

# You Can Run But You Can't Hide My Contractual Wife Chapter 86

Bill was full of blood.

She was in panic.

Even the butler next to him panicked. He was puzzled seeing the mighty Bill Sky in Capital Z entered the house. With his domineering aura, he couldn't dare not to open the gate for him. His look was scary and his powerful aura sent fright to her butler.

"What happened?" Her annoyance faded when she saw blood on his shirt and his forehead but he was still calm. He seemed he was not affected by the blood flowing out from his forehead.

She just thought the billionaires were untouchable because of their loads of money, but seeing Bill's pity face now, she was wrong.

"Nothing. It's just a scratch." Bill said and walked past her. He strode inside her room and locked the door. The old butler was puzzled.

Bill Sky and Young Madame?

Like a hedgehog, old butler spikes rose up when he thought how rich was the man in his young Madame's room.

The most wealthy and powerful businessman in capital Z and known all over the world, Bill Sky.

He was in their not so big house.

Inside Arabella's room, Bill took off his coat and put it on the wooden stand in the corner. He also got off his shoes.

He was like he was in his own house.

His movement was telling her that he was going to sleep inside her room.

Instead of arguing, Arabella quickly got her first aid medical kit. She could not bear to see the blood that was coming from his forehead.

Why he had to go to her house?

Or maybe he thought her house was a hospital?

She frowned, but still her mind was in panic.

The great Bill Sky had a blood.

Wow! Is he really human?

She shook her head to get rid of her crazy thought.

At this time, her instinct was telling her to cure the wounded.

Arabella sat on the bed next to him with her first aid kit. She gently tapped a cotton on his forehead and a Betadine. She squinted and blew his forehead while she slowly cleaned his scratch.

Bill looked at the girl in front of her. She did it with compassion. Her innocence eyes had a glint of light that was clear and pure.

Then, his dark, cold eyes fixated on her rosy lips while she was blowing his wound.

After, she then covered it with gauze and plastered it.

Seeing his shirt with blood, she said, "Mr. Sky, your wound had been already clean. You can go home now."

She wanted him to disappear immediately.

She had already done her part.

It would not be so much of a guilt for her because she already treated his wound.

"No need. I am going to sleep here." Bill replied laxly with his imposing aura.

"You are wounded. You need to go to the hospital." Arabella argued. He seemed not bothered by his wound.

She began to be immune with his stubbornness.

When his phone rang.

Bill answered in front of her.

"Mr. Sky. It's done." Arabella could clearly see the name on his screen. It's George, his personal bodyguard. She could also hear him clearly even without the loudspeaker.

What's done?

"What happened?" Arabella was curious and she couldn't help but to ask.

“Nothing.” Bill stood up and strode to her bathroom.

She was stunned.

This is her house.

This man just came here and he was familiar to every corner of her house.

After a while, he came out with only white towel covered in his lower body. His hard muscled chest and sexy packs were exposed to her sight. There were still waters dripping from his wet hair.

She couldn't help but gulped of her view.

He was extremely hot.

He was perfect and he exceeded those super-hot sexy male models in a magazine.

His domineering tall figure was sexy and with sturdy packs.

She could not help but to swallow her saliva.

To stop herself from imagining crazy things about him, she threw his dad's white t-shirt to him. It's loose, but at least it's clean. Enough to make him comfortable.

“No. I am fine.” Bill refuted. He was not the type to use someone's things.

This was like a habit for him.

Even in girls, he never used, used girls let alone overused.

It's always him the first.

Then, he didn't care of them after.

He never forced them.

He never had no effort at all.

It's them who wanted him and approached him, but not all of them had given the privilege.

He chose according to his taste and mood.

Not until Arabella came in.

He never chose her.

His body always wanted her.

And he was breaking his law to be with her all the time.

Even if he met an ambush on the road, he would go and find her.

When he received the text from Arabella, he was in a video conference with the different heads of his company's subsidiaries all over the world.

He frowned when he read her text.

His eyes darkened in an instant.

He didn't care about the people looking at him and were puzzled by their CEO's expression. They have known him for many years and his expression was always three in one.

Cold- domineering- emotionless person.

It never changed.

But seeing him now, they thought that person who texted him must be very important that for the first time they saw him changed his expression.

George reported about the camping.

One thing he hated the most was liars.

He believed women were born liars.

Arabella was one of them.

How could she dare to lie to him?

When he was on the road, someone dared to block the way.

He exactly knew, it was an ambush, but he didn't know who's the person behind it.

5 cars were lit up blocking the road and some gangsters showed up with weapon on their hands. Even in a strong light, he could clearly see those gangsters were holding guns.

"Mr. Sky. I know you are there. Don't be a coward and come out!" A man with balls shouted. He seemed to be the leader of the group.

It was really planned for him, but his calm wasn't ruined.

Not even a single panic could be traced in his pretty face.

His only movement was his eyes darkened and even scarier as if a great catastrophe would be coming.

He would punish those people who dared to block his way.

Seeing his boss expression, George couldn't help but to pity those gangsters.

After a while, gunshots could be heard. Someone seemed to fire his gun to scare Bill.

George wanted to laugh.

He's been with his Boss and this kind was just like a play for him.

An elementary game.

"Mr. Sky?" George asked his boss.

He knew, his boss was not in the mood to play. This kind of game made him bored.

Mr. Sky still had to pick up his wife.

The delay could possibly make him angry.

'If I were you, move and don't let my boss burst or you would surely regret.' Instead of worrying for their life, George was worried about the gangsters.

"Mr. Sky, if you don't come out, I will shoot you!" The man again shouted.

"Don't be a coward!"

"I am Winston Ford. You have to be sentenced for making my sister miserable. It took me years to track you and now, I will revenge my sister. I will sentence you myself. You will die tonight." The man screamed like he was gone crazy.

"You don't know me, but I am sure you know my sister." Winston started like he's making a speech but his voice was full of hatred.

"Her name was Amanda Ford. You remembered her?" The voice of Winston became closer as his voice became louder.

"She was my only sister but because of you. Because of you Bill Sky." His voice was in grief and full of hatred as he spit on the ground before talking again.

His action clearly despised Bill.

"Because of you, my only sister committed suicide." Winston added laughing bitterly.

Bill's expression didn't change. He did not move even a single with the man's words. George was a bit stunned by what he heard, but his Boss had the usual emotionless expression.

His long legs were crossed and arms on his chest.

He closed his eyes like he was bored as hell.

George was stunned after hearing the name.

Amanda Ford.

Because her name was attached to Bill Sky, she became a super model and she became famous all over the world.

She became the new face of Sky Corporation but it's just for a while.

Amanda Ford went missing and allegedly she resigned in the modelling world.

"For what you have done to my sister, you don't have the right to be happy. If I cannot kill you, I will kill your wife!" Winston shouted again.

This time, George quivered automatically.

He knew this man was over.

After Winston's words, Bill's eyes opened. His eyes darkened like the dark spread all around. The air became freezing. His eyes became the most dangerous that everyone would shiver in just a sneak.

"Drive!" Bill ordered with a powerful voice.

The driver stepped the gas without any hesitation and the car quickly moved forward.

When the gangster saw the car coming, they were shocked and couldn't move.

They didn't anticipate such brave yet crazy move.

Winston was also stunned, but with his mind gone mad, he shot the car that's moving forward. His men do the same, but the driver of Bill was a skillful military soldier, that he could make the car a little damage.

George, his bodyguard was also a master of martial arts and guns. His two men were best of the best among all special action forces. With them, he's already

safe, but his dad wasn't comfortable with only two men. He insisted to have more men following his only son in case of moment like this.

This time, three bullet proof cars in their back, dashed out.

It was their back-up.

The bullet proof cars deliberately smashed the cars that blocking the road. The gangsters worried for their cars. They tried to save their cars, but it was too late.

It was already wrecked.

They fired, but their bullets were almost running out.

They could not beat the bullet proof cars of a billionaire.

They clearly underestimated Bill.

Now, that they don't have enough bullets and their cars were already useless, how could they escape?

They regretted to offend him, then they threw their guns and remorsefully knelt on the ground.

They surrendered and their faces were seeking for mercy.

Bill's men in black suits, came out and punished them one by one.

"Stop!" A deep and strong voice echoed.

Everyone looked at him.

Bill strode out and his eyes were looking for someone.

All gangsters were very regretful of their actions. Seeing Bill's dark and dangerous facial expression, they were scared. They shouldn't offend him. His look made them want to kill themselves. With that, they surely die gentle unlike the person in front of them, he would surely kill them mercilessly.

Shivering, no one wanted to meet his scary eyes.

"You!" Bill pointed the man who kept shouting his name.

Winston Ford.

One of Bill's men picked him up. The man didn't want to stand up so another man helped and forced him to face their Boss.

The man's face was still hateful and arrogant. He looked at Bill with disdain.

"I don't know your sister." Bill just only said those words and turned his back at him.

"You know her. She was one of your women. She committed suicide because of you. I will not let you happy. I will come back and I will kill your wife too." Winston had no idea if Bill had a wife, but like a man that had gone wild, he furiously shouted at his back.

Bill suddenly stopped.

George was nervous as Bill's eyes were more even scarier.

Everyone instantly froze and shivered including his men.

Bill swiftly strode forward and before they had gained their senses, Winston had already fallen on the ground.

Bill gave him a heavy blow.

Winston suddenly vomited blood on the ground.

The rest of the gangsters were shocked.

Winston was their leader.

Seeing him, vomited blood with Bill's only one punch, made them want to run away quickly but it was impossible.

All they needed to do was to accept their fate.

Their fate in Bill Sky's hand.

"All of you fight with me or die." Bill ordered all 15 gangsters on the ground. His imposing tall figured shadowed them that made them tremble in fear. It's obvious that he was not satisfied with beating just one man.

Beating them all could only satisfy him.

George was shocked as well as his other men.

His words were clear.

They need to fight with him or they would die.

George couldn't help but to blame them.



They should not provoke Mr. Sky.

Most importantly, they should not give threat to his wife.



















































































































































