

The Guardian's Sword by Talking Cigarette

Chapter 10

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Three cars parked in front of Quinn Residence.

Soon, one after another bodyguards in black stepped out of the car.

All the bodyguards greeted Sean respectfully.

Fion was stunned.

Willow froze.

What was going on?

Who were... these people?

Bentley and Panamera were luxury cars!

These people were also respectfully calling Sean, Mr. Lennon.

It surprised Willow and Fion.

How did a crippled loser like Sean know a rich guy like that?

Even Sean was a little confused.

He did not know anyone in River City.

"Mr. Lennon, I'm Homer Larson of Larson Pharmaceuticals.

Just then, Homer stepped out of the car and said to Sean with a smile.

"I'm here to invite you to my house to discuss something."

"Hsss!"

Willow gasped.

Larson Pharmaceuticals was well known in River City.

Homer was a board member of Larson Pharmaceuticals, which made his status even loftier.

At least, the Quinn family was nothing compared to Larson Pharmaceuticals.

'But Homer came to invite Sean himself?

'Also, didn't Fion say Homer said that the pill Sean gave was poison?

'Why is he so nice to Sean now?'

Willow could not figure out what was going on here.

Fion only blushed. She could not say a word.

Sean looked at Homer but said nothing.

Homer was a famous businessman in River City.
However, with Sean's vision, he was nothing to him.
He used to be the top commander in the Northwest, and he had been
conferred a nine-star
commander at a young age.

He used to have money and power at his fingertips.

"Mr. Lennon, please don't refuse."

Seeing that Sean said nothing, Homer was a little dissatisfied but
remained polite on the surface.

"Sean, you have to show Mr. Larson some respect."

Willow said to Sean after being silent for two seconds.

"I'll show him respect since you told me to."

Sean nodded slowly. Then he slowly propelled the wheelchair toward
Homer.

Two bodyguards in black immediately stepped forward and wheeled Sean
gently.

"Mr. Larson, may I ask why you want to see Sean?"

Willow asked bravely, suppressing her nerves.

"There's just something I need Mr. Lennon to help me with.

"Thank you for your help, Ms. Quinn. The Quinn family can get in touch
with us more in the
future."

Homer smiled and got in the car after finished speaking to Willow.

"He has trouble with his legs, so be careful with that.

"If anything happens, just call me."

Willow said to Homer as she once again ventured forward.

"Don't worry, Ms. Quinn. We'll take good care of Mr. Lennon."

Homer smiled and helped Sean to the car.

The three cars quickly sped away.

Willow turned around slowly to look at Fion.

"Mom, don't you have anything to say to me?"

Willow asked as she frowned at Fion.

She was not a fool.

Homer's attitude toward Sean made her realize that Fion might be lying.

"What... what do I have to say?"

Fion asked as she turned a little red.

"Would Mr. Larson have been so polite to Sean if it had been poison?"

Willow asked through clenched teeth as she looked at Fion.

“How would I know?”

“Maybe Larson Pharmaceuticals wants to work on poison like that?”

Fion began to argue irrationally as she blushed.

Willow shook her head slightly and headed back inside.

“I’ll ask him when he comes back.”

With that said, Willow walked into the room.

Fion stomped her feet, feeling more resentful as she thought about it.

That pill that Sean took out might indeed be unusual.

However, so what?

Could a pill compete with the Zimmer family’s influence in River City?

Quill was the son-in-law she preferred.

...

In the car.

“Mr. Lennon, I came to ask you for help with something.”

Homer said to Sean after being silent for a few seconds.

He did not believe Sean was a miracle doctor, but he believed what Hugh said.

Therefore, he thought he would give it a try.

Sean did not say anything.

He was a quiet man by nature and only talked more in front of Willow.

“Mr. Lennon, you must know a lot about medicine, don’t you?”

Homer asked again as he was now used to Sean’s character.

“A little.”

Sean paused for a moment, then nodded.

“Then you must help me, Mr. Lennon. Old Master has been suffering from this incurable disease for three years.

“I’m now at my wit’s end.”

Homer’s tone was pleading.

“Did you call my pill poison?”

Sean looked at Homer a little icily as he recalled it.

“Huh? I didn’t!

“Your pill is rare and precious. How could it be poison?”

Homer froze for a moment before quickly explaining.

Sean nodded slightly.

Homer would not lie.

Otherwise, he would not have come and invited him himself.

That meant Fion was lying.

Her goal was to get rid of Sean, of course.

“Please help us, Mr. Lennon.”

After observing Sean’s expression, Homer said as he clasped his hands together.

“I’m not interested.

“If that’s all, send me back.”

Sean looked indifferent. He had no interest in seeing Old Master Larson.

“Well... Mr. Lennon, there’s a saying that doctors have kind hearts. You can’t just leave someone to die!”

Homer gritted his teeth slightly and said to Sean.

“What does it have to do with me that somebody else is dying?

“And why should I help you?”

Sean’s tone was a little sarcastic. ‘Doctors have kind hearts?’

He, Sean Lennon, was more than just a doctor.

He had silver needles and the Nation Defending Sword.

He could save lives and also kill people.

“Well...”

Homer froze for two seconds and quickly said, “Mr. Lennon, just tell me whatever you want in return.”

Sean was about to say no when he thought of Willow’s current situation at home and could not help sighing.

After all, Sean was the reason the Quinn family had become the laughingstock of River City.

Sean distinguished kindness and grudges well.

“Help out the Quinn family if you can.”

Sean said and waved his hand lightly as he thought of it.

“Sure!”

Homer immediately assured as he patted his chest.

Sean nodded and stopped talking.

Homer hesitated for a few seconds, still feeling a little unconvinced.

‘Is Sean so sure he could cure Old Master Larson without even asking anything about it?’

“You seem confident, Mr. Lennon?”

Homer could not help asking Sean.

“If even I can’t cure it...

“Then the Larson family can prepare for his funeral.”

Sean’s tone was calm as he looked ahead.

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