

MARRIAGE ON PAPER

Chapter 2

At night, a sense of danger filled the chilly air.

Paxton knew he was trapped. He was too careless. Probably he had forgotten danger after staying in serenity for too long.

All three people who were hunting him had guns.

Bam! Bam! Bam!

Gunshots roared.

After fighting hard for his life, Paxton started to lose his strength. After all, he was fighting against three assassins, and his leg was injured from a gunshot.

Paxton finally jumped into the Hune River to get away from his assassins. That was his final hope to survive.

Ryleigh was walking along the river. The director of the orphanage, Rosie Lamford, had requested her to go back to the orphanage tonight.

The sudden sounds of the gunshot had alerted Ryleigh.

Based on her experience, she immediately knew those were gunshots from AK-47, a weapon only used by international terrorists.

Gunshots in the peaceful country were highly unusual.

Ryleigh followed the sound. She saw a few people fighting. One of them seemed to be injured and jumped into the Hune River.

The other three people did not stop the hunt. When

they were about to shoot in the river, they heard "Pew! Pew! Pew!". Ryleigh had thrown out a few boomerangs that flew right by the necks of the three assassins.

Pew! Pew! Pew!

The boomerangs drew a few silver curves in the air before returning to Ryleigh's hands.

It was Ryleigh's habit to carry her self-made boomerangs with her.

"Ouch!" The assassins cried in pain. Then, they ran away with their hands pressing on their bleeding necks.

What an incredible skill! Even though Ryleigh did not cut the arteries, the wounds could still be deadly if they were not treated soon.

Ryleigh Brigg was an outstanding fourth-year student in the Department of Design for Manufacturing at Cornell University in Karovia. She was the embodiment of intelligence and beauty.

However, no one knew her even more glorious past. Ryleigh was the champion of the 10-meter air rifle at the National Junior Championship. She was the hot favorite to win the World Shooting Championship as she was leading in the preliminaries. However, for some reason, she withdrew from the championship and disappeared.

Ryleigh was a master shooter who could shoot with an accuracy of 0.01mm. She scored 9 or 10 points so often that throwing boomerangs was just a piece of cake for her.

When the assassins finally retreated, Ryleigh quickly

ran to the riverside, thinking the injured man who jumped into the water might have already lost his life.

Without thinking much, Ryleigh jumped over the barrier and into the water.

As Ryleigh expected, the man was drowning. She pulled the man up to the river bank, exhausted all her energy.

It was very dark. Thick clouds had shielded the moon, and there were no street lights. As a result, Ryleigh could not see the man's face well.

The injured man was unconscious from drowning, lying still on the floor.

Ryleigh had attended volunteer first aid training courses, so she had learned different first aid techniques.

She pressed on the man's chest repeatedly, but he did not spit out the water he swallowed.

Did she need to do mouth-to-mouth resuscitation on him?

There was no time for hesitation.

Ryleigh frowned her brows and closed her eyes. She placed her lips over the man's lips and blew into them.

Strangely, the lips of the man just saved from drowning were not icy cold. Instead, they were scalding hot.

The heat from his lips made her shiver.

After Ryleigh gave the man a few rounds of mouth-to-mouth resuscitation, he finally spat out the water and

coughed violently.

"Hot, so hot..." Paxton was in and out of consciousness.

He felt a pair of soft lips land on his lips and made the blood in his body boil. He knew there was something wrong with him. His usually strong self-control slowly slipped away, and the sweet kiss was the last straw.

When the soft lips landed on his lips again, Paxton suddenly held down the woman and kissed her violently.

"No! Mmm..." It was too late when Ryleigh was aware of the danger.

Paxton tightened his grip. His body emitted unusually high body heat, almost melting Ryleigh together.

Ryleigh realized the man might be drugged.

However, she was unable to make an escape.

Damn! Ryleigh realized what was coming.

"I will bear all the responsibility."

His deep voice resonated in the night wind...

If you find any errors (broken links, non-standard content, etc..), Please let us know < report chapter > so we can fix it as soon as possible.