

The Guardian's Sword by Talking Cigarette Chapter 1

River City.

Quinn Residence.

A young man sat in a wheelchair with his eyes closed as he let out a light snore.

His head tilted to one side as drool ran down the corner of his lip, making him look like a braindead vegetable.

Suddenly, the young man opened his eyes.

As if waking up from a nightmare, his hands clung to the armrest of his wheelchair, and his back was damp with cold sweat.

“Whew!”

The young man gasped for breath, his eyes looking blank.

The last scene of his dream slowly emerged in his mind.

“Sean Lennon, you’re the biggest obstacle to my plan!”

“I want you to live like an insect to relieve my hatred.”

“So I won’t kill you. I want you to live in torment and linger on to life like a dog!”

The man in the dream bared his teeth at Sean as if he wanted to eat his flesh.

“Who am I?”

“I am... Sean Lennon!”

The blank look in the young man’s eyes gradually disappeared and was replaced by an icy look.

Sean was an orphan.

He was coincidentally adopted by Old General Colin Lennon of the Fourth Northwest Army.

Since then, he had been living on the Northwest border. He had been with the army since he was little. He had been training in the army at the age of 10 and officially joined when he was 15.

He survived multiple battlefields and had served with distinction in wars.

At the age of 20, he was promoted to a nine-star commander and commanded millions of soldiers in the Northwest.

That year, his adoptive father Colin was killed by the enemy.

In a rage, Sean marched a million troops across the border and killed ten of the enemy's commanders.

He was proclaimed a legend in that battle, recovering 4,000 kilometers of land.

After the war, he collapsed in exhaustion.

Then a treacherous subordinate took advantage of his coma and poisoned him.

It made Sean suffer brain damage and enter into a state of semi-stupor, even paralyzing his legs.

Sean clenched his fists, and his knuckles cracked. His fingernails even dug deep into his flesh.

The whites of his deep eyes were red and bloodshot as if he was a wild animal in a frenzy.

"Now that I'm sober, it's time to settle some scores."

Moments later, Sean slowly contained his anger as he tried to walk on his legs.

However, his legs were as if they were not his. He had no energy at all. It was as if he were truly paralyzed.

Sean reached out both hands—one felt the pulse of his leg while the one slowly stroked the meridian of his leg.

"Not too bad. It's just that being confined to a wheelchair for so long has caused a blood blockage and the limbs to degenerate a little."

Sean muttered to himself. With his medical skills and some practice, he would soon recover.

Surveying the slightly crude surroundings in the room, the bits and pieces of Sean's memory gradually pieced together.

He lapsed into dementia for two years, but that did not mean he could not remember.

“Is this Quinn Residence?”

Sean muttered to himself.

The Quinn family of River City were descendants of a general.

The old master of the Quinn family, Levi Quinn, was a legend in the army. He served with distinction in wars for the country.

Levi saw Sean’s potential and begged Sean’s adoptive father many times to let him get engaged to his granddaughter Willow Quinn.

Although the members of the Quinn family had no idea of Sean’s position in the army, they knew Levi had a good eye, so the person he fancied would be good.

Therefore, they were happy about it.

However, after Sean retired from the army, he not only became a halfwit but also lost the feeling in his legs and the ability to take care of himself.

They had wanted to elevate the Quinn family’s status to a new level in River City through Sean.

Now, their plan failed. Great expectations became despair, and you could imagine the resentment and reluctance.

After Levi died in battle, the descendants of the Quinn family struggled in making ends meet and had been reduced to the ranks of third-rate families.

The Quinn family blamed Sean for all of this.

Therefore, they were mean to Sean.

Over the two years, the Quinn family never looked Sean in the eye and humiliated him.

When Willow was gone, Sean was worse than a servant.

Even maids were rude to Sean.

As Sean recalled, only Willow was kind to him.

“Now that I’ve recovered, it’s time to leave the Quinn Family.”

“If the Quinn family had been nice, I would have helped them make it big.”

“If the Quinn family refuses to come to their senses, I’m done with the Quinn family.”

The tiger awakened.

He would repay the debt.

He would take revenge!

His adoptive father was no longer around, and his subordinates even betrayed him.

He was now staying at someone else's house and was even in a wheelchair. He was as unfortunate as h*ll.

"No, I have something."

"The nine-star commander's personal guard."

Sean glanced ahead as he picked up the phone on the table and dialed a number etched deep in his memory.

He desperately needed to know what was going on in the world.

"Hello?"

The voice on the other end of the line was deep and firm, and the pressure from the voice alone was overwhelming.

"It's me."

Sean sounded a little nostalgic.

The man on the other end of the line was Zander Young, the head of his personal guard.

He was loyal and righteous.

Bang!

There was a loud bang on the other end of the line.

"Who did you say... you are?"

Zander's voice was a little shaky.

"I'm Sean."

Sean paused before speaking again.

There was silence for more than ten seconds on the other end of the line.

“What the h*ll! Who told you to call me?”

“A braindead vegetable and a cripple has no right to call me. F*ck off!”

Zander sounded furious with a slight quiver in his voice.

After venting a torrent of abuse, Zander hung up with a bang.

Sean’s eyes stared blankly as he slowly put his phone down, his face paling a little.

First, his subordinates set him up, causing him to turn out like this.

Then Zander, the head of his personal guard he trusted the most, treated him in such a way.

So much for betrayal.

“Ha... Haha. The tea cools down as soon as the person is gone.”

A hint of self-mockery appeared on Sean’s lips as he held his phone.

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At the same time.

In a camp far away in the Northwest.

A stout man with red eyes put down the phone while his mouth and body trembled.

Anyone could see that he was trying to suppress his feelings.

Thump!

The man fell to his knees as he clenched his teeth while tears flowed from his eyes.