

Mr. Enigmatic's Spontaneous Bride-

I'm married

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Black Knight6-8 minutes

Ivy returned to the clinic and received an urgent task to go to the rural areas for medical consultation. She didn't return home until a month later, after seeing the last patient.

As soon as she opened the house door, a strong smell of blood hit her.

The scene before her eyes was chaotic, with pots and pans scattered all over the floor, and her mother sitting on the sofa, bearing signs of physical abuse.

Ivy's heart tightened, and she quickly grabbed the first aid kit from the cabinet above the shoe rack and rushed towards her. "He hit you again?!"

Her mother tried to comfort her, "It's okay."

"This scumbag!" Ivy cursed, unable to contain her anger. "I've told him countless times that the accident three years ago had nothing to do with you or him. It was my fault, and since he dares not vent his anger on me, he takes it out on you. Mom, you're his wife, he shouldn't treat you like this!"

"You know your father has always been like this, right?" Mrs. Jones held Ivy's hand indifferently. "Don't worry, I am used to it now. I'm more concerned about you. If it weren't for that incident, you and Kevin would have..."

"Mom, you should divorce him tomorrow! Even though the salary from my clinic isn't high, it's more than enough to support us!"

"I'll only burden you." Mrs. Jones interrupted Ivy. "I only wish for you to find a good place to settle down. That way, I can rest assured."

Ivy's hand, in the process of applying medicine, suddenly stopped.

No matter how many years passed, she still couldn't understand why her mother, as a victim of domestic violence, stubbornly believed that marriage could bring security to women.

Having witnessed her father's abuse towards her mother since childhood, Ivy had no interest in marriage and childbirth.

A marriage without responsibility and love, she would rather not have it!

But, she suddenly remembers one important thing.

"Mom, you said last time that as long as I get married, you would divorce him, right?"

Ivy took out the marriage certificate from her bag and handed it to her mother. "Look, I'm already married. Pack your things, move out, and come live with me outside. In a few days, I'll take you to complete the divorce procedures!"

Mrs. Jones suddenly widened her eyes, looking shocked. "What did you say?"

Ivy held her mother's hands and spoke clearly, "Mom, I'm married!"

Hearing her daughter's firm answer, Mrs. Jones was stunned. She looked at the photo on the marriage certificate, then at Ivy, taking quite some time to digest this news.

This man on the marriage certificate had sharp eyebrows and a starry gaze. He seemed to be a talented person. But Ivy had never mentioned having a boyfriend before. When did she suddenly get a husband?

"This... What's going on?" Mrs. Jones frowned.

The man on the marriage certificate looked even better than male celebrities on TV. However, his eyes were sharp and cold, showing he was someone calculating.

And those starry eyes, similar to Ivy's father. It wouldn't be good if he turned out to be unfaithful.

"Mom, I'm not lying to you. Do you remember Grandma Winston from the welfare center where I volunteered? She vouched for her grandson. Don't you trust Grandma Winston's character?" Ivy warmly explained the basic information about Shawn.

Seeing her mother still half-doubting, she added, "After several encounters, I found him handsome and has a good character, so we got together."

She twisted the truth a bit, saying that they got married after a few encounters, thinking that her mother might find it easier to accept.

But Mrs. Jones still couldn't accept it. After thinking for a while, she instructed, "While your father is away for the next two days, bring Shawn over for dinner. I need to see him in person before I can be at ease."

"Okay." Ivy opened W*****p to find Shawn but suddenly felt uneasy.

Oh no, she left in a hurry and forgot to change his name.

Which one was his number?

Ivy, due to work requirements, added many patients to her contacts every day to keep track of their health status, and some of them were strangers with no names, only numbers.

She sighed as she looked at these chat windows--it was like searching for a needle in a haystack.

"Ivy, are you just finding someone randomly to trick me and your dad into divorcing?" Mrs. Jones, seeing her scrolling through W*****p contacts repeatedly, doubted her daughter again.

"How could that be? I just remembered that he's in a meeting right now. I'll contact him later."

Finally managing to get her mother to rest, Ivy spent nearly half an hour before finding Shawn on W*****p.

She checked the date and time of adding the contact, confirmed that it was him, and asked: Mr. Tate, my mom wants to have dinner with you. When are you free?

A minute later, her W*****p chimed.

Shawn: I'm free tonight. What time do you finish work? I'll pick you up.

Actually, he had a business dinner to attend tonight, but Shawn inexplicably decided to cancel it to meet Ivy.

He just wanted to know--was the female doctor from the clinic in the poorest county in the city genuinely busy and out of contact for a month after getting married, or was it just a strategic move on her part?

Ivy checked the time: No need to pick me up. What time do you finish work? I'll come to pick you up.

Deciding on a time with Shawn, Ivy left an hour early and stopped by the Jewelry Store on the way.

It had been a month since they got the certificate, and there wasn't even a proper ring. It looked more and more like a fake marriage.

Ivy usually devoted most of her time to work, and she hadn't planned to spend much time picking a wedding ring.

Therefore, after entering the store, she briefly stated her budget, and preferred style, and selected a wedding ring within a few minutes.

"Miss, your husband will surely like this ring." The salesperson smiled at her but had a sympathetic look in her eyes. The husband of this lady must not love her enough, otherwise, how could he bear to let her buy a lifelong symbol alone?

Ivy understood the meaning in her eyes, just thanked her lightly, and left with the ring.

Her expectations for marriage were simply to live together, and it didn't matter who bought the ring.

An hour later, accompanied by the roaring and clattering sounds of a nearly scrapped pickup truck, it heavily stopped in front of Starbucks.

In this street full of luxury cars and luxury goods in the financial district of the city, this vehicle continuously emitting unpleasant exhaust fumes seemed out of place.
