

The Guardian's Sword by Talking Cigarette Chapter 17

Chapter 17

“Mr. Lennon?”

The crowd immediately froze. ‘Mr. Lennon?’

The middle-aged man looked magnificent in an expensive suit.

The Vacheron Constantin watch on his wrist sparkled. He looked like a successful man.

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Mr. Lennon must be unusual for such a classy and successful man to be so polite to him.

The crowd turned their eyes to Quill.

Quill was undoubtedly the one with the highest status here.

However, Quill was not a Lennon either!

Therefore, who was Mr. Lennon the middle-aged man spoke of?

“Are you looking for me?”

Just then, Sean, who was in a wheelchair, asked lightly.

“Hahaha! Sean, are you kidding me?”

Quill chuckled, his face full of disdain.

“Sean, keep your mouth shut.”

Willow frowned slightly. Though Sean had the last name Lennon, there were many people with the last name Lennon. 1

“What? The vegetable? This is killing me.

“Do you know who he is? How dare you relate yourself to him?

“You’re really a vegetable. Haha!”

Quill clutched his stomach, his face full of scorn.

The middle-aged man stepped forward, looked at Sean, and said respectfully, "Mr. Lennon, I was looking for you!"

Swoosh!

Quill's jeers stopped abruptly.

There was a dead silence.

'Is he... is he really here for Sean?'

'So the Mr. Lennon the middle-aged man said is this wheelchair-bound loser Sean?'

'It's Willow's poor and culturally blank fiancé?'

"It seems you're the vegetable."

Sean said indifferently as he glanced at Quill.

Quill's eyes widened, and he tried to say something, but he could not find the right words.

"What did you want to see me about?"

Sean asked as he looked back at the middle-aged man.

"I'm Zachary Richard, the general agent of Ferrari River City.

"Your top-spec Ferrari 488 is here!"

Zachary smiled faintly. He stepped aside and pointed toward the dazzling Ferrari sports car behind him.

The Ferrari painted with red pearl paint emitted countless light rays under the sun.

It impacted the eyes and hit deep into the heart.

Swoosh!

There was a dead silence again.

You could even hear a pin drop.

A top-spec Ferrari 488 cost over four million dollars!

'Sean bought it?'

‘Are you kidding me?’

Quill froze, and the crowd around them froze.

Willow even covered her red lips. Her eyes were full of disbelief.

Could Sean afford such a nice car?’

Willow glanced at Sean, but all she saw was a calm look on Sean’s face.

It was as if it were true.

“Mr. Lennon, would you like to try the car?” .

Zachary asked politely as he looked at Sean with a smile on his face.

“No thanks. I think it’s fine.”

Sean waved his hand slightly and replied indifferently.

He had no idea where it came from.

However, it could help him get out of this mess, so he could only accept.

“Then I’ll leave you to it, Mr. Lennon, I’ll see you later.

“All the car’s details and documents are in the passengers’ seat.”

Zachary smiled. Then he turned and walked away into the distance. He got in a car and drove off.

The multimillion-dollar Ferrari stayed right here.

Even though Zachary had left two minutes ago, the place was still silent.

The white Mercedes Benz costing hundreds of thousands behind Quill paled in comparison to the multimillion-dollar Ferrari.

Comparisons were made.

The Mercedes Benz was no match for a Ferrari.

“Sean, what’s... what’s going on?”

Willow slowly let out a breath and asked as she looked at Sean.

"A car costing only hundreds of thousands of dollars isn't good enough for you.

"This car could work."

Sean looked at Willow and said with a smile.

"You!"

Willow had a lot of questions.

However, with so many people around, she said nothing after all.

"Hsss! Is... is this man that rich?"

"It can't be. Isn't he a famous vegetable? How did he get so rich?"

"Who says a vegetable can't be rich? What if he used to be a millionaire? Would the Quinn family have taken him in if otherwise?"

"Hsss! That's a good point! This Mercedes Benz is indeed rubbish compared to that Ferrari!"

"It's funny that this man called Quill dared to take a Mercedes Benz worth hundreds of thousands of dollars to steal someone's girl when her boyfriend can easily afford a Ferrari 488. It's killing me!"

The crowd began to discuss once they came to themselves.

Quill went red and pale like someone had slapped him in the face several times.

"You! Wait and see.

"Willow will be mine."

Quill snorted coldly and turned away.

The more Quill could not get it; the more Quill wanted it.

He was hell-bent on getting Willow.

"Stop!

"Take your rubbish away."

Sean spoke indifferently as he pointed to the white Mercedes Benz.

