

Guardians 681

Chapter 681

“So **just** speak up and don’t hold back.”

Zander poured Harry a glass of water and sat down on the couch.

They had little contact these days to keep a low profile

Harry must have something to say if he purposely came here **to** see Zander

“Brother **Zander**, I...

“I don’t think I’m cut out **for** this.

“I won’t back down if you asked me to go out and kill the enemy, but I’m not comfortable being the general manager.

“Look at this suit. It’s not as comfortable as my camo clothing ”

Harry pulled at his fancy suit, his tone a little bitter

“The business world is just like a war zone. It’s pretty much the same thing.

Zander shook his head slightly, unable to suppress his smile

It indeed bothered Harry.

“Pretty much?”

“You have no idea how confused I **was** when they showed me financial statements and proposals.

Harry picked **up his** coffee cup and took **a sip**, sounding even more resentful.

“That’s why I hired Qamar.

“He has a clean background and was **a** soldier. He **once** started his own **company**, but his opponent tricked him and made **his** capital chain **rupture**, causing him to go bankrupt.

“He knows **more** about all things business than any of us. I hired him to help you.

“Over time, **you** can give him full control of the company when we trust him enough.

“We’ll never have the **risk of** a ruptured capital chain here so he can give it **a go**.

“**You** can relax by then.”

Zander put down his coffee **cup after** he finished speaking to Harry.

He and Harry were friends in River **City**, **so** there was no such thing as manner and status.

“**Alright.**”

Harry nodded and had to accept.

However, Harry took another **sip of his** coffee, moved his mouth, and went on saying, " **Brother Zander, I don't** understand. We...

"Forget it. Let's **not** talk about it."

Harry stopped talking **halfway through** the **sentence**.

"I know what you're trying **to** say.

"You wonder why the Commander is wasting **his** time in River City **when** he's recovered.

"**You think** he should find **a** way to return **to the** army, **get what's** his, **get** revenge on his enemies instead **of** doing business in River City and wasting **time, right?**"

Harry froze **slightly** as Zander spoke because **it** was exactly **what** he **wanted to** say.

He had **no idea** what Sean was up to.

Was he **doing** business **to** make money?

However, he would never **be short** of money **with** what Sean had accumulated.

What was the use **of** all the planning **to** start Reach For Will **Group?**

"**Brother Zander, you know** that the war **on the** frontier is worrying. No **one can** handle **it**.

"I **don't** understand why **we're** doing business **here when** we're supposed to be in battle.

"You have the **most contact** with **Brother** Sean. What is his plan?"

Harry ventured **to ask**, clenching **his** teeth **slightly**.

Instead of answering Harry's question right away, Zander pointed out **the** window.

Brother Sean had plans, **of** course.

"**But** before I answer your question, look at that **tree**."

Zander pointed **at a** tree **not far from** the window, **with** a flock of sparrows standing on its branches.

"Do you know why **sparrows** aren't worried that the branch **will** suddenly break when they **are** jumping about on it?"

Harry was stunned by Zander's question.

"They don't believe in **the** strength **of** the branches but their own wings."

Zander slowly withdrew **his** gaze, and Harry gradually **saw the** light when he heard that.

"**You** have to be tough to forge iron. It is better to seek oneself than to **seek others**."

With that said, Zander **paused** slightly for two seconds and asked again, "Who **do** you think Commander **can** seek now? Who would let **him** seek them?"

Harry could not **answer** the **question**.

“Let me **ask you again**. What keeps a **nation** running?”

Zander picked up **the** coffee pot and asked again.

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“What **sustains a nation...**”

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Harry froze a little before thinking with a frown.

“Are **the** people **and** the citizens.”

Harry said a few seconds later.

“**That’s right**.”

“But there **are** many different types of people.

“What sustains a country are businesses, **politics**, and the army!

“Large countries have heavy **troops to** protect themselves and their people.

“Top politicians make decisions about the **state**.”

“**Business magnates control** the economic lifeblood.”

Harry instantly understood and nodded his head as Zander said **this**.

“Brother **Sean** has lost **his** influence in the army.

“**Getting** involved in the business world **is** the most efficient and **quickest** way to **gain** influence.

“It’s also the only way we can take.”

Zander poured Harry more **tea**, sounding serious.

Sean was not short of money and could make Reach For Will **Group** expand and develop rapidly.

Given time, he could build a business empire.

“Could he do that in River City?”

Harry asked again after he understood.

“I don’t know.

“But Brother Sean said other cities can’t give him what he wants, but River **City can**.”

“He said **River** City might **be** small and inconspicuous among the countless cities of Dragon **Kingdom**”

“But you can make a **big splash if given** the chance.

“I **don’t** know what’s on his mind, but **I’ll** do whatever he says.

Zander picked up **the coffee cup, speaking in an earnest** tone.

“Brother **Zander**, I got it now.”

Harry nodded **heavily**, no longer as **frustrated** as before.

“Now, let’s go back to that topic.

“It’s not that Brother **Sean doesn’t want** to contact **his** old connections. **It’s** because he **can’t**.

“Again, you have **to be tough** to forge iron. How **can** people **respect** Brother **Sean if he has** nothing to offer?

“Speaking **of which**, I’ve seen a lot **of new things since I** returned **to** the civilian **world**.

“Look at this app. **It’s called** TikTok. I watch it when I’m free. 1

“Influencers **with** five million followers would never **hang out** with influencers **with** only **hundreds of thousands of** followers.

“Why **do**

you

think that is?”

Zander’s statement gave Harry an epiphany.

Both were at different **levels** and not in **the same circle**.

If Sean had to go to his adopted father’s old connection, it was no different than **begging**.

More importantly, it was unlikely anyone would want to offend Blaze, who was now a nine- star Commander, for him even **if** he begged.

“Brother Zander, I **got** it now!

Harry nodded his head heavily, all doubt dispelled.

“Do your job.

“**The Commander** has **never** let **us** down.”

Zander slowly got up and walked to the French window as he muttered to himself.

“Yes!”

Harry replied and got up to leave.

4 p.m.

Sean was looking at a file.

“Jason’s going to be **a tough nut to crack if** I want to deal with the Zimmer family.”

Sean mumbled to himself. It seemed he had to deal with Jason after **all**.

However, Sean had not figured out how he should take down **Jason**.

Just then, his phone rang.

The caller **ID** showed an unfamiliar number.

Sean hung up and continued to look through the file.

However, **the** number called him again seconds later.

Sean picked **up his** phone and pondered for two **seconds before** picking it up.

“Hello, is this **Mr** Lennon?”

“I’m a doctor **at** River City **People’s** Hospital I was Old Madam **Quinn’s** attending doctor the last **time** she **was sick**

The tone of the person at the other end of the line sounded a little panicked **They** identified themselves as **soon as** the line **got through**.

“**What’s the** matter?”

Sean was a little **confused**. ‘**Why** did the hospital call **me?**’

“Mr. Lennon, we **have** an emergency. An old lady has the same condition as Old Madam Quinn **last time** .

“None of the specialists in our hospital **can** do anything **about** it, **so...**”

The doctor’s voice was pleading.

“I don’t have time.”

Sean wanted to hang up without thinking after hearing that.

He **never** had the grand idea of practicing medicine **to help people**.

There **were so many** patients in the hospital every day that **he could** not save all **of them** even **if** they were to clone him.

“Mr. Lennon, wait! **Listen** to me first!

“The old lady isn’t an ordinary case. You have much to gain if **you** cure her!”

The doctor sounded **so** urgent as they clutched the phone and said.

“Haha.”

Sean felt like laughing when he heard that.

Why did they sound like he should rush over and treat her?

Even if she was not ordinary and was rich or powerful, what could she do if Sean refused to cure her?

It was ridiculous for the doctor to talk like that.

“That’s your **hospital’s** business.

"I have something to **do, so** I gotta hang up."

Sean shook his head and was about to hang up.

"I'll call my brother and tell him to come **back from** the army!"

Just then, a woman's voice rang suddenly.

Sean **paused when** he heard that.

"Mr. Lennon. **Are you** still there, Mr. Lennon?"

The doctor on the other end of **the** line asked **again as he seemed to** have walked into a quiet room. 7

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"**What's** going **on with the** old lady?"

Sean was silent for two seconds before **asking**.

"Mr. Lennon, **she has the** same **condition** as Old Madam Quinn.

"Her **son is serving** in the army, **so** he **can't** always be there **for** her. She's **already sick**, and her **missing** her son aggravated **her** condition.

"**If you don't** help her, she'll be dead in two days."

The **doctor's** tone had a deep resignation.

Sean was **slightly** silent before letting out **a sigh**.

He could ignore the rest.

However, he could not ignore the old lady.

Sean used to **be** a member of the army, and he could not just look away.

Even **if soldiers** did **not** share the same division, they were still comrades.

In Sean's **opinion**, the families **of these** soldiers deserved to **be taken** care of.

"I'll be right there."

With **that** said, Sean hung up, grabbed **his** car keys, and headed to the hospital.

River City People's Hospital. Outside **the** intensive care unit.

The doctor called Sean and waited anxiously in the **hallway**.

A man and **a** woman were **standing in the** doorway.

The woman seemed **to be** in her thirties, and her eyes were red and swollen from **crying**.

The man next to **her**, presumably her husband, was **softly** comforting her.

Besides that, several other medical experts were in a nearby **room**, discussing treatment plans.

“**What** should we **do**? What should we do?”

“**Is** there nothing your hospital can **do**?”

“Hurry and **save** my mother. My brother will thank you!”

The woman reached out **to** grab **one** of the **doctors’** arms as **he** said hoarsely.

However, several doctors **gently shook** their **heads** and sighed.

They were doctors, **not gods!**

There were diseases they could **not** cure and people **they** could not save.

“**Ms. Yeast**, take it easy.”

“I know a good doctor. **He** must **have a way**.”

Dr. Sutherland, **who** had called Sean, came forward **and** comforted softly.

“What nonsense **are** you talking about?”

An attending doctor immediately glared **at** Dr. Sutherland.

There **was** nothing the whole hospital **could** do, and Dr. Sutherland was talking nonsense.

How would they **explain** when **they failed to** save the old lady?

“Chief, last time Old...”

Dr. Sutherland was about to explain, but the attending doctor cut them off.

“Stop talking. We’re working on a treatment plan.”

The **attending doctor** frowned slightly. Though they said they were **working on a treatment plan**, they knew they were only comforting **themselves**.

The old **lady inside** was getting **worse**. She would **not live** another day.

They were **dragging their** feet, waiting for the old lady’s son to come back and see her one last time.

“Where **is** she?”

Just then, **a voice** came from behind them.

Sean asked Dr. **Sutherland** as he **walked** over.

“In there. Right in there.”

Dr. Sutherland did not **expect** Sean to be **so** quick. They hurriedly led Sean to the ward door.

“Stop! Who is **he**?”

The attending doctor immediately stopped them.

“Chief, I don’t **have** time to explain Old Madam **Yeast’s** condition to **you**. We **can’t** afford the delay!”

Dr. Sutherland clenched their teeth slightly, their voice a little impatient.

“I’m asking **you**, who is he?”

The attending doctor snorted coldly but **showed no** intention of stepping aside.

“**He’s the** doctor I found. **He** must **have a** way to cure Old Madam Yeast.”

Dr. Sutherland also knew that the attending doctor would not allow a stranger **to casually** examine patients, **so they** explained through **clenched teeth anyway**.

Several **doctors** around Dr. Sutherland could **not** help frowning when they said **this**.

How could a **twenty–**

something man like Sean have a way to handle something **specialists** like them were **stumped** with?

Was that a joke?

No one believed it. The woman **called Talia Yeast** shook her head **too**.

“**My last** name is **Lennon**.”

?

Sean glanced at the attending doctor and muttered.

“Lennon?”

The **attending** doctor was stunned **at** first. **Then** they could not help frowning.

There was lately a doctor with the last name Lennon **in River City**, **who** was known as Miracle Doctor **Lennon**.

Ordinary people **might** not know much about **this**, **but** medical professionals like them had heard about **him**.

Could it be the man before **them**?

“**Are you** sure?”

The attending **doctor** paused for a few **seconds**, **still** a little unconvinced.

However, Old **Madam Yeast’s** condition was urgent. If she was not treated **effectively**, **she** might not survive.

Why not make every possible **effort**?

“**I’ll have to see** it **to** find out.”

Sean did not speak too confidently.

“Ms. Yeast, why don’t we let Mr. Lennon **give it a try?**”

The attending doctor hesitated for a **few seconds** before **turning** around to **ask**.

“Try? Are **you using** my **mother** as a **guinea pig?**”

“**No!** I **disagree!**”

“Does he have a **medical license?** Does he have **clinical experience?**”

Talia pointed her **hand at Sean** and **shouted questions at** the doctor.

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Sean glanced at Talia **with a** poker face.

Sean

would **have walked** away **right** now if it **were** not for the **fact** that the son of the old lady in there was a soldier.

He **did not** reject healing and saving **people**, but **he** would **not actively** seek **to** do it.

Everything depended **on** fate.

He would **not** do anything if it was **not meant to** be.

“**Ms. Yeast, let** me be honest **with** you. Our hospital has no way **to** save Old Madam.

“**The last** time

Mr. **Lennon** intervened, **the** patient he treated had **the** same condition as Old **Madam Yeast**.

“So only Mr. Lennon could save your mother!”

Dr. Sutherland explained earnestly to Talia as they did **not** want to see Old Madam **Yeast’s condition** get **worse**.

Talia was silent for nearly half a minute **before** she looked up again.

“Okay! I’ll give **you a chance** to cure her.

“**If you** can cure her, I’ll give **you** money or anything you want!

“But if you **make** my mother sicker, **I’m not** gonna let you get away with this!”

Talia **clenched** her teeth and looked intently at Sean.

“Severe brain disease. There are only minutes left to heal her.

“**Keep** talking **nonsense**. I’m in no hurry.”

Sean looked at his watch and said indifferently.

“You!”

Talia was furious.

Dr. Sutherland did not have time to say that much. They opened the **door** and **let Sean** in alone.

“Mr. Lennon, everything you might need is ready for you.

“Let me **know** if you need anything else.”

Dr. Sutherland closed the door and waited outside after sending Sean into **the** hospital ward.

“**What** do **you** mean?”

“Did you just let him **go** in by **himself**?”

Talia’s eyes widened again **at the** sight of it.

“Ms. **Yeast, please wait for a while.**”

Dr. Sutherland had no time to explain much **to Talia**. They stood at the **door** and waited.

“I’m telling **you**. No one could get away with **this** if something happened to my mom!”

Talia clenched her **teeth** and pointed at **the crowd as** she shouted.

Even though she **agreed** to let Sean treat Old Madam **Yeast**, she did not have much hope for **Sean**.

In the ward.

After checking Old **Madam Yeast’s** pulse, Sean **raised** his hand and parted her eyelid.

Old Madam Yeast had no idea of any of this. **She had fallen** into a severe coma.

Sean already knew **what was** going on after **taking** her pulse.

“**Missing** him is **inevitable**, but you should be even more proud.

“He dedicated his life to protect everyone and his **country**.

“You should be proud of him.”

Sean **sterilized** the silver needles as he whispered.

Old Madam **Yeast**, who had fallen into a **severe** coma, moved her head slightly as if she had heard Sean.

Swoosh!

The silver needle glimmered as it penetrated the acupoints accurately.

“**He’s** luckier than I am.

“**At least he has** an old mother to look forward to.

“**No** one worries about me, and no **one** will be proud of me.”

Such ideas could not help appearing **in** Sean’s head, **but** he quickly got rid of them.

Swoosh!

Swoosh!

Nine silver needles of **varying** lengths were quickly inserted into specific acupoints.

Boom!

Sean flicked his fingers, and the nine needles trembled as if pulled together by an **invisible thread**.

Then Sean reached out to **put** his thumb **on one** side **of** Old Madam Yeast's head and **massaged**

1. it.

If a doctor had been in the ward, they would have been so shocked **that** they could not **say a word**.

A **monitor** nearby showed that Old Madam **Yeast's** soaring intracranial pressure was slowly **subsiding**.

As time ticked by, **it** was almost down to normal.

It was a **medical** miracle.

Medical doctors local and abroad would **be** so shocked that their jaws would drop.

It was impossible in **the** medical world to do this without **a** craniotomy.

Sean was doing **the** impossible **casually**.

Time ticked by.

Half an hour had **passed** in the **blink** of **an** eye.

Talia and the rest waiting outside **grew** more anxious.

"No! I'm **going in**."

Talia stepped forward **and** was **about** to push the door **open**.

"**Ms. Yeast**, Mr. Lennon doesn't like to be disturbed during his **sessions**."

"Why don't you wait a little while longer?"

Dr. Sutherland immediately **stopped** Talia from entering.

"Wait? Wait any longer, and my mother will be gone!"

"I must be a fool to believe someone you found randomly."

"Get out of the **way!** It's my mother in there, and I have the right to enter!"

Talia reached out to push Dr. Sutherland away. She desperately tried to get in.

Thud!

Just then, the door opened from the inside, and Sean stepped out.

Swoosh!

Everyone froze.

“Mr. Lennon, what... what’s the matter?”

Dr Sutherland asked in a panic as they went forward immediately.

“**Her** condition **was** severe, but not anymore.

“She’s okay now.”

Sean waved his hand, ready to leave.

“Stop right **there!**

“**It’s** not up to you to decide whether my mom is okay!”

Talia called out to Sean before following the other doctors into the ward.

Old Madam Yeast was **still** in a coma

However, she looked better.

“Hess’ This **This This This**

The attending doctor suddenly **gaped and** pointed at **the** monitoring device with a trembling finger

“Well? How’s my mom?”

Talia frowned and asked.

“**Old Madam Yeast’s** intracranial **pressure has returned** to normal.

“**Her indicators are** stable. Her... her intracranial hydrocephalus has **been** relieved!

“**How** did he do it?

“**It’s... it’s a miracle!**”

The attending **doctor** could **not** help exclaiming in marvel.

“What? **Really?** Is this true?”

Talia widened her eyes and exclaimed in disbelief.

“**Now,** can I **go now?**”

Sean asked indifferently after glancing at Talia.

“**Ah... You... You... I...**”

Talia’s face turned red, and her heart filled with mixed feelings.

Sean shook his head slightly and headed **out** of the ward.

At the same time.

Two modified Hummers **raced** up to the **hospital** gate.

The special license plates **on them caused** security to open the gate.

Screech!

Six uniformed youths instantly dismounted after **the two** cars had stopped.

A middle-aged man with a stern expression got off the car hastily.

The man **was River** City Garrison Sergeant Major Jason.

Chapter **685**

What was a **garrison sergeant** major?

Soldiers would be stationed **outside some important cities and suburbs**.

Their job **was** to protect the **peace**.

Underworld kingpins like Flint would be punished **if** they offended the authorities.

Things could **escalate** if

he fought back, or if **River** City's departments could not **take** him **down** fast enough.

The **matter would** be handed **over** to the soldiers by then.

Therefore, a **city garrison** was a calming **presence**.

No one dared **to** do anything with them around.

The **so-called** garrison **sergeant** major was the top **commander** of this troop.

You could **imagine** how important **Jason** was.

The Zimmer family could develop rapidly because **of Jason**.

With Jason's status, he could support anyone he wanted with **just** one word.

However, he could **not** help the Zimmer family too much. After all, **his** identity **was** sensitive. If **someone** **found** something against him, he would be finished.

However, **it** was enough **for** the Zimmer **family** to make a fortune only by giving them some information **that** others could **not** get even if he did not know publicly help the Zimmer family.

With the Zimmer family's power, some cooperation's could never touch them.

However, the Zimmer family would get special treatment from big companies if Jason **gave** them a hint.

Jason had been in the army for a long time and did not mingle in **River** City, **so** not many people knew him.

However, those who knew him were respectful to him.

"Sir, Old Madam is in the intensive care unit."

A young man in uniform with a steely **expression** reported to **Jason**.

Jason nodded and picked up his pace **again**.

Sean **had already** left Old Madam **Yeast's** ward **by** now.

Dr. **Sutherland followed** him.

"Mr. Lennon, you... you're so impressive!

"If you can use your medical skills in our hospital..."

Dr. Sutherland was so **excited** that they instinctively wanted to make Sean an offer.

However, they **quickly closed their** mouth mid sentence.

Everyone

had their **own** ambitions. Sean did not **want** to sit in the hospital and give medical **aid, so they** did not want to talk much about it.

"Go home. I have something to do."

Sean said casually **as** he stepped out.

"Mr. Lennon, don't **you** wanna **wait** here?"

"Old Madam **Yeast's** son is said to be important in the army.

"He'll be very grateful to you for curing his mother.

"So why don't you wait?"

Dr. Sutherland said it for **Sean's** benefit..

After all, knowing an army bigshot was a great thing.

You needed connections most to survive **in** society.

If Sean could hold on to that connection, he would be making rapid advances in life!

At least no one in River City dared to mess with him.

"No thanks."

Sean frowned slightly.

He must not make contact with anyone from the army until he was ready.

He should take one step **at a** time.

If he reached **out to the** wrong **person** ahead of **time**, it would disrupt Sean's plans or **even** derail them.

He was well aware **of** the power of that position.

Blaze wanted to kill Sean, and it was as easy as killing an ant.

With that in mind, Sean slowly stopped walking.

“I need you to keep my **identity** secret.”

Sean **spoke sternly as** he looked at Dr. Sutherland with authority in his **eyes**.

“Well... Okay! I know what to do.”

Dr. Sutherland froze for a second **before** nodding in **reply**.

“**You don’t have to see me to the door.**”

Sean reached out to stop Dr. Sutherland and **whispered**.

“Yes! **By the way**, Mr. Lennon, **has** Old Madam Yeast recovered?”

“**Does** she need any **medication?**”

Concerned about their patient, Dr. Sutherland asked **about** Old Madam Yeast’s condition again.

“No.

“I have to do **it again** if we want to get rid **of** the **disease.**”

Sean pondered **before** saying while straightening **his** clothes.

“**Again?**”

“**Well**, Mr. Lennon, when is **that gonna be?**”

Dr. Sutherland froze slightly **before** quickly asking.

“Not **now**.”

“**As** a doctor, **you** should know that we could only identify some diseases at **their** onset.

“Then only can you begin to cure **them**.”

“So **let’s just** wait.”

Sean said before walking slowly into the elevator.

Dr. Sutherland froze for **a few** seconds before understanding what Sean meant.

Since Sean asked to wait, it meant he was still willing to help out.

In that case, Dr. Sutherland had nothing to worry about.

Downstairs.

Jason and his crew were waiting anxiously **at the** elevator entrance.

“**What** floor is Old Madam on?”

Jason checked **the** time and asked through gritted teeth.

“**Sir, she’s** on the eighth floor.”

Jason abandoned the idea of taking the stairs when **a** young man told him what floor she was

Ding!

The elevator **finally** reached **the** first floor, and Jason and the **rest** were about to **enter** it.

Just then, **a** casually dressed young man with **a** calm expression slowly stepped out.

Jason and the young man instantly met each other's eyes.

Then they both narrowed their **eyes** and sized up each other quickly.

Chapter 686

The **young** man was none other than **Sean**.

Sean's eyes narrowed slightly and moved subconsciously, landing on Jason's shoulders, chest, and soles of his feet momentarily.

Jason, who **was** utterly anxious, subconsciously stepped aside and let Sean go first.

Sean withdrew his gaze, calmly stepped out, and nodded.

Jason immediately led his crew into the elevator and pressed the floor number.

However, Jason turned around to look at Sean after entering the elevator.

Sean had a steady gait, and he could feel a pair of eyes watching him from behind him.

However, he never turned **around**.

"He **had** removed his epaulet and badge number.

"But he did not change out of his custom made army boots!"

Sean mumbled to himself **as** he walked.

He did not know who the person was, but they both felt **a** sense of familiarity with each other.

It was the kind of aura that could only be forged through battle.

He was at least a lieutenant in the army.

The elevator.

"**Whew!**"

Jason **let** out **a** breath **as** the elevator doors closed slowly.

He took out a paper towel and wiped the **sweat** from his forehead.

"What's **wrong, Sir?**"

A young man **next** to **Jason** noticed something wrong with him.

"I'm **alright.**"

Jason wiped away his sweat. **How** could he **tell his** subordinates what was **on his** mind?

He made way for Sean not **out** of politeness.

It was more like instinct.

He did not want to admit it, but he had **to** admit that the young **man's** aura intimidated him!

It felt like a beast meeting the king of **beasts**, submitting **subconsciously**.

Jason had no **idea** where the **feeling** came **from**, but that **moment was so** vivid in his mind.

It puzzled him.

Jason was a **garrison** sergeant and **had participated** in numerous wars.

He could not believe **someone could subdue his** aura.

Besides, that person was only a young **man** in his **20s**, and that shocked Jason.

"River City's really something!"

Jason took a couple of deep breaths to adjust his mood before stepping out of the elevator and **going straight to the** ward.

The ward.

Several specialists were giving Old Madam **Yeast** a full **body examination**.

The more they checked, the more shocked they were.

"This.... this is a miracle!

"What did he do to get the hydrocephalus absorbed so quickly?"

That **attending** doctor could not **stop** exclaiming in wonder.

Talia had no medical knowledge. She only knew **that** Old Madam Yeast was now much better, and that was enough.

"Excellent. Excellent!"

Talia's face **was** full of excitement, and her heart filled with gratitude for Sean.

"Talia, how's Mom?"

Just then, **Jason pushed** the door open and entered. The people he brought waited outside.

"Brother, you're back!

"You're finally back. I was scared to death!"

Although Talia was **in** her thirties, she still behaved like **a little girl in front of** Jason. **She** hugged Jason and began to cry.

"I'm sorry.

"I can't leave my post at will."

Jason gritted his **teeth** slightly with a **guilty look on** his **face**.

"I know you have important tasks. Mom and I understand.

"**Mom's** alright now. The... the **man** cured Mom."

Talia wiped her eyes and quickly explained to **Jason**.

"The **man**?"

Jason was a little confused.

'Didn't the hospital cure Old **Madam**?'

Jason frowned **slightly** and went to Old Madam Yeast's hospital bed and reached out to take **her** hand without thinking **much**.

Two seconds **later**, Jason fell **to** his knees.

"Mom, I was unfilial. I almost..."

Jason gave a long sigh. It was **difficult** to be **both** loyal and filial since ancient **times**. In this position, he **could** not **be** around his family **all the time**.

Dr. Sutherland and the **rest** did not **speak**

They **could tell** that **Jason** was a **good** son.

However, he had **to remain** by his post.

"Brother, **the** hospital told me Mom was critical. She almost..."

Talia stepped forward and gently helped Jason to his **feet**. "**Whew!**

"I want to thank whoever cured my **mother**."

Jason got **up**, exhaled, and turned to **look at** the **crowd**.

Several doctors, including Talia, looked at Dr. Sutherland in unison.

Sean was already gone, and only Dr. Sutherland knew Sean's identity.

Jason immediately walked up to Dr. Sutherland **and** held out his palm to thank them.

"Well... **it wasn't** me, Mr. **Yeast**. **It's** someone **else** who cured Old Madam."

Chapter 687

Dr. Sutherland shook his head. Sean told him to keep it a secret.

However, Talia and the rest **witnessed** Sean curing Old **Madam** Yeast.

Dr. Sutherland **could not take credit** for it even **if he wanted** to.

"Oh? **Who is it**?"

Jason froze **slightly** and turned his head to look at the specialists.

Talia went up to Jason before looking at Dr. Sutherland.

“Brother, **that** man seems to have the **last** name Lennon.

“He **is** Dr. Sutherland’s friend. Dr. Sutherland brought him.

“But he **left** after curing our mom without asking for any money.”

Jason nodded and asked as he looked at Dr. Sutherland.

“**Dr.** Sutherland, who is Mr. Lennon?”

Dr. Sutherland shook his head.

“I don’t know.”

“**Isn’t** he your friend? How could you not know?”

Talia panicked. She wanted to thank Sean and also apologize to him.

“I knew by chance that **he’s** skilled in medicine.

“But I don’t know who he is. I don’t even know anything else about him.”

Dr. Sutherland shook his head and said with a stern expression.

The crowd looked at each other, speechless.

Was **this** Mr. Lennon an anonymous do-gooder?

“Don’t you have his number?”

“Call him and tell him my brother wants **to** see him.”

Talia thought for a moment before speaking to Dr. Sutherland.

“Well...”

Dr. **Sutherland** froze. He could not explain it.

After **all**, he did **call Sean** over.

Jason frowned **slightly and** glanced **at** Dr. Sutherland with **a** flicker of doubt in his **eyes before** showing **a** meaningful **expression**.

However, **Jason** said nothing but waited for Dr. Sutherland’s answer.

“Okay, I’ll call Mr. **Lennon**.”

Dr. Sutherland nodded before walking out the door, holding **his** phone.

However, **he soon** walked back

“I can’t **get through** to **him**.”

Dr. Sutherland was obviously **lying**, so **his** face **was** flushed.

Jason saw **this** and nodded thoughtfully again.

It seemed **Mr.** Lennon did not want **to** talk to **people!**

“Then give me his phone number, and I’ll contact him **later.**”

Talia thought for **a moment** before taking out **her** phone.

“**Ms. Yeast**, don’t put me **in** a spot.

“Mr. Lennon would be upset if I did **that.**”

Dr. Sutherland gritted his teeth slightly and shook his head in **resignation.**

Speechless, Talia pointed at Dr. Sutherland.

“You! How could you be so **inflexible?**”

“That’s enough! Let’s go out and talk.”

Jason glanced at Old Madam Yeast, who was resting on the hospital bed before leading **everyone** out of the ward.

“**Brother**, look up **this** Mr. Lennon.

“He must have a reputation in River City **for** having such good medical skills.

“This **is** our mom’s savior. We **must** thank him **in** person.

“And I was... rude when I spoke **to him**. I wanted to apologize to him in person.”

Talia ended her speech with **a** slight blush.

However, Jason shook his head.

He was not going to do that.

“**How’s** your mom, Mr. **Yeast?**”

Just then, another **group** of **people** came down the corridor.

Jon led the **way**, followed **by** several bodyguards **in** black, who also looked in a hurry.

Jason frowned slightly when he saw Jon.

It was inappropriate for him to have too much contact with Jon.

However, **come** to think of it, the Zimmer family was related **to their** family, **so** they could not keep the m from visiting Old Madam **Yeast**.

“**She’s** alright now.”

Jason waved his hand slightly and **was** lukewarm **toward** Jon.

“That’s great! That’s great!

“I came **over** as soon **as I** heard about it.

“I was thinking of getting Old **Madam** a specialist.”

Jon let **out a breath, not** forgetting **to** get on **Jason’s good** side.

“Mr. Zimmer, thank **you.**”

Jason nodded slightly, **trying to** be **polite.**

He was **actually upset.**

Jason’s hometown was not here, and his family did not live in River **City previously.**

However, **Jason** was **assigned** to **River** City’s army, and **Jon** happened to be here.

Therefore, Jason was brought here in the name of relatives helping each other.

While Jason was away, Jon **took** care of his family.

It was **why** Jason helped the Zimmer family.

It was kind **of** a quid pro quo.

However, Jon often neglected to check up on Old Madam Yeast, which upset him.

Old Madam was old and could **get** sick easily. **In** a way, Jon had failed **her.**

However, **it** was a little too **shameless** that **he only came** over after Old Madam had already **been** in the hospital for so long.

Jon could also see **that** Jason was upset and **immediately** apologized with an obsequious **smile.**

“That’s enough.

“Luckily, my mother was able to get cured.”

Jason waved **his hand** slightly, not wanting to hear Jon **speak.**

“Someone?”

Jon followed up on Jason’s question.

Talia thought for a moment before immediately looking **at** Jon and asking.

“By the **way, Mr. Zimmer, you’re from River City, so** you should know that person.

“There’s a miracle doctor surnamed Lennon in River City with extraordinary medical skills. Do **you** know him?”

“A miracle doctor?”

Jon paused **at** that.

He did hear about a Miracle Doctor Lennon these **days**.

However, he did not pay much attention to it, **even** thinking they were brainwashed.

Judging from **Jason's** statement now, Miracle Doctor Lennon cured Old Madam **Yeast**?

"Yes, a miracle doctor, and he's young."

Talia nodded and looked at **Jon expectantly**.

Jon touched **his** forehead **and** suddenly recalled something.

Quill had

told him that Sean had become **friends** with Larson Pharmaceuticals because Sean had cured **Old Master** Larson.

Sean had medical **skills**, the last name Lennon, and was **as young** as Talia had said.

"Could it be him?"

Jon **mumbled** in shock.

"Who is it?"

Jason asked **as** he looked **up** quickly.

Chapter **688**

Talia and the rest also looked at Jon.

Jon froze instantly, and many ideas flickered in his mind.

What if it **was Sean**?

Jon knew perfectly well **how filial** Jason was.

If Sean just saved his mother, Jason would consider Sean as his savior

In **that case**, Sean would have gotten **Jason** on his side.

"Speak!"

Jason immediately frowned at Jon's silence.

"Mr. Yeast, I did hear some rumors about a miracle doctor in River City

"But I haven't had any contact with that man either. I'll ask around for you when I get back."

Jon immediately nodded and said after recomposing himself

"Oh..."

"

Talia shook her head slightly.

Jason stared at Jon for a few seconds and only slowly withdrew his gaze from Jon when he became uncomfortable.

“There’s **no** need to **ask** around.”

Jon **felt his** heart sink when Jason said this.

Did Jason already know who he was?

“It’s fine, Mr. Yeast. You don’t have to do anything. **I’ll** have someone look into it.”

Jon quickly waved his hand and said **obsequiously**.

“I said there’s no need to ask around.”

Jason stared at **Jon** and frowned **slightly**.

“**Yes!**”

Jon immediately nodded, not daring to say another word.

“**Brother**, come here.”

Talia glanced at Dr. Sutherland and headed off into the distance.

After they had walked a **long distance** and made sure **that** no one could hear **them**, **they slowly stopped**

.

“Brother, why do **I get** the **feeling that** Dr. Sutherland is trying **to** hide something from us?”

‘He must **know something** about Mr. Lennon.’

Talia lowered her **voice**. She **sounded confident**.

“**Yes.**”

Jason **slightly** nodded too.

He could **see what Talia** could **see** too.

“**So let’s** look **into** it ourselves, Brother.

“I just checked. There are surveillance cameras in **this** hospital.

“**If you get** someone **to** deliver us **a copy of** the surveillance footage, you’ll find Miracle Doctor Lennon in **no time.**’

Talia wanted to bypass Dr. Sutherland and ask Jason to find Sean with his connections

However, **Jason** shook his head **again** after hearing what Talia said.

“Brother, you’re too inflexible. With your identity, say one word, and they’ll help you out

“You’ll have no trouble finding anyone in River **City**”

Talia thought Jason did not want to use his privileges, so she was upset

“Talia, why do you think Dr. Sutherland hid it from us?”

Jason patted Talia on the shoulder to calm her down.

“Why?”

“Well... Did Mr. Lennon **put** him up to it?”

Talia thought about it. The more she thought about it, the more it was likely.

“Does he not **want** us to find out who he is?”

“Why? Or is he hiding from you because he knows who are?”

you

“Brother, you don’t think this guy’s some fugitive, do you? Is that why **he’s** afraid to talk to people in the army?”

The idea flashed through Talia’s mind.

Jason frowned slightly as he glanced at Talia.

“Whoever he **is**.

“Since he made such arrangements, it means he doesn’t want us to know who he **is**.

“We have **to** respect his opinion. He is our mom’s savior after all.”

Jason was silent for two seconds before speaking **in** a serious tone.

It **was what** Jason decided. Since Mr. Lennon did not want **to** make contact with them, he had **to respect** him and not push **him**.

“But Brother, don’t you have a duty to **catch him if he’s a** fugitive or something?”

Jason fell silent again as soon as **Talia** said this.

Although soldiers’ duty **was not to catch** criminals, they were also obliged **to** help them solve **some cases**.

Therefore, Talia **was not wrong**.

However, Jason shook **his head after** all.

“Even if he’s **a fugitive**...”

“**Well, I’ll** pretend **I don’t** know.

“Whether he **gets** caught is the government’s **problem**.”

Jason frowned and said what **was** on his mind.

Talia looked **at** Jason in surprise. She did **not** expect Jason to practice **favoritism**.

“Brother, you’re doing your superiors wrong by doing that.”

Talia bit **her** red lip slightly as she said that.

“But I can’t have our mom’s savior arrested and put in prison, can I?”

Jason looked up, widened her eyes **at** Talia, and let **out** a low growl.

To **a** dutiful son like him, saving his mother’s life was a huge gesture.

There was no way he **would** arrest his family’s savior and send him to prison.

“I see.”

Talia quickly lowered her head when she saw that **Jason was upset**.

“Let’s leave the matter at that.

“There must be a reason why he doesn’t want to see us.

“Let’s talk about it later.”

Jason **waved** his hand before shouting to Dr. Sutherland.

Watching Dr. Sutherland walk toward Jason, Jon was uneasy.

He was genuinely afraid that Sean was the one **to** cure Old Madam Yeast.

If that were true, Sean would have a big backer from now on.

There was no way they could lay a hand on **Sean** again.

Chapter 689

“Mr. Yeast.”

Dr. Sutherland walked up to Jason and greeted him softly.

“Dr. Sutherland, you don’t have to be nervous.

“I called you here to help me thank Mr. Lennon.

“If Mr. Lennon ever encounters any problem, contact my sister. I’ll do my best to help!”

Jason said earnestly to Dr. Sutherland.

“Okay, got it.”

Dr. Sutherland nodded gently. He had no idea how much commitment he was getting from Jason.

“By the way, Mr. Yeast...”

Dr. Sutherland hesitated to tell them about Old Madam Yeast’s illness.

Sean said Old Madam Yeast’s illness had not been fully cured. She needed another treatment.

However, they had to wait until the onset of symptoms before she could be cured.

However, Dr. Sutherland found it inappropriate as the words got to the tip of his tongue.

Jason and his sister would be worried and unable to proceed with their lives if they told them.

Sean was going to help anyway, so it was best not to tell them for now.

“What’s the matter?”

Jason looked at Dr. Sutherland in confusion.

“Mr. Yeast, Mr. Lennon said you’ll meet again.”

Dr. Sutherland weighed his words and spoke.

“Really?”

Jason could not help freezing a little.

However, he quickly came to his senses and nodded lightly.

It was not long before Old Madam Yeast woke

1. up.

However, she fell asleep again after a few minutes.

Several specialists examined her and told Jason it was normal.

Jason and his sister were finally relieved.

“Talia, take good care of Mom.

“Call me if you need anything.

“I have to go.”

Jason checked the time and spoke through gritted teeth.

“Okay!”

Talia was a little reluctant, but she still nodded sensibly.

“Come here.”

Jason glanced at Jon before leaving.

Jon followed obediently without hesitation.

“Mr. Yeast, don’t worry.

“I’ll take good care of them.

“It’s because the nanny I hired didn’t get the message to me in time this time.

“So I came a little late.”

Jon followed Jason and mentioned it himself.

He was uneasy.

The more Jason said nothing, the more unsure he became.

“Yeah, thank you for your effort.”

Jason looked calm and did not seem to blame Jon.

After all, outsiders were not obligated to help him take care of his mother.

“So, is everything okay in River City these days?”

Jason asked casually before stepping into the car.

“Mr. Yeast, speaking of which, something did happen.

“There’s a new company in River City called Reach For Will.

“It’s rich, bold, and brazen. It’s vaguely trying to become the head of River City’s business world.

“A lot of companies are upset with them. And for some reason, they kept picking on the Zimmer family.”

Jon weighed his words and reported to Jason what had happened recently as simply as possible.

“They’re picking on the Zimmer family?”

Jason frowned slightly.

“Yes! They’ve been picking on us.”

Jon nodded without asking Jason directly for help.

It was because he knew that he did not have to say much when talking to big shots like Jason.

He would set the record straight, and it was up to Jason to help and decide how to help.

“I see.”

Jason nodded and stepped into the car.

“Mr. Yeast, take care.”

Jon nodded and saw him off, feeling happy.

Jason did not reject right away. That meant he was going to help.

With Jason’s identity, any word from him was enough to trouble Reach For Will Group.

“Haha, Reach For Will Group. Just wait and see!

“Do you think that the Zimmer family is as easy as the Quinn family?”

Jon sneered and prepared to get into the car to leave.

He would have someone else look after Old Madamn Yeast. He got a lot on his plate, so he would not stay around.

As soon as Jon got into the car, the phone in his bag rang.

“Mr. Zimmer, we’ve looked into it.

“Sean is indeed related to Reach For Will Group.

“Sean was also the interviewer for the interview you mentioned.”

The

person on the other end of the line reported as soon as the line connected.

“What?

“It’s true?”

Jon clenched the steering wheel, his brow furrowed.

‘Sean’s involved with Reach For Will Group?’

After leaving the Quinn family, Sean had no background in River City.

How did he get involved with Reach For Will Group?

“Even *if* he knows Homer, who was Homer to talk to Reach For Will Group?”

The more Jon thought about it, the less he understood it.

Larson Pharmaceuticals was well known in River City.

However, they were nothing against the behemoth—Reach For Will Group.

Therefore, there was no way Homer introduced Sean to Reach For Will Group.

“Mr. Zimmer, I don’t think it’s a big deal that Sean works for Reach For Will Group. “My friend’s aunt is also a cleaner there.”

The young man on the other side of the line continued to speak.

Chapter 690

“I see.

“Let’s leave this one at that.”

Jon put his phone down with a sneer flickering in his eyes.

Jason was going to help them take on Reach For Will Group.

Sean only worked for Reach For Will Group. So what if he knew the owner of Reach For Will Group?

No one could resist Jason.

—

7 p.m.

Willow left the office and headed to Old Madam Quinn's residence after finishing work

Simon and Faye came to tell Willow that Old Madam Quinn needed her.

Willow dared not disobey.

Willow soon arrived.

Old Madam Quinn was already waiting at home.

To Willow's surprise, Samuel and the rest were not around today.

Willow was relieved.

It was because they would always gang up on Willow whenever they were around.

Willow was relieved that they were not around.

"Grandma, you wanted to see me?"

Willow greeted Old Madam Quinn as soon as she entered.

"Willow, you're here. Have a seat."

Old Madam Quinn waved her hand, and the maid immediately offered Willow a cup of tea.

Willow took it politely and sat down in a chair.

"Are there any further problems in the company?"

Old Madam Quinn asked as she smiled at Willow.

"No.

"Grandma, Mr. Clarke kept his word. They've stopped targeting our company."

Willow shook her head and truthfully reported the situation of Quinn Corporation.

"Good' Nice.

"They must know about the Quinn family's background.

"So they won't push us too hard even if you don't talk to them.

"They just played along when you happened to see them."

Old Madam Quinn said casually as she picked up the teacup.

"Grandma..."

Willow frowned slightly at that. Old Madam Quinn was denying Willow's efforts!

She did not care about the credit, but what she did care about was that she could have more say in the Quinn family with it.

“Stop. I know what I’m doing.”

Old Madam Quinn waved her hand slightly and interrupted Willow.

“Alright.”

Willow had always been obedient to her alders, so she could only nod in resignation.

“By the way, I heard Sean has some contact with Reach For Will Group?”

Old Madam Quinn took a sip from the teacup and asked seemingly intentionally.

“It seems he does.”

Willow thought for a moment before nodding

Sean was sitting in Harry’s office when she went to talk to Harry.

Willow had no idea what Sean and Harry said to each other.

However, it was true that they had contact with each other.

“Why are they in touch with each other?”

“Businessmen value profits above all else. And Reach For Will Group won’t engage in meaningless social networking.

“Sean has no background or identity in River City. There’s no way he could be friends with Reach For Will Group, could he?”

Old Madam Quinn spoke tactfully.

What she really wanted to convey was that Sean’s identity was not good enough to be in touch with Reach For Will Group.

“Grandma, I don’t know. I haven’t talked to Sean.”

Willow shook her head and whispered back.

“Good! It’s best that you have no contact with him.

“Now that he no longer has anything to do with the Quinn family, we’ll stop talking about him.

“Whether he’s doing well has nothing to do with the Quinn family. I asked you here today to talk about you.”

Old Madam Quinn put down the teacup and looked earnestly at Willow.

“Me?”

“Grandma, what about... me?”

Willow froze and put down her teacup

“A man should get married
on coming of age, and so should a woman You are old enough to get married.

“Sean put you off, and now that you have nothing to do with him, it can’t wait any longer.

Old Madam Quinn said what she wanted without beating around the bush

“Grandma, I have no intention of doing that for the time being, so...”

Willow was about to refuse when Old Madam Quinn stopped her.

“I know what you think.

“But you ought to marry when you are old enough.

“You won’t have many suitors when you are in your thirties.

“Do you want me to die with regret?”

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Old Madam Quinn frowned slightly with some sternness in her voice

“Grandmother, nonsense. You’re healthy.”

Willow answered quietly with some resignation.

“You ought to be married whether I’m healthy

“Most importantly, you know that the Quinn family’s issue is still unresolved even though Reach For Wil
I Group stopped targeting the Quinn family.

“Simon is the only legitimate descendant among the three generations of the Quinn family

“I do value him, but I also know that Simon isn’t business material, and the Quinn family will fall even fur
ther with him.

“The Quinn family needs a boost and some fresh blood.

“So I’ve decided to find you and Faye a well-matched husband to help the Quinn family.

“Otherwise, the Quinn family will soon drop to the bottom and ruin the Quinn family’s reputation.”

Old Madam Quinn heaved a long sigh and said what had been on her mind.

“Grandma, didn’t you say you’ll stop forcing me to be with Quill?”

Willow was torn, but she retorted.

“I won’t force you, of course.

“So this time I’ll put out word that the Quinn Family are looking for a husband, a bridegroom for you and
Faye.

“Why don’t you have your pick of River City’s young talents who came?

“As long as they’re an appropriate match and could help the Quinn family, I won’t stand in the way.”

Willow’s eyes shot wide when she said that.

It turned out Old Madam Quinn wanted to talk to her about it.

“Grandma, that’s the ancient way of finding husbands.

“Young people find theirs on their own nowadays.”

Willow only thought Old Madam Quinn was a little ridiculous.

“What about people you know?”

Old Madam Quinn rendered Willow speechless with one sentence.

“Alright, I’m not negotiating with you.

“It must be done my way.

“Tomorrow, I will put the word out, and it will be done as soon as possible.”

Old Madam Quinn waved her hand, her tone dominant.