

MARRIAGE ON PAPER

Chapter 11

Ryleigh's greatest fear was being tickled. In the past, that individual always liked using a feather to tickle her neck.

"Ryleigh, you need to work on your concentration. You're getting distracted.

"Still, you were able to hit the 10 ring despite being distracted, which is excellent."

Every time, she had been forced to run all over to hide from the tickling.

Perhaps only the young and naive were able to experience that pure, innocent sort of happiness.

Her neck felt itchy as if a feather were tickling it. Involuntarily, Ryleigh giggled and pulled away.

"Damian, stop it."

To Paxton, it was as if someone had flung a bucket of cold water in his face, immediately dousing every bit of the uncontrolled passion within him.

He abruptly sobered up. What was he doing? He had fallen prey to Ryleigh's allure.

Whose name had she uttered just now? He had not heard it very clearly, but he was certain it was some other man's name.

He felt extremely unhappy.

She had a boyfriend? He had known nothing about this.

Wretched girl! Was she using him as a substitute?

He could not take it any longer. Angrily he stood up and growled, "Enough! You need to sober up!"

After that, he hauled Ryleigh up by the collar and dragged her into the bathroom, then unceremoniously dumped her into the already-filled bathtub, all in one go.

Ryleigh's entire body sank into the warm water and immediately shocked her into sobriety as well.

Ryleigh shook her long, drenched hair and valiantly opened her eyes wide. Perplexed, she stared at Paxton. "Are you crazy?"

She was actually asking him a question like that? Paxton was so exasperated he was on the verge of exploding.

"I mean, really now. My clothes are all wet," Ryleigh

grumbled.

"You honestly don't remember what you just did?"
Paxton ground out through gritted teeth.

Ryleigh was startled. Immediately she glanced down and was reassured to see that her clothes were all intact, except for two buttons at the collar that had been undone.

She heaved a sigh of relief; nothing untoward had happened, at least.

"I'm so sorry. I think I must have drunk some inferior wine, so if I behaved in an unseemly manner earlier, I hope you'll excuse me," she apologized.

"Inferior wine?!" Paxton was enraged. "You finished that entire bottle of Armand de Brignac champagne worth 100 thousand pounds sterling!" There was a

wine cellar in the basement of the house, but the wines in the cold storage compartment of his room were his own personal collection.

"Oh!" Ryleigh was horrified. She quickly did some mental calculations; the exchange rate was 1.21 dollars to 1 pound sterling, and the champagne was worth 100 thousand pounds. Heavens... just that small bottle was so exorbitantly expensive?!

"Do... do you want me to pay for it?" She stared at Paxton in panic and dismay. She still hadn't paid off the 80 thousand dollars she owed him, and now she had just finished off a bottle of champagne worth over 121 thousand dollars. She would never be able to pay all that off, not in a million years.

Paxton was bereft of speech.

When he saw Ryleigh's dismayed expression, all his

anger seemed to dissipate. No matter what, this woman had money on the brain constantly.

Ryleigh clambered out of the bathtub.

Her white outfit was completely soaked, rendering it totally transparent. The fabric clung to her body like a second skin, emphasizing every line and contour. It was far more sensual than if she had been naked.

Paxton stole a glance at her and drew in a sharp breath, swallowing hard.

The memory of that passionate kiss earlier rose up in his mind, and it took all his willpower to control every burning, clamoring cell of his being. He grabbed a towel at random and tossed it at Ryleigh.

"Cover yourself up."

Only then did Ryleigh realize that her soaked clothes were so revealing she might as well not have been wearing anything at all.

In a flurry of embarrassment, she wrapped the towel around herself hastily, and wrung out her dripping hair.

She tried to leave the bathroom, but her foot slipped on the wet floor and she stumbled, falling right into Paxton's arms.

Weakly, she held onto him for dear life, her curves pressed tight against him.

Every ounce of passion that Paxton had forcibly suppressed earlier immediately flared up again.

He turned and pushed Ryleigh against the cold bathroom wall, seething. "What the hell are you

playing at, trying to seduce me repeatedly like this? Fine, since you initiated it, I'll give you satisfaction."

He ripped off the towel wrapped around her.

Since she was a gold-digging little tart, he would play along with her little game. Why should he bother to resist?

Whap!

Paxton's head suddenly snapped to one side, and he froze, utterly stunned.

Ryleigh was also startled by her own boldness. She had slapped Paxton hard across the face.

"You!" Rage flared up in Paxton's obsidian-dark eyes. This was the first time he had ever been slapped by anyone. How dare she!

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