

## Chapter 2

"Commander! You... you're back!"

"But I can't... I can't..."

Zander banged his fists on the ground as if extreme agony hid in his heart.

"Commander Young, what happened?"

The tent opened, and a soldier quickly walked over.

The soldier could not believe Zander, who commanded hundreds of thousands of troops, was on his knees in tears.

"It's my heart!"

Zander waved his hand and got up. With his back facing the young man, he said, "Make travel arrangements. I want to go back."

"Commander Young, the war is at a critical stretch right now..."

"How long before will you be back?"

The soldier asked in a whisper.

"To be confirmed."

Zander's tone brooked no arguments.

"Yes!"

The soldier retreated, not daring to ask more questions.

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River City, Quinn Residence.

Sean sat alone in his wheelchair and held his phone in silence for a long time.

"Something's wrong."

Sean frowned as he pondered.

Zander was rude on purpose.

It was not the Zander he knew.

Smack!

Sean smacked his knee, feeling a little guilty.

He called in a fit of desperation, forgetting his current situation!

He should not have made that call.

'Once those people find out I have recovered, they won't let it slide.'

'Zander must have acted so harshly to protect me.'

"Who's speaking? Is it the vegetable again?"

Just then, a middle-aged woman walked in.

The woman had triangular eyes and thin lips. Whenever her eyes darted upward, she had an air of arrogance around her.

She was Willow's mother, Fion Wilson.

She was also Sean's future mother-in-law.

Among the Quinn family, Fion had been the meanest to Sean over these two years.

There was no small matter in the army, and Sean's identity was strictly confidential.

Therefore, even the Quinn family knew nothing about Sean's past.

Sean was nothing but a loser to Fion.

Sean sat on the edge of the bed, staring indifferently at Fion.

"What are you doing, you vegetable?"

Fion stepped forward and grabbed the phone out of Sean's hand.

"Does a mere veg know how to use a phone?"

"Willow was so kind. She said something about setting an alarm and bringing you outside for a sunbath!

"How silly. How did I, Fion Wilson, give birth to such a fool?"

Fion exasperatedly grabbed the phone and gave Sean a shove.

There was a chill in Sean's eyes. As a nine-star commander, everything within a radius of three meters was taboo.

If it were someone else, a mere act like that would have given him the right to kill on the spot.

It was an imperial privilege to act first and report it later!

"What are you looking at? Do you refuse to accept it? What's the matter? Do you want to hit me?"

"Do you think you're someone with potential? I believed Old Master Quinn's crap when he told me you were some brilliant soldier in the army.

"You now rely on the Quinn family to live. Aren't you just a loser?"

"What commander and king? You're just a loser. You're also a cripple and a veg!"

Fion put one hand on her hip as she kept on pointing at Sean's nose.

She was extremely skilled at this sort of thing.

However, Fion's voice stopped as her face filled with panic.

Because she saw Sean, the vegetable... the crippled veg...

He got up slowly...

Sean, who was more than 1.8 meters tall, got up slowly with indifference in his eyes.

The eyes as deep as the galaxy even emitted an endless aura of destruction.

It was icy and chilling to the bone.

Fion's eyes widened, and as Sean's body moved slowly, her face instantly went ghastly pale.

The aura Sean exuded was like the invincible God of War as it overwhelmed her.

Sean's overpowering gaze made Fion feel like an ant.

Plonk!

Frightened, Fion collapsed on her knees.

Sean looked down at Fion with indifference in his eyes.

That aura of destruction that had ruled the battlefield and killed countless enemies had finally erupted.

It was like a tiger that had awakened!

"You begged for me when I was at my best.

"Now, you step on me when I'm at my worst.

"I, Sean Lennon, rule the Northwest. No one can or dare to bully me.

"I remember the Quinn family's kindness for sheltering me, but I'll also remember how you humiliated me.

"Don't call me cold-blooded. If it weren't for Old General Quinn and Willow, you'd be a corpse right now."

Sean's icy fury and sharp words made Fion so terrified that he shivered on the ground with chattering teeth.

"You... you..."

"Aren't... aren't you a loser?"

Fion slumped to the ground, still gritting her teeth.

Sean's eyes flickered slightly. He was indeed nothing but a loser now.

Instead of the nine-star commander, Sean Lennon, who ruled the Northwest.

"Even if I've become a loser, I'm still Sean Lennon."

The name spoke for itself.

Even if he was a live-in son-in-law, he was no ordinary live-in son-in-law.

Fion's head was buzzing. For a moment, she could not speak.

Sean glanced at Fion and tried to walk, but his legs gave way, and he sat down on the edge of the bed again.

He had forced himself to his feet in a fit of rage just now. Sean had not fully recovered.

It took a hundred days for the bone to knit and tendons to heal, not to mention Sean's disabilities that were the result of two years in a wheelchair.

All the more he required a recovery period.

Fion's fear dissipated as Sean collapsed again.

"You loser! You veg! So what if you've regained your senses? You're still a cripple!"

"How dare you threaten me? Get the f\*ck out of here!"

"This is my home!"

Fion yelled at Sean as she got up from the ground.

"Aunt Fion, what happened?"

Just then, a young man walked in through the door.

The young man had good looks, and there was a sinister smile on his lips.

Not only that but the young man was also dressed in dark black armor and armed with a mighty sword.

The armor had an imposing design. It was inlaid with gold, and the gold thread on the armor snaked up like a wandering dragon.

The sword was heavy and sharp, exuding a terrifying chill.

The armor and sword made the young man look heroic.

Sean's eyes narrowed slightly at the sight of the young man.

The young man was named Quill Zimmer. He was the eldest son of the Zimmer family, a famous family in River City.

He had been coveting Willow's beauty for a long time. Even though Willow was engaged to Sean, he was still reluctant to give up.

Over the past two years, Quill had visited the Quinn family many times, plotting with Fion to kick Sean out of the Quinn family even in front of Sean.

Then he would take over and take Willow for himself.

They would have gotten what they wanted if Willow had not stopped them.

"The vegetable... The veg is no longer a veg!"

Fion said breathlessly as she pointed at Sean.

Sean glanced at the young man's clothes, and a chill flickered in his eyes again.

"Nine-star Armor, Nation Defending Sword..."

"I wonder if you can handle them.

"Are you really not afraid of death?"

Sean shouted coldly, and Quill's head buzzed.

"Is this veg really not a veg anymore?!"