

The Guardian's Sword By Talking Cigarette

Chapter 621-630

Chapter 621

He was not used to wearing the outfit.

"What do you

mean?"

Mr. Herman asked Sean with a slight frown.

Swoosh!

Sean dropped the coat on the ground and unbuttoned a button at his collar.

"It means...

"Who are you to boss me around?"

With that said, Sean suddenly reached out and slapped his face.

Smack!

There was a loud slap, and Mr. Herman's body spun as he flew aside.

Whoosh!

Hank, Demi, and the others spread out.

No one expected Sean to be aggressive right away.

No one expected Sean to be bold enough to strike Mr. Herman.

'Oh no!

"This young man who calls himself Sean Lennon is doomed!"

The thought bubbled up in everyone's mind.

With Mr. Herman's identity, when had he ever been struck like that?

It was a capital crime for Sean to strike him!

There was no way he was walking out of here in one piece today.

Sure enough, after Mr. Herman was struck away, the lackeys he brought over rushed at Sean without even waiting for Mr. Herman's orders.

With the dozens of external security guards, a total of more than 30 people immediately surrounded Sean.

Without saying anything, they raised their fists and started attacking.

He was surrounded by nearly 100 people at some point.

Most of the guests in the club gathered around to watch when they heard the commotion.

"Whoa! Who's this blind bat to start a scene at Boss Flint's place?"

"He's dead meat! He's going to die today!"

Everyone spoke about Sean.

Demi and Hank were a little silent at this point.

Bang! Bang! Bang!

With a sneer in his eyes, Sean quickly twisted his body and hit three young men in their faces. with a full swing of his right fist.

Then the three young men were knocked off the ground and flew sideways toward one side.

When one landed, he spat out two molar teeth. Another's mouth was covered with blood, and the third's head was groggy-

Sean's punch made them feel like they had been hit in the head by a car.

They all had a splitting headache and could not get their strength up, losing their fighting power on the spot.

"I'll be damned! He's a martial artist!"

"No wonder he's so arrogant. He's capable."

"Haha, two fists are no match for four hands. Let's see how he dies."

The crowd sneered again after the initial shock.

Even if Sean was a good fighter, there were 30 to 40 people there.

Could he still defeat them all?

It was impossible!

The crowd smiled with disdain as they discussed.

However, as the battle went on, the expressions of the crowd gradually changed.

In the end, everyone slowly shut up.

They only saw Sean walking leisurely. He fought more than 30 young men alone but was calm.

Someone was always collapsing between strikes.

Whenever he made a move, no one could remain standing.

The men who fought Sean were moaning and groaning.

They were both humans and had fists. Why was Sean so strong that it hurt so much when it hit them?

He punched them right in the chest, leaving them breathless.

Sean looked steady with every strike. He was fast and accurate.

He was in control the entire time.

He exuded a strong self-confidence, conquering the hearts of the onlooking girls as well.

"How domineering! So manly!"

"I want his contact information, but I don't think he'll live past the night..."

"After all, he'll meet a miserable end if he crosses Mr. Herman."

Several girls whispered.

Bang! Bang!

Sean did not let whispering outsiders bother him, and he knocked everyone to the ground with every strike.

In less than five minutes, the battle was over.

The faces of the surrounding crowd turned into shock from their initial disdain. Their eyes widened as their hearts filled with shock.

What did they see?

They saw something more interesting than in TV series.

It was hard to imagine anyone taking on dozens of young men without witnessing it themselves.

However, it was happening right in front of their eyes.

Sean took on nearly 40 young men on his own, knocking them all to the ground while remaining unscathed.

There was silence as everyone shut their mouth and did not say another word.

Demi grabbed Hank's arm as she backed away slowly.

She was only a girl with a vicious mouth. When had she ever seen such a thing?

Sean's fight with them was real!

The sound of the broken bones was even clearer.

It proved that they were not filming a movie.

She was scared!

Demi was sincerely scared.

With Sean's terrifying means, he could have slapped Demi to death with one slap!

Hank wanted to show his manliness.

However, he did not even have the guts to look Sean in the eye.

“Where’s Flint?”

Sean asked as he walked forward slowly and looked at Mr. Herman.

“1... You... I...”

Mr. Herman widened his eyes as intense fear appeared from the bottom of his eyes.

The Guardian’s Sword By Talking Cigarette Chapter 622

Chapter 622

A member of the underworld like him had seen many tough guys, and he was a tough guy

himself.

However, he had never seen such a tough guy.

The unreasonable ones feared the half-witted ones, while the half-witted ones feared the

fearless ones.

The look in Sean’s eyes and his aura was more frightening than the fearless ones!

“Is the office on the second floor?”

Sean asked again, glancing at Mr. Herman.

Mr. Herman widened his eyes, but he could not say a word.

A hint of sarcasm flashed across Sean's lips as he turned and walked inside the club.

No one dared to stop him this time.

"Mr. Herman, I'll get more men!"

A young man wiped the bloodstain from the corner of his mouth and immediately took out his phone.

Swoosh!

Mr. Herman suddenly reached out his hand to stop the young man before walking slowly into the club with a solemn expression.

The others followed.

They all wanted to see what Sean was up to.

Hank and Demi looked at each other and saw the curiosity in each other's eyes.

'Ahem, let's go, darling.

"Sean is not going to make it."

Hank scratched his head. He did not want to be here any longer.

If Sean got into the mood **to** beat them up, Hank could not do a thing to stop him.

"Let's go! Let's go!"

Demi just nodded without hesitation.

The way Sean looked earlier scared her that she dared not stay any longer.

Within the club.

Sean made his way down the hallway to the dance floor in the center, his eyes focused on it.

Although it was daytime, there were many young men and women on the dance floor. Their heads bobbed as they listened to slow-tempo songs.

Sean stopped, looked ahead, and headed straight for a wide staircase.

The staircase was ten times as wide as regular staircases. The back of the dance floor looked like steps to the throne.

Sean took one step at a time before walking forward with his hands behind his back.

“Sir, the second floor is private, and you can’t enter without an invitation.

“If you want to go upstairs, you can take the elevator there.”

Several security guards in black walked over and spoke.

Slap!

Sean slapped the lead guard without saying a word.

Thump–thump–thump!

A security guard in black was knocked to the ground before tumbling down the stairs.

The music on the dance floor stopped abruptly.

Hundreds of men and women, who were bobbing their heads, turned to look at Sean.

From their point of view, they had to look up at Sean, who was standing on the stairs.

“Sir, are you here to cause trouble?” 2

A dozen security guards in black rushed up the stairs again.

Sean kept walking, walking slowly up the stairs.

Every security guard in black, who came near him, was slapped away.

One by one tumbled down the steps like meatballs. They all suffered a bad fall.

“What the f*ck! That’s f*cking awesome!”

“Causing trouble at Boss Flint’s headquarters? Don’t you know where you’re causing trouble?”

‘Haha, I’m sure he’ll have his legs broken and will tumble down that stairs in less than three minutes.’

The men and women on the dance floor sneered.

They had no idea what happened out there.

However, what if they did?

Flint now ruled River City’s underworld.

Even River City’s big shots had to give Flint some face, let alone a nobody like Sean.

The Guardian’s Sword By Talking Cigarette Chapter 623

Chapter 623

He dared to cause trouble at Flint's headquarters. Unless Sean was the son of the head of River City, he would never see the light of day.

Sean walked up the top steps before turning around and slowly disappearing from view.

All the people down there waited for Sean to be thrown out with his legs broken.

The second floor of the club.

Sean turned and stepped into the hallway. After a glance, he headed straight to the deepest room in the hallway.

At least a hundred strong men in black were on either side of the corridor.

The strong men in black were even more imposing than the young men behind Mr. Herman. Everyone was at least 30 years old. They helped Flint build his career with him.

Hundreds of people on either side stared at Sean without saying anything.

Sean did not even glance at them. He was domineering as he walked among the crowd.

He even vaguely reversed the flow of pressure from the one hundred people that had gathered back to them.

When Sean reached the deepest part of the hallway, the strong men in black remained motionless, none of them daring to speak.

Bang!

Sean glanced at the closed door in front of him and kicked it open.

Flint was indeed in the office.

It was just that he was standing near the windowsill with his hands clinging to it, and he had just raised his right leg.

It was as if he was trying to get out through the window.

Flint turned around to meet Sean's eyes when he heard the door being kicked open.

His face was ghastly pale.

The sarcasm in Sean's eyes got thicker.

He was indeed right about Flint!

"Boss Flint, are you practicing yoga?"

Sean walked slowly forward with a playful look in his eyes.

"Ahem, Mr. Lennon? When did you come, Mr. Lennon?"

Flint quickly left the windowsill and stepped toward Sean.

Swoosh!

With a sneer on his lips, Sean grabbed Flint's hair and pressed it down.

Flint was pressed hard as his head immediately dropped to Sean's waist.

"Boss Flint!"

The strong men in black outside the hallway were about to burst in.

"F*ck off!"

Sean immediately snapped, his eyes glistening coldly.

"Wait... wait outside."

Flint clenched his teeth slightly as he gave an order.

The strong men in black frowned in silence for a few seconds, but they stood in the doorway and did not enter.

“Mr. Lennon, I don’t know what I did wrong…”

“But Mr. Lennon said I was wrong, so I must be wrong. Punish me.”

Flint said cautiously as Sean grabbed his hair.

“I’m right, aren’t I?”

Sean sneered and raised his right leg, slamming Flint in the face.

Thud!

The knee hit hard, and Flint’s nose broke instantly.

“Boss Flint!”

The strong men in black at the door tried to rush in again.

“Your boss is in charge: Stand still, subordinates.

Without looking back, Sean said, “You’ll die if they take one more step.”

One sentence stunned the audience.

“You knew I was coming and deliberately avoided me.

“Did you ask those losers here to intimidate me?

“Are you being full of yourself, because I am not currently holding a sword?”

Sean spoke with sarcasm in his eyes, and Flint’s eyes instantly widened at that. He did not expect Sean to see through him at a glance.

The Guardian's Sword By Talking Cigarette

Chapter 624

Chapter 624

"Mr. Lennon, I didn't. I..."

Before Flint could finish his sentence, Sean slammed his head on the table.

"What bothers me most is what I've already confirmed.

"Yet you're still trying to get smart and making excuses in front of me."

Sean suddenly grabbed the ashtray on the table and smashed it down with cold harsh eyes.

Bang! Bang! Bang!

Being smashed into things three times in a row, Flint's head got injured, and it started bleeding.

However, Boss Flint, who ruled River City's underworld, dared not move or even struggle.

He endured it quietly.

Kindness could not lead an army, and righteousness could not hold wealth.

However, that did not mean Sean was soft-hearted.

If he was not ruthless, how could he intimidate millions of troops?

"Mr. Lennon, my brothers are here. Save me some face..."

Flint clenched his teeth and swallowed the pain as he said to Sean.

“Face?”

“Face isn’t given. It’s earned. How dare you talk about it in front of me?”

“Also, giving face is something people of the same generation do with each other.

“Flint, are you the same generation as me?”

Sean whispered, his face cold.

Swoosh!

Flint instantly paled and froze.

He... he dared not say he and Sean were of the same generation.

If Flint dared to be buddies with others, he would only be a lackey in front of Sean.

He would always only be a slave.

How dare a slave ask for face from his master?

“I see you’ve figured it out.”

Sean slowly withdrew his gaze and picked up the ashtray again to start smashing.

Bang! Bang!

The ashtray slammed and slammed, Flint’s head got injured, and blood poured out.

“Boss!”

.

Some of the strong men at the door could not resist and rushed straight into the office.

Their target was Sean.

Flint did nothing to stop them.

With a sneer on the corners of his mouth, Sean grabbed Flint's hair in one hand and turned around abruptly to meet the men in black.

Swoosh!

A strong man's fist hit hard, but Sean held it firmly.

The next moment, Sean twisted his palms and instantly pulled the arm of the man in black into a twist.

Crunch!

Accompanied by the sound of broken bones, the man in black man shrieked the life out of him.

The terrifying shriek made the others stop.

Bang!

Sean punched the man in black viciously, leaving him with blood on his face and screaming on the ground.

Sean did not let go of Flint during the process. He fought with only one hand.

Swoosh!

Before anyone could react, Sean's free arm reached out again.

Smack!

As quick as lightning, he grasped the neck of the strong man in black on the left.

The hundreds of strong men in black behind them came to themselves and charged at Sean again.

However, the next moment, everyone's eyes widened as they stopped instantly.

What did they see?

The man in black that Sean grabbed slowly moved his body. His heels lifted off the ground. The tips of his toes propped up on the ground like he was standing on tiptoe.

It might not be a big deal.

However, to everyone's surprise, the body of the man in black kept rising until the tips of his toes also got off the ground, and his body kept rising!

How could the body rise in the air when the person had no supporting point?

Swoosh!

Everyone instantly looked toward Sean's hands.

With a sneer on his lips, Sean grabbed Flint's hair in one hand and grabbed the man in black by the neck in the other.

The strong man in black turned red and was breathless as he struggled.

However, Sean's hand clamped it like iron pincer pliers and would not let go.

Sean used one arm to lift the grown man weighing no less than 80 kilograms.

A hundred strong men in black stood there as they widened their eyes filled with horror. Flint, whose hair was caught by Sean's hair, saw this, and terror appeared in his eyes.

'Is Sean still human?'

Flint's memory of Sean was from when Sean was in a wheelchair.

The last time he saw Sean, he was still in a wheelchair and could not even walk.

It was why he thought Sean might have some unusual background, but he did not deserve to be Flint's boss.

Now that this little idea of his dissipated.

Flint could never imagine how someone confined to a wheelchair could recover fully and gain the strength to lift a grown man with one arm in just a few days.

Flint was scared and impressed!

The whole office was deathly silent.

The Guardian's Sword By Talking Cigarette Chapter 624

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Chapter 624

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The Guardian's Sword By Talking Cigarette

Chapter 625

Chapter 625

Bang!

Sean let go, and the strong man in black fell to the ground. He covered his neck with his hands as he gasped for breath.

No one dared do anything to Sean again.

"Everyone, get on your knees!

"Whoever has the nerve to lay a hand on Mr. Lennon, get on your f*cking knees!"

Flint immediately yelled, and the one hundred strong men in black got on their knees obediently.

Thump! Thump!

People fell to their knees in front of Sean all of a sudden.

The spacious office was filled to the brim.

Flint could not kneel because Sean grabbed his hair, but he was much lower than Sean.

There were more than 100 people in the office, and they were all looking up to Sean like courtiers paying homage to a king.

"Mr. Lennon, I'm sorry. I'm truly sorry."

Flint kept his head down without moving, his tone pleading.

“Who do you think I am?”

Sean slowly glanced down at Flint.

“You... you’re Mr. Lennon. You’re my boss...”

Flint froze slightly before saying.

“How do you think I command a million people back then?”

Sean asked again with a cold look in his eyes.

The question stunned Flint.

‘A million people?’ He did not know what Sean meant.

“I was nice to them, so they were loyal to me.

“But do you think I can control a million troops just by being nice to them?”

Sean sneered and slowly stretched out his other palm.

“My hands can save or kill.”

With that said, Sean grabbed Flint’s hair and tugged at it without waiting for them to answer.

“Mr. Lennon, I’m sorry!

“I’m sorry. I ought not to have other ideas.

“I shouldn’t have others try to stop you. I’m sorry. Forgive me!”

Flint's eyes filled with fear, but his heart filled with bitterness and regret. Why submit to a cripple when he had so much power?

He never expected the cripple to get up and marched to Flint's base alone.

Single-handedly, he marched into his office and subdued him on the spot.

He was impressed!

Absolutely impressed!

"I'm trying to teach you a lesson."

Sean let go of his hands and kicked him.

Bang!

Flint's body spun upside down after being kicked by Sean.

Several strong men in black kneeling on the ground were knocked down on the spot like bowling pins.

Several others immediately tried to help Flint.

"Nobody f*cking move! Watch closely!"

Flint scolded.

"I will accept my punishment when I've done something wrong.

"Mr. Lennon's my boss, so it's only natural for him to punish me. I'll cut off the hands of anyone who tries to interfere!"

Flint lay on the ground, yelling through clenched teeth.

Hundreds of strong men in black hung their heads low and remained silent.

“You’re quite smart.”

Sean narrowed his eyes slightly and walked slowly forward with his hands on his back.

The next moment, he kicked Flint hard again in the head.

Swoosh!

Flint’s body slid on the floor and out far into the corridor outside.

It was a big deal when the lackey tried to disrespect their boss and kill them.

There would be more trouble if he did not punish him.

“I thought I told you.”

Sean spoke softly as he stepped out into the corridor.

Flint shuddered but dared not dodge. He lay on the ground obediently.

“You’re a vase when I support you.

“You’re nothing but a pile of broken shards on the floor when I don’t.

“Have you forgotten what I said?”

With that said, Sean walked up to Flint.

“Mr. Lennon, I didn’t... I didn’t forget...”

Flint turned ghastly pale. Blood gushed from the wound on his head, staining most of his face.

“You didn’t? How dare you do that then?”

Bang!

Another ruthless kick.

Swoosh!

Flint’s body rolled a long way on the ground again.

All the strong men in black in the office remained kneeling. They dared not make any rash moves as they heard the noise outside.

At the same time.

On the dance floor downstairs.

The hundreds of young and beautiful men and women were sitting at their booths nearby and watching.

They were more interested to see how the young man Sean would have his legs broken and thrown out than in clubbing.

Therefore, people were looking forward to it.

“Hear that? There is a lot of commotion upstairs. They must be fighting!”

“No wonder I saw Boss Flint bringing many people up there. It turns out he’s waiting for Sean!”

“But I gotta say. That kid is good at fighting. Even so many people couldn’t stop him.”

The Guardian's Sword By Talking Cigarette

Chapter 626

Chapter 626

"Oh, Sean's so manly. I like him! I hate to see him get beat up."

Countless men and women could not stop talking.

Bang!

They suddenly heard a dull thump at the top of the stairway.

At the same time, there was a scream.

"Look! Sean got kicked out! It must be him!"

"He doesn't know where he's causing trouble. How dare he cause trouble at Boss Flint's place? He probably doesn't know what's coming to him."

"He's dead meat! He's 200% dead meat!"

Countless people turned their eyes toward the wide staircase.

Bang!

There was another powerful blow.

Thump thump!

The crowd suddenly saw a man with a face full of blood roll down the stairs.

His clothes were messy, and his face was covered with blood. It was all the more terrifying when illuminated by the lights on the dance floor.

Thump!

He fell from the top of the stairs before lying on the ground when he reached the bottom.

“Hsss! The kid took a hell of a beating!”

“No... No way? I don't think he's wearing a coat, just a shirt.”

“Are you sure? It's definitely the kid. You don't even have to think twice. Could someone like Flint get beaten?”

“Is it him?”

All eyes turned to the man lying on the ground.

“Ahem, ahem...”

The man coughed before slowly struggling to his feet and reaching up to wipe the blood from his face.

Everyone on the dance floor widened their eyes when they got a good look at the man.

Swoosh!

The next second, the hundreds of people there got up in unison.

There was horror in their faces and shock in their eyes.

“Boss... **Boss**... Boss?”

Mr. Herman also trotted over immediately after seeing the man's face.

“F*ck off!”

Flint shouted, and Mr. Herman and the others stopped.

“Boss Flint?”

“No... no... no... no way. Did Boss Flint get beaten up like that?”

“Hsss! Gosh, am I dreaming?”

Everyone’s eyes widened. It felt unreal.

Flint ruled River City’s underworld and was all–powerful.

Not many people in River City would mess with him.

The big shot Flint had now been beaten up in his own territory.

Who dared to do that?

Who had the nerve to do that?

As the crowd was stunned, they suddenly recalled the young man who climbed those stairs

and knocked down all the security guards in black along the way.

He was the only one causing trouble on the second floor today.

Did that mean he did it?

Many people gulped at this before looking back to the top of the stairs.

There was a dead silence.

“Get the f*ck up here.”

The next second, a domineering voice rang on the second floor.

Everyone heard it clearly in the quiet atmosphere.

“Yes! Yes!”

Flint nodded before dragging his wounded body slowly up while holding the railing.

Downstairs, hundreds of eyes stared at Flint’s figure.

No one reacted until Flint disappeared from view.

“Is this true?”

The Guardian’s Sword By Talking Cigarette Chapter 627

Chapter **627**

‘I think I must be dreaming. It must be!’

Many young men muttered and slowly sat down on the chair.

However, no sooner had they sat down to take a sip of wine to calm themselves down, they

heard the sound of another blow.

Then Flint rolled down the stairs again.

Thump!

He rolled until he hit the ground hard.

He almost passed out on the spot.

Swoosh!

Those who had sat down stood up again.

“Boss Flint!”

Mr. Herman also shouted as he widened his eyes.

“I’ll chop up whoever dares to interfere and feed them to the dogs!”

Flint shuddered and roared through clenched teeth.

“Yes! Yes!”

Mr. Herman and the rest nodded their heads and stood there with fear.

“Get up here.”

Sean’s voice rang again.

Flint climbed the stairs without hesitation, dragging his body in severe pain.

Bang!

He came tumbling down again.

“Get up here.”

Bang!

He tumbled down again and again.

Sean seemed to be doing it on purpose.

He wanted to show Flint that he could get Flint to where he was but also trample over Flint.

Bang!

Bang!

Bang...

He fell to the ground over and over again.

Flint's luxury staircase, built like one heading to an emperor's throne, looked magnificent.

However, it was going to kill him today.

His blood splattered all over the stairs, and he fell from the top again and again.

His clothes were messy, and he was covered in blood.

He looked so terrifying.

No one dared to stop them. No one even dared to make a sound.

"I let you get to the top by using Charles' death as a stepping stone.

"I can also let someone else get to the top by using your death as a stepping stone.

"Do you believe that?"

Sean looked at Flint and said darkly.

"Mr. Lennon, I believe you. I believe you. I'm sorry. I'm sorry..."

Flint's face was swollen as his clothes were torn, and he kept apologizing.

Bang!

Sean kicked out again, and Flint's body fell down the stairs again, landing on the ground hard.

This time, he passed out on the spot.

However, no one dared step forward to help.

Thud! Thud!

Footsteps rang slowly, and everyone's eyes followed slowly to the top of the stairs.

Sean looked calm as he was dressed neatly, not even a hair out of place.

He slowly walked in front of everyone.

He seemed to have come out of a ring of light, dazzling and radiant.

He looked down proudly at the hundreds of people there.

For a moment, the dance floor fell deadly silent.

The Guardian's Sword By Talking Cigarette Chapter 628

Chapter 628

It was him!

The man who just walked up to the second floor.

Everyone thought Flint would break his legs and throw him down the stairs.

In short, he would face a miserable end.

However, Flint was the one thrown down the stairs instead.

Sean was unscathed—not even a hair was out of place.

What had happened and what they had in mind were a huge contrast!

Sean was standing at the top of the stairs with his hands behind his back and his body straight.

Everybody had to look up to see Sean.

Sean's seemingly calm eyes had an above-all imposingness.

He seemed to be born with regality. Regular people had no way to fake it.

Sean glanced around and slowly withdrew his eyes. He knew these people so well that he had nothing to say.

Thump, thump, thump, thump, thump!

Just then, there was another rumble of footsteps on the second floor.

After that, no less than one hundred strong men in black appeared one after another.

Seeing this, the people on the dance floor below could not help feeling shocked.

“What the f*ck! It seems that this isn't the end of the matter!

“There are more people than him! There are so many people that they could probably beat him to death!

“But why did they wait until Boss Flint was beaten up like that?”

At first, many people thought that these strong men in black must have come to avenge Flint.

However, on second thought, they realized it might not be that simple.

After these strong men in black appeared, they first glanced at the hall on the first floor before standing in two rows on both sides of the stairs without saying anything.

There were two strong men in black on every single step, from top to bottom.

The scene was so neat—it was as if they were welcoming some big shot.

“Mr. Lennon!”

The next second, one hundred strong men in black bowed and greeted.

They only said that and nothing more.

“What the f*ck! A big shot! He’s a big shot!”

“Hsss! I thought these men were here for revenge, but this turned out to be the case!”

“Who on earth is he? Why have I never heard of a big shot named Sean Lennon in River City?” “I haven’t heard of him either. Is he a big shot named Lennon the higher-ups sent here?”

At this point, the crowd stopped talking suddenly and dared not say anything else.

Whoever Sean was, he was someone they could never mess with.

They dared to beat Flint up at his headquarters, while Flint’s men had to greet Sean respectfully.

It was enough to prove how terrifying Sean’s identity was.

Sean stood at the top and glanced at them playfully.

Flint got to where he was for a reason.

The people under him were pretty smart too.

All this pomp and politeness was just an invitation to leave.

They could only help Flint and take him to the hospital for treatment when Sean was gone.

Sean would not be around for long and go against Flint to the end after he was done with these things.

It was not his style.

He gave Flint a chance. It was up to Flint to appreciate it.

Sean moved slowly up the stairs.

These strong men in black still bowed and did not make a sound.

There was no sound except the sound of Sean coming down the stairs.

The people on the dance floor bowed their heads obediently as they felt the imposingness

from Sean.

They dared not provoke them at all.

“Mr. Lennon, your clothes.”

When Sean walked down the stairs, Mr. Herman handed Sean’s jacket to him.

Sean took it, casually threw it over his body, clenched the hem of the shirt, and walked outside.

Everyone only dared to look up slowly at Sean's back out of the corner of my eye then.

Both men and women looked at him with admiration.

The girls who wanted to ask Sean for his contact information were so obedient that they dared. not say another word.

They knew they did not deserve it.

"Goodbye, Mr. Lennon!"

Mr. Herman and countless young men in black bowed to Sean's back again.

Soon, Sean was out of sight.

Only then did the people at Soaring Wyvern Nightclub let out a deep breath.

Sean's powerful pressure not only shocked Flint's men but also his guests.

It was so terrifying.

The Guardian's Sword By Talking Cigarette Chapter 629

Chapter **629**

"Quick! Get Boss Flint to the hospital!"

Mr. Herman and the others immediately rushed over to help the unconscious Flint to his feet. before running out in a panic after Sean left.

No fewer than fifty bodyguards in black went with them.

Flint's current status in River City's underworld was almighty.

It was not too much to say that his body was precious.

It was a big deal when he was so badly injured.

After Flint was escorted away, the lobby on the first floor remained silent.

Some people talked, but they dared not make too much commotion.

Since then, Sean's name had been imprinted on their hearts.

Now they will never forget Sean's face.

"Willow, I'm not gonna lie to you.

"The karaoke sound quality here is superb.

"I've never seen anywhere in River City with a better sound quality."

Just then, two young beautiful girls suddenly walked in from outside the door.

They were Willow and Lexie.

"Lexie, I'm not in the mood to sing."

Willow shook her head in resignation and glanced down the hall, wanting to turn around to

walk away.

"Oh, I know you're in a bad mood!

"It's because you're in a bad mood that I'm giving you a chance to let off steam!

"Singing will make you feel better."

Lexie slowly turned her head to look earnestly at Willow.

Willow looked at Lexie with such sincerity that she could not refuse.

"Okay, I'll call Rae and ask her out too."

Willow finally nodded and pulled out her phone.

Her conversation with Rachel earlier was a little unpleasant..

However, they had no hard feelings.

They had been friends for years. How could they fall out with each other because of a disagreement?

"Okay! Don't blame me for ignoring our sisterly affection, but I can't stand Rae's singing.

"I can do anything with her but not singing."

Lexie gave in instantly, a look of deliberate shock on her face.

Willow burst into a chuckle. There were many good things about Rachel.

However, she was a little tone-deaf.

She could be so out of tune that it was out of this world. It was so not flattering.

However, Rachel enjoyed it so much that she held on to the microphone happily.

To be honest, Willow was scared too.

“Alright, let’s ditch her then.”

They hit it off and headed into the hall.

Willow rarely came to places like this, so she followed Lexie a little awkwardly.

“Huh, something’s wrong. Nobody hit on you today.”

With Lexie’s looks, people would hit on her whenever she was out.

Many people were in the lobby on the first floor, but no one noticed them. Instead, they were all talking with their heads down.

“I’m just speaking the truth, but we can do whatever we want in River City if we could make friends with a big shot like that.

“But I still have no idea when River City has a big shot like Sean.”

Suddenly, two voices came into Willow’s ears.

Hearing Sean’s name, Willow stood there reflexively.

“Who do you think you are? And what makes you think you can think it through?

“I know no one would make a scene at Boss Flint’s place.

“There’s no way you can walk out of here unscathed after making a scene and hitting Boss

Flint.

“So remember to be obedient when you see Sean, or you won’t even know how you die.

“Yes, but keep your eyes open.”

The young men not far away from Willow talked again.

However, Willow and Lexie heard it with perfect clarity this time.

They were a little dumbfounded for a moment.

“What big shot?”

‘When did Sean become a big shot?’

‘Did he make a scene at the club?’

‘From the sound of it, he seemed to have done something great.’

Willow and Lexie glanced at each other and saw dismay in each other’s eyes.

She wanted to go over and ask about it but thought it was inappropriate after thinking it over, so she swallowed it.

“F*ck! When Sean came down those stairs just now, honestly speaking, my heart stopped. It

was scary.

“I know, right? I suspect he killed people before!”

The two young men could not help saying again.

Willow immediately shook her head and walked into the elevator with Lexie.

Sean was in a wheelchair. There was no way he would walk down those stairs.

Therefore, Willow thought they were talking about a different Sean.

The Guardian's Sword By Talking Cigarette

Chapter 630

Chapter 630

Lexie had the same idea.

"Whew! You scared me. I thought they were talking about Sean."

Lexie said as she patted her chest in the elevator.

"Lexie, what's the matter?"

"Even if they were talking about Sean, what are you afraid of?"

Willow asked quietly, looking confused.

"Oh, you're so busy with Quinn Corporation that you don't know what's going on in River City.

"Everyone knows Boss Flint has the highest status in River City's underworld.

"And we're at Boss Flint's headquarters.

"No one dares to make a scene here. That's why I brought you here. It's perfectly safe.

"Tell me who dares to make a scene here. Who can make a scene here and walk out intact?"

"Besides that, they also beat up Boss Flint, which isn't something ordinary people can do."

Lexie closed the elevator, curled her lip, and said.

Willow nodded a little before asking, "What if they were talking about Sean?"

When she heard Willow say that, Lexie froze slightly.

"If it really is Sean...."

"Then the Quinn family needs to consider asking him to come back."

Lexie's statement was meaningful.

"What do you mean?"

Willow was stunned for a moment.

"What do you mean?"

"I'll tell you what. Even Quill wouldn't dare go after Boss Flint.

"If Sean can do this and walk away unscathed. That means he's..."

Lexie shut her mouth at this point.

"What's with his identity?"

Willow asked, frowning.

"His identity is unimaginably terrifying!"

"He could even change River City with one word."

Lexie's tone was affirmative.

"Well..."

Willow remained stunned for a long time until the elevator doors opened.

“Alright, stop thinking about it. I’m just telling you that in passing. It’s impossible.”

“Sean is a cripple. How can he walk down the stairs?”

“Don’t think about it. Let’s go in.”

Lexie urged, and Willow hurriedly followed.

At this point.

Sean had done two things since leaving his wheelchair.

They said a new official applied strict measures. He was like a new man after leaving his wheelchair.

The first measure intimidated the Zimmer family of River City, and Jon was still a little dumbfounded.

The second one was to meet Flint and let him know who Sean Lennon was.

He trampled Flint’s so-called face on the ground for all to see.

He had to make Flint understand that Flint only had face when he gave him face.

If he did not want to give Flint face, Flint would not have any.

These two measures were aggressive.

No one knew what he would do next.

Even Zander dared not make wild

guesses.

The courage and skill of a nine–star commander were not something others could figure out easily.

Even Zander dared not make wild speculation.

After leaving Soaring Wyvern Nightclub, Sean drove to Zander’s house.

When he was in Jon’s office, he had already decided to challenge the Zimmer family’s power and background.

However, a phone call from Zander forced Sean to put the idea on hold.

Therefore, he gave the Zimmer family a week.

“A tiger can get bullied by a dog when it leaves its jungle. A dragon can get bullied by a shrimp when it washed up on shore.”

Sean drove slowly, a sneer appearing on his lips.

Even if a tiger left its jungle, it was still a tiger.

Even if a dragon washed up on shore, it would still soar in the skies one day.

Sean no longer had the status he had in the army. He was just a regular guy.

Since he did not have the status, he would not meddle in its affair.

He was now a normal person, so he had the time to do what he wanted.

He did not have to worry about what was going on in the army anymore.

“I gave my everything to the army and Dragon Kingdom.

“I want to live for myself now.”

Sean rolled down the window and mumbled to himself as he felt the cool air on his face.

Then he saw a BMW not far behind him in his rearview mirror.

There was not a lot of traffic on the road, but Sean's intuition told him there was something

wrong with the car. It was as if it was following him on purpose.

They could only say that the car's stalking skills were a little lame.

He tried to hide his purpose by keeping his distance.

However, the more it did, the more Sean could see something was wrong.

Sean slowly slowed the car down and looked behind him in the rearview mirror.

Sean saw a face through the windshield of the car.

"It's him."

Sean shook his head slightly as he lost interest instantly. He stepped on the gas, hurled his car through traffic, and left the BMW far behind.

Some people were not even qualified to be his opponent.

Zander's residence.

"Is the information accurate?"

"The person behind Jason is close to Blaze?"

"So they could be Blaze's men?"

Sean asked darkly, rubbing his chin.

