

## Chapter 36

Xyla intended to look for Five Batton so that she could return five hundred thousand dollars to him. However, she then realized that he had never given her his contact details.

Since too many bad things were happening in the day, and the fact that Stanley had left in a hurry, she forgot about returning him the money.

Although she now recalled it, there was no way she could transfer the money to him. She could only hope to bump into him again in the future.

If they did meet again, she would return him five hundred thousand dollars with certainty.

\*\*\*

At ten o'clock in the morning, Xyla woke up naturally.

After stretching her arms on her comfortably soft bed, she slowly sat up.

Her long, black, wavy hair untangled around her to give her a somewhat lazy appearance. Right then, she looked like a lazy yet expensive cat, which was enjoying an afternoon nap in the summer. 1

Beep. Beep. Beep.

Xyla's phone began to ring. When Xyla glanced lazily

at her phone next to her bed, she saw that it was from an unknown number . She immediately picked it up.

A familiar voice could be heard. "I'm in front of your house now, come out for a while."

It was him, Five Batton.

Was he here to get his money back? When Xyla thought of this, she immediately got out of bed and rubbed her hair. "Please wait for a moment . I'll get dressed."

After a good night's rest, coupled with medicine's help, Xyla's foot had completely recovered.

Therefore , she could run into the bathroom and get herself cleaned quickly.

Xyla then hurriedly brushed her hair before selecting a random blue turtleneck sweater , light blue jeans , and a long down jacket . After putting those clothes on, she got into her car and drove out to the main entrance.

Despite wearing very simple clothes, and barely putting on any make-up, her beauty was still very apparent.

Since it had just snowed, the courtyard was covered in a layer of silver coat. It seemed both clean and magical.

As soon as her car arrived outside, Xyla could spot the

man.

He was wearing a dark blue, medium-length, double-breasted woolen coat, a white shirt, a black tie, long black pants, and matching black shoes while he stood next to a red Maserati.

He looked like a business prodigy who had the world at his feet, or perhaps like a royal prince who had shown up at a royal gala.

Meanwhile, the snow had piled up on the branches of a tree next to him. From afar, it appeared almost like a tree full of flowers. Whenever the wind blew against the tree, it seemed as if the snowflakes which fell were flower petals soaring through the air.

Such a scene made him appear extraordinarily good-looking. Although the view and the streets were very scenic, all of it became nothing but a backdrop behind him.

Upon taking a closer look, Xyla noticed that the car next to him looked exactly like the one she owned previously.

Moreover, it was brand new and did not even have a registration number.

Xyla immediately felt confused. 'What is he doing? Did he come to pay me back with a car?'

Stanley soon spotted Xyla. His cold gaze landed upon her face through the transparent glass of her car.

Xyla quickly got out of her car and approached him. “Five Batton, what are you...”

Stanley directly placed the car keys in her hand. “Consider this car your repayment.”

“Is this car really for me? Are you crazy? Didn’t I tell you not to pay me back? Where did you get all this money?” Xyla was stunned.

She figured that a person like him probably did not have much money. Even if he was well-off, he would have at most eight million dollars saved up.

After all, he was not a gang leader. Instead, he was only someone who worked for the gang leader. It would have been a blessing for his boss to share a tiny portion of earnings with him.

On the other hand, Xyla’s car cost more than seven million dollars. How could he purchase it with such ease? He must have spent his entire savings. When Xyla thought about this, she immediately felt guilty.

When the man heard her questions, he found them hilarious.