

MARRIAGE ON PAPER

Chapter 23

Sophia charged forward in her Chanel high heels, cursing loudly, "Bitch! You have an affair outside with another man behind my brother's back!"

The unexpected situation caught Ryleigh off guard.

She turned around, grabbed Sophia, and said quietly, "Don't be a nuisance. I'll explain later. Please leave now."

"Why? I refused to go. I'm going to expose you right now! I'm not sure how you managed to enchant my brother, bitch. You had my brother, but you are still dissatisfied, so are you seducing some other man now..."

When Sophia's gaze fell on Damian, she choked on her words.

She was in a daze for a long time before she found her voice again, exclaiming, "Damian?"

Sophia burst into tears of joy. She rushed forward and hugged Damian tightly, saying, "Damian, I can't find you. Your family won't reveal your whereabouts."

Damian was her childhood sweetheart and the man of her dreams. She had vowed to marry Damian since she was a child and was not interested in other men. However, two years ago, Damian seemed to have vanished from the face of the earth, and she could not find him no matter how hard she looked.

She did not expect to see him here today.

Damian's brow furrowed slightly, and he pushed Sophia away.

Only then did Sophia notice he was in a wheelchair. She exclaimed, "Damian, what's wrong with your legs?"

Who did that to her refined, cultured, and gorgeous Damian?

Sophia stood up, glared at Damian, then at Ryleigh, and asked, "How did you two meet? What brought you both to the hospital? Could you be the one? Did you do this to him, Ryleigh Brigg?"

Sophia became enraged and yanked Ryleigh's hair.

"Stop!" Damian yelled sternly, "Sophia, let go. Ryleigh is my fiancée. Don't be impolite."

"What? Fiancée!"

Sophia nearly screamed, thinking she had misheard.

Ryleigh knew she was doomed. She was powerless to stop it, and things had spiraled out of control.

"Fiancée? That's ridiculous! She's a liar! Damian, don't let her fool you." Sophia lost her mind. How could Damian like Ryleigh Brigg? She was the woman that was supposed to marry him.

"She deceived my brother and married him! She's tricking you right now, too!"

Ryleigh married Paxton?

Damian was shocked. He looked at Ryleigh in disbelief.

Ryleigh hurriedly waved her hands and incoherently said, "Yes, no, it's not... It's not what you think."

She hurried forward, but Damian pushed the wheelchair back and sidestepped her.

Her greatest fear came true.

"Damian, I can explain." Ryleigh spoke weakly.

"How would you like to explain it? You've been two-timing and still want to make up stories? You lied to my brother first, then to Damian! I have to teach you a lesson today, bitch!" Sophia's face turned purple with rage, and she raised her hand, wanting to slap Ryleigh in the face.

Ryleigh chose to endure it rather than run away.

Yes, she was in the wrong.

It was entirely her fault that things ended up the way they did.

"Stop!"

Someone shouted, and the person who came gripped Sophia's raised hand tightly.

That person's face was chiseled like the face of a Greek god, and he exuded an extraordinary temperament. Paxton Lev was the name of that person.

"Paxton. Why do you want to help that bitch..."

Paxton Lev threw Sophia's hand away, and Sophia was not happy about that.

"Shut up. Go back now. Now!"

Paxton spoke with an implacable tone.

Sophia noticed Paxton's face was gloomy and overcast as if a storm was approaching. She did not dare to say anything else.

She stomped furiously in her high heels, anxious and enraged, but she had no choice but to turn around and leave angrily.

Ryleigh's disguise was exposed today, so her brother would be unlikely to let her go easily.

There was complete silence all around.

It was so quiet that even the rustling of the wind through the leaves could be heard.

With her mind in a complete mess, Ryleigh closed her eyes helplessly.

Her greatest fear came true. What's more, the

situation could not get any worse.

Damian and Paxton exchanged silent glances for what seemed like centuries.

They had known each other since they were children, but they had not expected to meet in this manner today.

Damian's face appeared sunken, whereas Paxton's appeared cold and aloof.

Sometimes, men understood each other not through words but through their eyes.

"Long time no see." Paxton's voice was icy.

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