

## **Guardians 19**

### Chapter 19

She could only feel a cold sweat breaking out on her back.

Sean's aura was so overwhelming!

"Kill me? How are you going to do that?"

"Come on. I'll stand right here. Get up and kill me!"

The woman put one hand on her waist and sneered after glancing at the wheelchair.

"Mr. Lennon, are you home?"

Just then, a sound came from outside.

Homer then walked into Quinn Residence.

"Eh? Mr. Larson?"

"Mr. Larson, what... what are you doing here?"

The woman asked nervously when she saw Homer.

Homer owned a lot of shares in the housekeeping company she worked for. He was her boss!

Homer waved his hand slightly and asked, "What's this?"

"Mr. Larson, I'm just asking this vegetable to help me with some laundry. It's alright that he won't help me. He even said he's gonna kill me.

"Don't you think this man is a lunatic?"

The woman immediately glanced at Sean and said as she curled her lip slightly.

"You asked him to do the laundry?"

Homer asked with shock as his eyes widened at that.

"Yeah... yeah..."

The woman sensed a hint of trouble.

"Do you know how valuable his hands are?"

"You asked him to do laundry with those hands?"

Homer seemed speechless.

"..." The woman instantly fell silent.

"Even if his hands are ordinary, he's a client.

"Who gave you the authority to get clients to work for you?"

“You can get your last paycheck now. You’re fired.”

Homer did not bother to talk to the woman but waved his hand after he spoke that.

“No, Mr. Larson!

“I have a family to feed. Have pity on me!”

The woman immediately panicked and pleaded with Homer.

“You brought this on yourself.”

Homer waved his hand, and two bodyguards in black came in and dragged the woman out.

“Mr. Lennon, I’m sorry.

“She’s an employee of my company. I’m responsible for this.”

Homer said apologetically to Sean.

“It has nothing to do with you. Have a seat.”

Sean pointed to the chair, beckoning Homer to sit down.

“Alright, Mr. Lennon. Mr. Richard told me you’ve accepted the car.”

Homer said as he sat down.

“It’s from you?”

Sean was stunned at first. Then he quickly recovered.

In River City, the only one he had connections with now was the Larson family.

“Mr. Lennon, I meant nothing else. “It’s just that Old Master said he wanted to give you a means of transport.”

Homer was afraid that Sean would overthink it and quickly waved his hand to explain.

“Thanks.”

Sean nodded.

He was Old Master Larson’s savior.

A car was indeed nothing.

If Sean did not accept it, they would overthink it.

“Mr. Lennon, I was going to call you, but I realized I didn’t have your phone number.

“So I came to tell you myself.”

Homer waved to the distance as he spoke.

Soon, a bodyguard walked over with a box in his hand.

“A friend of mine happened to give me a cell phone.

“It’s been in the car a long time. You can use it if you don’t mind.

“It’s taking up space in my car anyway.”

Homer took the box and slowly brought it to Sean.

Sean looked up at Homer.