

Read Novel Novel My baby's daddy chapter 2571 by anastasia

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"Leave her alone!" Tony shouted in panic. Shirley was his uncle's woman and must not be harmed, "How dare a puny loser like you ruin our fun?" These men were all thugs, and although Tony was handsome, they didn't think much of him.

Upon hearing the insults directed at Tony, Shirley squinted her eyes. Her gaze, as sharp as a blade, focused on the man who spoke.

The man, initially taken aback by her piercing look, found it amusing. What could a girl possibly do other than express anger through her eyes?

"Oh my, you're a fiery-" The man had only begun to speak when Shirley threw a punch at him, rendering him to the ground.

The others hadn't even reacted when they were, too, swiftly beaten up by Shirley before she returned to Tony's side. She opened the car door and said to him, "Get in." Her command brooked no refusal. Tony stared wide-eyed and quickly obeyed, locking the car door behind him.

"Damn it. Get her!" The man who got beaten was their leader. He clutched his face as he spit out blood, feeling utterly humiliated, for he had never been beaten up by a woman so brutally.

Two men immediately threw punches, attempting to knock Shirley to the ground and then apprehend her for a harsh lesson. However, when their fists

were inches away from Shirley, she dodged, and they hit the air. Before they could react, a powerful roundhouse kick landed on their faces, and both men fell to the ground, unable to get up.

Shirley was furious. She didn't wait for the attackers to make a move and took the initiative. Anyone who approached her became the target of her retaliation.

"Ah!" "Ouch! It hurts!" "Run! Get in the car." Some were shouting, and others were fleeing. Fear was written all over some of the thugs' faces, and whoever Shirley caught suffered the consequences.

At this moment, someone retrieved an iron rod from the trunk and swung it fiercely toward Shirley. Her eyes turned icy, revealing a ruthless determination.

She easily snatched the iron rod away and ruthlessly struck these people. The eight men became her venting tools, each of them wailing in pain, unable to escape. Tony, inside the car, watched with blood boiling. It was incredibly satisfying. My Goddess is amazing!

After Shirley finished swinging the iron rod, she stepped on the leader's chest, sneering, "Still want to play?" "No, no more! Spare us! Miss, I'm sorry! We've learned our lesson!" The man was brutally beaten with blood oozing from a wound on his head. It was a pitiful sight.

Shirley knew these men must be notorious for their wicked deeds, so their punishment was well-deserved. However, suddenly, a stick struck her from behind.

She was about to dodge when the leader tightly embraced her legs. "Beat her up!" he commanded.

Unable to break free immediately, Shirley took a hit on her back as the man swung the stick. He was merciless, and Shirley ended up kneeling on the ground.

Novel My baby's daddy chapter 2572-"Goddess, Goddess!" Tony urgently got out of the car, wanting to come to her rescue.

“Stay inside!” Shirley shouted at him. With that, she delivered a powerful punch to the leader. Breaking free, she approached the man with the stick, who instantly turned pale with fear as if he had seen a ghost.

Shirley, like an angered goddess, stood amid the chilling wind that tousled her long hair. Her face was incredibly beautiful yet radiated intense determination to kill.

The man had no choice but to face the challenge. He swung the stick wildly, but Shirley seized the opportunity, closing in and grabbing his wrist. Disarming him, she viciously struck him down with the iron rod and then stepped on him with a forceful stomp. A distinct sound of ribs breaking echoed in the air.

“Ahh!” The man let out a gruesome scream. Shirley tossed aside the iron rod and, looking at the fallen thugs, walked toward Tony’s car. Tony, inside the car, was so nervous that he was sweating profusely. Just then, his phone rang—it was a call from Zacharias.

“It’s Uncle Zacharias calling, Should I answer?” “No. Let’s go back,” Shirley said. She didn’t want Zacharias to know about what happened. Plus, these people only needed a lesson. Tony drove ahead, still amazed. “I’m truly impressed. You’re incredible, taking on eight guys by yourself!” Shirley shrugged it off. “They were just ordinary fighters.” “I can’t handle even one of them. You took on eight. You really are my goddess.

All hail,” Tony exclaimed, almost ready to bow down in admiration.

While Shirley was adjusting her hair, she winced as she accidentally tugged on the wound on her back. The blow from earlier had indeed been quite harsh.

“That blow from earlier injured you, didn’t it?” Tony asked worriedly.

“It’s fine,” Shirley replied plainly. Just then, Shirley’s phone rang. Unsurprisingly, it was still Zacharias. “Hello?” She knew she had to answer this one.

“Where are you two?” the man asked.

“We’re on our way back, twenty minutes.” “Stay safe,” Zacharias said. “Will do,” Shirley replied and hung up. Then, he turned to Tony. “Never tell your uncle about this.” Tony nodded in agreement, but deep down, he genuinely

wanted Zacharias to know about their encounter, hoping those hooligans would end up in prison for messing with his goddess. They shouldn't get away with it.

Shirley lightly touched her back, feeling a burning pain. She might need some medication once they return.

Twenty minutes later, Shirley and Tony returned to the Flintstone Residence. On the couch, Zacharias had been waiting for them.

He got up and approached them. Given his keen eyesight, he quickly noticed the dirt on Shirley's knee, and he frowned. "Did something happen?" "Nothing," Shirley immediately rushed to answer, leading Zacharias to suspect something was definitely up. At that, he turned to his nephew. "Tony, you speak." "N-Nothing happened!" Tony replied nervously. Zacharias might not know Shirley well, but he knew his nephew. The guilty look on Tony's face clearly indicated that something was amiss.

"Tell the truth. Where did you take her to fight this time?" Zacharias sternly questioned. Shirley was stumped. How did he know I had been in a fight?

The young woman had underestimated Zacharias' perceptiveness. The dirt and creases on her clothes were evidence that she had definitely been involved in a physical altercation.

"Forget about that, Uncle! My goddess got hit on her back with a stick. You hurry up and help her apply some medicine!" Tony ultimately couldn't feign oblivion, for he was genuinely concerned for Shirley.

Shocked, Zacharias turned back to Shirley. "You're injured?" "It's nothing." She shook her head. Even if she was injured, she couldn't ask Zacharias to help her, could she? Besides, she could handle it herself.

"What do you mean 'nothing?' I saw that stick; it was thick, and with how hard that b*stard hit you, your back must be bruised. Uncle Zacharias, quickly apply some medicine for her!" Tony urged, worried.

Novel My baby's daddy chapter 2573-Zacharias' face turned grim. He stepped forward and grabbed Shirley's wrist.

"Go upstairs. I'll apply some ointment for you." "I don't need it, thank you. Let go of me," Shirley refused. She tried to withdraw her hand only to tug on the

wound on her back, causing her to hiss reflexively in pain. “It doesn’t hurt, huh?” Zacharias huffed. “Come upstairs with me.” Just like that, Shirley was dragged upstairs, leaving Tony blinking downstairs.

Damn, Uncle Zacharias is so domineering. A real man should be like him! After leading Shirley to her room, Zacharias went back out and came back with the first aid kit.

“Just leave the kit here,” she said to Zacharias. “I can handle it myself.” Naturally, he wouldn’t take no for an answer. “What, afraid I’ll take advantage of you?” he asked with a quirked brow.

“You say it as if you haven’t done it a few times already,” Shirley retorted. At that, Zacharias replied with a quirked brow, “Not today. Take off your shirt and turn your back to me.” “I’m fine, really. You should leave,” Shirley insisted. However, Zacharias wasn’t backing down either. “You have to let me apply the ointment.” Shirley bit her lip and eventually removed her suit jacket and put it aside. Then, she lifted her black sweater and unhooked her bra to expose her entire back.

Sure enough, a long bruise had formed on her back, and under the light, it looked somewhat horrifying. Zacharias’ heart tightened. Who beat her so brutally?

“Who did this to you?” he asked.

“Just some street hooligans,” Shirley replied.

“How many of them?” “Eight. I took them all down,” Shirley said triumphantly.

“Can’t you stay out of trouble?” Zacharias remarked with displeasure. “I can, but I’m not afraid of trouble. They stopped our car first. That was why I fought back, Shirley explained. At the same time, she felt the warmth of fingertips gently applying ointment to her bruise.

The man didn’t even use a cotton swab; he directly used his hand to apply the medicine. The warmth from his fingertips would enhance the penetration of the medicine into the skin, achieving a better healing effect.

Shirley felt a slight warmth in the area where the man was applying the ointment. She bit her lips, experiencing the man’s large palm rubbing her back.

Just then, Zacharias applied some pressure, causing her to cry out in pain.

He immediately became gentler. Though rubbing with some force would be more effective, his heart ached for her, so he did not apply too much pressure.

After applying the ointment, Zacharias noticed the smooth and glossy skin on her back. He was certain it would carry a delicate fragrance if he kissed it. At that, his breath became slightly rapid, and he struggled to restrain himself.

Shirley quickly pulled her sweater down when he finished applying the ointment.

Meanwhile, Zacharias crouched down to tidy up the first aid kit, not wanting her to see the intense desire in his eyes.

“Thank you,” Shirley expressed her gratitude. No matter what, he had helped her.

“Next time you encounter such a situation, don’t take matters into your own hands. Call for help first,” Zacharias advised.

“Am I the type of person who’s afraid of death?” Shirley retorted. Zacharias looked at her seriously. “You may not be afraid of death, but I am.” Shirley was stumped for a moment, unable to find the right words. She even felt a burning sensation in her chest. His words were more captivating than any confession.

“Don’t you dare die in front of me,” he continued to command. Shirley blinked and stubbornly retorted, “How could I possibly die in front of you? The fortune teller said I’m tough to kill.” “Very well.” Zacharias smirked. However, Shirley suddenly felt a bit uncomfortable. He’s tougher to kill, right? she thought.

“I’ll sort this matter out. I won’t let any of these people off the hook,” Zacharias said and left with the first aid kit.

Shirley blinked. Well, it’s good that he sees to it. They’re sc*ms of society and need to be taught a proper lesson after all.

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