

## MARRIAGE ON PAPER

### Chapter 17

Paxton continued swerving the car left and right in order to dodge the bullets. “Sit tight,” he instructed. Then he coolly executed a 360-degree turn and landed perfectly away from the pursuers.

The Maybach shot forward at a high speed of 280, ditching the assassins behind. Unfortunately, they were still on the expressway, a far distance away from the city. Hence, the pursuers were once again hot on their heels in no time.

Ryleigh sat upright and fastened her seatbelt. Then she asked with a frown of concern, “Who did you offend?” It was odd that someone would be so brazen to disregard the law and open fire at Karovia.

Paxton tried to wind down the window, opened the glove compartment, and retrieved a pistol. “Don’t

worry, I'm here." He was surprised that Ryleigh had not screamed or cried. Instead, she seemed rather calm. However, he did not have the time to delve on it further.

With the car still traveling at lighting speed, Paxton rolled down his window and pulled his pistol out. He intended to take a shot at the car behind them.

However, it proved to be a challenge to drive the car at such high speed, and aim accurately at the pursuers.

Just as Paxton was still devising a plan, Ryleigh said calmly, "Give me the pistol." He showed no response as he thought he had misheard the woman.

"Hand the pistol over," Ryleigh repeated.

Paxton was startled by her words. However, he handed over the pistol without protesting, as there

was no time to lose in such a life-threatening situation.

“You...” Paxton tightened his grip on the steering wheel and glanced at her worryingly. However, his concerns were unfounded as Ryleigh skilfully pressed the magazine release and loaded the pistol. She then peered out of the side window and took aim at the vehicles in hot pursuit.

Bang! Bang! Bang! An unexpected barrage of gunshots ensued.

Paxton was astonished at what he saw from the rear-view mirror. The bullets had caused the car tires to blow up, resulting in an ear-piercing screech. The car then made a ninety degrees turn and crashed into a lamp post. The subsequent sets of gunshots caused the remaining vehicles to crash one after another. Ryleigh had taken down the pursuers systemically by

shooting the vehicles' tires with perfect accuracy.

The last vehicle was located at Paxton's side. Hence, Ryleigh unfastened her seatbelt and stretched across to his end to peer out of the side window. She confidently wrapped her fingers around the grip of the pistol with one hand, while the other hand rested on the trigger.

Paxton was in awe at the magnificent sight before him. It was as though time had stopped. The turbulent wind created by the high speed chase caused Ryleigh's black wavy hair to blow in his face. He could feel her faint sweet smile lingering in his nose.

Paxton wondered to himself, why haven't I noticed how stunningly beautiful and cool she was?

Words could not describe how mesmerizing and charming Ryleigh looked. Her eyes were slightly

squinted, taking aim for the next shoot.

Bang! A loud sound reverberated when Ryleigh pulled the trigger. The bullet landed on a bullseye target – the front tires of the last remaining vehicle. After a few more shots, the tires gave way and the car flipped over and exploded in flames.

Ryleigh was a sharpshooter who could achieve 0.01 inch precision. She was already showing kindness to the assassins as she did not aim for the gasoline tank. If not, they would never have survived the car crash.

Paxton stepped hard on the accelerator and the car sprang forward with a roar. They had finally managed to get rid of their pursuers.

The repeated shock of the heavy recoil on her pistol caused Ryleigh to jerk backward and nearly crashed

into the steering wheel. Luckily, Paxton held on to her waist tightly and protected her from injuries.

Now that Paxton and Ryleigh were out of danger, they realized that they were in such close proximity. The lingering silence in the car made the atmosphere even more tense. Heavy breathing echoed in the air, and their hearts thumped wildly. Paxton did not let go of his grip as he was caught mesmerized by her sweet scent.

Ryleigh reminded, “You can get your hands off me now.”

Paxton regained his senses and let go of Ryleigh. After sitting back up, Ryleigh lowered her head and examined the pistol. It still felt warm after the multiple rounds of firing. Ryleigh praised after locking the pistol and giving it a squeeze. “Browning Hi-Power, semi-automatic gun in 9mm calibre. It’s as good as

what they claim to be. However, it's not suited for me as the recoil is a little too excessive." It was illegal to be in possession of a gun. Only the elites in society were granted the certification to have guns. Ryleigh had not seen nor used the Browning Hi-Power before as it was a rare collection.

"Here you go." Ryleigh placed the pistol back in the glove compartment.

She's an expert, Paxton thought in surprise. He shifted uncomfortably as he was still trying to digest the events from earlier. He glanced at Ryleigh and admired her side-profile. Despite the dangerous encounter, she still looked calm and peaceful.

Paxton suddenly thought of a description that was befitting of her, a leopard doesn't change her spots.

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