

## The Guardian's Sword by Talking Cigarette Chapter 12

Greg was shocked.

“Master Graham, nine-needles... what?”

Hugo was confused, so he asked with a frown.

“Shut up!”

Greg yelled, and Hugo shut his mouth.

Greg did not even bother with Hugo. He only stared at Sean’s actions with wide eyes.

Sean was incredibly skilled. He made Old Master Larson lean on the back of the chair. After sterilizing the silver needles, he began to insert them.

The silver needles gleamed coldly and varied in length, giving people a sense of great danger.

However, the silver needles, which looked extremely dangerous, turned out to have an ornamental effect as Sean inserted them.

His hands went up and down, and the silver needles were inserted into the acupoints accurately.

“Center of the chest, life-gate, four inches above the belly button...”

“Hsss!”

Greg mouthed as his eyes widened.

Acupuncture was extremely dangerous.

Not only should the acupoints be inserted correctly, but also the depth of the insertion had to be controlled with precision.

Sean was expressionless. He inserted them as casually as he ate and drank.

As his hands went up and down, the silver needles in his hands were already inserted into Old Master Larson’s acupoints.

Hugo and Homer looked at the silver needles on Old Master Larson with fear.

With his limited knowledge of acupuncture, Greg could tell Sean’s technique was perfect!

However, it only took him less than half a minute to do what others might need an hour to complete!

Thump!

Sean flicked his finger.

The nine silver needles seemed to come alive and vibrate nonstop.

“Hsss!”

“It’s really... it really is Asclepius Nine Needles Acupuncture!”

Greg was dumbfounded and could not help exclaiming.

Sean turned to look at Greg and said indifferently, “You have a good eye.”

“Yes! Yes!”

Greg’s face turned red. He immediately shut his mouth and dared not speak anymore.

His eyes fixed on Sean’s palm, wondering if he could learn a thing or two.

However, Sean was too fast.

He was so fast it was hard to see.

Five minutes later, with a wave of Sean’s hand, he had retrieved the nine silver needles.

“Old Master Larson, how do you feel?”

Sean asked lightly as he slowly put the needle box away.

“Whew!”

Old Master Larson, who had kept his eyes closed, let out a long breath.

Then Homer realized Old Master Larson’s face was covered with sweat at some point.

It was not too hot, but Old Master Larson was sweating like he was under the rain.

His sweat was not transparent. It seemed to be cloudy.

“Amazing! Relaxing!”

“It’s better than a sauna!”

Old Master Larson wiped his sweat and felt relaxed. It was as if he was instantly more than ten years younger.

“Thank you, Mr. Lennon!”

Homer was happy and immediately thanked Sean as he clasped his hands.

Sean waved his hand casually and said nothing.

“Mr. Lennon, thank you for healing me!

“If you want anything from the Larson family, just ask away, Mr. Lennon!

“The Larson family still have some influence in River City.”

Old Master Larson immediately got up and looked at Sean seriously.

“Old Master, you don’t have to do that, do you?”

“He just did simple acupuncture. Whether you’re cured still needs further observation.”

Hugo frowned, sounding upset.

He had brought Greg here to treat Old Master Larson, wanting to win favor with Old Master Larson.

Unexpectedly, Homer found a cripple from somewhere and stole his limelight!

It was too much for Hugo.

“No need! I think I’m cured now!”

Old Master Larson laughed and said as he waved his hand.

“Old Master, no!

“It’s not up to you or this cripple to say whether you’re cured.

“Let Master Graham check your pulse before we conclude!”

With that said, Hugo turned to Greg and asked, “What do you think, Master Graham?”

However, Greg did not even look at Hugo. Instead, he looked at Sean with excitement.

The next moment, Greg jerked forward and bowed deeply to Sean.

“Mr. Lennon, I didn’t know you’re a miracle doctor!

“Please forgive me for my disrespect!”

Greg made a 90-degree bow to Sean and looked extremely respectful.

Everyone was dumbfounded!

Greg was old enough to be Sean’s grandfather after all.

He was also a renowned master of medicine, who many rich and powerful families regarded as a VIP.

However, he was now bowing to a cripple... a cripple in his twenties?

It was...

Unbelievable!

“It’s nothing.”

Sean said as he waved his hand slightly.

“Yes! Yes!”

“I’m sorry for being bold, but I want to learn from Mr. Lennon. I wonder...”

What Greg said next once again shocked Old Master Larson and the others.

Sean was only in his twenties. Could he be Greg’s master?

It was indeed absurd.

However, Greg did not find it ridiculous. He looked serious.

In any field, anyone knowledgeable was the teacher.