

## The Guardian's Sword by Talking Cigarette Chapter 13

Age was secondary.

"I'm not interested in taking a disciple."

Sean waved his hand indifferently and refused on the spot.

"This..."

Greg was a little unhappy, but he did not say much in the end.

"Master Graham, please check the Old Master's pulse first and see if he has been cured."

Hugo said somewhat unhappily as he was upset.

"There's no need to feel the pulse."

"If Mr. Lennon couldn't cure Old Master..."

"Then no one in the world can cure Old Master."

Greg's words left Hugo speechless.

They also knew how much weight Greg's words carry!

If Sean could not cure him, no one could!

That sentence was enough to show the magic of Sean's medicine skills!

"Thank you for saving my life, Mr. Lennon!"

Old Master Larson heaved a long sigh and thanked Sean from the bottom of his heart.

"It's nothing."

Sean said lightly, his expression unchanged.

"You aren't completely cured yet."

"I have to give you an acupuncture session again two days later."

Sean added after pondering for two seconds.

"Okay! I'll do whatever you say, Mr. Lennon!"

Old Master Larson said yes. He did everything Sean said.

...

Quinn Residence.

Homer left the Quinn Residence after dropping Sean off himself. He did not even enter the door.

Sean was pushed into the room by Willow, where she started questioning him.

“I went to cure Old Master Larson.”

Sean had nothing to hide from Willow.

“Ha, you’re lying.

“Sean, how come I didn’t realize you were a liar?”

Willow did not believe Sean was any good at medicine.

Sean had no choice but kept quiet.

“If you’re indeed a doctor, why don’t you fix your own legs?”

Willow asked, her tone relaxing a bit when she saw that Sean was silent.

“I’ll be on my feet in no time.

“Someone set me up, causing most of my bodily functions to be damaged.

“So I need some time to recover.”

Sean said as he slowly looked up at Willow.

“But you’ve been recovering for two years.

“You know what? I’ve found countless doctors for you in the last two years.

“They can’t do anything about your legs.”

Willow let out a little sigh, only taking what Sean said as reassurance.

“I know.”

Sean’s eyes were serious.

He had been catatonic for two years, but that did not mean he had no memory of things.

He saw and remembered what Willow had done for him.

“Forget it. Let’s not talk about it.

“You got a little something now that you have friends like Mr. Larson.”

With that said, Willow slowly got up to leave.

Once she reached the door, Willow paused again.

“Actually, you know what? I hoped you never regain your senses.

“Because then you won’t be hurt and upset by those ridiculing you.

“And I’d have a reason to keep you in the Quinn family.”

With that said, Willow slowly pushed the door open and walked out.

Sean watched Willow leave and slowly clenched his hands.

“I’m not only going to stay in the Quinn family, but I’m also going to make you rise in status because of me.

“I’m going to make the Quinn family great because of you.”

There was a determination in Sean’s eyes.

“What did that veg say to you?”

Soon after Willow left the room, Sean heard Fion’s voice outside.

“He’s not a vegetable now.”

Willow’s voice followed.

“Then he’s a cripple too! He’s a loser!

“He’s a useless, poor, and culturally blank loser anyway!”

Willow was immediately silent after Fion said that.

“Do you really believe what your grandfather said and think that he’s a gifted warrior in the army?

“Let me ask you this. Your cousin served as a soldier for five years. How much retirement fee did he get?”

“And what does Sean have? Oh, yes. He did have a bank card, but I checked it, and you know what?”

“It’s a canceled card, and there are no more than ten thousand dollars in it.”

“Tell me, what do you admire about him? Do you admire him for being poor, culturally blank, and raising pigs in the army?”

Fion got louder and louder, unafraid that Sean would hear her.

“I don’t want to argue with you. Good night.”

“I have to work tomorrow.”

Willow said, and that was the end of the matter.

In the room, Sean slowly picked up his small storage box.

It was simple. There was nothing special.

Thud!

A bank card slipped out of Sean’s hand and fell to the ground.

Sean bent over with some difficulty, picked up the bank card, and watched it as he held it in his hand.

The bank card was common and was slightly thicker than present bank cards.

The old-fashioned card was indeed ancient and had since long been updated and replaced.

“But how can you judge some things by their cover...”

Sean mumbled to himself. Then he pinched his finger and started pulling slowly from one corner of the bank card.

Rip!

Sean ripped off a layer of his bank card, which was thrown on the floor, and no one picked it up.

It was at this point that the bank card revealed its true colors.

The black luster looked composed and stylish.

The gold lining around the edge was like a mystical golden dragon that wrapped the entire bank card.

The shiny obsidian on the bank card shone even more brightly.

Supreme black card.

It was a limited edition with less than a hundred cards in existence!