

Mr. Enigmatic's Spontaneous Bride-

Ivy is my wife

chapter 4

Black Knight5-7 minutes

Harry Jones held a toothpick in his mouth and, seeing the mother and daughter hugging each other, he sneered, "What? Complaining about me to your beloved daughter again?"

Hearing his words, Mrs. Jones shivered instinctively.

Ivy lightly patted her mother's hand, signaling her not to be afraid.

She coldly looked at Mr. Jones, "Why are you back?"

"This is my home. Why can't I come back?" Mr. Jones sat on the chair across from them, swaying his legs, looking disdainfully at Ivy. "As for you, you're just a money-losing deal. Why did you come back? No wonder my luck has been so bad these days. It turns out it's because of you!"

After finishing his words, he casually spat out the toothpick to the ground and extended his hand toward Ivy.

Ivy frowned. Her mother said he was on a business trip before... it seems he spent these days gambling in secret and only returned after losing.

It was the same when she was a child. Every time he went out to gamble, if he won, it was fine, but if he lost, he would come home and beat her mother.

Thinking of this, she felt even more disgusted by the father in front of her.

"What are you still doing? Give me the money!" Mr. Jones urged, cursing loudly. "You jinx, ever since you were born, my luck has never been good! I thought you could marry into a wealthy family and would bring prosperity, but who knew you would mess it up!"

"Shut up!"

Facing this biological father, Ivy felt nothing but disgust.

"What?" Mr. Jones sneered, "Do you want to hit me?"

"I'm not like you. Only cowards hit women and children." Ivy sneered, recalling the pain he inflicted on her and her mother since childhood. Her eyes deepened with hatred.

"But haven't you experienced what I did to you before?" he retorted.

"Today, I'll beat you to death!" Full of new and old grievances, Mr. Jones grabbed the slippers from the floor and swung them towards Ivy.

Ivy quickly moved her mother to the left to avoid it, but Mr. Jones unsteady on his feet, stumbled into the sofa, missing his target.

He then picked up the broom next to him, shaking with anger. "Why are you dodging? How dare?"

"Please don't do this. If you want to hit someone, hit me." Mrs. Jones stood in front of Ivy, looking at Mr. Jones with a pleading expression. "She's your daughter! If you want to hit someone, hit me. I'll stand still and let you vent your anger, alright?"

"I'm going to kill you today!" Mr. Jones grabbed Mrs. Jones' wrist and cursed, "My parents said you haven't given them a thousand dollars for this month's living expenses. You're damn outrageous. I married you to have sons, to make you work for my parents. But damn it, you haven't done a thing! I might as well kill you!"

Hearing this, Mrs. Jones' heart shattered. Choking back tears, she said, "You never gave me any money. A thousand dollars in monthly living expenses were all from the inheritance my parents left me. It's already spent last month, and I truly have no money now."

"Then go sell something!" Mr. Jones, infuriated, said, "There are plenty of old men willing to pay for a woman like you. Sell yourself to a few of them, and you'll have not just a thousand, but thirty thousand a month!"

"Shut up!" Ivy interrupted Mr. Jones' words with a stern voice.

"Mom, don't ask him for money. He's not worth it!" Ivy comforted her mother, embracing her gently.

"What?" Mr. Jones laughed sarcastically, "Are you trying to instigate our divorce again, you jinx? Today, I must beat you to death!"

Saying this, he grabbed the broom and rushed towards them again.

Ivy pulled her mother to the left, but instead of experiencing the anticipated pain, she was surprised to see that her father's violent hand had been grabbed by Shawn.

Seated in the wheelchair, Shawn looked like an enraged beast, his eyes cold and fierce.

"Ivy is my wife. You can't touch her!"

Mr. Jones winced as he was grabbed by Shawn, almost in pain, but he quickly regained his composure and looked at the legs. "Ha, just a useless person who can't walk. What's there to be afraid of?"

He struggled with all his might to break free from Shawn's grasp and angrily scolded, "You useless thing, what qualification do you have to lecture me?"

Suddenly recalling what Shawn said earlier, he stared fiercely at Ivy, "He said you are his wife?"

Mr. Jones was furious, "You had a perfectly good wealthy boyfriend, but you chose a disabled person who can't walk? I'll beat you to death today to save myself from embarrassment!"

Saying that, he picked up the broom and swept it towards Ivy again.

Shawn had astonishing strength; he grabbed the hem of his clothes from behind and pulled hard.

Mr. Jones, unable to stand firmly, was thrown out and hit his waist on the coffee table.

Mr. Jones was in pain, sweating coldly. He groaned, holding his waist and standing up. Shawn sat calmly in the wheelchair, his black eyes sharp, warning others to keep their distance.

Regardless of the past, now that Ivy was married to him, she was his. Bullying her was an affront to Shawn's face, and he wouldn't tolerate it.

Mr. Jones glared at him, wanting to approach and fight, but when he saw Shawn's strong and veined arms, his courage diminished, and he dared not be presumptuous.

The man's thin lips slightly opened, eyes flashing with a dangerous light, "Why don't you leave now?"

Mr. Jones puffed out his chest, "This is my house..."

Shawn sneered, "Then let the police decide." Saying that he took out his phone to call the police.
