

MARRIAGE ON PAPER

Chapter 21

Just like that, their divorce was delayed.

The street lights turned on as twilight approached.

Ryleigh finally had a chance to leave Paxton's house.

It was time to see him. She could not delay it any longer.

No one knew that she rented a house outside.

When she turned the key to the door, there was an uncanny noise coming from the house.

Ryleigh furrowed her eyebrows then pushed the door open.

She saw an unsightly scene as two people were

struggling in the living room.

The man raised his head and a woman with red hair was kneeling on the ground.

Ryleigh did not react. She carried the groceries and walked into the kitchen with a numb expression.

She shut the kitchen door and prepared a meal in half an hour. She baked cod with lime cheese sauce, macaroni with beef sauce, and corn chowder.

The two people outside were done messing around once Ryleigh opened the kitchen door and went out with the dishes.

The pretty woman glanced at Ryleigh and scratched her head, "Invite me to come over next time, hottie. You were amazing." She kept looking at his legs.

Damian raised his chin slightly. "I'll let you enjoy yourself next time."

The both of them flirted with each other as if there was nobody in the house.

After the woman left, Ryleigh said, "Damian, it's time to eat."

Damian's face turned gloomy. "Then why don't you come over and push me there?"

Ryleigh took a deep breath. The air smelled rotten. She was instinctively disgusted.

She stepped forward and stopped in front of him. He was already dressed and sitting in a wheelchair. His face was like jade, however, his eyes were no longer as clear as before.

All the resentment Ryleigh had for Damian dissipated when she saw the wheelchair he was sitting on.

Damian Baldwin was the second son of the family who owned Baldwin Bank. He was born with a silver spoon in his mouth, and now...

He noticed her gaze. There was a deep pain in his heart. "What are you looking at? Are you disgusted?"

"No." Ryleigh lowered her head and pushed him to the table. "Eat up. I made your favorite fish today."

After taking a few bites, Damian slammed his cutlery all of a sudden and asked, "When are we getting married?"

Ryleigh was stunned. "I haven't graduated yet..."

She married someone else in a fake marriage behind

his back. Moreover, she had not gotten out of it yet.

Most importantly, she knew very well that her feelings for him were a responsibility she could not let go of.

Damian sneered. "Ryleigh, how long do you want to play along with me? Why don't you just admit that you don't like me at all because I'm such a useless person?"

"I didn't mean that..." Ryleigh was helpless.

Damian was incredibly sensitive and fragile. She dared not provoke him further, so she did not say what she wanted to say.

"Ryleigh, I went against the entire Baldwin family and got kicked out of the house because of you. Also, I broke my legs, and I have to sit in this wheelchair all day! You don't even care if I mess around with other

women. Don't think I'm not aware that you want to get rid of me!"

He swept the cups and plates on the table to the ground as he spoke.

Ryleigh stared blankly at the mess. Did she care?

She was a person who took responsibility more seriously than feelings.

From whom did she give up on shooting?

Moreover, why did she give up the competition just before winning the medal and disappeared?

How did she survive the past two years?

She worked hard every day. She looked for jobs everywhere to earn money.

Why did she agree to Paxton's fake marriage and request 80 thousand dollars?

It was her that made him like this.

She never thought of passing the buck.

If it was not for the wrong encounter, he would not have fallen to such a point.

He should be living his best life, being a refined and noble son, sought by plenty of girls.

Right now, Ryleigh's only belief was to cure Damian and make him stand up again.

"I've never thought of getting rid of you, Damian. I've already got enough money to get you a closed reduction and rehabilitation. I've been busy contacting

the hospital recently. You can be hospitalized tomorrow. Please don't give up, everything will be fine, you can definitely stand up again." She squatted next to him and looked at him with bright eyes.

Damian felt a little touched, but his expression suddenly changed. Then, his face became more gloomy. "What will happen when I'm able to stand up? Your mission will be completed and you will no longer feel guilty? Will you finally be free?"

"No, that's not what I meant. You're overthinking."

He was excited, then reached out and dragged her next to him. He leaned over to kiss her. "Then give it to me, I want it now."

"Don't do this, Damian." Ryleigh avoided his lips.

He got furious and pushed her onto the ground. He

yelled, "Why are you refusing me? Why don't you want to be married?"

Ryleigh was extremely slumped. Her whole body was in pain after being thrown onto the ground. She was exhausted after two years.

What happened in the past cannot be fixed.

Who would know what will happen in the future?

There was only so much she could do for him, she gave him everything she could.

"We'll head to the hospital tomorrow, Damian."

Damian grimaced and pushed his wheelchair back to his room. He slammed the door shut with a bang.

His heart was a mess for a moment. He almost

wanted to tell her that he was messing around with women just for show. He was just angry that she did not care about it.

She did not understand how much he loved her and how afraid he was of losing her.

He was afraid of her speaking. He was even more afraid that she would say it.

Damian was not gullible. He understood that Ryleigh did not love him, nor feel sympathy and guilt. It was not the love he wanted.

He had always been wishing for it until now, since two years ago.

However, he had nothing now. He could not live without her.

Ryleigh stood up and bent over to collect the pieces of shattered plates.

She was restless. She felt her fingers tingling, and saw that she had accidentally cut herself. Fresh red blood could be seen oozing out of the cut.

She raised her head and looked at the door that was shut. Inexplicable emotions were overwhelming her.

If you owed someone money, it would eventually be repaid.

However, what if the debt was love? What could she repay it with?

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.