

Don't Let Him Down

Ivy followed those long and slender fingers as they moved upward. The muscular patterns on the arm were sharply defined, exuding a deadly sensuality.

She unconsciously swallowed.

Soon, realizing her loss of composure, she shook her head.

'Ivy, get a grip!' She wanted to sober herself up, but the more she tried, the more rapid her breathing became. Even the clock on the wall seemed to speed up at her thought, as if urging something.

She looked around, and the bright light in the study had turned into a warm, ambiguous glow, causing her heart to race and her mouth to go dry.

"Ah!"

Suddenly, the world spun around her, and Shawn lifted her onto his lap. Her small hand gripped the white collar of his shirt, increasing the pressure due to her nervousness.

The button on the collar gave way and fell to the ground.

'Oh no!'

Ivy internally sighed. She closed her eyes and her ears turned bright red.

Shawn was quite pleased with Ivy's reaction. He leaned in close to her ear and whispered, "Is it too much for you already?"

His voice was husky and filled with a deadly temptation.



Ivy's body went limp, and she collapsed in Shawn's arms.

Gently, he held her chin and prepared to kiss her.

"Ivy, we're out of cooking oil at home. Could you go to the convenience store downstairs and buy some?"

"!!!!"

Ivy abruptly woke up from her dream.

She sprang out of Shawn's embrace and adjusted her clothes and hair. "I... I need to help my mom..."

Before she could finish her sentence, she had already taken a quick step out of the study.

Shawn sat in his wheelchair, inhaling the lingering fragrance in the study. A faint, meaningful smile curved his lips, but he quickly concealed it.

He picked up the phone and dialed his assistant's number. "Arrange for a regular family car to be delivered here tomorrow morning."

"Mr. Tate, it's already taken care of. We've arranged for a H family car."

His assistant had prepared for this moment since seeing Ivy's car; he couldn't bear his boss taking any more risks. "We'll deliver the keys and the car to you shortly."

"Good."

After Shawn hung up the phone, he went back to the study to review a few urgent documents. When he was done and returned to the living room, both Ivy and her mother had set the table with food.



Mrs. Jones waved to him. "Shawn, come over and eat."

Just at that moment, the doorbell rang.

Ivy went to answer the door, and there stood a colleague who had helped Shawn during the day, with a mischievous smile on his face.

"Um, I came to return Mr. Tate's car."

"Car?" Ivy furrowed her brow and turned to look at Shawn.

Shawn calmly explained, "The family car was originally bought by my grandmother for my use. She's been traveling these days, so I decided to rent it out to him."

"Yes, that's right. We're done with it, so we're returning it to Mr. Tate," the assistant hastily added. "Mr. Tate, I'll calculate the rental fee and transfer it to you tomorrow."

Upon hearing this, Ivy smiled and warmly invited the assistant inside. "Have you had dinner yet? Join us for a meal."

"No, thank you," the assistant quickly declined.

He must be joking, didn't he see that stern gaze inside the house? If he went in, his legs might be broken.

Quickly handing the keys to Shawn, the assistant turned and rushed away. "I have something to attend to. I'll leave you all to enjoy your meal."
"

Ivy had no choice but to push Shawn back into the dining room.

Shawn placed the keys in Ivy's hand. "You can drive this car from now on."
"



Ivy hesitated and instinctively refused, "No need, I have a car."

No need to profit from his generosity; she was already living in Shawn's house. If she also took his car, what would he have left?

"D'I Investment has a policy of providing transportation for disabled employees. Every time I go to the company, Luke comes to pick me up. It's a company requirement, so you don't have to worry," Shawn explained calmly, seeing through Ivy's thoughts.

"Ivy, just accept it," Mrs. Jones chimed in. "Besides, your pickup truck is in such poor condition. If something goes wrong with it, it wouldn't be worth the trouble."

Upon hearing this, Ivy stopped refusing and silently pocketed the keys. "I'll return the car to your grandmother when she comes back."

"Okay."

Mrs. Jones was in high spirits and made plans with Ivy to use Shawn's family car to move some essential items from their old home tomorrow. Finally, she asked Shawn a few questions about the house.

"Is this house mortgaged?"

"No, it's a fully paid secondhand house," Shawn answered concisely. "A middle-aged couple with a close relationship to my grandmother wanted to emigrate urgently, so they sold it to me at a discount."

Mrs. Jones had initially considered asking if the house was in Ivy's name, but she was a contented person. She knew that her daughter hadn't contributed any effort or money toward this house, so she didn't ask further.

During the meal, Shawn served Ivy a few times. Seeing his



thoughtfulness, Mrs. Jones felt touched.

"We are all family, so I won't hide anything from you," she sighed deeply and apologized for her reaction earlier. "This morning, when I first saw you, I was very worried about the difficulties you and Ivy might face in the future. But today, with everything that's happened, you've handled it all with ease. I'm relieved, and I believe that under your care, Ivy will certainly lead a happy life."

"Ivy is a workaholic. In her eyes, work and patients come before everything else. She's also a bit careless in daily life, often losing or forgetting things. So, if there's anything that ever makes you uncomfortable in the future, please bear with it."

"Mom..." Ivy protested with a pout.

She certainly wasn't like that.

Shawn reached over and tousled Ivy's hair, looking quite familiar with her. "I like her just the way she is, serious and a bit scatterbrained."

"..."

"Mom, you can rest assured."

Ivy quietly slurped her noodles, listening to their conversation and feeling a warm rush in her heart.

From the tone of her mother's words, it seemed like she was at ease now.

Would she finally agree to the divorce with that man?!

Thinking about this, Ivy began, "Mom, tomorrow..."

"Ivy," her mother interrupted her, suddenly becoming stern. "Shawn is a



good man. Don't let him down."

Ivy looked bewildered. When had she ever mistreated him? In the study, it was him who was being a bit flirtatious.

Mrs. Jones continued, "I know you're busy with work, and you have many patients. But can those patients spend their whole lives with you? Can work provide you with a sense of security?"

Ivy had initially considered arguing that work and money certainly brought her a sense of security. With money, you could travel the world, but without it, even a short journey was difficult!

However, upon seeing her mother's stern face, she let out a quiet sigh and continued slurping her noodles.

"Since you're married now, you should focus more on your family, live a good life with Shawn, and give me a grandchild." 

"Pfft..." Ivy spewed the noodles from her mouth, unable to decide whether to laugh or cry.

Pressuring her to get married and have a child seemed like a seamless transition.

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