

MARRIAGE ON PAPER

Chapter 8

The Royal Club was situated at the very top of a mountain, far away from the hustle and bustle of the city. It boasted a luxurious interior and an elite membership; even if one were wealthy, they might not be able to gain admittance to this exclusive place.

Paxton was not sure why he had brought Ryleigh to a place like this either.

After dinner, he led Ryleigh to a private room on the top floor of the club.

Louis Reese and Ellis Harrison were Paxton's good friends and sworn brothers.

One was the son of a real estate tycoon, while the other was making big waves in the e-commerce scene despite being a newcomer.

Both of them were in the private room drinking and playing darts.

"Paxton, this is the first time I've seen you bring a female visitor here." Ellis was startled; had Paxton suddenly changed? Normally, women were unable to get close to him no matter how they tried. Those who did not know the reason behind this assumed that Paxton's preferences lay elsewhere.

Paxton sat down at the French windows, which overlooked a cliff. The night was pitch-black, so dark it seemed as if one could be dragged down into the depths of an abyss.

He lit a cigarette absent-mindedly.

"She's your sister-in-law."

Louis was so stunned he gaped for a few seconds.

"Paxton, what did you just say?"

"I said, she's your sister-in-law." Paxton was wreathed entirely in tobacco smoke. As he tapped the ash off his cigarette, even this casual gesture exuded a fatal attraction, and he looked handsome enough to be the envy of both gods and mortals.

He took two long drags of his cigarette, then stubbed it out as if he were afraid of making Ryleigh cough.

"D*mn! You've gotten married!" Ellis looked as if he would have a fit. "And you never breathed a word to us? We don't even have a wedding gift for you!"

"This is a temporary thing, don't worry about it, " Ryleigh explained, all smiles.

Paxton's cold gaze swiveled over.

Immediately, the atmosphere in the room turned very chilly.

Louis was slick and tactful. Sensing dangerous waters, he immediately smoothed things over and changed the subject. "Come on, since you're our new sister-in-law, let's drink a toast to meeting you!"

"I don't drink though..." Ryleigh made a protesting gesture.

"Sis, these are the rules. We'll play a game of darts. If you don't hit the bulls-eye, you have to drink one shot. If you miss the target entirely, you have to drink three shots. If you manage to hit the bulls-eye, we'll each drink one shot. If you hit a double, the rest of us will drink three shots each," Louis explained and gave Ellis a wink.

Ellis was immediately agreeable. He retrieved an expensive bottle of cognac and put it on the table, then set out three shot glasses and filled them.

The brandy's rich, heady bouquet wafted through the entire room.

Ryleigh hastily corrected Louis, "There's no need to call me sis, just call me Ryleigh."

"How can we do that? You're our sister by marriage, pretty much. We can't break the rules. Why don't we start now? I'll demonstrate for you first." Ellis aimed at the target, then threw the dart he was holding.

He missed the bulls-eye by just a fraction.

Not bad at all!

Louis handed three darts to Ryleigh. "Sis, your turn

now. Why don't you have a try first and get a feel for the darts?"

He and Ellis played off one another, egging each other on.

Paxton furrowed his brow slightly; he felt they were going a little too far.

They were very obviously using the rules to bully Ryleigh.

That Remy Martin Louis XIII Cognac was extremely potent; if she drank three shot glasses of it, she would pass out immediately.

Louis and Ellis were counting on this. Once they got Ryleigh drunk, whatever happened between her and Paxton that night was their way of looking out for their sworn brother.

Paxton stood up, intending to put a stop to things.

He heard the sound of the three darts whizzing through the air.

Louis and Ellis watched as Ryleigh hefted the three darts casually. She toyed with them for a moment, turning them around in her palm, and they caught a glimpse of her toned arm.

The next moment, Ryleigh looked down and rubbed her palm with a towel.

As for the three darts, all of them had landed in the double ring.

The two men's jaws dropped. She had moved so swiftly that neither of them had had time to catch a glimpse of how she threw the darts.

She literally exuded awesomeness!

"W...wow, what an e...expert!" Ellis stammered.

"Three and three make nine, so both of you need to down nine shots each," Ryleigh said regretfully with a faint smile and shrugged.

Louis was speechless.

If they downed nine shots, they would end up being dead drunk.

This was truly a classic case of digging a pit for someone and falling in themselves!

However, they had no choice; they had been willing to gamble, so they also had to be willing to take the consequences. By the time Louis and Ellis finished all

nine shots of the Remy Martin Louis XIII Cognac, they felt like throwing up.

Both of them kept blaming each other and complaining.

Louis did not even bother about how he would look, or even keeping up appearances. He sprawled onto the couch, barely able to move, moaning, "You idiot, Ellis... out of everything here, you had to pick the Remy Martin Louis XIII Cognac... you've really screwed us over..."

Ellis felt waves of dizziness overcome him, and the entire world around him seemed to be revolving. Heatedly, he accused Louis, "You mean you're the one who screwed us over, setting such dumb rules for the game..."

Paxton had an amused, ruminative look on his face,

and he slanted a glance at Rayleigh with his dark eyes. This woman had truly unexpected depths.

Her skill with darts was certainly not something that could have been picked up in a short space of time.

"Can we go home now? I want to go to sleep."

Rayleigh looked exhausted and sleepy. Somewhat impatiently, she eyed Paxton.

Louis and Ellis stared, jaws dropping.

Was Rayleigh truly such a bold person?

Rayleigh herself did not realize the mixed signals that her words were giving off. She was really just far too tired and sleepy.

"Let's go then."

Paxton picked up the suit jacket that he had taken off earlier.

Both of them left after that.

Louis and Ellis stared after their departing figures, then looked at each other. It looked as if things were about to change.

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