

Guardians 371

Chapter 371 'Forgot your keys at home? 'Since the house hasn't been handed over yet, are we only allowed to view it from the outside?' In Fion's heart, she had already thought up the excuse Sean might give them. "This villa is really nice. "But, like I said, there are a myriad of good things in this world.

"The more important matter is whether you're eligible to own such things.

"Sean, what's the matter? Why don't you let us in so we can have a look? Unlock the door!" Yael said as he pouted and turned to look at Sean. The Wilson family also turned to look at Sean. "What are you guys doing here?" Just as Sean was about to retrieve the key, a sudden shout pierced through the air. It seemed to come from not very far away. A middle-aged man wearing a security uniform with a walkie-talkie strapped around his waist immediately appeared and walked over to them. The middle-aged security guard held a black rubber baton in his hand.

Upon seeing the security guard, the Wilson family instinctively lowered their hands, giving him a suspicious look. It was as though they had been caught stealing something. Upon seeing the expressions on the faces of everyone in the Wilson family, the middle-aged security guard frowned.

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He had seen these people from a distance. They were dressed in plain and well-worn clothes very unlike the usual residents of Golden Villa Garden.

His shout had made the Wilson family nervous. Their eyes darted around as if they had done something wrong—only raising the guard's suspicions. "Hello? What are you guys doing here?" The middle-aged security guard yelled at all of them, frowning "We... We...

"We're residents of this Golden Villa Garden, and we wanted to allow our relatives the opportunity to have a look around inside," Yael coughed, stepped forward, and said to the middle-aged man.

The Wilson family was relieved as they saw Yael take the initiative to explain the situation to the middle-aged man. Now

that Yael was handling the situation, there should be no further problems, right? However, this middle-aged security guard continued behaving rather rudely toward them.

"Even if you're a resident of Golden Villa Garden, these twin villas are private property. "No one is allowed to set foot in them without permission. The same guidelines are outlined in the purchase contract of any ordinary residential building.

"So, what are you guys doing here now?"

Given that this middle-aged man had been assigned to guard the area around the twin villas, he certainly held a status incomparable to other ordinary security guards. He knew more about the rules of Golden Villa Garden than Yael.

"Ahem..."

This made Yael instantly blush. Though it was true that he was a resident of Golden Villa Garden, this middle-aged man was responsible for guarding the twin villas.

With there being so many other residents living in the ordinary residential area of Golden Villa Garden, this middle-aged man would certainly not be bothered one bit about him.

"It was him. He told us he owns this villa, that it belonged to him and he wanted us to come to visit, so we came..."

Yael's face turned red. He pointed toward Sean and quickly shoveled all the responsibility onto him.

The middle-aged security guard slowly turned his head and frowned at Sean. When the middle-aged security guard noticed Sean's wheelchair, something suddenly came to mind—so he stepped forward and asked, "May I know your surname, sir?" Yael and the others were sneering. They wanted to see how Sean would settle this matter. "Lennon," Sean replied lightly.

"Lennon..."

The middle-aged security guard was stunned when he heard those words.

He had previously heard rumors from the Golden Villa Garden sales department about a gentleman by the surname

'Lennon'. Despite being disabled, he had lavishly purchased two sets of twin villas at full price. Now, Sean was sitting in a wheelchair and had said that his surname was Lennon. Hence, it was clear that Sean's identity was about to be revealed!

Chapter 372 "So you're that Mr. Lennon! "My apologies, Mr. Lennon. I behaved rudely." The middle-aged security guard immediately stowed his black rubber baton away and apologized to Sean.

Upon witnessing this scene, Yael, Fion, and the rest of the Wilson family were left stunned.

This middle-aged security guard who had not cared about Yael even though he was a resident of the Golden Villa Garden was now being so polite to Sean.

Did that imply that in this neighborhood of Golden Villa Garden, Sean's status was higher than Yael's—who was also a resident here? People who held a higher status than those living in the ordinary houses in this neighborhood probably were... When everyone thought of this, they slowly turned their gaze to the twin villas in front of them.

Was it only the owner of these villas who could make the middle-aged security guard behave so respectfully and politely? "You have no reason to apologize, you're just responsibly doing your job. "I'm bringing my family to view the house. I'll let you go now." Sean waved his hand slightly to gesture for the middle-aged security guard to leave.

"Alright! Mr. Lennon, I won't bother you anymore.

"If there's anything you need help with, you may press the villa's call button at any time. "The walkie-talkie I have by my side will receive the alert immediately."

The middle-aged security guard nodded politely and left. For the next half minute after the middle-aged man left, the Wilson family was still left confused.

At the same time, they could not help thinking in their hearts, 'Could this big villa really belong to Fion's family?

But didn't Fion mention that her family had not bought any houses?'

Sean did not have the time to be bothered about what the Wilson family was thinking, so he once again retrieved the key to the villa. "Sean, you're really good at acting, aren't you? "You even hired an actor to make us believe you?

"I really admire you!" Yael snorted coldly and sneered at Sean without warning.

"What? What actor?" The Wilson family was left even more perplexed.

Willow could not help but frown as he looked at Yael. "Yael, is it really that difficult for you to admit that others can be outstanding?"

Willow found the situation difficult to comprehend. Despite Yael having all the facts right in front of him, he still wanted to look for every possible excuse to discredit Sean's achievements.

"Outstanding? "Why should I admit that he is outstanding?

"Just look at the lighter in his hand disguised as a car key!"

Yael sneered as he said this. Then, he stepped forward and snatched the key from Sean's hand.

Sean shook his head lightly and allowed Yael to take it away.

"Sean, you know just how to coax grandma and the others. "I've seen many of these gadgets. I still have a lighter in the style of a Ferrari car key in my house."

As Yael sneered, he retrieved a cigarette and put it in his mouth.

"Watch. If I press this button lightly, it will light the cigarette in my mouth."

As Yael spoke, he reached out and pressed a button on the key. All the Wilson family members' eyes converged on Yael's hands.

Snap!

When Yael pressed it with his finger... No one saw the key spewing out flames.

Beep! Instead, they heard a 'beep' sound. Immediately, everyone saw the villa gate slowly opening. "How did this gate open automatically? No, this is an electronic gate..."

Chapter 373

"It seems to be remote-control operated..."

"The gate opened just after Yael pressed the button on the key..."

The Wilson family's eyes slowly widened.

Yael, who himself had manipulated it, was even more dazed.

The cigarette in his mouth had not been lit. It was just like a clown's performance gone wrong.

"You pride yourself on being extremely knowledgeable, yet you've never even seen a remote controlled electronic gate before?" Sean slowly shook his head and said softly.

He promptly turned his wheelchair around and rushed into the villa. Yael widened his eyes, gritted his teeth, then reluctantly pressed another button.

Beep!

Another beep was heard, then the gate of the villa slowly closed.

Yael reached out his hand to press the button once more, and the gate of the villa slowly opened again...

He repeated this several times before he finally believed that the key he was holding in his hand was indeed the key to the twin villas!

Thump! Yael's face was ashen, his legs weak as he slumped down right onto the ground with his head buzzing

The members of the Wilson family widened their eyes in unison, a shocked expression plastered on their faces.

Both Fion and Kent were also very surprised.

The twin villas really did belong to Sean! Otherwise, how could he possibly have the key to them? "Oh crap! He turned out to really be... "Oh my goodness! A villa worth nearly twenty million! "Hey! This... this is so grand!"

Once the gate opened, the inside of the villa once again came into view.

The Wilson family was growing more surprised by the minute. Xandra's face was flushed while Old Madam Wilson lowered her head and remained silent. On the other hand, Lucy and Jeremy looked at each other, and both saw deep solemnity and a **hint of happiness in each other's eyes.**

Fortunately, they had learned from their mistake and had not offended Sean too terribly.

If they had, Sean might never forgive them...

"Aunt Fion, Uncle Kent, let's go in and have a look..."

"If you're not satisfied with the style of decoration, I'll have someone replace it."

Sean turned his head slowly and greeted Fion.

"Ah, okay, okay..." Fion stumbled as she walked into the villa proudly—it was as if the soles of her feet were stepping on cotton. The Wilson family, though they had not been explicitly invited in by Sean, walked in cheekily after her.

“Hmph! I have something to do, so I’ll leave first.”

Yael gritted his teeth tightly. After what he had done, he naturally had no face to stay here any longer and thus decided to leave.

Xandra and the others definitely did not want to stay either, so they left with a cold snort. The members of the Wilson family, including Old Madam Wilson, walked into this luxurious villa and could not help but feel a little prideful.

They had never imagined that one day they would be able to enter and lounge in a mansion so high-end and luxurious.

“Oh, sister, if you bought a house, how come you haven’t mentioned buying it before?” Willow’s eldest uncle asked Fion.

“Uh, this... “Ahem...” Fion was stunned when she heard those words and did not know how to answer—she stayed silent for a while.

“Buying a house is not a big deal. “It never crossed Aunt Fion’s mind to think about showing it off to you.” Just as Fion was left unable to explain herself, Sean waved his hand and responded to Willow’s uncle’s question.

“Uh...”

After hearing that, the Wilson family felt even more ashamed. When looking back at what Xandra’s family had done, they all thought that Fion was really humble!

Fion glanced at Sean. The depths of her eyes were filled with mixed emotions, with a tinge of gratitude. After all, what Sean had said had not only helped her get out of that mess, but it had also made her feel proud.

“I assume the Quinn family gave you a large sum of money to buy this house, right?”

Chapter 374 Willow’s eldest aunt mumbled in a sour tone, “The Quinn family didn’t pay a cent.” “All the payment was made by Sean,” Willow shook her head lightly and explained to the **crowd**.

Swoosh!

Everyone’s eyes were now on Sean. – It had been him? That explained why Sean had been holding the villa key before. It turns out that he was the owner of this luxurious villa! However, the Wilson family was aware of Sean’s situation. Where had he gotten so much money? Although they did not understand, they dared not come forward to ask stupidly. Still, the surprise in their eyes could not be concealed. Fion exhaled slowly. She felt an unprecedented sense of respect.

Four in the afternoon.

The villa of the Zimmer family. River City. 1 Quill was sitting in the living room talking on the phone. “It will be the ninth soon.

“Two days in advance, make a high-profile announcement about my confession to Willow.

“Remember, no matter the method, you must ensure everyone in River City hears about it. “On the ninth, I want everyone to watch as I invite Willow into the Riverleaf Lakeside Hotel for dinner.

“I want everyone to know Sean is being cuckolded. Let’s see what he can do about it!”

Once Quill was done speaking, the person on the other side of the line immediately nodded.

As long as Quill had already made the payment, these things were no trouble at all. “Young Master Zimmer, will this make Sean get desperate? “I found out that Sean may possess some abilities that we don’t know about!” When Quill finished the phone call, a ‘guard dog’ next to him reminded him about Sean in a **low voice**.

“Haha! Are you really talking about Sean? “Even if he gets desperate, he’s still a dog. A f*cking crippled dog! “He’s just a cripple in a wheelchair. What do you think he can do?

“Is he rich or powerful? Is he well-connected?” Quill asked back.

The ‘guard dog’ nodded immediately in response. “Hmph! Even if he knows a few people, what can he do?

“With the power of the Zimmer family, nothing can phase us save for the entire River City army if they decide to go up against us.

“Anyone else and I really wouldn’t bother with him.

“Sean is a loser—

how could he know the River City army? What a joke! Hahaha!”, The more Quill said, the prouder he felt. He stretched out his hand and filched a cigarette to light it.

“B*stard! Come and answer the phone.”

Just then, Quill’s father, Jon Zimmer, hurried into the living room with his phone in one hand. “What’s wrong, Dad?” Quill asked quickly upon seeing the solemn expression on Jon’s face. “Mr. Yeast called,” Jon said as he frowned. He handed the phone over to Quill. “Hiss! It’s Uncle Jason?” Quill immediately stood up and took the phone with both hands. Jason Yeast was a bigshot who had immense power and authority in the River City army absolutely no one dared to underestimate him. In addition, the Zimmer family had also benefited from their relationship with Jason, which had developed very quickly. Therefore, they dared not be even the slightest bit disrespectful when speaking to him. “Uncle Jason, this is Quill speaking.” Quill greeted in a respectful tone of voice.

“I wanted to ask you where you got that sword from.” Over the phone, Jason got straight to the point. His tone was extremely serious.

Chapter 375

Jason’s words left Quill bewildered.

“Uncle Jason, what... What sword?” Quill touched his head—he did not understand. “The one I saw when I visited your house the other day!

“The sword you used for gardening—when you were digging and planting flowers!”

Jason's tone was very serious and seemed mildly rushed.

He was acting as if this was no small matter. Quill rolled his eyes back into his head to think carefully and finally recalled what sword Jason was talking about.

That day, he had used the longsword he had snatched from Sean to dig some soil in the flowerbed outside.

Jason had just happened to be visiting and saw the sword. Quill clearly remembered that Jason's expression had grown very unusual upon seeing it. Later, Jason had used his cell phone to take a photo of the longsword. This indicated that the sword might be of extraordinary origin. At the time, Quill could not help but think, 'Could Sean really be involved with some bigshot?' However, since then, Quill had long thrown this matter to the winds. What did Jason intend to do by bringing it up again now? "I'm asking you a question. Are you mute?" Jason, at the other end of the line, suddenly banged the table. "Ah, Uncle Jason, I'm listening... I'm listening..." Once Quill realized what was happening, he gulped and hurriedly replied to his uncle. "I'll ask again—where did you get that sword from?!"

"You'd best tell me the truth!" Jason took a deep breath and asked again.

"Uncle Jason, I got the sword from a beggar! "I wouldn't dare lie to you..." Quill was stunned by his uncle's words and replied instinctively. "What kind of beggar? Where? When did you get it?" Jason's tone was hurried. He kept asking more questions. "Just a... ragged beggar..."

"It was probably more than a year ago.

"It's been such a long time, Uncle Jason. I can't remember clearly..."

Quill frowned slightly before quickly coming up with a lie in his head. For each lie one told, one would need to come up with a further 10 lies to support the first lie **later on**. Quill was currently in this situation. He knew that given Jason's status, he would definitely be courting death if he lied to fool his **uncle**.

Jason Yeast, as the spokesperson of the River City army, was like a god to the whole of River City! If Quill dared to deceive him, it would not be an exaggeration to say that it was akin to deceiving the king. If he did that, it would not just be Quill who would be punished—the entire Zimmer family would also be doomed.

Therefore, Quill could only do his very best to convince his uncle that he had truly gotten it from a beggar.

Even though it was wrong, he had no choice but to continue his web of lies. After hearing Quill's reply, Jason fell silent at the other end of the call. Quill's heartbeat quickened, but he tried not to breathe too nervously. He waited silently. Quill's father, Jon Zimmer, was also worried.

He had never witnessed Jason so serious before.

Moreover, when the call had first connected through, he had wanted to immediately speak to Quill.

This made Jon's heart extremely anxious.

Jason was silent for a few moments before he finally let out a soft sigh. "Quill, I've been friends with your father for many years.

"So, there are some things that I don't want you to get dragged into. "Now, I'll ask you one last time. Where did you get that sword from? "I hope you can tell me the truth—otherwise, there will be consequences... Consequences the Zimmer family won't be able to afford."

Jason's tone was extremely calm, but the seriousness it held left Quill's heart very torn.

"Uncle Jason, I... I really would not dare to lie to you..."

"Uhm... Is there something wrong with this sword?"

Quill pondered for a few moments but still did not dare to admit that he had deceived **Jason before**.

"Don't ask questions you don't need to know the answers to.

"Pass the phone back to your father."

Upon hearing Quill's reply, Jason stopped asking further questions.

Given who he was, it would be pointless to say any more beyond the impact his words had already left.

Quill nodded and quickly handed the phone over to Jon.

"Hello, Mr. Yeast. Did my son say something wrong? "Tell me – I'll hang him and beat him!" Jon immediately asked Jason upon receiving the phone. "You should really hope he hasn't done anything wrong. "Because once some mistakes are made... You may not even have the chance to hang him and beat him at that point." Jason got straight to the point and hung up the phone once he finished speaking,

Jon was left holding his cell phone as he stood still, utterly perplexed.

"What did Jason mean?"

'I won't even have the chance to hang him and beat him?"

"Could Quill have committed some capital crime?" Jon thought to himself. "B*stard! What have you done?" When he thought this, Jon suddenly turned his head and asked Quill.

Chapter 376 "Dad, I didn't... I didn't do anything..."

"Uncle Jason called to ask me where the sword I used that clay had come from..."

Quill scratched his head and was mildly surprised. "Then where did you get it from?" Jon frowned slightly as he looked at Quill and asked.

His intuition told him that this matter... might be a little complicated.

Otherwise, given Jason's status, he would never have taken it so seriously. "It's... I got it from a beggar..." Quill's eyes lowered slightly as he coughed and answered. slap! Jon stepped forward and slapped Quill with a backhand. "Be honest!" Jon snorted coldly, glared at Quill, and cursed.

No one would know a man better than his own father. Would he not be able to sense Quill's odd behaviour?

"Dad... Actually, I got this sword from the Quinn family. "Do you know who Sean is...?" Before Quill could finish speaking, he was interrupted by the waving of Jon's hand. "The Quinn family... So that's what happened.

"Old Master

Quinn, Levi Quinn, served in the army way back then. I heard that he held a very high status.

"Maybe this sword is something from the army? "We may not know much about the sword, but Mr. Yeast has an important position in the army

– he may recognize it." Jon squinted slightly and muttered his thoughts to himself.

He had actually made a very accurate guess regarding this matter.

"Ahem, most likely...

"Dad, then should I tell Uncle Jason the truth?" Quill coughed then raised his head and asked.

"Do you really wish to die? "You explained the 'origin' of this sword many times to him on the call. "If you change your words now, wouldn't you be granting yourself a slap across the face? "With Mr. Yeast's status, if he finds out

that you've deceived him repeatedly, do you not think he'll end up hating the entire Zimmer family?" Jon snorted coldly. The more he thought about it, the angrier he felt. Most of the soldiers in the army had straightforward and honest personalities.

Jason's character was especially so. He could not bear having dirt kicked into his eye. If he knew that Quill had fabricated facts to deceive him repeatedly, he would definitely be **furious**.

If that were to happen, the Zimmer family would certainly suffer. "Then... Then what should I do...?"

Quill was used to enjoying life and having fun. He was not good at making decisions regarding serious matters.

"Don't think too much about it. Maybe this thing just holds sentimental value for Mr. Yeast.

"Maybe this sword really is from their army days and was brought home by Old Master Quinn back then, Jon said after pondering for a while and waving his hand.

"Okay, Dad." Quill quickly nodded in response.

"How's the situation between you and Willow?" Jon pondered for a few moments before asking about that matter again. "The rest of the Quinn family are very pleased.

"But that Willow seems to be quite silly."

Quill could not help but get angry when speaking of this matter.

Willow did not want the power of the Zimmer family and insisted on staying with a cripple which Quill really could not comprehend.

Whenever he thought about the fact that he could not compete with a cripple, it made Quill feel extremely jealous.

“As long as you’re favored by Old Madam Quinn, do you still need to worry about being able to handle Willow?”

“It’s said that the Quinn family is very strict. If Old Madam Quinn forces Willow to do something, she’ll have no choice but to obey.”

“So, you should know what to do.”

“I’ll help you make this happen.” Jon reached up and touched his chin. A sneer of disdain flickered in his eyes.

Willow was indeed one of the most beautiful women in River City.

However, he was more focused on using Willow to take advantage of the Quinn family’s **property**.

“Didn’t you book the Riverleal Lakeside Hotel for the ninth?”

“On that day, you have to spread shockwaves throughout the entire city. Invite as many people as you can.”

“I’ll also try my very best to invite all the bigshots I know. “Then, with so many people watching, Willow will have to compromise whether she wants to **or not**.”

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“Unless she dares to stop caring about the Quinn family’s reputation.” Jon’s tone was very confident. “Don’t worry. I’ll do it right.”

When Quill said those words, they reassured Jon’s heart.

When Jon left, Quill slowly lit a cigarette.

“Damn it! Is it possible that those two things of Sean’s really have some sort of important history?”

With a cigarette in his mouth, Quill thought that it seemed like there was something more to this...

“Could it be that he had held some important position when he was in the army?” Quill frowned. People as simple-minded as he was would definitely not be able to understand the situation one bit.

Chapter 377 “Young Master Zimmer, I think you worry too much.” Quill’s ‘guard dog’ immediately stepped forward and said with a smile. “Young Master Zimmer, even if Sean had been a really capable person before... “That was only back then. Now he’s just a cripple stuck in a wheelchair. “How would he be able to compete with you now?” Quill could but nod upon hearing the young man’s analysis.

Those were the words that he liked to hear.

If the young man had said that Sean was someone important and prompted Quill not to provoke Sean, Quill would definitely slap him across the face and tell him to leave.

“You’re right. Even if Sean had been somewhat capable before, so what? “In the past, the Quinn family of River City didn’t even give two hoots about the Zimmer family!

“Now, ever since Old Master Quinn left, hasn’t the Quinn family business been going downhill? To the point that they’ve even tried to win my favor?” Quill took a puff of his cigarette, feeling exuberant. “Young Master Zimmer, you’re right!” The young man next to him, as Quill’s ‘guard dog’, knew very well what Quill liked to hear.

“Haha! They should know my IQ.1 “I’m in a good mood today. Let’s go and drink!”

Quill waved his hand and took the car keys as he walked right out the door.

River City army.

Located on the outskirts of the city, outside the outer ring.

In the Dragon Kingdom, the army had a very high status.

Therefore, in River City, the status of the River City army was very highly respected—or at least it seemed to be at surface level.

The people who were stationed here naturally shouldered the burden of the city’s harmony and stability .

Those in the army would not be casually dispatched on weekdays. It was no exaggeration to say that the River City army was like the mainstay of River City. They were the protectors of the entire River City! With them stationed on guard, there would certainly be little trouble in River City.

Jason Yeast, as the spokesman of the River City army, held an even more prestigious status. Once Jason hung up the phone with Jon, he made another call. “Commander, this is Jason Yeast speaking.” The moment the call connected, Jason immediately stood up and spoke in a very respectful tone.

If a person was being treated with such respect by Jason, the spokesperson of the River City army, you could only imagine who the person on the phone was. “How’s it going?” the person over the line asked in a very calm tone.

“Quill said he got it from a beggar. “But it’s already been more than a year, so he doesn’t remember the details very well.” Jason did not dare to cause offense, so he reported the truth through his cell phone. “What do you think?” the calm male voice over the phone asked again. “Commander, Quill might be a mischievous boy, but the Zimmer family wouldn’t have the guts to try to deceive me.” Jason pondered for a few seconds before replying. The person at the other end of the line fell silent after sounding acknowledgment. “Commander, are you certain that this is really something from the army?” Jason felt extremely curious and could not help but ask. “How could I be sure? “How could I be sure about something that I’ve never seen with my own eyes?” The calm male voice over the phone now sounded mildly helpless,

He was the commander, a status so honorable.

Even someone like Jason, who was in charge of managing the army, had to be polite with him. After all, he was still not a supreme soldier

in the army. There were still some things that even he was not qualified to be involved in. "I'm just guessing that this thing may have something to do with someone from that year.

"I wonder if you've heard about the turmoil of the Northwest army that happened two years ago?"

Upon hearing this, Jason could not help but frown. How could he not have heard of it? Two years ago, news had come from the Northwest army. The war that had ravaged the country had lasted for over a month—intending to expand the country's land.

In that battle, the enemy suffered heavy losses and was left frightened. They were forced to retreat back to their line of defense— not daring to take the lead. The national prestige of the Dragon Kingdom was called into question, and the morale of the soldiers was shaken.

That battle was enough to go down in history.

At the time, a sudden turmoil broke out within the Northwest army. The Northwest army, which had always been strictly disciplined, suddenly seemed to be without a leader. The chaos was incomparable.

Even orders from above were blatantly disobeyed. Jason and the others who guarded the territory had no idea what had been going on. However, no one dared inquire about what happened despite their curiosity. "Commander, why have you suddenly mentioned this now? "Could this sword have anything to do with the turmoil of that year?" Jason frowned slightly and asked over the phone.

"In the past, the Northwest army was commanded by Commander Lennon. "Now, it is led by Commander Luke." The middle-

aged man over the phone said those words with great weight to them. Jason frowned and pondered for a few moments before asking, "Commander, I think I understand what you mean... "So, do we serve under Commander Luke, or are we to answer to Commander Lennon?"

Chapter 378 It was clear that this question Jason had asked was not one he should be asking.

As soon as the question exited his mouth, he felt as if something was wrong. Despite the power he held, he was only someone who handled affairs—not someone who could make decisions!

How could he ask about the thoughts of the people who held positions above his?

Sure enough, the person at the other end of this line fell silent.

"Commander, my apologies. I was wrong..."

Jason took the initiative to admit his mistake and bowed slightly. "Okay. "I'll contact you again once I have confirmed the matter of this sword." The person on the other end of the phone nodded and hung up.

At night. In Willow's house.

"Mom, the food is ready," Willow shouted again as she sat at the table. "Okay, I'm coming." Fion sat in the living room and was about to stand up after hanging up the phone.

However, the phone rang again before she could take even two steps away. Fion picked up the phone and answered the latest call. "Oh, is it Lucy? Yes, we're home! Okay, no problem! "I'll see when Sean is free, yep!"

Ever since they returned from visiting the Golden Villa Garden, their phone had not stopped ringing

Fion's relatives had called one after another to ask if they were home. She was very flattered by their concern. When Fion first married into the Quinn family, these people had indeed been enthusiastic, but not nearly excessive as they were being now!

Later, when they learned that Fion was not welcomed in the Quinn family, they distanced themselves and gradually cut contact. Until today. Now, they had become more enthusiastic than they had ever been before. Ten years ago, people would respect a son because of his father. Then, ten years later, they would respect the father because of his son.

A son-in-law was considered a half son.

Sean and Willow had a marriage contract, so this matter was undeniable.

Now that Sean

had shown he possessed such powerful financial resources, how could the Wilson family dare to maintain the same attitude toward him as before?

"Whew!"

Fion took a breath, put down the phone, and looked at Sean—her eyes filled with mixed **emotions**.

Then, she walked to the table to have her meal without saying much.

"How is it? "Do you feel more respected now?" Kent, who held a bowl in his hand, was deliberately being sarcastic. "Hmph! Why? Did you earn me this respect?" Fion snorted coldly as she remained stubborn. "I may not be capable, but my son-in-law is. So what's the matter?" Kent swallowed a mouthful of rice and responded to Fion half-jokingly.

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"Dad!"

Willow blushed mildly as she lowered her head and said, "We're not married yet..."

Sean paused for a moment. He did not reply but merely continued to eat in silence.

Fion slowly turned her head and glanced at Sean. On any other day, she would definitely have grabbed Kent's seat to stop him from spouting any more nonsense. However, today's incident had really made her feel ecstatic. She was currently in a great mood. Therefore, she turned a blind eye to him on this occasion. "Willow, Sean.

"I rarely talk to you about much, but today I want to ask how you really feel in your hearts."

Kent drank some wine from the glass then looked at the two with his face flushed.

Willow and Sean both put down their knives and forks at the same time.

“What are you doing? Is there still not enough food for you to keep your mouth shut?” Fion said with a cold snort as she slammed the table.

—“You step aside. I’m talking about something serious.

“Speaking of which, we have all lived together for two years. “You two also know each other very well.”

When Kent said this, **he paused for a moment and turned to look at Fion.**

“So, if the both of them like each other, I guess...

Slap!

Before Kent could finish speaking, Fion threw her fork down on the table.

“You don’t even think about it!!”

Fion promptly waved her hand to interrupt Kent, her tone very domineering.

“What? When you said you wanted a car, Sean bought you a car! “When you said you wanted a house, Sean really bought you a ten million dollar villa. “Aren’t these enough?

“As a considerate human being, you shouldn’t be insatiable!” Kent rebutted Fion with a strong tone. “Do you think that having money is enough to cut it in this world?

“Putting aside whether it is or isn’t enough, Sean had made a bet with me back then.

“On the ninth, he would reserve the entire Riverleaf Lakeside Hotel to have a grand dinner with Willow!

“Those were his words. I want to see if he can really beat Quill at his own game!”

Fion snorted coldly as she mentioned this matter.

In Fion’s heart, despite Sean having shown his financial stability, he was still incomparable to Quill.

Perhaps Sean really did have some money. However, Quill was not only rich.

Given the level of power and the connections the Zimmer family possesses in River City, even the entire Quinn family did not dare to underestimate them.

To survive in society, having power was more important than having money. Unless Sean had enough money to rival the finances of an entire country! However, was that even possible?

Chapter 379 Kent was about to continue, but Sean cut him off by speaking first. “Okay, then wait for the ninth,” Sean calmly replied as he glanced at Willow.

Willow looked back at Sean, the depths of her eyes filled with mixed emotions.

She wanted to say something, but she was actually the one most caught in the middle.

Born in a family like the Quinn family, many people might envy her.

However, only she knew that there were still some things that she could not do.

“Let’s eat.”

Fion gestured with her hand, then did not say another word.

She intended on waiting until the ninth to see if Sean would still be able to maintain his stubborn attitude.

After dinner.

Sean sat in his room and performed special needle treatment on himself as usual. 2

Even he knew that given the current condition of his legs, the special needle treatment would have only minimal effects. However, he believed that if there was even a chance it might help, it would still be beneficial. After his treatment, Sean put away the silver needles, picked up his cell phone, and dialed a number.

Today, Lucy’s family, including Jeremy, had behaved fairly well..

Hence, Sean would not be ruthless. He would not kill them all for Willow’s sake.

“Hello, Mr. Lennon.”

The call connected and the voice of Jeremy’s boss, Hayden Luke, came over the line. He was the head of the government office in their jurisdiction.

“Mr. Lennon, I was just about to ask you to examine my body sometime soon. “The earlier the detected, the more opportunity there is for early treatment!” When Hayden received Sean’s call, it was of course necessary for him to first make small talk.

ILL

After greeting each other, Sean brought up a more serious matter.

“That Jeremy seems to have tanned a lot lately.”

When Sean said this, Hayden was momentarily stunned as he tried to understand what Sean meant.

“Uhm... I’ve noticed too. Should I instruct him to return to his indoor work?” Hayden pondered for a few moments before asking a tentative question in a soft voice.

“Okay.” Sean nodded slightly and Hayden of course agreed. Jeremy had relatively good work capabilities. However, Hayden would not tolerate him if he provoked Sean.

Since Sean had brought it up, it was an easy decision to restore Jeremy’s original position.

After hanging up, Sean reached out to open the small closet situated beside the bed.

In the closet, Sean’s clothes were neatly stacked—emitting the fragrance of laundry detergent. These small details were a clear representation of Willow’s care for Sean. Sean retrieved two sets of clean clothes then turned his wheelchair to leave the room. Willow was only able to help Sean with simple things such as washing his clothes. However, tasks such as taking

a shower were things Sean naturally had to do on his own. In this Quinn Residence, Fion and Kent's master bedroom was directly attached to a bathroom. There was another bathroom just outside, which was the only one Sean could use.

The light in the living room illuminated the area, but silence filled the air.

This was another thing Willow deliberately did. She figured it would be inconvenient for Sean to have to turn on the lights at night. Hence, she left the lights turned on. "They should all be asleep." Sean slowly turned his wheelchair, then

turned the door handle as he gently pushed it open. However, the moment the door had been pushed open, Sean's eyes widened and he was left stunned. In the bathroom, the back of a tall woman faced Sean. Sean could recognize Willow immediately just by looking at her back! In this instance, Sean was extremely shocked. As expected, Willow's movements stopped abruptly. She slowly turned around then looked behind her, dumbfounded.

Swoosh!

The two of them locked eyes. They were both frozen. The air was suddenly once again filled with an eerie sense of quiet... The room was now dead silent.

Chapter 380 "Bugger off!" Willow gritted her teeth tightly as she was utterly unable to keep calm,

"I didn't hear the sound of running water coming from in here—I thought there was no one inside.

"And the door wasn't locked, so I just..."

Sean could swear that this was certainly the first time in his life that he had ever explained something to someone in such a serious manner.

He was even more serious than when he had explained other matters to Willow before.

"I said bugger off! Didn't you hear me?!"

Willow was not currently in the mood to listen to Sean's explanation!

"L... No, I'll leave, but I have to explain..." "Bugger off! Go away!" Willow stepped forward and slammed the door shut.

"Phew!"

Sean and Willow both let out a heavy sigh at the same time on opposite sides of the door. They really did not want to have to experience the embarrassing situation that had just occurred another time.

"What's with the noise?"

"Who're you arguing with?" Fion frowned as she opened her bedroom door to look outside. "...Mom, it's nothing. I was watching a short video, the volume was rather loud..." Just as Sean's tongue was all tangled up, Willow explained the situation loudly through the bathroom door.

"Sean, Willow is taking a shower. What are you doing there?" Fion frowned as she looked at Sean, then immediately reprimanded him. Sean cleared his throat, also feeling that he was in the wrong. He went back to his room without saying a word. Willow, who was in the bathroom, listened to the movements

outside and let out a sigh of relief once again. Her eyes were filled with mixed emotions. Once, as Willow was chatting with Lexie, she half-jokingly mentioned that it would be a good idea to marry Sean.

Even though the fact that he was disabled and bound to a wheelchair remained.

At least that meant Sean would not be like other men, who would spend days away without returning home—right? This alone would provide a great sense of security. ‘Willow, what are you thinking? ‘You’re a bad person!

Willow suddenly shook her head. Her face was flushed and warm.

These thoughts in her mind made her feel mildly ashamed.

“Whew!”

Willow’s heart was pounding. She quickly took her shower and returned to her room to rest.

That night, she was destined to be plagued by insomnia.

The next day.

Jeanne District, River City—Jeremy’s workplace.

As the government office was under the direct jurisdiction of Jeanne District, this place naturally held a lot of power.