

The Guardian's Sword by Talking Cigarette Chapter 18

Chapter 18

“Hmph!”

Quill gritted his teeth slightly before getting in his Mercedes Benz. He stepped on the gas pedal and drove

away.

The cardboard box and balloons flew off in an instant.

The crowd discussed with each other and quickly left the place.

“Whew!”

Willow slowly exhaled and gave Sean a complicated look.

Anyway, Sean helped her out of this mess today.

For the first time in two years, Willow felt protected.

It felt strange and reassuring to her.

“Come on. I’ll take you home.”

Willow wheeled Sean as she turned to leave.

“Hmm?”

“What about our car?”

Sean paused and pointed to the Ferrari.

“Sean, everyone’s gone. Stop it.

“You don’t have to do that in front of me either.”

Willow glanced at the Ferrari with a flicker of surprise in her eyes, but she shook her head anyway.

There were many good things in the world, but Willow knew she did not deserve them.

“What do you mean?”

Sean froze when he heard that.

“Sean, I’m telling you one more time. I’ve taken care of you for two years.

“So you don’t have to pretend in front of me, okay?”

“You rented this car, didn’t you?”

Willow asked Sean as she pointed at the Ferrari.

“... No.”

Sean was silent for a moment before replying with a shake of his head.

“Oh,”

Willow sighed lightly and shook her head as she said, “You can’t even afford to rent it.”

“I can afford it!

“This car is nothing.

“If you want a ten-million-dollar sports car, I can also give you one anytime.’

Sean immediately looked up at Willow and said earnestly.

“Then take out a dollar and take the bus.”

Willow said calmly as she ran her hand through her hair.

Sean immediately fell silent.

After a few seconds, he blushed.

He really could not even afford a dollar right now.

“I can withdraw money.”

Sean took out the unique bank card.

“Stop it. Let’s go home.”

Willow stopped talking and slowly wheeled Sean forward.

Sean was speechless and could only stay silent.

“I’m telling the truth.”

“I can’t say I know everything about you in two years, but I have a general idea.

“There are some things that we can’t have, and I never expected to own them.

“So you don’t have to do this on purpose, and neither do I need it.”

Willow had a stubborn look in her eyes, and her voice was firm.

“Give me some time.

“These things are really nothing.

“I’ll give you anything you want and anything other girls have.” Sean sat in his wheelchair, sounding serious.

“I don’t need anything. “I just need you to get back on your feet soon, and then maybe I won’t be so tired.” Willow seemed to be talking to Sean but also muttering to herself.

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Sean stopped talking and slowly clenched his hands.

He took everything Willow said to heart.

Willow went back to work after dropping off Sean.

Sean sat in the yard, looking at the warm sun on the horizon as he quietly basked in it.

The house was empty except for Sean.

Willow and her father had to go to work at the Quinn family’s company.

As a stay-at-home wife, Fion went shopping all day.

They hired others to do the house chores.

“Hey, veg, there you are.”

Just then, a voice came from behind.

Sean slowly turned around and glanced at the person. It was a woman in her 40s. The mean look on her face could give Fion a run for her money,

“Here, clean this, and I’ll buy you a lollipop later.”

The woman skillfully fetched a small table and placed a basin of dirty laundry in front of Sean.

Then she pulled out her phone and watched short videos,

A chill flickered in Sean's eyes.

The Quinn family hired the woman as a domestic helper.

She came every three or five days or so to clean the house.

She often tricked Sean into doing things after learning that he was a vegetable.

He did the laundry and the dishes.

He could do these things sitting down. "The Quinn family paid you, yet you do nothing. "Is that appropriate?"

Sean asked indifferently as he looked at the woman.

Swoosh!

The woman instantly looked up at Sean with some surprise.

She had not come over for days. 'Is the veg no longer braindead?'

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

The woman got up slowly, looking a little nervous.

"Does a vegetable deserve to be picked on?"

A chill exuded from Sean's eyes.

The woman's eyes could not help widening before letting out a sneer.

"Don't frighten me.

"Fion knows that I asked you for help.

"How could you blame me when you're the one who's incompetent?"

The woman slowly put her phone away, snorted coldly, and took the clothes away from Sean.

She meant Fion Wilson, of course.

“You’re a woman, so I won’t hit you.

“Mess with me again, and I’ll kill you.”

The woman was instantly dumbfounded when Sean said this.