

Guardians 141

Chapter 141 The moment they made contact with Sean, Sean knocked them over. Then figures were flying, and screams were heard. They saw Sean hitting at random, but no one could resist his attacks.

Crack!

“Ah!”

Thump! Thump! In less than a minute, all ten elite thugs were knocked to the ground.

Two of them even had their wrists crushed by Sean.

Ten goons lay screaming on the ground.

Sean was still in his wheelchair, not flushed or out of breath. Even his wheelchair never moved.

He was casual and decisive.

Silence!

Dead silence!

Charles and the others widened their eyes.

No one expected a cripple like Sean to be so strong. Moments later, a youth behind Charles exclaimed.

“What the f*ck. He knows martial arts!”

Charles looked a little pale too.

“Sean, don’t be so full of yourself.

“Believe it or not, I’ll send someone to your house to get your wife right now!

“Then I’ll let my brothers f*ck her in front of you.”

Charles leaned forward slightly, his eyes radiating menace.

Sean did not doubt Charles’ words.

For a wicked man like him, doing such a thing was not unusual.

Even if Sean cured Charles today, something bad would probably happen again if he messed with someone like this.

It was a safety hazard. Some people would want to prevent safety hazards. Sean was going to get rid of it in his own way. Charles was a wicked man, and Sean wanted nothing to do with him.

Sean did not bother to enforce justice on behalf of God. However, he would eliminate anything that threatened Willow’s existence.

“Here, let me feel your pulse.”

Sean looked up slowly and spoke indifferently to Charles.

Charles was overjoyed and excited! 'It seems Sean is scared!'

However, Charles kept his pride on his face. After all, he was the one who had won.

"Hmph! You'd better cure me.

"Otherwise, I won't spare your family." Charles snorted coldly and walked right up to Sean. Someone immediately put a chair right behind him.

"Here, feel my pulse."

Charles held out his wrist to Sean.

Swoosh!

At that moment, Sean instantly reached out and grabbed Charles by the wrist. There was a chill in his eyes.

Charles sensed something was wrong and immediately tried to free his arm. However, he felt as if his arm were caught in a clamp.

He could not move. "Some people call me a miracle doctor." Sean spoke slowly. "Some call me the god of war." Charles' sense of foreboding grew stronger as he heard this. "God of war and miracle doctor is a world apart.

"I, Sean Lennon, can save people and kill people!" When Sean finished, he suddenly reached out his other hand and grabbed Charles by the neck.

Chapter 142 Then his palm clenched without hesitation.

Crack!

With a loud crack, Sean crushed Charles' throat with one hand.

"Uh..."

Charles' eyes widened.

Then blood poured out of his mouth. Thump! Sean's grip loosened, and Charles crumbled to the ground.

His body twitched as his eyes widened.

Blood gushed from his mouth.

It soon went quiet.

The men behind Charles widened their eyes in disbelief.

Charles was worth tens of millions of dollars and had countless thugs.

Charles, who had reigned over River City's underground forces for 20 years, was crushed to death by Sean with one hand?

A mighty man had died at the hands of a cripple!

It was unbelievable.

“He killed Mr. Charles. Avenge Mr. Charles!”

Suddenly, a youth let out a roar and pounced straight at Sean. One took the lead, and the others followed suit.

Forty people surrounded Sean.

“I, Sean Lennon, am undefeatable in battle. You guys are nothing.” 1

Sean snorted coldly and stretched out his hands.

Two years ago, he had single-handedly killed ten enemy commanders. 2

Leading countless troops, he had defeated countless bandits. He won one war and recovered 4,000 kilometers of land. After the war, millions of people dubbed him the god of war. His strength was not something these little shrimps could understand. If Sean was not disabled right now, what could even twice as many people do to him?

Bang!

Thud!

Crack!

There was a violent fight that went on and on.

Three minutes later,

More than twenty people fell to the ground.

The remaining dozen people distanced themselves from Sean, feeling shocked. ‘Who the hell is this cripple?’ “You can try again if you have a death wish.”

Sean folded his arms and said indifferently.

However, no one dared to step forward this time. Sean’s strength was enough to bring them to their knees. “If this happens again, you’ll all be dead.” Sean waited quietly for half a minute, but no one dared to go forward. Then he slowly propelled the wheelchair and headed outside the door. None of the men behind them dared to stop him. Two of the youths guarding the door even opened the door for Sean when they saw him coming

He alone conquered all.

At the same time.

Outside Excel Casino’s door.

One car after another with obscured license plates came speeding up. Roughly speaking, there were at least 30 black sedans.

The car was full of people. “Once you’re inside, kill everyone you see.

“Let them know what they can and can’t do.”

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After that voice rang...

Thirty cars opened their doors.

Burly men in black after another stepped out of the cars.

They were all bulky, each carrying a five-foot steel pipe.

A man in his 30s led the group. Holding an iron baseball bat, he seemed stronger.

There were hundreds of them.

In the darkness, these burly men in black were intensely menacing. “Are you sure Charles is in there?” The youth at the front looked toward Excel Casino and patted a baseball bat in his hand. “Yes! Our men got word that Charles is here to take care of someone today. “So he’s inside. It’s confirmed.”

The person next to him immediately answered. “Haha, take care of someone? “He just bullies ordinary people. “Let’s take care of him today, and we’ll have the final say in River City’s underworld. “We’ll be getting rid of a disaster for River City.”

The youth with a baseball bat swung it twice and headed straight for Excel Casino.

A hundred strong men followed him.

Their footsteps rang in unison while they looked menacing. Some people in the underworld played by the rules and never crossed the line. People like Charles committed all manners of crimes, and the things they did were disgusting. The youths were here to confront Charles.

Thud! Thud!

Just then, the youth with a baseball bat suddenly stopped and looked ahead in bewilderment. The people behind him also stood still. “What’s the matter?”

Someone could not help exclaiming.

At this moment, they saw someone slowly walking out of Excel Casino... Not walking, but moving slowly. A youth in a wheelchair slowly propelled his wheelchair as it moved outside. He was a youth of twenty at most, looking indifferent with cold eyes.

He moved steadily as if he was taking a walk after a meal. A regularly-dressed cripple showing up at a casino? More importantly, the cripple was covered with blood... “This...”

The youth with a baseball bat stood puzzled.

It was Sean, who had just taken out Charles and the others.

Sean’s eyes slowly grew cold at the sight of the hundreds of people outside. “Are you with Charles too?” Sean did not expect Charles’ backup to arrive so quickly. All of a sudden, he brought in a hundred more?

Hearing Sean's question, the youth in front of him hesitated for a moment. "We need to talk to Charles. Who are you?" The youth with a baseball bat asked as he frowned at Sean.

Sean nodded slightly. It seemed they were not Charles' backup. "You don't have to see him anymore."

Sean shook his head slightly and turned his wheelchair to the side.

"What do you mean, bro?"

The youth with a baseball bat frowned slightly as he stopped Sean.

"He's dead."

Sean was calm as he kept moving. The youth's eyes instantly widened when he heard that. 'Is that a joke?' Charles Christian, a big shot in the River City underworld, is dead?

It was just impossible. Even though it was why they were here today. However, they still could not believe it when they suddenly learned Charles was dead. "Are you serious? "How did he die?" The youth quickly caught up with Sean after waking up from his stupor. Sean had not planned to reply to him, but something suddenly occurred to him, so he stopped his wheelchair and asked. "Are you his enemies?"

"Yes! We have a vendetta against him."

The youth with a baseball bat nodded and spoke without hesitation.

"Then you can take over his territory." With that said, Sean gave the crowd a meaningful look and slowly propelled his wheelchair away.

Several burly men behind the youth with a baseball bat immediately tried to stop Sean from asking him more questions. However, the youth with a baseball bat stopped him.

"Leave him alone.

"He's no ordinary man." The youth with the baseball bat narrowed his eyes slightly as he watched Sean leave.

"Come on, let's go in and see."

Then the youth continued walking to Excel Casino with his men.

A team of a hundred men marched into the casino.

Their eyes instantly widened at the scene before them.

The casino was a mess.

The gambling tables were overturned, and chairs were scattered everywhere. Dozens of Charles' men lay on the ground. Others crouched in horror as if they had just been through a nightmare.

They did not even notice hundreds more men had come in.

Charles himself was lying on the ground with his eyes wide open and his face covered in blood, dead on the spot.

“Is he really f*cking dead?”

A hundred men, including the youth with a baseball bat, were dumbstruck.

A big shot like Charles was influential in River City’s underworld.

He generally was not active during recent times. However, his authority was undeniable.

Chapter 144 Besides, he was now a businessman with money.

With money and men, he had more power.

However, a top-tier big shot like that was killed in his own territory. The youth with a baseball bat took a deep breath and asked with eyes wide open. ‘What’s going on here?’

“Who else in River City’s underworld would take a shot at Charles but us?”

No one answered.

It was because no one else dared to do so.

Their power had always been a rival to Charles’. The rest of the underworld were no match to them.

There were no other small gangs that would dare to face Charles.

Then who did it?

The youth with a baseball bat pondered for a few seconds before they found the informant they set up at Charles’ place to find out what had happened. “What did you say? That cripple? “A cripple who single-handedly knocked over so many people and killed Charles on the spot?” The youth with a baseball bat widened his eyes with shock on his face.

Seeing this informant nod, the shock the youth felt increased unabated.

When he met Sean, he thought there was something unusual about Sean.

Who knew he narrowly escaped the cripple after all.

He was strong and ruthless. People like him were terrifying...

“Sean...

“Come on, let’s head back.”

The youth silently said Sean’s name and led his men back. They were going to take advantage of Charles’ presence here today to hit Charles.

However, someone beat them to it and killed Charles.

They had achieved what they wanted and could report the completion of their task.

However, the name Sean Lennon had been etched in their hearts.

Willow’s home.

in the dimly lit living room, Willow was idly watching short videos. However, she was distracted and was not paying attention to the videos at all.

Her eyes lingered more on the digits on the phone screen.

After Sean left with those guys, Willow found it more unsettling as she thought about it.

Sean said those guys were his friends, and they came to him to take care of something

Willow had just woken up, confused and not thinking much. After she sobered up afterward, she remembered the eyes of those youths in black...

It was not the way you would look at a friend.

Therefore, Willow could not help worrying.

The longer it went on the worse it got. "Sean had been gone for so long. Why isn't he back yet?" Willow bit her lip, clutched her phone in her hand, and got up. Then she picked up the long trench coat next to her and headed out the door.

Thud!

Just then, the door opened, and Sean rolled in slowly.

"Sean?"

"Where... where were you?" Willow paused and asked as she looked at Sean.

"Nothing."

Sean smiled and said, "Killed some chickens." "What? You went... killing chickens in the middle of the night?"

Willow was between laughter and tears as she looked at Sean somewhat angrily.

"Yes

"Why aren't you asleep? Were you worried about me?"

Sean asked with a faint smile when he already knew the answer to it.

He was in a good mood.

He kept Willow safe with his own hands.

He was happy about it, of course.

"Worried about you?"

"Dream on..."

Willow suddenly paused before she could finish speaking. Then Willow hastened up to Sean. She crouched down and grabbed Sean's shirt.

"Sean, why is there blood on you?"

“Are... are you hurt? What have you done?” Willow’s beautiful eyes were wide, and anyone could see her nervousness. Even her voice trembled uncontrollably.

She previously said she was not worried about Sean, but now the look on her face had sold her out.

“I’m not hurt. It’s chicken blood.” Sean shook his head slightly and replied in all seriousness. In his opinion, killing Charles was as easy as killing a chicken. Willow did not have time to listen to what Sean had to say. She checked Sean up and down. She was relieved when she realized that Sean really did not have any injuries. “Sean, I advise you to stay away from people like Charles. “I want you to pick yourself up and start your own career.

“As long as you have money, you can have a place in this society, and you could survive even if... you leave the Quinn family. “But I don’t want you hanging out with people like Charles. They’re ruthless and greedy man eaters!”

Willow said as she sat down slowly with a worried look in her eyes.

“I know. I’ll do whatever you say.” Sean smiled and nodded, not too concerned. Willow sat on the couch, hesitating for a few seconds before looking up at Sean again. “Sean, there’s something I don’t know if I should tell you...”

Willow was hesitant.

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“Go ahead.”

Sean nodded.

“It’s just that... Quill booked the entire Riverleaf Lakeside Hotel...

“He said he’s making a grand confession to some girl...”

Willow spoke slowly as she observed Sean’s expression.

She did not want to tell Sean about it, lest he felt bad.

However, she felt that Sean deserved an explanation.

Otherwise, Sean would find out about it sooner or later since he had been going out a lot lately.

When that happened, Sean would probably only feel worse.

“He’s not confessing to you, is he?”

Sean looked up slowly and asked with a smile.

He was not angry at all.

Willow looked at Sean in confusion and asked, “Aren’t... aren’t you mad?”

Sean shook his head slightly and asked, “Would lions care about worms?”

Even though Quill was the heir of the Zimmer family of River City, he was still a worm to Sean.

Willow only thought Sean was bluffing when she heard him say that.

“I don’t want it...”

“But he has helped the Quinn family a lot. Grandma and the other is gonna make me go....”

Willow was troubled.

The Quinn family would force Willow to go to Riverleaf Lakeside Hotel if this went on. 1

Therefore, Willow wanted to give Sean a warning.

She wanted to tell Sean ahead of time so he would not get upset.

“No one can make you do things you don’t want to do.

“Quill can’t. The Quinn family can’t. No one in the world can.”

Sean looked at Willow as he said earnestly.

Willow was touched when she heard that.

However, it was only for a moment.

Anyone could say that, but it was hard to do it.

“But... I don’t know what to do...”

Willow let out a little sigh.

The 9th was approaching.

She had not figured out how to deal with Quill yet.

“Leave it to me.

“If there’s anyone in the world who could confess to you, it’s me, Sean Lennon.”

Sean sounded serious as Willow’s face turned red.

‘Is he confessing to me?’

“Don’t overthink it.

“Leave it to me.”

Sean spoke seriously as he took Willow’s hand in his.

“What... what are you going to do?

“The ninth will be here soon...”

Feeling a little relieved, Willow looked up and asked.

Sean smiled when he heard it.

“If Riverleaf Lakeside Hotel is going to have a grand confession on the 9th...”

“And if you’re the female lead, then the male would have to be me-Sean Lennon.”

Sean’s face showed boundless confidence.

Willow’s heartbeat quickened when Sean said that, but it quickly subsided.

“Sean, would you please not do this?

“I’m having a serious conversation with you. It’s okay if you can’t give me any advice, but you’re lying to me?”

Willow sounded a little furious.

“You’ll find out whether I’m lying to you when the time comes.”

There was no loss of confidence on Sean’s face.

It was merely Riverleaf Lakeside Hotel, so what if he bought it?

“You! Oh...”

Willow shook her head and said nothing, thinking Sean had not fully recovered.

Otherwise, would he have said such nonsense?

“Willow, what are you doing? Why aren’t you in bed?”

Suddenly, an impatient voice came from Fion’s bedroom.

“I’ll go to bed after getting a glass of water...”

Willow quickly explained and wheeled Sean to his room before retreating to her room to rest.

...

The next day.

At noon.

Sean was taken to River City’s government office by some officials.

Sean did not resist the whole thing but only accepted it silently.

When Sean killed Charles last night, he knew something like this would happen.

This was society, not the army.

In the army, he could order his troops and slaughter his enemies. Bloodshed was nothing.

However, every life mattered.

It could also get him into big trouble.

However, he had no regrets.

Killing someone was nothing as long as he could keep Willow safe.

In the interrogation room.

“Sean Lennon, right?”

Crossing their hands, the government official looked indifferently at Sean.

“You’re in big trouble.”

The sentence carried a forceful offensive tone.

A method necessary in interrogation was to break the opponent’s mind.

“How big?”

Sean asked indifferently.

“Hmm?”

The official was stunned, never expecting someone to answer like that.

“You’d better behave yourself.

“This isn’t your home.”

The official frowned slightly.

Bang!

Just then, the door was kicked open.

Then no less than a dozen people in black stepped in.

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About ten or more fully suited men in black marched in with sunglasses on.

They looked formidable and intimidating.

After they had entered, they split themselves into two rows immediately, as if they were waiting to welcome a certain VIP.

The government officer who was interrogating Sean Lennon frowned and barked.

“Who are you?”

“Hmph!”

A huff was heard from outside the door.

Immediately, a crisp clack sound of high heels walking on the ground was heard before anyone could be seen.

An about–thirty–year–old lady walked in from the outside.

She wore lots of jewelry and was donned in luxurious branded articles of clothing.

Her style was also on the more provocative side as she sported a deep V top, looking extremely sexy.

“Madam Yates? You’re here too?”

The government officer asked.

“Hah! My husband was cruelly murdered. Of course I’d want to see who the murderer is!”

Joey Yates huffed coldly once more, arrogance evident on her face.

Sean glanced at Joey and instantly understood what was going on.

This woman should be Charles Christian’s woman.

Even though Charles was dead, Sean did not see an ounce of sorrow or sadness on her face.

The government officer paused, and then explained.

“Madam Yates, I’m still in the middle of an interrogation.”

He looked like he was going to follow protocol to the letter.

“That’s him?”

“He killed Charles?”

Joey’s eyes swept around and saw Sean seated in his wheelchair.

“According to an eyewitness, he was seen leaving Excel Casino last night.

“The time when he left was exactly Charles’ time of death.”

The government officer nodded and barked out an order towards the outside.

Right after that, two employees brought a young man in.

Sean recognized him instantly when he glanced at him.

This was the young man that was waiting outside of Excel Casino yesterday. The exact same young man that was briefly acquainted with him.

Sean did not see any sense of nervousness on this young man’s face.

“Sorry, bro!

“Someone saw us talking...”

When the young man saw Sean, a cloud of guilt appeared on his face.

There was evident proof that was placed before him, forcing him to rat Sean out.

“What nonsense? Sit down!”

The person beside him roared as he pressed the young man into the chair.

“You killed my man!

“I’ll pummel you to death!”

Abruptly, Joey shot up in a frenzy as she pounced at Sean.

“Calm down, Madam Yates...”

The two government employees half-heartedly pulled Joey back before releasing her immediately.

Joey was relentless as she pounced at Sean with her hand high up in the air, wanting to slap Sean.

“Slap!”

A resounding slap rang in the room.

Before anyone could react, everyone saw Joey stumbling back uncontrollably.

“Plop!”

Joey fell onto the ground, her deep V of a blouse jiggled and moved, exposing some things that were not meant to be seen.

However, no one paid any attention to that, since they were all staring at Joey’s face.

There was an increasingly clear handprint emerging on the left side of her face.

Everyone in the room had their eyes bulged out in shock.

What happened?!

Wasn’t Joey the one that was about to slap Sean?

Why was the handprint on Joey’s face instead?

Did this cripple...

As the crowd turned their heads in confusion, they managed to catch Sean as he slowly retracted his hand and tidied up his sleeve.

“In my eyes, there’s no such thing as male or female.

“If women were the ones who were looking for trouble, I’ll slap them with no mercy shown.”

Sean’s voice was cold and aloof.

“You! How dare you slap me!

“I’ll make sure you die! I’ll make sure you die!”

After being stunned on the ground for a while, Joey finally came back to her senses as she cradled her cheek and yelled pointedly at Sean.

“Attack! Finish him!”

At the sound of Joey's order, ten or more burly men in black marched forward.

"Don't move! Madam Yates, calm down!

"You can't do things this way!"

A middle-aged man helped Joey up as he signaled at her with his eyes.

This place was still a government facility, so they could not do things so brazenly.

However, since they have made it to this place, did they not already have the final say?

Citizens were no match for the rich, but the rich would not offend the ones with power.

With an ordinary citizen like Sean Lennon, all they had to do was wiggle their fingers and they could send him down the fiery pits of hell!

Joey gritted her teeth as she slowly got up.

"A mere cripple! I'll stand here and watch how you'd die!"

Joey huffed once again as she took a seat at the side.

Sean Lennon with no background support was a mere gnat. Even if he had background support, so what?

No one was clearer than Joey on how vast Charles' networking was and how far it had come throughout the years.

Even if Charles was not around, all she had to do was to pay a little sum of money, and these people would trip over themselves to help her!

That was why she was waiting to see how Sean would be tormented to death.

"Spit it out.

"I still have to pick my wife up from work.

Sean's face was calm as he glanced at the clock.

"Haha..."

A cruel smile appeared on Joey's face.

Sean would never be able to pick his wife up again in this life!

In Joey's heart, Sean was already dead, since she had already prepared a hundred thousand ways for him to die.

How dare he slap her?

Did he really not know how what it means to die?

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“Cough, please be silent.

“Sean Lennon, where were you from 11 pm to 12 am yesterday?”

A middle-aged man asked Sean.

“Excel Casino.”

Sean answered truthfully.

“What were you doing there?”

The middle-aged man continued to ask without giving Sean any extra time to think.

“I want more money to spend, so I was there to try my luck.”

Sean answered so smoothly without an ounce of hesitation.

“Excel Casino was closed yesterday. What luck were you trying, then?”

The middle-aged man frowned as he asked once more.

“That’s why I went back.”

Sean was still answering nonchalantly.

The middle-aged man frowned and looked intently at Sean for a few seconds.

He was a little surprised at how calm Sean was.

“Charles, the deceased was killed at the same time when you were at the casino.

“You’re the biggest suspect right now.

“How do you plan on explaining regarding this matter?”

The middle-aged man frowned once more as he subtly turned on the recording device.

“No explanation.”

Sean was still calm as he said those two words faintly.

The young man at the side slammed his hands on the table.

“Let me tell you, Charles’ bodyguards were all eyewitnesses!

“They all said that you’re the one that killed Charles! How dare you still say otherwise?”

The young man huffed coldly as he yelled at Sean, his finger pointing accusingly at Sean.

“I’m a disabled person. How do I kill?

“Do you wanna break both your legs to try and see if you can kill anyone?”

Sean tapped at his knees and retorted mockingly.

Once he said that, the room fell into pin-drop silence.

Even the middle-aged man, who had plenty of interrogating experience was rendered speechless.

He wanted to frame the deed on Sean but... Sean was a disabled person, and this was a fact that no one could change!

A disabled man in a wheelchair killing a grown man like Charles instantly?

He did not think anyone would believe it.

"Perhaps Charles' death had nothing to do with you.

"But since you slapped me, even if you didn't do it, you'll have to pay for what you've done.

"Today, you will be convicted."

Joey Yates got up and spat out these words to Sean with a menacing smile on her face.

"Are you... framing me?"

Sean lifted up his head slowly, there was still no fear in his eyes.

"That's right! What can you do about it?"

"You're just an ordinary citizen. How dare you lay even a finger on me?"

"All I have to do is waggle my finger and you'd be dead!"

"There are people that you cannot afford to anger in River City, idiot!"

Joey was unabashedly haughty as a scornful smile appeared on her face.

"Did you really imply that this government facility is your own backyard?"

Suddenly, a voice appeared behind Joey.

Someone had entered through the door quietly.

"That's right! This is my territory!"

"All I have to do is say a word, then this idiot would be dead!"

The smile on Joey's face was unfazed.

What she did not notice

was the few government employees behind her had now shot up to their feet in shock, their bodies tense as reverence colored their faces.

"Mr. Luke! Y—you're here!"

The middle-aged man who was interrogating Sean was quick to greet his superior.

The person who had entered the room was none other than Hayden Luke.

As someone working in the government sector, Hayden Luke had a pretty high rank.

Even though the government facility that they were at was not directly under his jurisdiction, the few government employees present in the room were still considered his subordinates.

Joey, who was at the side frowned slightly as she looked at Hayden with displeasure clearly on her face.

“If I’ve not come, this government facility would’ve long become someone else’s backyard now.”

After Hayden had arrived, he had only shared a discreet look with Sean before he looked away.

Joey harrumphed coldly and looked away as well.

She definitely knew who Hayden Luke was, but she was not afraid.

“Cough... This is just a joke...”

“Madam Yates had just lost her husband, that’s why her emotions were a little out of control

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The middle-aged man cleared his throat as he tried to explain.

“No worries.”

Hayden waved his hand slightly.

“I’ve seen Mr. Lennon around, maybe around two times.

“According to my understanding of who Mr. Lennon is, I think there should be some sort of misunderstanding.

“No worries, you can continue with the interrogation, I’ll just listen in from the side.”

As Hayden was speaking, he took a seat on the side.

After he was done speaking, the people in the room were all shocked.

They had initially thought that this Sean Lennon was a nobody.

Who knew that he would actually be acquainted with VIPs like Hayden Luke?

He was... something.

“This...”

The middle-aged man was hesitant after being stunned for a few moments.

Then, he looked at Joey with an unreadable expression on his face.

As soon as Hayden Luke took his seat, they could not continue to say that black was white!

Joey was no fool. She was finally clear that this Hayden Luke was here to take Sean’s side.

“Mr. Luke, I think there are some things that are best if you do not get involved in.”

Joey turned her head slowly towards Hayden and spoke.

Hayden frowned slightly. "As someone who works in the government, do I not have any say in this?"

"Plak!"

As soon as Hayden finished speaking, the door of the room was pushed open once again.

"You certainly do not have any say in this."

Another middle-aged man that was dressed in an unique uniform marched into the room.

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Once he saw who was the person that had just walked in, Hayden Luke frowned.

This middle-aged man was the person in charge of the current government facility that they were in.

All the staff there were also directly under his jurisdiction.

There were some past grudges between Hayden and him, and that was why they were unfriendly towards each other.

"I and you, Mr. Luke are not from the same area of jurisdiction.

"For you to come all the way here, Mr. Luke, perhaps you're sticking your nose into something that's too far off from your own business now?"

"Or did you think you're a part of the CIA, Mr. Luke?"

The middle-aged man looked at Hayden and spoke softly.

What he said made Hayden simmer with rage.

However, he could not utter a single word in reply.

There were indeed unpleasantries exchanged in between the two of them, and now that he was here at the other person's area of jurisdiction, it was indeed him being too nosy!

However, if he were to leave this matter be, would Sean Lennon not be crucified by Joey and the rest?

Hayden was extremely conflicted. Alas, his influence was limited.

This middle-aged man and himself were considered equals, so he had no right to order him around.

Joey Yates hugged her arms in front of her as disdain filled her eyes.

A mere cripple dare to think that he was invincible just because he knew a few people?

If she wanted Sean dead, it would be as simple as crushing an ant.

"Are you done with the interrogation yet?"

The middle-aged man saw that Hayden was quiet, so he asked his subordinates.

"Not yet. Sean Lennon refuses to admit that he was the one that had killed Charles.

“However, according to the timeline, he is the biggest suspect.”

The interrogator explained.

“Throw him in lock up and grill him slowly, then,”

The middle-aged man nodded and was about to leave.

“You dare lock me up?”

Sean narrowed his eyes as he asked casually.

“Hah!”

The middle-aged man turned and asked, “Why do I not dare to lock you up?”

Sean looked into the middle-aged man’s eyes, his gaze was firm without the slightest bit of anxiety, but was instead filled with a look of disdain as if he was looking down on the middle aged man.

He was the Nine-star Commander, and how powerful and noble he was!

He donned Nine-star armor, and in his hand, wielded the Nation-defending sword!

He was the one protecting the peace of the world.

In his hands, he had millions of men, and he was given the power to act as he saw fit!

A sword in one hand, power in the other. He was the nation’s defender!

Who, in the vastness of the kingdom under the sun dared to convict the Nine-star Commander?

Who else, dared to throw the Nine-star Commander into lock up?

This middle-aged man? No, even if it was a member of the royal family, they would have to bow down under Sean’s authority as well.

“If you lock me up,

“Within a day, this place...

“Will cease to exist.”

Sean’s voice rang, his tone was confident and serene.

Everyone was stunned.

What an arrogant thing for a cripple to say!

How dare he announce things like this place ceasing to exist?

Where did he get his confidence from?

“Haha...

“I insist on locking you up today!

“You! Lock him up right now!”

After coming back to his senses, the middle-aged man ordered immediately.

A few young men walked in right away with metal handcuffs and cuffed them on Sean.

“Mr. Schmidt, someone from the CIA is here!”

Suddenly, a young man rushed in with a frantic look on his face and informed the middle aged man in a loud voice.

“What?!”

The middle-aged man was stunned, a shudder traveled down his torso.

Hayden, on the other hand, stood up with a shock, disbelief filled his eyes.

The CIA, they're here?

Who was the CIA?

There were several government facilities in the vast River City, but they were all under the jurisdiction of the CIA.

The CIA had so much power and influence they were the kind of presence that was unfathomable by ordinary citizens.

Before the CIA, Hayden was a humble subordinate.

“Quickly, go with me to welcome them!”

After coming back to his senses, the middle-aged man was about to leave the room.

Even though he had no idea who from the CIA had arrived, even if it was just a driver from the CIA, it would be someone that he could not bear to underestimate.

This was why he did not dare to delay.

Before he could make it out the door, orderly marching footsteps were heard from outside.

A troop of ten or more people who were dressed in unique CIA uniforms marched in.

Their leader was a middle-aged man of about forty-something years old with a square shaped face. His eyes were framed by bushy eyebrows, and he was average-looking in terms of overall appearance.

However, he exuded an authoritative aura.

At that moment, this middle-aged man had his hands calmly tucked behind his back as he looked ahead serenely.

The troop of people behind him were all calm and collected as well.

“Gasp!”

Mr. Schmidt inhaled sharply.

Mr. Luke’s eyes were bulging as well as his pupils constricted.

Damian Wool!

The Director of CIA’s River City Branch!

As the one in charge of the River City branch of the CIA, he had the power to give and take life in his hands.

All the employees of government–related facilities in all of River City were considered his subordinates.

This was the true ruler of the city, someone who had the power to change their entire world with a snap of his fingers!

Hayden and the rest certainly did not expect him, out of all CIA agents to appear at that very moment.

W–what was he doing here?

For someone of his ranking and caliber, he would never go to any government–related place just for the fun of it!

“D–director Wool!

“Y–you’re here!”

Quickly, the middle–aged man snapped out of his daze and went up quickly to usher Damian in.

Anyone who was his superior held his life in their hands.

Besides that, this Damian Wool was not just any upper ranks!

“I heard that there’s a case over here, so I’m here to take a look.”

Damian spoke nonchalantly.

This sentence was the one that had made Hayden and Schmidt’s jaw drop.

What kind of case was this? Why did Damian Wool, such a VVIP come over personally just to check it out?

Was this case a unique one, or were the people involved so important that he had to come down here personally?

Chapter 149

A bad feeling suddenly arose in Mr. Schmidt’s heart.

He was no fool, or he would not be at where he was in his career.

There was absolutely no need for anyone from the CIA to be personally present in cases like these.

For Damian Wool to be present right now, it must be for someone that was involved in the case, right?

Following this thought, there were many thoughts that had flashed through his mind regarding Damian.

Did Charles Christian know Damian?

Or... Did Joey Yates know him?

Was this why Damian Wool had come personally to see how this case was being handled?

Mr. Schmidt's mind was occupied with many questions he did not have the answer to.

That being said, he had never once thought that it could be Sean Lennon that had any relation to Damian Wool.

Sean was just a cripple. If he could be acquainted with a VVIP of Damian's caliber, Mr. Schmidt swore that he would start writing his name backward from then on.

Hayden Luke's mind was filled with worries.

If Damian was here today, it would be because Joey had called him.

Also, if that was the case, Sean was done for.

The CIA.

It was practically like the hall of judgment on earth.

With just one word, it could determine a person's ending – if it was heaven or hell!

Hayden really wanted to help Sean, but this was out of his capabilities.

"What a crowd."

When Damian walked in, he glanced through the entire room of people.

At that time, other than Sean and the young man that he was briefly acquainted with, Joey and her ten or more bodyguards, and a few of the government employees were also present.

It did... indeed look like a crowd.

"Cough... Director Wool, Madam Yates is the family of the deceased.

"The reason why we've got him here is to understand the situation better."

Mr. Schmidt stepped up personally to explain. His tone was careful and wary.

If he angered Damian Wool, with just one look, he would be stripped of his ranking, title, and career in an instant.

This was why he did not dare to be sloppy and delayed in anything at all.

“What’s with all these other people then?”

Damian did not speak a word, but a man that was in his retinue spoke up with a frown.

“This...”

Mr. Schmidt was first taken aback, then he quickly waved his hands, gesturing for the others to leave the room.

Joey may be a rude and unreasonable person, but she was clear that Damian was someone of extremely high ranking.

She did not dare to say much and allowed her bodyguards to leave the scene for now.

Instantly, there was more space in the room.

Damian was unphased. He did not look at Sean or Joey before he made a beeline towards a chair and took his seat.

“Mr. Schmidt, continue.

After Damian was seated, he waved his hands slightly as he instructed.

He was calm and collected, firm yet filled with authority.

It was almost like he was really here by chance and was around to listen in.

However, just by him seated there, it had given the rest of the people in the room a huge sense of stress

.

Other than Sean, no one else dared to sit in the entire room. They were all standing painfully straight.

Amongst all the people in the room, only Sean was unaffected by the strong aura exuded by

Damian.

“Ohh... Okay, okay...”

Mr. Schmidt was quick to nod his head. After a brief moment of hesitation, he looked at Sean.

The sense of dilemma in his heart thickened.

What was he to say to gain favor from Damian?

Should he convict Sean of his crimes right away, or should he interrogate him as per usual?

Mr. Schmidt had no idea who Damian was here for, or if he was stuck on the fence.

After pondering, he gritted his teeth tight.

He would just gamble, then!

He placed his bets on Damian being here to support Joey, and to be on her side!

“Sean Lennon, you...”

“The time you’ve exited Excel Casino matched the deceased’s time of death.

“Also, bodyguards of the deceased, which were the people that you’ve fought and beaten up have already identified you as the murderer that had taken Charles’ life!”

As Mr. Schmidt was talking, he stole glances at Damian’s facial expression.

When he saw that Damian was still calm, he breathed a sigh of relief.

It seems like Damian was really here to show support to Joey!

There was a renewed show of arrogance on Joey’s face.

Even though she did not know who Damian Wool was, it did not mean that Charles did not!

She had safely assumed that Damian was here to seek justice for Charles.

As for Sean the cripple...

How dare he think that he was worthy of the presence of such a VVIP like Damian Wool?

This was a joke, an absurdly, simply out-of-this-world.

“I did not kill anyone.”

In the face of Mr. Schmidt’s interrogation, Sean stood firm with his answer.

If he was still the Nine-star Commander, it was nothing if he were to just kill someone off.

However, he was now stuck in the mortal world, so he had to follow the rules of the world he was at.

At least, before he was fully recovered, and before he contacted all his personal guards again, following the rules was all he could do.

He would be low-profile, just temporarily.

“Other than you, there were only Charles’ own people at the Excel Casino.

“If not you, then who?”

Mr. Schmidt took a step ahead, his tone was warped with a thick sense of oppression.

This was his usual method when he was interrogating a criminal.

However, Sean was unphased, he was not affected at all.

“If you’re adamant that I did it, there’s nothing I can say to further defend myself that you would believe.”

Sean asked faintly, “Could Charles’ people not have done it?”

A rhetorical question immediately stunned Mr. Schmidt.

“Yes! That’s right!

“Maybe Charles’ lackeys wanted to take over his place, so they killed him!”

The young man that was briefly acquainted with Sean yelled.

“Boom!”

“Shut up!”

Mr. Schmidt slammed the table with his hands and glared at the young man.

The young man shrunk his head further into his neck, and cleared his throat, speaking nothing more.

Damian, on the other hand, frowned slightly.

It was this frown that had sent Mr. Schmidt’s mind, soul, and strength flying.

“Director Wool... I—1 should not be so emotional. Please forgive me...”

Mr. Schmidt was quick to babble, terror heavily filled in his eyes.

“Mr. Schmidt, don’t you think this interrogation of yours is a little... ridiculous?”

Damian reached out his hand to adjust his collar as he stood up slowly.

It was as if he had lost patience in listening in.

“R—ridiculous...”

Mr. Schmidt’s eyes were wide open as his mind was filled with endless buzzing

Chapter 150

What was going on?!

Could it be that Damian Wool did not come to support Joey Yates?

Why did he look so appalled when he saw Sean Lennon being the blatant target?

“A helpless disabled

person.

“How could he kill anyone?

“Isn’t this ridiculous?”

As Damian finished his words slowly, he walked towards the outside of the office as well.

Mr. Schmidt looked like he got electrocuted.

One would listen to the rhythm of the drums when a drumbeat was heard, like so, one should listen to the tone of a sentence when the sentence was spoken.

Real VIPs would never spell things out clearly due to the sensitivity of their position.

All they would do was... tell you half of it.

Whether the recipient could fully interpret the entire meaning and understand the underlying messages would depend on said recipient's ability to read in between the lines.

What Damian had said was to obviously hint at Mr. Schmidt!

In Mr. Schmidt's heart, he was utterly astonished, but his mind was crystal clear!

Damian Wool had come for... Sean Lennon?

"Director Wool, what about a meal together?"

Mr. Schmidt could not care less about the near-fatal amount of shock he had just received as he cozied up to Damian.

"Do your job properly.

"Live properly as well."

Without turning back, Damian spoke faintly.

The rest of his men had quickly left the scene.

Mr. Schmidt looked at Sean with a weighted expression on his face.

It seemed like this cripple who was before him was really something else!

"Haha, cripple, aren't you just gonna be dead when I'm done with you?"

"Mr. Schmidt, don't hesitate any longer now. Lock him up right now!"

Joey crossed her arms in front of her as she sneered.

According to the level of her IQ, it was beyond her capabilities to read the room properly. Mr. Schmidt looked pointedly at Sean and turned to Joey and said, "What are you talking about, Madam Yates?"

"The government has always done things fair and squarely. Sean Lennon is innocent, so why should I lock him up?"

As soon as he was done speaking, Joey stared bewilderedly at him.

This was not what Mr. Schmidt had said when he had previously conversed with her!

Why was he like he had been replaced by another person now?

At the side, Hayden Luke narrowed his eyes.

As someone who had been in the political world for quite a long time, he was equipped with a certain level of wits and understandings.

What Damian had said seemed like a passing comment.

In reality, in situations like these, it was practically a banner informing Mr. Schmidt that Damian was there solely to support Sean Lennon!

Hayden had no idea that Sean was acquainted with Damian Wool.

To even have Damian be physically present just to support him!

This... This was terrifying!

Hayden's mind swirled like a tornado.

Initially, he was only acquainted with Sean because of his ability to heal.

In his heart, he still felt like Sean was not in an equal level of existence as himself.

Now, he finally understood. Sean and himself were indeed existing on different planes of existence...

...because Sean was way more powerful than he was!

"S-Sean Lennon, this was our negligence.

"You can go now."

Mr. Schmidt looked at Sean and tried to feign calmness, but he could not help it. He was still a little too polite.

For someone who had Damian's word to protect. How could Mr. Schmidt dilly-dally for even a second?

"What nonsense is this, Mr. Schmidt?"

Joey was extremely unhappy when she heard this.

Did Charles just die in vain?

Did she get slapped for nothing just now as well?

"Sean Lennon is none other than a disabled person. Under circumstances where he was barehandedly helpless, it's impossible that he could kill anybody.

"Bodyguards of the late Charles was obviously swearing that black was white just to defame others.

"In my opinion, it's time we really investigate those that were with the late Charles."

Mr. Schmidt had announced his views in such a dutiful, righteous manner.

Joey, on the other hand, was dumbfounded.

No matter how dumb she was, she was able to tell that the situation at hand was not as simple.

For Mr. Schmidt to have a sudden change of attitude, there must be another underlying reason.

This was why Joey chose to stay silent after pondering and hesitating.

"Sean Lennon, it's our fault that we did not investigate properly before bringing you in.

"This is my negligence, and I sincerely apologize to you."

Mr. Schmidt turned his head once more and softened his tone.

"What about Mr. Schmidt just locking me up then?"

“Since I’m still a suspect.”

However, as Sean spoke, a glimpse of mockery flashed before his face.

Mr. Schmidt’s eyes were bulged open, his heart rate was slowly increasing.

It was easy to invite someone in but it was the most difficult to ask them to take their leave!

Sean was clearly... Unhappy!

“M–Mr. Lennon...”

In the very next second, the honorific address from Mr. Schmidt had just completely blew Joey’s mind once more.

Even though Mr. Schmidt was incomparable to Damian Wool in terms of ranking and status, he was still the person in charge around here, which meant that his status and position were the highest around here.

And now, he was actually addressing a suspect, Sean Lennon respectfully?

What joke was he on about?

Mr. Schmidt had no time to take other people’s thoughts into account.

If this issue was not settled properly, it would be extremely difficult for him to sleep and eat properly from then on.

It was normal human behavior to feel lost and afraid when faced with future unknowns.

As for Sean’s identity, it was like playing a game of tag in a huge fog. Mr. Schmidt was certainly unwilling to take his guesses lightly!

The more he tried to speculate, the more uncomfortable he felt in his heart.

“You’re indeed innocent, Mr. Lennon.

“That’s why it’s time for you to go.”

Mr. Schmidt lowered his head down a little, his tone drooping with a tinge of pleading.

He did not want to think of anything right now. All his mind was occupied with was so that this human statue of a god would be sent away. This was the only way he could experience peace.

“I don’t think I should go for this, in the case when it was just one day and I’ll have to be

Chap

asked to come back, how much hassle would it be?”

Sean waved his hands and said casually.