

Mr. Enigmatic's Spontaneous Bride- powerful girl

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Black Knight 6-8 minutes

The assistant coughed a few times, waved his hand to clear the exhaust fumes for Shawn, and suggested with difficulty, "How if I drive you instead?"

"No need." His gaze fell on the girl in the pickup truck wearing a duckbill cap. A playful glint flashed beneath his deep eyes hidden behind the black sunglasses.

Seeing that he couldn't persuade his boss, the assistant frowned. This pickup truck obviously had signs of being in an accident. The rear cover was lifted, the body was dented, and the windshield was cracked.

Shawn's usual ride was a globally limited-edition luxury car, and this truck... what kind of junk was it?!

Ivy, dressed casually, jumped out of the car. Seeing the displeased expression on the assistant's face, she asked Shawn, "Who is this?"

"I am Mt. Tate's..."

"Colleague." Shawn interrupted him, sending a warning look to the assistant. "Thank you for your help. You can go back to work."

Helpless, the assistant sighed inwardly. If the boss insisted on enduring hardships, there was nothing he could do. "Well, let me help you get in the car."

After saying this, Luke pulled the door handle, but the next moment, the door wobbled and with a loud clang, it fell off!

"..." The assistant was truly astonished! Was this door made of paper? How could it protect Mr. Tate's safety?

Shawn's wife, Ivy, noticed the assistant's disdainful look and explained with an embarrassed smile, "Sorry, this car was lent to a friend a few days ago. It had an accident, and we haven't had time to repair it properly. But it's not a big deal; I can fix it. I know a bit about repairs." With that, she effortlessly lifted the door and snapped it back into place.

"!!!"

The assistant was dumbfounded. Was there really such a powerful girl? !

Shawn also looked stunned. Meeting for the first time, she wanted to get the certificate. Meeting for the second time, she fixed the car door. How could this woman surprise him every time they met?

"Help me up." The man regained his composure and instructed the assistant.

Seeing that the boss had made up his mind, the assistant sighed again, helping him sit in the passenger seat.

Well, with the bodyguards always around Mr. Tate, nothing should go wrong.

"Sit securely and hold on tight," Ivy reminded in a low voice.

Wearing black sunglasses that hid the waves in his eyes, he replied nonchalantly, "Cool."

With a roaring sound, the pickup truck kicked up dust as it sped away. In this financial district street, several sports cars nearby, under the assistant's gestured eyes, quickly started their engines and followed, leaving in a hurry.

From the center of the city to the bustling county on the outskirts, Ivy's worn-out pickup truck roared for a full two hours before arriving at her house.

As the car came to a stop, Shawn subtly rubbed his nearly deafened ears and let out a barely audible sigh. This car... had to be replaced!

Thinking about it, Ivy jumped out of the car, opened Shawn's door, and her gaze fell on his legs. After some thought, she reached out and touched his thigh.

The man's gentle expression instantly darkened. "Let go!"

Did she think she could touch my thigh whenever she wanted? Why did this woman not understand boundaries?

Ignoring the cold face of the man, Ivy looked at him and said, "Car accident?"

"Let go!"

Knowing that this matter was painful for the man, Ivy softened her tone. "I don't mean anything by it. I'm also an orthopedic doctor. Understanding your condition will help when I assist you with rehabilitation in the future."

Upon hearing this, Shawn's eyes flashed with a hint of pain. He then indifferently said, "Car accident fifteen years ago. The surgery failed, and the chance of recovery is only thirty percent."

Ivy continued to touch his thigh, forming her own judgment. "Give me your medical records later. I'll help you."

"You?" Shawn didn't hide his suspicion.

It wasn't that he looked down on people, but countless world-renowned doctors had told him that his legs had no hope of recovery. Looking at this newlywed wife, both in terms of age and qualifications, she didn't seem to have the ability to make him believe.

"Let's go up. Mom is anxious." Knowing that the man didn't believe her, Ivy changed the topic. After all, she really didn't have a hundred percent certainty of curing him.

"Okay."

The doorbell had just rung, and excited vibrations echoed from inside. As the door opened, seeing the two, Mrs. Jones' smiling face froze.

Shawn was accustomed to such gazes and didn't mind. He smiled lightly and said, "Hello, Auntie. I'm Shawn."

Mrs. Jones hesitated for a moment and quickly smiled, "Hello, come in, come in."

After the man entered, Mrs. Jones grabbed Ivy and pulled her outside. In a hushed voice, she angrily asked, "What's going on? Why did you marry a disabled man?"

Ivy tried to soothe her, explaining gently, "Mom, Shawn had a car accident fifteen years ago. Doctors say his condition is untreatable, but I..."

"What?" Mrs. Jones couldn't listen anymore and exclaimed, "Are you saying his legs can't be healed?"

"Hush!" Ivy gestured for her to speak more quietly. However, the next moment, Mrs. Jones choked up.

"Ivy, I hope you marry someone who can protect you in the future. I don't want you to marry out of anger. It's not that I look down on Shawn's disability, but how can he protect you? You might as well protect him!"

Ivy gently embraced her mother's shoulders and whispered, "Mom, his leg condition is temporary. I will do everything to cure him. Even if it's not successful in the end, it won't change my feelings for him. Shawn is kind, reliable, and exceptional in his abilities. Being with him won't make me worse off than others. Mom, believe in me and believe in him, okay?"

"He can't even take care of himself. How can I believe in him?" Mrs. Jones turned away, wiping her tears.

It wasn't that she looked down on disabled people. She just regretted impulsively forcing her daughter to marry a disabled man.

"Mom, look at Dad. He has hands and feet and can take care of himself. But after you married him, did he protect you apart from using his hands to hit you and his feet to kick you?"

Her daughter's words cast a shadow on Mrs. Jones's heart. She had always known about domestic violence, which left a deep scar in her daughter's heart.

"But..."

Mrs. Jones wanted to say more, but the door to the house opened at that moment. Ivy's long-unseen father, Harry Jones, walked in.
