

## The Ugly Lady Strikes Back

### Chapter 17

Xyla Quest's heart clenched. Her first thought was that Stanley's wound had reopened.

She immediately turned on the lights in the car and looked at the man's body.

Upon closer inspection, she discovered that a large part of his black shirt was damp.

"Your wound has reopened." Xyla seemed nervous.

Although she could not see the wound, she could imagine how bad it must have hurt.

However, Stanley merely glanced down at his shirt calmly. "It's fine."

From the look on his face, it felt as if he was not even injured.

"Is this still fine?"

"It's a minor injury. I won't die from it." He remained nonchalant as he looked forward

and continued to turn the steering wheel.

"If you don't tend to a minor injury, your wound may become infected, and you might die," Xyla added.

Since this only happened because of her, Xyla could not ignore it.

"Let's go back to the hospital," she said.

"I'll send you home first."

"I hate the hospital. Unless it's absolutely necessary, I don't like going there," Stanley added before continuing to look forward. He did not seem inclined to do as she told him to.

Xyla immediately moved closer and unbuttoned his shirt.

In that instant, she was horrified. Two spots on his right chest and one spot near his abdomen, bandaged, were now stained with blood.

His blood was everywhere, including on his muscular chest and his sexy abs.

Xyla could not help but inhale sharply.

"I'm driving. Do you have a death wish?" The man teased.

"Go back to the hospital," Xyla insisted. She sounded somewhat unhappy.

"Be a good girl, stop messing around..." The man instantly sounded much kinder.

After that, he buttoned his shirt up with a single hand before he continued driving. He could tend to minor wounds like these on his own.

For some reason, Xyla felt that Stanley sounded extremely gentle when he said those words.

When Xyla noticed a pharmacy by the road, she immediately came back to her senses.

"Let's compromise. I'll buy something at the pharmacy to tend to your wounds."

The man raised his brows before his cold gaze landed upon her. However, he did not say a word and proceeded to stop the car by the road.

Xyla looked down and was about to unbuckle her safety belt to get out of the car.

However, just as she was about to reach for the button, a large, warm hand pressed against hers forcefully.

When she looked around, the man's face was barely inches away.

There was a deep look in his eyes that seemed capable of trapping her within.

When he moved closer, Xyla found it difficult even to breathe.

"Although I know that you care a lot about me, I hope you would first look after yourself. Do you think you can even walk with your injured leg?" His deep voice was delightful to listen to.

As soon as the man finished his sentence, he got out of the car and did not even allow time for Xyla to speak.

Xyla's face turned red as she looked at him from behind. "Who cares about you a lot?"

Very soon, Stanley returned with a packet of medicinal products.

When the door was opened, Xyla could not help but shiver as a gust of cold wind blew inward.

He placed the items directly on her lap before unbuttoning his shirt.

"I told you not to carry me, but you wouldn't listen. Is this what you wanted?" Xyla complained with a frown.

As she complained, she opened the bag.

Meanwhile, Stanley remained silent as he listened to her complaints.

He had gotten everything they needed from the pharmacy, including cotton buds for sterilizing, cotton swabs, bandage, tweezers, alcohol, and disinfectant.

Xyla began with alcohol to sterilize the tweezers. She then used a cotton bud soaked in alcohol to disinfect his wound carefully.

To avoid hurting him too much, she repeatedly blew at his wound.

The way she did it was very gentle.

Stanley felt a warm sensation in his heart.

"Does it hurt?" Xyla asked softly.

"I'm used to it."

"Looks like you get hurt very often." After rubbing alcohol on his wound, Xyla used a cotton swab to extract some disinfectant before rubbing it against his wound.

"Yeah."

"Whatever work you do feels very unsafe."

"It's not too bad," he said.

"Do you have to fight with others a lot?" Xyla asked.

"Yeah."

"Does a right-hand man like you need to do that too?"

"Yeah."

After Xyla was done tending to his wound, she put everything away. "If you still don't feel well after returning home, seek medical help."

"Alright." The man began to button up his shirt before turning on the engine.

"Let me drive instead," Xyla said.

"There's no need."

Very soon, the bright red Maserati merged once again with traffic on the road as it sped forward.

"Have you ever thought of doing something else for a living?" Xyla asked again.

"Are you suggesting that I should join the entertainment industry again?"

"You can always do something else."

"I haven't thought about it before." With one hand on the steering wheel, Stanley used his other hand to turn off the lights above him.

"If you want to do something else, you can come to me. I can link you up with some work. You've helped me out today. That will be an opportunity for me to return a favor."

As Xyla spoke, she took a Post-it note from the drawer and jotted her phone number down before placing it in the man's pocket in front of his chest.

Stanley continued to look ahead without replying.

This was the first time someone had ever mentioned about recommending work to him. It was refreshing.

Unintentionally, Xyla looked over at the man's face. She really could not imagine him being related in any way to gangsters on the streets who did terrible things.

Clearly, he seemed like a noble person.

Beep. Beep. Beep.

Right then, Georgie Clementine's call came in and interrupted Xyla's thoughts. She quickly picked it up.

"President Xyla, I'm still at the police station. Those gangsters have spilled everything once we arrived. Now, the police officers are on the way to your house to arrest Emily Quest..."

"Alright..." Xyla smiled.

"What about you? Are you alright?"

"Yeah, I'm fine."

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Meanwhile, Emily Quest and May Conner were seated on the couch in the Quest family's living room. They had their face masks on and were chatting with each other. They were both in a good mood.

"Haha... Mother, do you think Xyla Quest has been beaten into a pulp by now?" Emily chuckled as she adjusted her face mask. "D\*mn it. I'm not supposed to laugh when I have my face mask on. However, I just can't help it. I'm in such a good mood."

"I'm sure she must have been... After all, there are so many of them." May snorted. "I have been wanting to teach this d\*rn thing a lesson. However, you've already arranged everything, isn't that so? Are you sure there won't be any traces left behind? You ought to know that your father already hates you a lot. If he finds out that you did something like this..."

"Don't worry. Everything has been arranged accordingly. I've already told those people to run off once they are done beating her up. Besides, I have already paid them enough to keep their mouths shut," Emily said.

"Are you sure?" May asked.

"Of course. A close friend of mine introduced these people to me. What could possibly go wrong? Besides, it's Xyla's bad luck. I happened to be walking out from the bar across and saw her entering Unconscious Bar..."

"If she hadn't appeared in my line of sight tonight, her moment of misfortune would have been postponed by a few days..." Emily looked very pleased with herself.

"Speak softer. We don't want others to overhear this." May subconsciously looked at the staircase around the corner.

"Dad's still out on a business meeting. The servants would have been asleep by now. Who would hear us?" Emily seemed nonchalant.

Ding-dong. Ding-dong.

The sound of the doorbell ringing interrupted the conversation between mother and daughter.

Emily immediately stood up cheerfully. "It must be Dad. I'll get the door... I must be on my best behavior for now."

Without even checking the surveillance footage, Emily opened the door.

As soon as she did so, she was in shock....