

MARRIAGE ON PAPER

Chapter 10

After staying at the Lev family residence for two days, Ryleigh gradually began familiarizing herself with the place.

That night, she had dinner with Grandma Watkins, then chatted with her for a bit. They had a good time laughing and talking.

Ryleigh also gave the elderly lady constant massages to help alleviate her discomfort after her lung cancer treatment.

Paxton felt everything was worth it for this alone. Grandma Watkins had raised him since childhood; his only wish was that she could live out her twilight years happily and in peace.

When Grandma Watkins had finally fallen asleep,

Ryleigh returned to her room.

Suddenly, her phone rang.

She looked at the number displayed on the screen, and her heart sank. Hurriedly, she checked that no one was around before she answered the call.

"Where are you?" A man's clear voice came over the receiver.

"I'm so sorry, I've been busy for the last few days..."

"No, trust me, it's not an excuse... I promise I'll come and see you in a few days. Please believe me..."

The other party hung up.

He was obviously angry.

Ryleigh gave a long sigh and slumped listlessly against the wall. Bit by bit, she slid down until she was sitting on the floor; she felt mentally and physically drained.

She was distraught and anxious, but she had no way of taking her mind off her worries.

She stood up, dazed and trembling, and remained thus for a while. Finally, she opened the liquor cabinet.

Inside were a variety of imported wines that she had never seen before.

She selected the smallest bottle, opened it, and poured herself a glass.

She had never drunk alcohol before, but today she suddenly felt like trying some.

Determinedly, she threw her head back and downed the entire glass.

A pungent sensation assailed her limbs, and her head suddenly felt hot. Her body felt a little numb, and her thoughts gradually became sluggish.

Not bad at all. Now, she was unable to think about anything, so the more numb she became, the better.

She drank one glass, then another. In no time at all, she had reached the bottom of the bottle.

She felt herself slowly becoming dizzy, and her entire body felt as if it were on fire. She tried to stand up, but her legs had turned to jelly, and she lost her balance, falling onto the soft carpet.

The carpet was very comfortable; falling asleep here

was not a bad idea.

After goodness knows how long, a pair of shoes came up and stood in front of her.

Groggily, she squinted and lifted her head with some difficulty.

Her gaze traveled up from the shoes to a pair of long, shapely legs, then further up to the face of the man they belonged to. Under his straight eyebrows, his eyes were very dark. He had a high, aristocratic nose, and his lips were thin and aloof. He was elegant and domineering, sophisticated and utterly dashing!

This was a prince among handsome men.

Why did he seem slightly familiar?

"Hey, handsome, you're looking really good." Ryleigh

beamed a fatuous smile at him; she was drunk beyond belief.

Paxton stared speechlessly at the recumbent woman on the floor.

At the moment, she was looking up at him, and her lovely, lustrous eyes were as bewitching as those of a water nymph.

Paxton felt extremely uneasy. From the corner of his eye, he noticed the empty wine bottle and could not help spitting out a soft curse.

This woman had completely finished off the precious bottle of Armand de Brignac champagne that he had jealously hoarded for so many years.

"Hey. Sober up a bit, will you!" He kicked at her with his foot.

"Pull me up then, handsome, and have a couple more drinks with me. I'll pay for them." Ryleigh gave a dazzling smile and began hunting through her pockets as if she were looking for her purse.

Was this wretched woman going to treat him like a host in a host club? She obviously couldn't hold her liquor and was now thoroughly inebriated.

"Come on, get up now!" Paxton's face was black as thunder as he extended his hand to Ryleigh, intending to pull her up. However, he underestimated how strong an intoxicated woman could be.

Ryleigh's legs were so wobbly she was unable to stand up. Instead, she hung onto Paxton and toppled backward. Paxton lost his balance and fell as she pulled him down, and he landed on the floor with a loud thud.

Ryleigh collapsed onto the floor, and Paxton landed right on top of her.

It was as if a lightning bolt had struck that very instant. The two of them were finally face-to-face, and their lips instantly locked.

Ryleigh's lips were warm and soft, and the heady champagne scent wafting from her was enough to intoxicate anyone.

"Handsome, you're a very bad boy." Ryleigh hooked her arm around Paxton's neck. Her cheeks were flaming red, and her sensual lips were utterly alluring.

Perhaps both of them were dazed by the champagne aroma, or perhaps this was really too perfect a scene.

Paxton had not intended to kiss her, but he found

himself doing so despite himself. She was so soft, fragrant, and warm. He felt as if his entire body were suddenly expanding and bursting, and the sensation rushed to his brain. He could barely control himself.

The passionate kiss practically sent Ryleigh out of her mind.

This was such a familiar sensation; it was as if they had gone back to that night when Paxton had been drugged.

Paxton felt his self-control gradually slipping away...

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