

The Guardian's Sword by Talking Cigarette Chapter 14

Anyone qualified to have this bank card was elite.

Sean was once the best warrior in the Northwest. As a nine-star commander, he commanded millions of troops.

He certainly qualified.

A nine-star commander was honorable.

Money meant nothing to him.

Power had also peaked for him.

“But that was in the past.”

Sean slowly looked up at the ceiling and muttered to himself.

He once had millions of brothers following him. With a command, he could seize 4,000 kilometers of land.

Money and power were easy to come by, and it was easy to reach the top.

However, he was now in a small town, where no one cared about him.

Even his legs were crippled.

“But that still doesn’t break me.

“Because I’m Sean Lennon.”

Sean slowly withdrew his gaze. Then he took the silver needles and began to perform acupuncture on himself.

He had to speed up treatment for his disability.

It was unclear what was going on, and he was afraid to call Zander at random.

Sean knew that all h*ll would break loose the next time Zander called him.

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The next day.

River City Larson Residence.

Early in the morning, Hugo and Homer arrived at Old Master Larson's place.

Homer was concerned about Old Master Larson's illness.

Hugo was ready to see Sean and Homer make a fool of themselves.

Yesterday, not only did Old Master Larson give Sean his respect, but Greg also called him a miracle doctor!

It would be a great irony if Old Master Larson had not been cured.

"Old Master, how... do you feel?"

Homer asked as he looked at Old Master Larson expectantly.

"I slept soundly yesterday!

"Mr. Lennon is indeed a miracle doctor!"

Old Master Larson looked very excited and could not stop praising him.

Usually, his temperature began to rise gradually in the afternoon and began to drop again in the evening.

By 10 PM, his body would be in excruciating pain.

It felt like ten thousand ants biting.

It made Old Master Larson's life miserable.

Ever since Sean diagnosed him yesterday, he had been monitoring his body temperature, and it had been stable.

By 10 PM, the usual agonizing pain had not appeared.

For the first time in ten years, Old Master Larson slept soundly.

He was genuinely grateful for Sean right now.

Homer was happy for Old Master Larson.

Hugo, who had been waiting to see Homer make a fool of himself, left dejectedly.

"Mr. Clark said Mr. Lennon's a miracle doctor!

"Mr. Clark was telling the truth."

Homer was also extremely grateful.

“It’s a debt. A great debt!

“We must repay the debt.”

Old Master Larson immediately got up and said, “Does Mr. Lennon want anything in return?”

Homer shook his head and replied, “Mr. Lennon is a bit of a weirdo. He didn’t want anything. He just asked us to be nice to the Quinn family.”

Old Master Larson nodded slightly and said, “People with skills are mostly weirdos.

“But we must repay Mr. Lennon even if he doesn’t want these material things.”

Homer agreed with his statement and said, “I think so too, but I don’t know what to give. Money?”

“No!”

Old Master Larson waved his hand and said, “It’s inappropriate to give money.”

“Mr. Lennon’s crippled in his legs and it is difficult for him to move around.”

“Pick a car and send it over so that Mr. Lennon has transport.”

Homer’s eyes lit up. A means of transport must be what Sean needed most.

It could also show the Larson family’s sincerity.

“Okay! I’ll work on it right away.”

Homer immediately got up to leave.

“Remember, give him something good!”

Old Master Larson ordered.

“Got it!”

Homer nodded earnestly.

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In the afternoon.

Sean took the bank card, preparing to withdraw some money.

He was penniless. He must have some cash with him.

He could not even afford a taxi ride right now.

Therefore, he could only leave the house in his wheelchair and head for the nearest bank.

Sean vaguely remembered that the bank was not that far from where Willow worked.

It was also what Willow wanted. Her workplace was close to home, and it was easier to take care of Sean.

Sean propelled the wheelchair for about half an hour before finally arriving at his destination.

Bang! Bang!

Suddenly, Sean heard a noise.

It was as if someone was setting off fireworks.

Sean frowned slightly and looked in the direction of the noise.

There were a lot of people around Willow's workplace.

There were men and women. It was very lively.

There were at least hundreds of them, and many of them were taking pictures with their phones.

Many were holding hand-twisted fireworks as they set it off. Colored paper flew all over the sky.

In the crowd, a young man in a white suit was holding a bunch of roses as he beamed.

The young man was already handsome, and his white suit brought out his temperament.

He looked like Prince Charming.

"Quill Zimmer!"

Sean frowned slightly as he slowly uttered the two words in a cold voice.

The young man who looked like Prince Charming was Quill, who would not give up pursuing Willow.