

MARRIAGE ON PAPER

Chapter 9

Paxton started up the Maybach, and the interior of the car immediately lit up.

Ryleigh had already fastened her seatbelt. She rested her forehead against her palm, looking extremely tired.

The luxury car went racing down the road, and a variety of bright neon signs in various colors flashed past the windows.

On the way home, Ryleigh began discussing the basic rules of her agreement with Paxton.

Her voice sounded very tired as she spoke. "First of all, if I have to sleep in your bedroom, please sleep in another room, at least for this period. This way, Grandma Watkins won't discover what's going on so

easily."

Paxton kept one hand on the steering wheel and rested his other arm against the window in a dashing attitude.

His thin lips curled slightly. Disdainfully, he asked, "What are you worried about? Your body? Do you really think I won't be able to resist your charms?"

Involuntarily, Ryleigh glanced down at her chest when she heard that. What was wrong with her body? If she were any bigger up top, she wouldn't be able to buy clothes at all.

Paxton followed her gaze and shot a sidelong glance at her.

Right now, the warm, dusky interior lights of the car illuminated the lines of her lovely profile.

She was reclining listlessly in her seat, which emphasized the undulating contours of her bosom. Taken together with her lithe, supple waist, she had an absolutely flawless figure which set one's pulse racing.

Paxton felt his breathing quicken.

It was as if he was trying to choke himself and hastily coughed to cover it up. "Ahem."

Ryleigh did not seem to be affected by his teasing and continued.

"Secondly, you are not to interfere with my freedom. I will try my best to return to the Lev residence a little earlier every day, and if I have time, I'll spend it with Grandma Watkins.

"I might not be able to come back sometimes, though, since I'm still a student."

She had something very important to do; furthermore, she didn't want Paxton to find out...

"Mm."

At least he had agreed to that.

"Thirdly, I owe you 80 thousand dollars. I'll figure out a way to pay the money back to you; this is the IOU for it.

Ryleigh retrieved a document that she had prepared beforehand and handed it to Paxton.

"How are you going to pay it back?" He scoffed lightly.

"It might take some time since I haven't graduated

yet, but I'll definitely repay the debt in full." Ryleigh pressed her lips together slightly, then continued. "You already know I joined Professor Ohl's automotive design and development group for my internship, and I'll be paid an intern's salary. If the design is shortlisted and wins, we'll get a considerable amount of prize money. I'll do my very best."

She could not afford to make an enemy of the man next to her.

She did not want to get too involved with him.

She also did not want to be indebted to anyone.

Paxton remained noncommittal.

What did he care about the money? He casually tossed the IOU onto the dashboard.

What he did not understand was the way she was going about this. Was she dreaming up new methods and tricks, taking one step back to advance two steps forward? Was she going to attempt to change his view, then try and gain his favor?

He had almost forgotten that she had ways and means, and was capable of scheming. If not, how could she have won Grandma Watkins's approval so easily?

"Girl, I advise you not to try any tricks. I can annul our marriage at any time," Paxton warned.

"You're overthinking things. I agreed to this with the best of intentions, and I want to leave blamelessly as well."

Ryleigh smiled faintly, then closed her eyes to rest.

Her words made Paxton feel uncomfortable.

Coldly, he asked, "Are you done? I have two conditions as well."

"Mm." Ryleigh's voice sounded fainter.

"First of all, Grandma's needs must be seen to. If it's anything to do with her, you must show up when called upon."

"Alright," Ryleigh replied.

Paxton continued. "Secondly, for the duration of our marriage, you are not to have relations with any other men. What I hate most is when women try to make a cuckold out of me."

For a while, Ryleigh did not answer.

"Hey, did you hear me?" Paxton was annoyed.

Ryleigh still did not reply, nor did she stir.

The silence inside the car was frightening. Then, the faint sound of steady breathing drifted through the air.

Paxton tilted his head. He shot a glance at Ryleigh and discovered that she had fallen asleep. Her countenance was peaceful, the line of her neck and shoulders elegant and beautiful.

In an instant, it was as if time had stopped, leaving behind only this peaceful, lovely snapshot.

Apparently, she really had been far too exhausted.

Involuntarily, Paxton found himself switching off the lights and he slowed the car down.

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