

The Ugly Lady Strikes Back

Chapter 16

Sebastian Brenand took in a deep breath. "It was only meant as a joke. How could that have happened?"

Henry rolled his eyes at Sebastian. "Pray for your own well-being."

When Xyla Quest leaned her face against his solid and broad chest, she could feel his prominent heartbeat.

Xyla took in a deep breath. "About that... Actually, I can walk on my own with a little help..." She sounded a little embarrassed.

However, the man continued to walk outside without saying a word.

Since they were a good-looking pair, everyone turned their heads to look at them when they walked past.

After they made it outside, Xyla looked at the man's hardened face. "Don't you still have unrecovered wounds? Are you sure it's okay to hold me like this? Why don't you put me down?"

From what she recalled, he was injured only a few days ago. In fact, he was in a pretty bad shape then.

Wouldn't his wounds be affected if he held her like this?

"Where is your car?" The man asked as if he had not heard what she said earlier.

Xyla quickly took her car keys out and unlocked her car.

Beep. Beep.

A red Maserati's headlights flashed somewhere not too far away.

With the same cool expression on his face, the man carried her into her car in a swift motion.

He then got into the car from the other side and forcefully placed her right foot on his thigh.

He turned on the lights in the car and began carefully examining her foot.

By then, her ankle was already swollen and red. The top of her foot was also a little swollen.

When his warm and long finger touched her skin, Xyla could feel her heart beating wildly.

"Are you really okay?" Xyla asked.

"Why are you so worried about me?" The man raised his brows slightly before quietly studying her face. It felt as if he was seeing right through her.

Xyla immediately pulled her leg away before breathing awkwardly. "You saved me. Of course, I should be worried about you."

"Don't worry," he said sparingly.

After that, he silently turned on the engine.

The red Maserati very soon merged with the traffic on the road.

After sending the video she had just recorded to Georgie Clementine's WeChat account, she locked her phone and put it away.

Since the two did not say anything, it was completely silent in the car...

When Xyla turned her head to the side, he could see the man's near-perfect face. The flickering light from the streetlights lit up his face now and then.

Even if he was not doing anything, he still had a very strong presence.

"Were the people who sat with you earlier all from the same gang?" Xyla was the first to break the silence.

"Yeah," the man replied briefly. It was difficult to see his facial expression in the dark.

"You brought so many people with you just to go clubbing. You must be a big boss or something. Are you a gang leader?"

"I'm just a subordinate."

"Does that mean you are the right-hand man?" She asked curiously.

"You can say that," he answered with a straight face.

"Well... What about those men at your table? Are they part of the brotherhood?"

"Why are you so curious about me?" The man turned to look at her coldly.

"I just think that it's rare to see someone with your looks in this field. That's why I asked."

"Oh."

"What's your name?" Xyla asked.

"Five Batton."

When Xyla heard the name, she could not help but think about the Fifth Master she saw when Mary Sullivan was kicked out of the mall the other day.

However, she did not think that was possible because he was only a gang leader's right-hand man. Why would he have so much power?

Very soon, they arrived at the municipal hospital.

Stanley Batton went to get a wheelchair before taking Xyla Quest to queue up.

When the head of the municipal hospital saw Stanley, he wanted to approach Stanley to greet him.

Stanley immediately shook his head and hinted to the man not to do so.

The man then halted and pretended not to know Stanley as he continued to walk outside.

Stanley brought her to the reception directly. When they arrived, there were already many people in the line. Regardless of their gender and age, these people would turn their heads around and check Stanley out when they realized it was him.

"Your identity card..." Stanley said.

Xyla immediately searched for an electronic version of her identity card on her phone and handed it over to the man.

Right then, a young boy on his skateboard was moving directly at them at high speed. Clearly, the skateboard was out of control.

"Get out of the way... Get out..." The young boy shouted.

Xyla subconsciously turned her head around.

Seeing how the skateboard was about to knock against her wheelchair, she immediately pressed down on the armrest and was prepared to get up...

However, Stanley reacted quickly by scooping her up from the wheelchair.

Xyla immediately wrapped her hands around the man's neck like how a koala hugged a tree.

In the next instant, the man used his other hand to grab the young boy by his hoodie so that the boy was no longer attached to the skateboard.

His agility was almost like that of a jaguar.

Closely after that, the skateboard bumped into a wall and stopped.

Still in shock, Xyla looked at Stanley while she subconsciously held his neck even more tightly. "Thank you..."

At such proximity, she could see his perfectly sculpted face very clearly by just lifting her head.

For a second there, she felt a little light-headed. The way he moved was far too cool. Indeed, an attractive person would look good no matter what he did.

"You're welcome," Stanley said before his cold gaze landed upon the young boy. He immediately let go of the young boy and began to reprimand him. "Kiddo, don't play on the skateboard in the hospital next time."

Stanley's voice was like a musical note from a viola, deep yet pleasant to listen to. There was a magnetic quality to it.

The young boy immediately shivered. "... I understand..."

"Woah... This man is the best boyfriend in the world."

"Did you see how he carried her with a single hand? That's so cool. If I were that lady, I would be dead by now."

"I feel jealous. I can't believe this man is somebody else's boyfriend."

The woman waiting in line could not help but express their fondness toward Stanley Batton.

'Boyfriend?' Xyla felt extremely awkward when she heard the word.

"You've misunderstood. He isn't my boyfriend," Xyla explained.

"Indeed, I am not your... boyfriend," Stanley said coldly.

After that, he looked fondly at Xyla with a playful smile on his face.

When Xyla noticed his gaze, she immediately returned to her senses and realized that she was still holding onto him tightly.

After taking a deep breath, she said softly, "About that... You can let go of me now."

Stanley quietly returned her to her wheelchair without saying anything before handing her identity card over to the receptionist.

After being checked at the orthopedic department, Xyla was informed that her ankle had only suffered from a minor sprain.

Once the doctor tended to her injury, Stanley Batton carried her back to the car.

On their way to the car, a lot of people looked at them enviously.

In the car, where it was dark and quiet, Xyla moved her right ankle slightly. It still stung a little.

"Thank you for what you did today," Xyla said softly as her eyes glimmered.

"Don't worry about it," Stanley answered as he turned on the engine. "Your address."

At first, Xyla did not want to tell him where she lived.

However, based on her current condition, there was no way she could drive home on her own.

After hesitating for a few seconds, she told him her address.

Without responding to her, he began to drive.

Meanwhile, Xyla took her phone out and decided to ask Georgie how things were going on her side. However, when she looked down, she noticed her shirt was covered in blood.

Why was there so much blood? Could it be...