

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

### Chapter 2

In Capital Z, only the most elite could afford the membership of 'Luxury Bar'. It has the same size of a Five-Star hotel with complete high-end bar amenities and most expensive well-known liquors. They say that every member here has their own exclusive room and personal butlers. Its security is undeniably very tight. That's why this is the favorite stomping ground of most VIPs.

That included Bill Sky. His cousin Gab Kenley, is the owner of this bar. He's one year younger than Bill and also very good looking. He's the type of a playful boy next – door.

Marcus Savor is his second cousin. He's 3 years older than Bill. He also has good genes as him, but Marcus had tied the knot last year by his parents' demand. Savor Group is the leading hoteliers in Capital Z.

The three cousins often meet here for a drink and shared personal and business insights.

"What's up man?" Gab cheerfully greeted Bill when they entered their VIP room.

Bill almost finished one bottle of whiskey when his two cousins arrived.

"I'm all ears man, Let's talk!" Marcus added trying to guess what Bill's going to lay on the table.

Both of them sat down beside Bill and the latter started to share them about his parents' demands.

"Woah! Then maybe it's time for you to get a wife then." Gab let out a big smile at Bill.

Bill sneered at him as a warning for him to stop joking around.

“Okay then, how about considering the promiscuous Trishia Meyer? You know man, how much she tried hard to get your attention in last night’s banquet.” Marcus suggested with a bright hint of his eyes, expecting to hear an approval from Bill.

Trishia Meyer is the daughter of Senator Gregory Meyer, whom expected to run the next presidency in Capital Z. She’s strikingly beautiful and hot. She’s the perfect definition of ‘Barbie’ with a 100% aggressiveness. Trishia used her money lavishly to track down Bill’s schedule every day, that’s why she suddenly appeared wherever Bill is. She is viciously obsessed with him.

“She’s not bad! Uncle Ed and Aunt Kelly will surely love her. She came from a political dynasty family. She has a strong political back-up. It’s going to be a win – win man!” Gab added while sipping whiskey from his glass.

Bill stuck in a deep thinking, he keeps on drinking from his glass and said “Hell no way! As clever as Trishia Meyer, I cannot give her the advantage to tie me up in front of my parents. I cannot give her the satisfaction.” He firmly sees what’s coming with him presenting Trishia Meyer to his parents. That’s a checkmate. He cannot let that happen.

“Oh! So, who’s going to be?” Gab was a bit surprised with his answer while pouring more whiskey to Bill’s glass.

“Well, consider Jane Foster then, if your parents like her then give it to them.” Marcus cut Gab and tapped Bill’s shoulder. Of all people, he knew that his two cousins will end up the same as him when it comes to their marriage it is always been like a business partnership.

Upon hearing the name 'Jane Foster' Bill's mood changed. He was exceedingly irritated and his grip on his glass hardened. 'This woman's name is a curse.' He thought while drinking his whisky bottoms up.

After 2 bottles of whiskey, they've decided to go home separately. Bill got up first and exited from their VIP room. Outside, he is already accompanied by his personal bodyguard. While they were heading to the basement parking where his driver is waiting, he decided to call his secretary to make arrangements for him. He will let his secretary worry about it.

It's already 2 a.m., three rings, but no answer from the other side. He is now a little agitated.

He is Bill Sky, 1st ring should be answered, that is his mortal rule. As his secretary, you should be willing to give all yourself to serve him 24/7 or you will be punished, but of course, it comes with great and reasonable compensation. No one dares to make him wait.

He continued walking in the hallway while holding his phone to his ear when suddenly his lips was invaded by fascinatingly sweet mixed with alcohol taste lips. 'Shit! Who is this crazy woman?' He angrily thought while putting his phone back to his pocket.

'But wait, this kiss is so fucking addictive. These fucking lips are so smooth! I want more!' There is no way he will let her go just like this. No one can just simply kiss him wherever and whenever they want. He cannot help himself to feel the urge to take her down straight away right there, right that very moment.

In a blink of an eye, George, the bodyguard was dumbfounded. 'Who's this crazy woman? Where did she come from? She's so fucking dead! I am so fucking dead!' He couldn't believe that this happened in an instant

while he carefully tailing his Boss. When George was about to grab away the girl fast, he stopped. His Boss seemed to enjoy the situation.

George had never seen his Boss like this before. So many instances that the girls tried flirting him on some high-end occasions, but he ended up dragging them out by his Boss's order. Remembering this, George was again dumbfounded as he couldn't help watching his Boss's every action. Noticing his Boss's intimacy, he paved his way to the corner and waited for them to wrap up.

Bill suddenly grabbed her waist and closed the gap between their bodies. He held her tight and pressed her body against the wall. With his body, cornering her, he crushed her lips and the kiss became torrid until the other party stopped cooperating.

“Oopsie. My Bad!” She smiled seductively at him. In an inch, she stared at the man she just kissed passionately, but couldn't see him clearly. It's completely blurred. She tried to open her eyes, but it seems that her eye glasses were full of mist. She was completely drunk and she was controlled by alcohol. In her drunken state, she had to admit that this man is undeniably a good kisser.

Holding his two shoulders, she tried pushing him to free herself from his tight embrace. Using all her strength left, she forced herself to squeeze out of him, but it was to no avail. Now she panicked like crazy. Back to her senses, her smile diminished all of a sudden.

‘Who is this jerk? What the hell he's doing to me?’ Her thoughts are like thunders rumbling loudly in her head.

“Please let me go!” She asked him with begging eyes. Yes! She got it. She cannot solve this by force might as well play like an obedient and adorable puppy to her master.

“Not a chance my Dear! “His voice is very playful yet firm and full of masculinity bearing a big wave of authority. He more tightened his grip to her waist, sending shivers and pleasure in her entire body. Plus, his scent was very compelling to her nose. Without seeing the man’s face she already knew that he is a man of elegance and power.

She was extremely satisfied with his every touch that her body was honestly wanting him for more but she can’t let this man do whatever he wants to her. She doesn’t know him. ‘He is a total stranger and a freak!’ she thought.

“Pakk!” a blaring sound came out in an instant from her hand. She slapped him. She slapped the man who just called her ‘My Dear’. She slapped the man whose strength is so overly strong to hers. She struggled crazily trying hard to free himself from this hot rock like chest. ‘Damn this man!’

“Damn this girl!” Bill snapped out from his intimate pursuit. He Suddenly grabbed her two arms and pinned her against the wall using his full strength like on the brink of breaking her body.

Upon hearing the loud sound of a slap, George immediately sneaked out from the corner and found out his Boss being beaten by a girl. ‘You are really dead girl!’.

“Do you know me? How dare you put a hand on me? You want to die?” Bill with arrogance, asked angrily to the girl who just slapped her. He is so furious that he could kill. He grasped her neck with one hand. He never been slapped in this lifetime. He is Bill Sky, no one dared to hurt him. He is the leader of the of the ‘Ruthless King’ company. There is no way he will be slapped just like that.

“Let go of me, you Freak! I don’t need to know you. I don’t care who you are!” She cried out loud while finding her breath. She will never let this freak wins.

She should be fast. This man is crazy. She will not allow him to kill her. In a wink, she abruptly pounced his balls by her knee with all her strength left.

“Shit! You Bitch!” The man crouched down quickly with unbearable ache inside his body.

She used this freedom to run away swiftly like lightning bolts. She disappeared in a split second.

George rushed back to his Boss and helped him stand. With what happened, he saw his Boss bearing the pain with a devilishly angry face, but what he was scared of was his thought of the girl. ‘Poor girl! Your life is finished!’ George knew his Boss very well. He will not let her run away from him just like that. She can never hide away from him. ‘Even a needle that fell into the ocean, he can find it, what more to this poor girl?’ George’s train of thoughts ran wild while assisting his Boss walking towards his car.

Bill waved his hand and stopped him. He stands firmly and face him with a commanding voice “Get her! Find her! Bring her to me right away!” With a look that could kill, George got the message speedily.

With a nod, “Got it. Mr. Sky.” George respectfully responded.

Feeling satisfied with his bodyguard’s confirmation, he settled himself inside his car and the driver drove smoothly.

In the backseat, Bill closed his eyes while crossing his long legs and leaned his head on the head rest. What happened just a while ago

occupied his mind. 'That bitch!' This girl really had the nerve to hit him. This angered him to hell. He could feel his blood crazily boiling all over his body. He must find this girl and teach her a good lesson that she will never forget. He's stuck in a deep thinking again, when the kiss they shared popped out. He couldn't help to bit his lower lip. It seemed like he is trying to regain the taste of her lips that stuck to his. 'Damn that woman!' he cursed. With a devilish smirk 'I'll see you again soon!'

At 10 a.m., Inside Bill's office, George and his secretary laid a file on his table.

"Sir, as you ordered. I found this information from a reliable source."

George started reporting to his Boss.

Satisfied with his bodyguard's prompt investigation, Bill carefully read her information.

Name: Arabella Jones.

Age: 25

Residence: Block 45. West Gate Homes.

Occupation: Professional Make-Up Artist

Status: Single

At this moment, he went through scrutinizing her photos.

She wore baggy clothes, matching big rimmed eye glasses with a short dry hair. There's no elegance on her. She looked shabby.

‘This woman is not my type at all.’ He firmly concluded. Thinking of her kiss. ‘Why is her fucking kiss so good?’ Bill exclaimed while closing his thoughts.

“Bring her to me right away!” He suddenly walked towards the 360-degree glass wall overlooking the City.

With his two hands inside his pocket he thought, ‘Arabella Jones, too late to escape from me!’ with a smirked he continued with his gaze outside.