

Chapter 15 Filing the Paperwork-2

What?

Carina's eyes widened after she saw the document.

Those absurd words weren't hers. She remembered the clause was supposed to say: If the man brings another woman home post-marriage, the woman must willingly make room.

She hadn't written anything about marital duties!

As Carina was trying to figure out where things had gone wrong, Adrian casually said, "You have needs, and I must comply. I have needs, and you can refuse. Carina, is that fair?"

Of course... it wasn't fair.

The issue wasn't about fairness now; the problem was that she hadn't written that

clause, and it certainly wasn't Adrian who had changed it.

There was only one possibility left.

Carina took a screenshot, opened up Candice's chat, and sent it over to ask what had happened.

The ordered meals, two sandwiches, and coffee were brought over. Adrian placed one of the sandwiches in front of Carina and pushed the coffee toward her.

Carina took the coffee and thanked him.

"There seems to be a misunderstanding... I'll make some changes and send it to you again."

Adrian noticed her discomfort. "It's okay, I just thought that line didn't sound like you, which is why I mentioned it. As for marital duties..."

He looked at Carina.

"I respect you. If you're not ready, I won't

push you. If you think it's okay, I'll go along. So, no need to change that part."

Carina felt a bit awkward. "But that seems unfair to you."

Marital duties... If he really needed it, she wasn't totally opposed. She had already given up on Steve and had no plans to remain chaste for him.

"It's unfair to you," Adrian mentioned the marriage clause.

"Besides this 10th clause, everything else is in my interest. I'm getting the better deal. That's why I didn't sign. I'll revise it and send it to you for review."

Carina gazed steadily at him, a blush tinting her radiant face, slightly dazed.

"Okay," Carina replied softly.

This man, he was so gentle.

Carina's phone vibrated, snapping her back to reality. It was a message from Candice.

Candice: I edited it. What was that mess you wrote before?

Candice: What do you mean by "If the man brings another woman home post-marriage, the woman must willingly make room"?

Candice: Once you're married, you're the queen. If he really brings another woman home, what you need is a knife, not tolerance.

Carina: But you can't change it like that. I don't want to sleep with him. Your edit makes me sound desperate. I'm so embarrassed.

Candice: Adrian's the kind of man you don't sleep with after getting married? Are you crazy?

Carina: You're the crazy one!

Candice: Know why you're so irritable?

Candice: It's because you're 24 and still a virgin!

Candice: Trust me, having s*x is good for your health. It'd cool you down.

Carina: Have you slept with a man? Did you sleep with Vincent?

Candice: That hurts!

Candice: Let's break up our friendship!

Candice: Goodbye!

At half past ten, Carina followed Adrian into the City Hall.

By eleven, they stepped out from the City Hall, a marriage license in hand.

A cool breeze and warm sunshine greeted them. Holding her marriage license, Carina felt an indescribable mix of emotions.

Regretfully, the boy who once held her dear in his youth had become a stranger.

She married another, and there was no

turning back.

After the regret, excitement surged.

She had gained a strong supporter. From then on, Steve would have to call her Aunt Carina respectfully, as she married the man Stella wanted to marry.

How incredible. She actually married Adrian legally, with a marriage license.

From now on, in Chicago, she could walk with her head held high.

The driver brought the car around, and Adrian asked Carina, "Are you free now?"

"Yeah."

Carina was in the early stages of her own business, running a photography studio. Recently, due to Steve's unsettling influence, her inspiration had dried up, and she had been adjusting her mindset.

Currently unable to develop a satisfactory photo, she had given herself a break,

temporarily without work and relatively accessible.

Adrian, standing elegantly by the car door, looked distinguished.

"I'm free this morning. Let's buy a wedding ring."

Since they were married, it was time to buy the rings.

In the jewelry store, Carina initially wanted to pick that blindingly shiny solitaire diamond ring but ended up captivated by a set of matching rings for couples.

The design was simple, with delicate diamond shapes engraved and tiny, exquisite diamonds embedded within.

The simplicity drew her in.

The salesperson explained, "The purer the love, the longer it lasts. This design emphasizes purity and uniqueness.

The male band complements the female's

diamond setting, completely encasing it, like a pair of embracing lovers.

The meaning is holding you. I have the whole world."

Holding you, I had the world.

Unique purity.

Carina and Adrian's marriage wasn't pure or particularly romantic.

But she really liked this design.

While she hesitated, Adrian had already taken her left hand and was slipping the ring onto her finger. The cool touch snapped Carina back to reality.

The next moment, her mind went blank again.

His palm was warm against the back of her hand, only slightly warm yet burning to Carina as she curled her fingers slightly.

Her eyelashes fluttered, and she looked up,

meeting his deep eyes.

In Adrian's eyes, she saw her reflection.

Adrian said, "I like this one. What do you think?"



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