terms with her father, it was still hard for him to let her know about what happened to his father later.

Eric was in a daze but he managed to pull himself together.

He had to bring Hanna to the nearest hospital and he had no time to waste.

"Come on, baby... hold on... please...." Eric walked away in a hurry carrying Hanna in a bridal position.

Seeing Eric successfully get Hanna with him, Arabella had to find her way out.

She ran in a direction following her instinct to live and escape from Trishia.

The place was huge. She could still hear gunshots around the place.

If Eric rescued Hanna, Arabella was fully aware that no one would come for her to rescue her.

She was still in shock after witnessing the death of the senator.

Trishia had killed him just like that.

She killed her own stepdad.

What a vicious person!

She didn't want to give up on her half-sister but Arabella didn't want to die.

Trishia was insane.

She was desperate for revenge, thinking that she stole the good things from her.

Pathetic!

She had struggles in the past that Trishia didn't know about it.

Her life wasn't all rainbows and roses but it made her who she was now.

Arabella was walking vigilantly finding another door.

She knew Trishia was seeking for her and could not wait to kill her.

She had to stop for a little bit to catch her breath.

The gunshots were still non-stopped and she didn't know what was happening outside.

She just needed to find another exit quickly before everything would go badly for her.

Her mind was occupied with Adam and Bill.

She needed to come home for them.

They surely waited for her.

Remembering the people she loved, Arabella continued to walk with her steel stick in her hand.

Along with her fast steps were her fast heartbeats.

When suddenly someone grabbed her in the corner forcefully.

She was taken aback.

Eyes widened and mouth opened silently.

Then her breathing stopped.

Read Novel You Can Run But You Can Not Hide My Contractual Wife Chapter 487

You Can Run But You Can not Hide My Contractual Wife Chapter 487-Meanwhile, Trishia was coping with her wounded shoulder.

She didn't expect that she would be wounded tonight.

It was far from her imagination.

Especially, since she didn't expect that Eric Grant would come.

He was an intruder and that intruder is not welcome in her plan.

Blood was dripping from her shoulder tremendously but she endured.

Clenching her fists tightly, Trishia heaved a deep sigh repeatedly.

She was still alive.

That was just a small cut.

She had no time to waste as she was very eager to finish what she had started.

Her plan was still not yet finished as Arabella Jones was still alive.

She needed to get up, find her and kill her.

That was all about tonight.

Trishia believed that if she killed Arabella Jones she could go back to Bill Sky.

She could probably fix her ruined face with a lot of money.

After all, she is his wife.

They were married.

That was what she thought as she didn't know that Bill had already revoked their marriage a long time after she hid and made them believe that she died in the tragedy.

There were many grounds to prove their marriage was nothing but deceit.

With Bill's powerful connections, it was just easy like a quick snap of his fingers.

"Bitch!" She roared very pissed with Arabella and the situation she was in.

Her expression was very impatience like she could kill someone who block her way.

Her good plan became chaotic when Arabella meddled trying so hard to steal the spotlight again from her.

She should not steal her gun and tried to save the senator.

She was always the pain in her ass and as usual, always wanted to interfere in her life.

That was why she hated Arabella Jones the most.

With her thoughts, Trishia rushed to get up then she grinned mockingly seeing the senator lying on the cold floor.

She looked around keenly to make sure that there was no enemy and walked toward the senator with a wider grin.

Her eyes filled with joy while she approached the senator's direction and then she hastily kicked the senator's arm to ensure that the old man was really dead.

It plopped back on the ground.

Trishia smiled triumphantly as she heaved a deep sigh of satisfaction.

"Hahaha!" Trishia could not help but laughed loudly seeing her stepdad in a terrible situation just like what she wanted.

"Wow! Marvelous!!!" She clapped her hands joyfully like she couldn't get enough.

Trishia could jump for joy at that moment that was how she was happy she was.

"I told you old man, you belong there on the ground! That's what you get for treating me like shit! You die alone but don't worry... I'm sure your daughter and your son will join you in hell and I'm sure about that! Hahaha!" Trishia sounded so sure that Hanna and her baby could not make it as Hanna was wounded terribly.

The wounds were deep and she would definitely lose blood before she arrived at the hospital.

Still, Trishia felt lucky tonight.

"Bye-bye, old man! You will rot in hell together with your daughter and grandson! Have a good time in hell with your long-lost family! Hahaha!" Trishia bid her mocking farewell to the senator.

Her voice was bitchy funny like she had no remorse or pain seeing the senator on the ground.

Surely, Trishia had no loved for her stepdad only hatred.

For a while, she let her eyes mesmerized by the senator's death.

She was confident and contented with the senator's death until, "Trishia!!!" The senator roared furiously as he grabbed Trishia's right leg hindering her to make another step.

His eyes were floating silk but they were deep and murderous.

“What the hell!!!” Trishia exclaimed shocked.

She couldn't believe that the senator was still alive when she thought he had no life on the ground.

He was like a cat who had many lives but Trishia was not scared of a weak old man.

His grip was so strong pulling her down and it seemed she could feel all his weight through his grip.

“You... you are going to join me to hell...” The senator's voice was weak but he was determined to stop Trishia from hurting his family.

Before he went there, he had fully loaded his gun and wore his bulletproof armor but too bad, he was still hit by bullets everywhere in his body.

Trishia was too clever to realize this like she knew the senator would not go there without any protection.

He was a crook person but Trishia had already anticipated this.

The last bullet pierced the back of his neck between his shoulders.

This made him collapse for a moment and in intense pain.

He knew he died for a moment but in the dark, he heard Trishia's sinister voice.

What she said about his daughter and grandson joining him soon made him open his eyes.

He would die alone and he already accepted that then his breathing went back.

He would not let Trishia harm Hanna and his grandson again.

She should be stopped and he had to make her stop.

In his weak stance, the senator managed to pull Trishia down by hugging her knee.

Blood was dripping from his mouth and into the floor.

With his frail body, he moved slowly and tried reaching his wooden cane.

“Ahhh!!!” Trishia roared and pestered.

Since she didn't expect that the senator was alive, she quickly lost her balance with his grip.

She shoved to the floor pissed off with the senator.

With one foot, she kicked the senator's hand hard to free her other foot.

She kicked again and again until the senator let go of her.

Then she crawled and picked up her gun.

The senator was sitting on the floor with his head low and shoulders slouching.

He was unmoved and he seemed to lose the battle just now between him and Trishia.

With her gun, Trishia was happy and delighted seeing the senator's wariness.

She defeated him and now since he didn't die, she had to kill him again.

This time, she would make sure about it.

With her thoughts, Trishia grasped behind the senator and on one knee she pointed her gun at the back of his head.

This man would die again tonight.

Even though he had many lives but if she shot him in the head, surely, the wicked man will die.

It would be a quick way to finish him because she was already very disgusted with his presence.

With her closer to him, she pointed her gun on his head touching the back of his head with her gun's nozzle.

Trishia was craving his death.

His finale in this world.

She was craving for his blood gushing all over him.

Lots of blood flooded coming from all her enemies.

"You die alone!" Trishia hissed then without sparing any moment, she was going to pull the trigger but, "Ahhh!!!" Trishia suddenly screamed painfully.

"If I say you die with me, you will!" With his blood dripping non-stopped from his mouth, the senator managed to speak resolutely.

"Bang!!!" It was quick.

After the loud gunshot, the senator was shoved to the floor breathless with eyes wide open.

Without missing a single chance, Trishia shot him directly in the forehead with her gun causing the old man to spatter to the ground.

"Shit!!!" After, she hissed painfully pulling out a dagger in her waist.

Her eyes were closed feeling the burning sensation in her body.

It was so intense like she never felt it before.

She felt like dying.

Ample blood instantly gushed from her side.

The sharp long dagger seemed to reach her intestine and she felt extreme pain.

With her blood covered in the blade, she threw it to the floor.

A cracking sound was heard along with her struggling breath and cold sweats in her body.

The wound that the senator made for her was the most painful.

Trishia covered her wound with her trembling palm but it wasn't enough to stop the blood from flowing.

It dropped on the floor following no rhythm.

She hated that a weak old man who was dying still got a chance to stab her.

The senator managed to get his cane and pulled the tip of it when she fell down.

She had seen him always with his cane before but she didn't expect that it had a weapon.

She hated herself for being so reckless.

She hated the senator even after his death and she hated him more.

At his last moment, he died fighting.

Too bad, at this time, she won against him but he gave her a deep wound and surely it would turn into a deep scar after.

Sen. Meyer was now dead but he left her a deep scar.

It just meant that the senator wanted her to remember him always.

Even in the next life, he would not be separated from her life as long as she had the scar.

Trishia looked at the old man full of resentment.

Then she spat at him disgustingly before she left walking on a zigzag with her aching wounded waist and shoulders.

Meanwhile, Arabella was about to hit the man with her stick.

To her surprise, it was the person she never thought of seeing in this place.

With eyes wide open, she spoke, "Bi... Bill..."

Bill successfully got inside the warehouse.

"Wha... what happened to you?" Arabella asked filled with worries and concern in her tone seeing plasters wrapped around Bill's head. She knew she left him alone sleeping in his bed. Why she had to see him like his head had suffered a strong concussion?

Bill was stunned in a funny way.

He was supposed to be worried about her but Arabella had already bombarded him with questions.

Girls always like that and Bill could not complain but at this point, he was really offended by her actions.

"Let's go!" Bill's tone was deep. He seemed to hate her as she could sense annoyance and displeasure.

Arabella was silent as Bill was holding her arm tight. She could not protest or defend herself.

She knew it was off that she made her own decision but she had reasons.

The main reason was she didn't want him to be hurt. It was her trouble and not him. It was not right to drag him with her troubles and in the end, he would have a tendency to get hurt.

It was the last thing she wanted to happen.

Arabella opted to keep all her thoughts in her but she swore to make an explanation for him later.

They were running away.

Silently, Bill led her to the exit.

More numbers of gunshots were heard and at any moment, the place would be put on fire.

It seemed Bill had brought a battalion of backup to rescue her.

She just wished that Trishia would be captured.

She needed to pay for what she had done to Hanna and her baby plus the senator's death.

Arabella and Bill successfully got out using the back exit of the warehouse. There, a black luxurious car was already waiting for them. The engine was ready and the driver's head popped out tapping the driver's door. "Get in!" He shouted in a hurry.

"Mark???" Arabella uttered in shock seeing Mark in the picture.

When did they become friends?

Arabella was frowning confused by the latter's presence but Bill quickly stuffed her inside the car.

Then he sat beside her at the back.

Mark quickly drove away leaving the chaotic warehouse.

Inside the car, Arabella heaved a sigh of relief. She looked at Bill who was still wearing a cold face.

She gulped trying to calm herself and get ready herself for him.

She knew she needed to say something to ease the tension between them.

"Bi... Bill," With her heartbeat thumping fast, she managed to call his name but the latter just raised his palm to her stopping her to go further. Bill didn't even turn to see him. Instead, he closed his eyes and rested his head on the back. He seemed so very tired.

Though she felt bad, Arabella managed to maintain her composure.

She could sense was angry but she understand and she would endure.

Along with a deafening silence, Arabella mustered her courage to grab his hand.

Bill didn't bother and let her with his eyes still closed.

Arabella then stroke his hand gently never minding Bill's anger toward her.

Then, she closed her eyes putting his hand toward her lips.

She missed Bill so much and she was just so lucky that she escaped from her death tonight.

Tears slipped out from the corner of her eyes and then down to Bill's hand.

Bill could feel her tears but he endured her.

Quickly, they arrived at the mansion.

Bill was still silent and obviously was not in the mood to talk to her.

She respected his decision.

Arabella knew she had to bear with it as she was the one who was at fault this time.

She went directly to the shower room.

With the water dripping around her body, her tensed-up nerves started to calm.

She let the water wash away the tragic experienced tonight.

Then after her shower, she went directly to the bedroom.

She was stunned to see Bill was not there.

The big bed was empty so she went to his study room to find him.

The light inside was open so she knocked on his door but he didn't answer.

Arabella decided to open the door without his permission but it was locked.

He locked his door.

Arabella felt dismay.

Bill was really angry at her so she decided to go to bed with her tired body hoping that Bill would finally go out and hug her in the bed after.

Morning came quickly.

Arabella opened her eyes and the first thing she did was to grasp beside her.

Checking Bill beside her but to her dismay again, there was no one beside her.

It was empty.

Bill didn't sleep beside her.

Read Novel You Can Run But You Can Not Hide My Contractual Wife Chapter 488

You Can Run But You Can not Hide My Contractual Wife Chapter 488 -The city mourned the death of Sen. Meyer.

"The death of Sen. Meyer is a great loss to our fellowmen and in this country," The mayor of the state was making his public speech commemorating the senator live on television.

"Ahhh!!!!" Along with a disgustful annoying hiss was a shattering sound of the glass.

Trishia threw her glass of liquor to her television screen annoyingly.

In her shabby apartment, she rested on an old sofa breathing so painfully due to her wounds.

Because she could not go to the nearest hospitals, she had to take care of her wounds all by herself.

With the hard liquor and thick cloth, she managed to stop the bleeding from her wounds.

She heaved deeply again and again trying to endure the immense pain in her body.

Her body could not take any more pain.

The burns she got plus the cuts were just too painful but Trishia's endurance was strong.

This was because of her unfinished mission.

As long as Arabella is alive and living a good life with the man she loved the most, Trishia's mission couldn't be completed.

With her thoughts, her eyes became murderous then she smirked wickedly.

Meanwhile, with a remote control in her hand, Arabella turned off the television.

Though she never liked senator Meyer, she still felt sad for Hanna and until now, she still couldn't believe that the senator was gone.

She heaved a sigh when she heard someone sneaking behind her.

She smirked as she knew a little kid was tricking her and wanted to play.

"Mommy!" Adam shouted wanting to surprise his mother.

"Ahhh!!!" Just to feed Adam's playful trick, she acted surprised. "You! Come here, my son. Let mommy embrace you." She then held his hand and dragged him toward her.

Without waiting for Adam's reply, she hugged him tenderly closing her eyes.

"Mommy... why? Is there any problem?" Adam had an appetite for playing today but he stopped when she felt something was going on with his mom.

"Hmmm... nothing." Arabella smiled behind him. "I just realize that I miss you so much." She added lovingly kissing his chubby cheek.

Arabella didn't want to go into full detail. She didn't want Adam to know what she had gone through last night because she knew she would be worried for her and worst, he would also be angry about her decision just like his dad.

She was just very thankful that she still had this chance to be with Adam and was able to hug him.

If things didn't go right for her last night, like the senator, she would also have a wake and a funeral.

Arabella realized how important time is with her loved ones.

She could not imagine if she died last night and giving her child another trauma and sorrow.

"I'm sorry..." Lost in her thoughts for a while, Arabella unknowingly spattered with a low sincere tone.

Then he hugged Adam tightly feeling the warmth she needed to ease herself.

Confused and worried, Adam detached himself from Arabella then with his two palms, he touched her cheeks.

"I love you, mom." Adam didn't ask any questions.

He seemed to sense something but he understood the situation.

With loving round eyes, he then kissed his mom's forehead and went back to her embrace.

They hugged like they didn't see each other for a long time. After a while, Arabella asked Adam.

"Baby, did you see dad?" Arabella was curious and she was also dying to hug and say sorry to him.

"Dad is in the swimming pool. Mom, it's the weekend and I am joining him now. So, let's go and join daddy!" Adam was so excited to reply. He had no idea of the situation they had.

"Oh..." Because of last night's terrible event, Arabella forgot that it was the weekend.

Bill didn't go out for work and it made her feel happy. Spending quality time with her family was the best after last night's event.

Somehow, Arabella was problematic. How could she possibly say sorry to Bill when he didn't even want to see her?

He didn't want to speak to her and he didn't want to be with her as she woke up alone this morning in his bed.

"Son, of course, I want to join you but later. Go join your dad now and I will go to the kitchen and prepare a delicious breakfast for you two. Okay?" Arabella got some alibi. It was her way of thinking about how to fix her mistake.

She was willing to do everything just to amend it with Bill.

"Mommy!!!" Adam called her excitedly seeing her out of the sliding glass door carrying a gold tray full of different dishes.

Adam was excited to eat but then he didn't want to stop swimming.

He jumped freely which made the water splash outside the pool.

Arabella smiled at her childish son.

She was happy seeing Adam full of enthusiasm.

She quickly put down the tray on the table and arranged the dishes she cooked.

She also brought a flower base filled with freshly picked flowers and put it on the center table.

Then, when she was fully satisfied with her table set-up, her eyes looked for Bill Sky.

Timely, her eyes caught Bill's top naked and body drenched with water in the pool.

He shook his head to get rid of his wet hair in front then combed them using his fingers.

Arabella stayed rooted in her position like she didn't want to leave and miss the beautiful view in front of her.

Bill was oozing hot.

So sexy which made her gulp while her eyes fixated on him.

She felt her saliva going out so she bit her lower lip sexily.

Arabella felt so lucky to have this sexy hot guy.

He is hers.

Only hers.

Just when Bill looked at her meeting her eyes, her eyes smiled sweetly but then she quickly realized that she was still biting her lower lip.

Arabella quickly blushed and gather her best self.

She felt shy and embarrassed by her flirty action.

She knew Bill caught her fantasizing about him.

Thinking about this, she just hope that the ground would open and swallow her whole.

"Breakfast time!!!" Arabella quickly uttered. She had to make herself good to Bill.

"Coming, mom!" Adam was the only one who replied.

Bill swam again another round like he was not interested to join the breakfast.

Arabella was quite disappointed but she managed to understand him.

She smiled seeing Adam running toward her excited to have breakfast with her.

Arabella quickly prepared Adam's plate.

"Thanks, mom. You're the best!" With a wink, Adam cheered.

Arabella smiled at Adam.

She took a towel and gently wiped Adam's wet hair.

"Daddy, come! Mommy's breakfast is the best!" Adam shouted boasting about her meal when she knew it was just a simple one. Adam was just a little exaggerating.

Arabella looked at Bill.

She was really hoping that Bill was going to join them.

Bill looked at her.

Their eyes locked for a while.

He still had a cold expression and she felt sad about it.

After, Bill walked over.

Arabella was very happy. She quickly prepared his seat and her meal.

"I have to do some work son," Bill said and got his coffee, and walked away.

Arabella was left dismayed.

Her first try failed now she didn't know what to do.

Arabella sat down and release a smile at Adam.

She joined him for breakfast and enjoyed her son's company.

Later, she had to talk to Bill.

She knew the man was a stubborn one and he had the right to act this way toward her but she swore that she would fix this with him soon.

Arabella could not continue this way.

Hating and not talking to each other would just subtract their precious time together.

A person who almost killed was likely to know this.

Arabella swore to treasure all her time with her loved ones because it could not be bought and could not be taken back.

Last night, Eric Grant rushed Hanna to the hospital.

For the first time, he had mixed emotions.

His heartbeat was beating rapidly like his world was going to be dark in no time.

Just a little light shone but in a glimpse, it might die.

Eric was devastated like he was going to die together with that little light.

"Hanna! Hanna! Babe! You have to wake up!" He kept on calling her name but she was not responding.

Eric carried her inside the hospital.

A bunch of doctors and nurses together with a stretcher met them.

Eric quickly put Hanna on the stretcher.

Her blood made him stunned making his heartbeat stop for a while but he quickly recovered.

With Hanna's awful condition, he had to think positively.

"Sir, sorry but you cannot go inside!" Eric halted but he didn't lose his grip on Hanna.

He realized that he was lost in her thought and the doctor had said it many times.

"No! I can't leave her, doc. Please let me in. Please save her. Please save my baby. Please! I can't leave them! Let me in!" Eric was begging. He was a bit hysterical and desperate.

"I'm sorry but you cannot enter inside. Please let go so we can save her," The doctor replied in a hurry.

Nurses held Eric to stop him from entering the emergency room.

They were quite quick like they had no time to waste.

Eric found his sanity and let go of Hanna.

He breathed deeply.

The doctor stop for a while and slowly turned around to face Eric.

He had a blank expression as he spoke, "...and pray," and then he left without waiting for Eric's reply.

The doctor's tone was deep and serious like Hanna's condition was very fatal.

With a tired mind and body, Eric leaned his back against the wall.

He continued breathing heavily like he needed to breathe otherwise he would be suffocated on his own.

Helplessness was shown on his groggy face.

If only money could buy time, he would definitely give all his wealth just to rewind time.

He would never lose sight of Hanna again.

Never of these would happen if he didn't so comfortable with their situation.

If only he had known that this thing would happen to Hanna, he never allowed her to be alone.

He would postpone everything because she is more important to him.

She is his life now and without her, Eric couldn't find any reason to continue living.

Clenching his fist, he sat on the chair uneasily waiting for Hanna's result until a doctor came out in less than 10 minutes.

Eric quickly stood up again meeting the doctor halfway.

Before the doctor could say something, Eric could already feel something terrible had happened judging from the doctor's expression.

"Mr. Grant..." The doctor was in a hurry and yet he was hesitant to say it.

"Doctor... tell me! Is she okay now? My baby? Is he..." Along with his uneasy breathing, Eric cut the doctor and bombarded him with questions.

"Mr. Grant...I am sorry to tell you this but we cannot save the mother and the child. We can only save one and it is for you to choose." The doctor responded quickly to avoid Eric from making false hope.

Read Novel You Can Run But You Can Not Hide My Contractual Wife Chapter 489

You Can Run But You Can not Hide My Contractual Wife Chapter 489-Meanwhile, Arabella had finished breakfast with Adam.

She was happy that she was able to still do this and she valued every moment with her son.

Though Bill wasn't in a good mood for her, her smile never faded looking at Adam going back to his swimming.

"Mommy! Come and join me! It's not fun without you and daddy!" Adam hissed begging.

He smirked cutely with narrowed eyes deliberately inviting her and waving his arm signaling her to come.

Arabella heaved a sigh.

Though she was not in the mood to have fun today, Arabella had no reason to beg off.

After all, maybe she needed this.

Maybe after taking a dip in the pool, her worries and anxiety would all go away.

Adam... it was always him who saved her day!

"I'm coming!" She replied excitedly.

Then she stood up and started to take off her robe.

Her bare feet touched the ground and she felt good about it.

Definitely, she would not regret joining her cute little son.

The water had a good temperature. It was not so cold or too hot.

It soothed her and calmed her veins.

It was perfect and just what she needed.

Last night, she called Eric but he didn't receive any answer.

It made her feel very worried about Hanna.

Later, she would go out and check for them but that would be depending if Bill would allow her.

She didn't know what to do about Bill's mood for her.

Surely the man was angry and would be angrier if she would go out again without his permission.

With her thoughts, she suddenly felt grounded by her own husband.

He didn't have to say anything as she could feel the intense tension in the air behind him.

His gaze was like he was scolding her to the bone but remained shut and instead, he chose not to look at her again.

Of all his women, she knew Bill Sky the most.

He was acting like she didn't exist in his world, making her feel gloomy.

She missed him.

She missed him a lot and she wanted to thank him for rescuing her last night.

She wanted to hug him tightly in the bed the whole night.

And lastly, she wanted him to feel that she loved him very much.

If Bill and his men didn't come, she could not imagine what would happen to her last night.

Though Trishia was wounded, she saw in her eyes a strong determination to kill her.

She knew Trishia would not stop hunting her even if she lost blood that night.

Her hatred toward her was so extreme that she could not hold back or wait to finish her.

Thank god, Bill arrived on time and saved her from Trishia.

By rescuing her last night, Bill never failed her but she...

She felt so guilty about herself.

Honestly, it was an impulsive act but what could she do when her friend needed help?
She would never regret saving Hanna.

She just didn't like guessing what was Bill thinking about her right now.

She felt tortured thinking about his annoyance toward her.

Now, she had to weigh her situation in the house.

She must talk to Bill and settle everything for once.

This must end soon because she could take any longer his torture.

She could not take it any longer without him in her bed and she could not take it any longer without feeling his warmth.

She wanted him so badly.

"Mommy!!! Pass me the ball!" Adam's voice cut her messy thoughts.

She shook her head to get rid of them all then heaved a sigh and smiled at Adam.

She reached for the ball beside her and then threw it to her son.

"Ouch!!!" Adam cried as he was hit by the floating ball.

"Oh no! Sorry, baby!" Arabella swam toward Adam but by the time she reached him, Adam threw the ball at her.

It wasn't hurting.

Adam just acted hurt so he could play tricks on her.

"Come here you little rascal..." Arabella chased her boy who swam so fast avoiding her claws.

They were playing in the water along with their loud laughter.

Finally, she forgot everything and her mind, heart, and soul were 100% with Adam.

Inside the mansion, Bill went down to grab some more coffee.

He honestly liked Arabella's way of brewing the coffee.

Her coffee is the best!

So, he went back to the pool area just to get another glass of coffee.

On his way, giggling and laughing were heard side by side.

He stopped and frowned.

Arabella and Adam were enjoying themselves together.

His frown deepened like he seemed to think of something unusual in his mansion.

He sneaked out behind a white curtain.

There his cold eyes became soft and softer.

His mesmerizing orbs were suddenly filled with a woman figure.

So hot and sexy curves with like an hourglass.

Her porcelain skin was shining through the touch of the sunlight and made him suddenly jealous of the sun.

Her cleavage was full like her bra was too small to cup her healthy breast.

Her long-wet hair danced in the air when she abruptly moved together with the pounding of her huge breast.

Arabella was sexier when wet and Bill couldn't just get enough of his beautiful view and along with it, his Adam's apple moved forward and back.

"Mr. Sky, is there anything I can help you with?" The old head of his servants interrupted him like she saw him standing there without moving and it was unusual seeing him in that manner.

That was the only time he realized that he had been standing there for a long time.

"Nothing," With a smirk, Bill replied politely then finally went out to get another round of coffee.

"Daddy!!! Come on join us, please!" Their laughter stopped after seeing him out and Adam was too excited to invite him.

After all his parents were been very busy on weekdays and the weekend was their only time for each other.

He didn't have a class and Bill chose to give him that quality time for him.

Now that his mother was here, Adam had nothing more to ask for.

The weekend was his best time to enjoy his parent's company.

Bill stopped looking at Adam's begging face.

The boy had practiced the art of pursuing his father cutely by giving him his cutest adorable eyes blinking repeatedly like they would not stop until his father would jump in the pool and joined them.

From Adam, Bill's stare travel to Arabella.

Arabella suddenly felt her cheeks burning.

Without her seeing them, she knew they were crimson.

Blushing uncontrollably, Arabella tried her best to calm down under Bill's keened eyes.

He looked at her deeply like he wanted to see something inside her through her eyes.

Trying to calm the situation and herself, "Adam, son... I think dad has something important to work on." Arabella could not hold his stare anymore. She felt his cold eyes were going to tear her apart if she would not do something.

Adam looked at her and lips curled downward. "Okay..." His tone was a bit disappointed but his enthusiasm came back to life after seeing his dad take off his shirt and walked toward the pool.

Arabella was quickly taken aback.

She never thought Bill would join them but for some reason, she was quite happy.

It seemed Bill could not say no to his son's request especially since it became like a tradition for them to get together every weekend.

"Yes!!!" Adam exclaimed happily. The boy's expression was overjoyed.

Now, they were together again.

Arabella looked at Bill while he was walking.

His hard rock chest and 6 packs abs were too enticing like she would not starve just looking at them.

Well-built muscles popped out perfectly like one could only wish to be caged inside his sexy body.

“Mommy! Don’t keep on looking at daddy like that he might slip...” Along with his teasing expression were his soft chuckles.

Arabella halted embarrassingly.

Her boy had noticed her staring at his father’s body. What a shame.

Bill looked at her quickly and their eyes locked.

Arabella felt so hot like it became hotter.

Her cheeks sting and she didn’t know if it was because of the sun, Bill, or the embarrassment she had done to herself.

“Oh my gosh!” Her mind was disappointed in her. T

hen to avoid adding embarrassment, she quickly averted her gaze to Adam.

“Come here you little rascal,” She finally managed to take off her eyes away from the sexy man.

She played with Adam and at the same time, she felt nervous being with Bill around.

He was inside with the same pool.

They shared the same water and he was half-naked.

Arabella tried to focus her attention on her son but she failed.

Whenever Bill was a bit close to her, she felt something electrifying in the water and it made her body tremble in an exciting way.

She didn’t know but she felt like their bodies were connected by this spiky energy or maybe she was just doing her overthinking again.

Well, since he didn’t want to notice her today, Arabella didn’t want to push herself on him. She believed Bill would come to his senses soon and finally forgive her. For now, Arabella planned to focus her full attention on her son. They swam like they made a completion. They laughed noisily while Bill was swimming his own silently.

“Dad! Come on! Let’s play tag with mom!” The naughty Adam couldn’t get enough of playing today.

He seemed to miss his parents a lot.

“Sure,” Bill answered and swam toward them.

“Yes!!!” Adam sounded so excited as he jumped in the water repeatedly raising his two arms in the air.

The game was to tag all. The first person who was tagged was going to be the next ‘it’.

Adam played first and since he was a good swimmer, he quickly tagged his mother.

Since he couldn’t tag his father after trying hard for a long time, he surrendered but Bill surrendered himself first to him.

Adam was too happy that his dad gave in.

Bill winked at him and he wicked back.

Now, it was Arabella’s turn to catch them.

Of course, she went for Adam first.

The boy developed a good swimming skills over the years and she could fully see it.

Hence, she had to put a face in front of the boys.

She tried her best to catch Adam and luckily she succeeded.

Adam giggled loudly when she tickled him under the water.

This boy gave her a hard time catching him.

She hugged Adam and continued tickling him underwater.

“Mommy, you are not over yet. There is still dad,” Along with his chuckles, Adam reminded her.

“Gosh!” She said it in her mind.

She forgot about him for a while.

Now that she captured Adam, she had to finish the game.

Arabella looked at Bill.

His cold eyes locked on hers.

“Mommy, go finish the game!” Adam’s voice snapped her back.

She quickly averted her gaze.

She could not let Adam feel that there was something going on between her and his dad as she could not afford his boy to be disappointed again. The boy had experienced many heartaches at a young age, and Arabella was avoiding it to happen again.

Slowly, she swam toward Bill.

Bill was just looking at her unmoved like he underestimated her swimming skills.

There was no challenge in his expression even a bit.

Well, as for Arabella, it was good that she captured him easily to finish the game.

After, she would quit and make another alibi to get out of the water.
She could not just bear the tension through his stare plus the tingling sensations crazily running in her body underwater.
She felt tortured by him doing nothing.
All she wanted was to talk to him without their son's presence.
Maybe later... surely she would find the time.
"Go get dad, mommy!!!" Adam was cheering her. She felt Bill was not going to move at all but she was wrong.
Before her hand could reach him, Bill swam away from her. She was immediately gone from his post.
Arabella heaved a problematic sigh.
This man was really up to something personal.
He was torturing her non-stopped even in front of their son, Adam.
Bill swam away and stopped reaching the edge of the pool.
Since the pool was huge, Arabella could see him far away.
"Go get dad, mommy!!!" Adam was cheering at her again but he was now playing with his floating ball.
He seemed bored like he knew the catching game was not going to finish if his dad would not give in.
Arabella looked at Bill again and swam in his direction.
They were now away from Adam who was enjoying himself with his floating ball.
Arabella swam harder trying to finish the game.
Again, Bill didn't move from his post.
He just looked at her waiting to come to him.
When she got closer to Bill, she quickly reached for his shoulder.
"Tag..." She spoke softly while her eyes met him while her palm touched his bare shoulder.
It stung...
She seemed to get spiky sensations from his naked shoulder and they now crazily ran in her palm.
Realizing that her hand was still on his shoulder, she quickly got it and planned to swim back to Adam but before she could pull away her hand and leave, Bill's hand stopped her then he quickly dragged her body pulling it against his.
Arabella's eyes widened and her lips parted.
She looked at him stunned by his action.
He met her eyes while his naked hard-muscled body was pressing her almost bare slender body.
Their faces were very close to each other.
Their lips were both parted like they wanted to taste each other so badly.
Their lips were both hungry and the only solution to this hungriness was to let them savor one another.
Freely... fully... passionately...
Arabella gulped and unknowingly, she started biting her lower lip.
Bill's Adam's apple moved too and his grip on his waist tightened making her body press harder against his.
She felt her body was electrified in the highest density. She could not move but her

veins were trembling due to the wild sensations crazily running all over her body. It was torture but more torture when felt his huge er*ction underwater. Arabella gulped again as her thighs instantly clenched hard feeling his enormous bulk pressing above in between her thighs. At that moment, she wanted to jump at him and crawled into his body. She wanted him so badly. So bad that she wanted him to take her there. Instinctively, she touched Bill's cheeks with her two palms meeting his eyes. She was about to kiss him but then Bill suddenly released her. She was stunned and looked at him with a questioning expression. For a while, Bill looked at her then he swam away.

Read Novel You Can Run But You Can Not Hide My Contractual Wife Chapter 490

You Can Run But You Can not Hide My Contractual Wife Chapter 490-Hanna finally saw her baby.

A cute little creature who was like an adorable baby angel.

His laugh was so divine.

Along with his smile were two cute little dimples and blue hazel eyes also smiling filled with sparkling lights at the center of his little round eyes.

Round head with very little thin hair complementing his crimson chubby cheeks.

His nose was high and had a pointed tip.

He had soft and smooth skin.

The softest skin she ever touched.

Such an amazing fragile creation.

Beautiful and this little creature easily captivated her heart.

Hanna was smiling at him holding him so carefully.

She loved this creature so much and she would do everything to make him smile always.

Their eyes locked and she knew that she was going to be her life now starting at that moment.

Whenever he looked at her, she was speechless but her heart was jumping joyfully like it could not hold the happiness.

She then put a gentle kiss on his forehead then she rested her nose on his little nose.

She moved side by side tickling his little nose using hers and then he giggled as if he did like very much what his mother was doing to him.

Hanna's eyes were mesmerized by her newborn.

She couldn't help but smile with her new little one staring at him like she didn't want that moment to end.

Just like a loving mother, when she saw her baby yawn, she carefully put herself in a hammock and then put her baby on her chest and hugged him tight stroking his back until he slept on her chest. With a feeling of great accomplishment and satisfaction, Hanna slowly closed her eyes to greatly feel the moment with her baby until she fell asleep with a still smile on her face.

After a while, Hanna slowly opened her eyes.

From her swollen eyes, the feeling of having slept for a very long time like sleeping beauty knocked her off.

Then, her eyes were greeted by a plain white wall.

She blinked trying to find out why she was seeing an unfamiliar wall but her head was a bit floaty, empty, and somewhat heavy.

Her eyeballs began to travel until they landed on the side of the bed.

She was surprised to see Eric leaning on the side of her bed.

It was obvious that he was caught in his deep slumber.

Then her eyes wandered around like she started to realize that she was inside a hospital and she was lying in a hospital bed and Eric was there waiting for her to wake up.

With her realization, she instantly felt something bad.

Something very bad made her heart thump so fast and heavy.

She started to feel uneasy, bothered, and uncalm.

A huge wave of anxiety suddenly struck her.

In such a little time, cold sweats suddenly appeared all over her.

She could hear the loudest beat of her heart.

When she finally concluded that she was really inside a hospital room, she tried to move but it was like her soul was the only one moving not her body.

It was very difficult like she did not have any strength at all.

She tried lifting her hand on her side only to find out that she had a lot of needles attached to her raw skin.

She was shocked, lips parted and trembled soundlessly.

At this point, things and traumatizing scenes were flashing across her mind.

It was like someone pressed the rewind button then stop then play and fast-forward.

“Thank God, you are now awake!” Suddenly, Eric’s voice interrupted her thoughts.

She quickly looked at him with eyes filled with questions.

Eric suddenly hugged her.

Tight and tighter like he was waiting for this moment and it finally came.

“Eric... Eric... tell me what happened?” Hanna didn’t want to spare any second.

The eagerness on her face was traced like she could not wait for his answers as she uttered on his shoulder.

“Baby... please refrain yourself from moving. I need to call the doctor to let them know that you are awake.” Eric had nothing to say.

He didn’t want to hide the news from her but Hanna’s condition was not yet ready.

Moreover, he didn’t want her hurt.

Weighing all these, Eric was also not ready.

He detached himself from her and he just wanted to go out first.

His look was so haggard like he didn’t have any rest even a single second.

He was just so happy seeing Hanna was back to life.

Her eyes were full of life but he could not find the courage to tell her about the current situation.

He could not even find his voice as he could not afford to see Hanna in pain again.

And this time, she might get a heart attack after knowing the truth.

So as much as possible, Eric wanted to avoid her questions.

He had a good reason though.

“No! Please... stop. I want to hear what happened from you.” Her eyes were begging but there was also panic in her eyes upon realizing something.

She suddenly touched her belly and stroked it gently.

Her baby’s face in her dream quickly appeared in her mind.

The adorable smile with two cute dimples.

Those hazel-blue eyes were also smiling at her making Hanna smile too.

Then she looked at Eric.

“My baby... our baby... I saw him in my dream. He is very good-looking like you, Eric.” Hanna uttered full of adoration in her tone along with her happy expression.

Hearing Hanna, Eric froze.

He was speechless and his eyes became teary.

At that moment, Eric wanted to break down.

It was not just her son but also his.

He had a lot of plans for him.

A child who had not experienced having a father his entire life, he promised to give all his time to his son.

He wanted to bring him around the world.

See all the beautiful things that the world could offer.

Then he would be the one to teach him, self-defense, basketball, and his favorite musical instruments.

He could not hold himself but he could not let her see his grief.

The things that were deprived by him, he would give them to his son abundantly and wholeheartedly.

The day when he went to see his aunt's tomb, he felt light after asking for her forgiveness and permission to be with Hanna.

That time, he knew he was ready to be with Hanna and moreover, he was ready to be a father.

He swore to be a good father and just like the other men who were going to be a father, Eric's excitement was overwhelming.

He could not hold his happiness that even though he was at the meeting, he suddenly smiled and chuckled.

This made his subordinates look at him with questioning and doubtful expressions.

Well, what could he do? He was going to be a father.

But time killed his joy.

It erased his dream for his son and his hope.

The light inside him was fading but it strived not to die for Hanna.

Hanna was his endurance.

He had to endure the pain of losing his son for Hanna.

Not only that, but he also had to deal with his guilt.

Choosing Hanna over his son was something undesirable.

It was too difficult but he had to make a quick decision if he wanted to save one otherwise he would lose both.

And he chose Hanna.

The mother of his son.

At that time, he cursed his fate.

Why he had to experience this?

Why he had to choose?

Why his son had to die?

Now that he was ready to be a father, his son didn't make it.

Worst, he blamed himself for losing his son because he made the decision.

He made the decision to lose him over his mother.

No one knew how he felt so pathetic right now.

He is not a good father but a bad father.

He should die not his son.

Eric had so many awful things inside his heart.

The guilt, the anger of his fate, the grief, and the blame of himself.

He could blow off anytime but he was there for Hanna trying to act collected.

"I... I'm going now, You need to be checked." Eric's voice startled.

He wanted to leave quickly trying to avoid more conversations with her.

He knew the more he stayed there with her, the more chances he could not hold himself any longer.

With a clenched heart, he quickly turned around to leave but,

"You know, he smiled at me. He has the cutest smile I had ever seen. Eric, his smile and yours are very similar." Hanna continued.

Her tone was very appreciative and loving.

Eric halted.

Then his head faced the ground.

Those words he heard from Hanna were like sharp pointed blades pierced into his heart.

Without any warning, teardrops fell to the ground.

His shoulders began to heave up and down repeatedly.

It seemed that Eric had too much in him and now it was bursting and could not be stopped.

“He got everything from you,” Lastly, Hanna uttered.

This made Eric break down to pieces as he cried out loud.

His shoulders rapidly heaved up and down non-stopped and harder.

“Eric?” Hanna called his name but he seemed not to hear her. “Eric! What happened, tell me... please tell me now...please!!!” Hanna felt the slightest coldness in the room.

She quivered.

“Eric please....” Then her tears came out dripping.

A man’s cry was something that he could not bear and Eric’s cry was the same.

He did not have to say something for her to feel him.

“Eric, where is my baby?” Hanna shouted so desperate to know the truth. “Tell me he is okay. Tell me!” Hanna was frantic as she now realized that her baby was not inside her belly.

She knew it and she was sure of it.

She just couldn’t accept it.

In her mind, the sweetest smile of her baby slowly faded away.

Her eyes flooded with tears.

“AHHHHHH!!!!” The pain was too much that Hanna growled painfully. It was the loudest cry of a mother who lost her baby. Tears dripped down flowing rapidly like a river that had no plan of stopping.

Hearing Hanna, Eric got back to his senses.

She could not let her cry and drain her energy as it was going to be crucial for her.

This just meant that her life would be put in danger again.

Eric could not lose her.

He already lost a son and he could not lose another one in his life.

He could not afford to lose them both.

Quickly, he went back to pacify Hanna.

“Hanna, baby... please... it’s not good for you to...” Eric was back of himself.

He just wanted her to calm down but he failed to finish his sentence as Hanna immediately cut him off.

“Good for what?!!” With eyeballs out from their sockets, Hanna roared.

Her expression was filled with resentment toward Eric.

Now she remembered everything.

That moment she heard the doctor say in the operating room that Eric let go of the baby.

She shouted so loudly but no one heard her.

She struggled to move, and open her eyes but they were all like in her dream.

No one heard or saw her effort to stop them from removing her baby inside her.

Now that she remembered everything, Hanna realized that Eric’s cry was merely his guilt.

He was guilty and he was the only one to blame for losing her child.

“How dare you!!!” With so much rage, Hanna shouted at him.

“Baby, Hanna... please, calm down. “He didn’t bother to put Hanna’s words in his heart.

After all, it was all true.

He let her scold him.

Maybe he needed it.

It worked for him because that was also he saw himself.

He was pathetic and unworthy.

He is nothing and he is a very bad father.

He wanted to hear that from someone.

He wanted Hanna to blame him so badly.

He wanted to hear those words so badly that he could punish himself for being a bad useless father.

“Yes! I killed our son! I killed him because I can’t lose you!” Anger to anger, Eric answered at her without holding himself.

He was not angry at her but he was merely angry with himself and the situation.

He hated everything that he wanted to lose his sanity but for Hanna, he could not.

He could not surrender to the situation.

When he realized that he was exploding,

“Baby... please calm down.” While he strode closer to Hanna, he uttered coming back to his senses.

He wanted to hug her so he could feel her pain.

He wanted to take all her pain away.

Eric wanted to have it all.

Hanna didn’t deserve all of these.

She had so much pain in her life and he was worried that she could not survive this kind of pain.

When he was about to touch her, Hanna looked at him.

Her eyes were despising him as she avoided his touch like she was disgusted at him.

“Do not ever touch me again! You killed my baby and I will never ever forget and forgive you!!! Get out and do not ever come into my life ever again!!! I don’t want to see you!!! You killed my baby! Get out of here! I hate you! You are a murderer! I hate you, Eric Grant! I hate you!!!!” Hanna roared angrily non-stopped moving and kicking along with her tears.

With a broken spirit and soul, Eric walked away.

He stopped outside and found his breath until he only heard her cries.

Her cries pierced deeply in his heart with his tears dripping down.

He cried with her outside without her knowing.

They cried together for losing their baby angel.

Eric went home so drunk and surprisingly Rosy was there.

She took the earliest flight upon hearing the news from Arabella.

Of course, Eric was always a family for her.

Rosy stood up and froze seeing Eric just walked past her.

No greetings... nothing like he didn't see her.

Empty eyes, like a man who lost hope and everything.

The only thing that greeted her was the alcohol scent wrapped around his body.

"Eric, wait a minute." She ran toward him.

"Not now, Rosy." Eric had an impatient tone like he didn't like to be disturbed.

He went on directly to his room walking on a zigzag dragging his heaviness.

Then he slammed the door shut.

She felt sad and worried seeing the worst of Eric.

This was the first time seeing him in this kind of terrible situation.

With her thoughts, Rosy heaved a sigh outside.

"Bang!!!"

Suddenly, Rosy was startled by hearing a gunshot from Eric's room.

She panicked...

but she could not move.