

# Mr. Enigmatic's Spontaneous Bride-

## chapter 5

### the rings

Black Knight6-7 minutes

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Seeing Shawn start to call the police, Mr. Jones was furious.

"You dare!" Mr. Jones snarled and glared menacingly at Mrs. Jones, threatening, "Wait for me; I'll deal with you sooner or later!"

Turning around, he looked at the table of good food, swiping it all off with a wave of his hand. Bowls and plates clattered to the floor.

Satisfied, Mr. Jones left the house.

The iron gate closed, and Mrs. Jones' body went limp. She trembled uncontrollably due to fear, unable to speak.

Ivy bent down, gently embracing her and patting her back.

After some time, Shawn handed a tissue to the mother and daughter.

"Clean up; we're going home." Shawn said to Ivy, "Your mother's physical and mental state isn't suitable for staying here. Let her stay at our place for now."

Ivy was surprised, "Our place...?"

When did they have a house?

Seeing her puzzled expression, Shawn smiled, "Our house is in the northern suburbs, close to your clinic, and it's convenient for us to take care of your mom."

Ivy, hearing all that needed to be said, didn't say anything more.

After a simple cleanup, the three of them left Jones' house.

An hour later, the car stopped at the entrance of the community in the northern suburbs.

Ivy was very familiar with this community.

Last year, to convince her mother to divorce, she chose this property. It was close to the clinic, convenient for her to take care of her mom, and the housing prices were reasonable in this newly developed administrative area. Her savings were just enough for the down payment.

But unexpectedly, her father, on the night before she was about to make the payment, abused her mother and forced her to hand over all the money. Overnight, not a penny was left from the gambling.

With memories in tow, Ivy arrived at Shawn's home, or rather, their home.

Black and white furnishings dominated the house, elegant yet carrying a hint of coldness.

Shawn pointed to the guest room and said gently, "There are clean clothes inside. Take your mom to the bathroom for a shower. I'll order takeout for dinner."

"No need, no need." Mrs. Jones, frugal by nature, hesitated to waste money.

Knowing Ivy's salary and now she is being married to Shawn, their financial situation was undoubtedly tighter. She wanted to save wherever possible.

Thinking of this, she rolled up her sleeves and entered the kitchen, "Just make something simple tonight. Tomorrow, I'll buy fresh ingredients to make something delicious for you."

Shawn instinctively wanted to follow but was stopped by Ivy.

"Let her have some time alone," Ivy said.

After some hesitation, Shawn agreed. "You come with me." He said to Ivy, then turned and headed for the study.

In the study.

Ivy sat nervously in front of Shawn's desk. Her small hand nervously played with something in her pocket, and her heart skipped a beat.

How calm and confident she was when buying the ring, but now she felt awkward and nervous.

She didn't dare to make eye contact with Shawn and kept her gaze elsewhere. "There's something I want to tell you."

At that moment, Shawn was opening a cabinet under the table, preparing to take out a small red gift box. Upon hearing Ivy's words, he held the gift box in his hand but didn't raise it.

Seeing her blush, he smirked slightly, "What's so shy about it?"

"I'm not shy!" Ivy raised her head but unexpectedly met the deep gaze of the man.

Sexy!

The word flashed through her mind quickly, and she was startled by her bold thoughts.

She subconsciously lowered her head, unwilling to look again. Her face felt hot, even redder now.

"Since we've registered as husband and wife, we should have a proper wedding ring. So..." She nervously took out a small red box from her pocket, her breath accelerating.

When she opened the box, it revealed a pair of delicate and elegant wedding rings. The silver bands resembled vines, with seven differently sized diamonds arranged in a gradient at the center, accompanied by the shimmering silver light.

Shawn was stunned. The hand holding the gift box tightened unconsciously.

She beat him to it!

Shawn was both surprised and annoyed and didn't know how to react.

Shouldn't the man be the one to give the ring?

"The ring symbolizes two hearts relying on each other, drawing warmth..." Ivy nervously recalled the words the shop assistant used to introduce these rings, but Shawn continued to battle with conflicting thoughts in his mind.

When did she buy the wedding ring? Was it planned early on? First meeting asking for marriage, second meeting wearing the ring--did Ivy...have some interest in him?

However, Shawn quickly thought that Ivy might be too hasty in giving the ring as if she wanted to solidify the marriage quickly.

Thinking about it, Shawn felt a bit dry in his mouth and a bit depressed.

He loosened his tie, picked up the nearby water cup, and took a sip, suppressing the complex emotions in his heart.

"Do you like it?" Seeing his gloomy expression and pursed lips, Ivy thought he might not like it because it was too cheap.

"I like it." Smirking with a hint of a smile, Shawn put his gift box back in the drawer and took out Ivy's ring box.

"Such matters should be done by us--men."

Ivy felt relieved, "You bought the house, so let me handle the rings. Mutual support is essential in a marriage."

Shawn no longer declined, took out the ladies' ring, and, with a sly smile in his dark eyes, looked at Ivy.

"I'll help you put it on."

He extended his hand towards Ivy, and she understood, placing her hand in his palm.

As their fingertips touched, the small ring slid gently onto their respective ring fingers, and they interlocked hands.

Silence spoke louder than words.

After exchanging rings... what should they do?

Ivy's eyes nervously held onto their intertwined hands, becoming increasingly dry and uneasy.

In TV dramas and novels, after exchanging rings, the male and female leads usually kiss each other... right?

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