

## **The Guardian's Sword #Chapter 1771 - Read The Guardian's Sword Chapter 1771**

### Chapter 1771

In fact, he did not like balls in the first place, and he also rejected the ball today. His arrival at the ballroom could be described as a strange combination of circumstances. He just went with the flow and others' perception. He even didn't care with the way people looked down on him at that time.

Just then, a beautiful girl came menacingly toward him.

The girl was none other than Miriam, the star of today's birthday ball. People could see how somber her face was.

Miriam had already greeted Shania but could not get along with her. After all, their statuses were far too different. Besides, the guests of the birthday ball were all drawn to Shania.

The star of the ball, Miriam was ignored, and it upset her.

Her anger instantly erupted when she saw the man Aunt Montana had bumped into on her ball.

She stormed up to Sean and snapped, "Why are you so rude? Didn't we give you a lounge to wait in? Why come to the ballroom?"

Miriam snapped as Sean tried to explain it.

"Do you think minor characters like you can attend such a classy ball?"

"Look at yourself. Even if you're not ashamed, think about Aunt Montana! Aunt Montana brought you to my ball for your own good. You don't know the rules. How are the other guests going to think of Aunt Montana?"

"Why are you looking at me? Are you upset? Guards! Guards! Get this guy out of here!"

Miriam's shouting attracted the attention of everyone in the ballroom.

All the guests looked this way and came nearer.

The security guards came quickly, but not only the security guards, Monica's driver, Old Jones, and several other drivers came over too.

Old Jones rushed over and apologized to Miriam. "I'm sorry, Ms. Wosh. I failed to keep an eye on him. He said he was going to the bathroom. I didn't think he'd use that excuse to come here... I'll take him back to the lounge now..."

Other drivers also said, "Ms. Wosh, this is the first time this person has been in your house. He doesn't know the way, so he probably got lost."

"I'm sorry, Ms. Wosh. We'll get him out of here right away."

After that, the drivers surrounded Sean.

"You overstepped your place, b\*stard!"

"Do you have any idea how much trouble you've caused us? Are you trying to get us killed? If we lose our jobs, it's all on you!" Just then, there was suddenly a cry of surprise.

"Commander Lennon!"

It was Shania's voice!

All the guests, including Miriam, looked over at Shania.

Shania stared wide at Sean as if she had just met some big shot. Her face changed from shock to bewilderment and then ecstasy.

"Commander Lennon! What are you doing at Ms. Wosh's birthday ball? Didn't you refuse the invite? I even called Commander Young and asked if you're attending, but he said you weren't free."

Shania put down her wine glass and ran to Sean, holding up her dress skirt in both hands.

Chapter 1772

Commander Lennon?

Which Commander Lennon?'

The guests were dumbfounded, including Monica and the bodyguards who came here looking for Sean.

Everyone was staring at Sean and Shania, unsure of what was going on.

Shania had run up to Sean and pushed Miriam aside. Not only Shania but Uriah also trotted over.

Uriah was also dressed to the nines. He wore a crisp black uniform adorned with a medal of honor from Mayor Quentin. It had no function but decorative.

Uriah wearing the medal stood out in the crowd, so he followed Shania to Sean, attracting countless women's attention.

"Commander Lennon, why didn't you tell me you were attending Ms. Wosh's ball? I would have looked for you if I had known you were coming," Shania said joyfully.

"I didn't plan to come. It was an accident..." Sean said a little glumly.

"Accident?" Shania was confused.

"Yeah, how could I be interested in attending such a ball? I was only walking down the street but accidentally got hit by a car. The car owner happened to be attending Ms. Wosh's ball and brought me here. She said she wanted to ask Ms. Wosh's father, Dr. Wosh to examine me," Sean said with a calm look on his face.

Benedict!

Benedict, who had just returned from the washroom, heard someone mentioning his name and asked, "Who? Who called me?"

"Commander Lennon called you, Dr. Wosh," Shania said excitedly.

Benedict's body instantly shuddered at the words, "Commander Lennon", and he rushed over to Shania and Sean.

Once reaching Sean, Benedict blushed and trembled out of excitement at the first sight of Sean.

"Commander Lennon, it's you! Didn't you refuse to come to my daughter's birthday ball? Why... It's nice of you to come!"

Benedict was close to tears.

Sean felt helpless. "I don't want to explain it again. Ask someone else later..."

Benedict did not care why Sean came to his daughter's birthday ball. It was already a great honor for him that he came!

The guests, the security guards, and Miriam, who was trying to kick Sean out of the house, finally realized who the seemingly ordinary young man was!

Commander Lennon!

The commander-in-chief of Dorodo's city defense army, Sean Lennon!

Only he deserved the name, Commander Lennon, being greeted by the mayor's daughter, Shania, and receiving a warm welcome from Dr. Wosh!

Everyone widened their eyes and looked at Sean in disbelief.

The most surprised were Monica, who brought Sean here and Miriam, who just threw a tantrum at Sean.

The security guards lowered their heads, not daring to breathe. They even didn't know what to act next.

"Well... Honestly, I don't like it here..." Sean said flatly.

After a pause, he added, "Take me to the lounge earlier. I think that place is pretty good."

"Lounge? What lounge?" Benedict was confused.

Miriam walked over with her head down and replied after a long pause, "Dad, I thought this gentleman was with Aunt Montana's driver, so I arranged for him to rest in the driver's lounge..."

Benedict instantly bellowed at this. "What are you doing? He's the commander-in-chief of the city defense army, Mr. Sean Lennon! How could you send him to rest in a lounge with drivers? You... You..."

You have a death wish!

If she offended Sean, the Wosh family would suffer. Let alone Miriam!

However, Benedict dared not say that. After all, so many guests were watching, and it was his baby girl's birthday ball today. He could not take it too far.

"I think that place is pretty good..." Sean repeated.

Benedict finally came to himself and looked at Sean in shock. "Are you kidding me? Commander Lennon, please don't mind me. My daughter didn't recognize you because she never met you. She didn't mean to humiliate you

or..."

"I sincerely like that place." Sean was helpless.

Everyone had a strange feeling after hearing Sean say that. It was as if everything in the world had become so absurd that nothing could be called weird no matter what happened.

Chapter 1773

The driver's lounge ten minutes later.

However, the drivers had all been kicked to the ballroom. Instead, the less qualified could not enter the lounge that was supposed to be reserved for drivers.

Sean sat on the couch and quietly watched the people before him.

Miriam eagerly bent over and poured tea for Sean.

Monica came up with a smile on her face and said, "Commander Lennon, you surprised me. I didn't expect a random guy I bumped into on the street to be the commander-in-chief of the city defense army."

Hearing Monica's words, Sean took a sip of tea and replied, "It's a good thing you ran into me. That's why there wasn't an accident. If it were the average person, they would have died crashing with your car."

"You're right, Commander Lennon," Monica nodded with a smile.

"Commander Lennon, why don't I examine you?" Benedict asked passionately.

However, Sean shook his head. "No, I know how my body is. I don't need you to examine me."

"You're right. Commander Lennon, you're a good doctor. You're no worse than me. How could you need me to examine you?" Benedict said with a chuckle.

Then Sean looked at Miriam.

The girl had kept her head down from the beginning, not daring to say a word or even gasp.

With Sean suddenly staring at her, she almost cried out of nervousness.

"Are you Miriam?" Sean asked.

Miriam nodded tearfully and explained aggrievedly, "Commander Lennon, I-I didn't know you were the city defense army's commander-in-chief. I didn't recognize you. I didn't mean to..."

Recalling how she had taken out her anger on Sean, even yelling at him and threatening to have the guards kick him out, Miriam was so ashamed that she wanted to crawl into a hole in the ground and never come out.

"It doesn't matter. You didn't know, so you're innocent. Besides, it's not a big deal," Sean said nonchalantly.

He went on saying after a pause, "You did a great job with the ball, but don't be so extravagant anymore in the future."

"Yes, got it."

What else could Miriam say but quickly nod?

Then Sean looked up at the people standing in the back. These were guests of the ball, and they were top distinguished businessmen.

There were 70 or 80 guests at the ball tonight, yet only ten were in the room now.

One could say they had the highest status of all the guests at the ball or they were unqualified to enter the now-exclusive lounge.

"Dorodo's economy has been growing steadily because of you. But it's inappropriate to indulge in excessive drinking. I hope you can restrain yourself," Sean said flatly.

"Yes, yes, yes. We understand."

"I usually wear simple clothes. I rented a suit for Ms. Wosh's ball to keep up appearances."

"I wore a rental too."

"We lead simple lives."

The wealthy businessmen said quickly, but Sean would be unbelievably naïve to believe them.

Sean was not going to say any more. "Alright, be gone. I've had desserts and tea. It's time I leave..."

With that said, Sean stood up.

"Stay a little longer, Commander Lennon. It's still early."

"Yeah, it's not yet dark outside!"

"It's only 7 p.m. What's your hurry? Please stay, sir."

Sean waved his hand and headed for the door. The wealthy businessmen wanted him to stay, but none dared

to stop him. Shania also rose to leave. Then she and Uriah followed Sean out of the Wosh family's villa.

It was not until Sean left that the businessmen in the lounge finally breathed a sigh of relief.

Chapter 1774

Miriam finally relaxed and collapsed on the sofa.

"Dad, ..." Miriam stammered, looking terrified.

Benedict laughed and shook his head, saying, "Don't worry. It's alright now. Commander Lennon isn't someone petty. If he's truly angry, you'd be dead already. Since he didn't do anything to you, it meant he didn't take what happened earlier seriously."

Hearing her father say this, Miriam's heart finally calmed down.

Sean, Shania, and Uriah strolled the streets after leaving the Wosh family's villa.

"Commander Lennon, have you had any plans recently?" Shania asked with a smile.

"Plans? No, it's business as usual," Sean replied as he shook his head.

Shania pondered and said, "Since you're free, why don't I ask you out to play tomorrow?"

"You're the mayor's daughter. You're a rich heiress who doesn't have to do anything but enjoy life. How can I compare with you? How am I supposed to command the city defense army if all I do is play?" Sean asked, amused.

There was instantly a look of disappointment on Shania's face, and Uriah said, "Miss, stop giving Commander Lennon a hard time. Look at how many troublesome affairs your father has to deal with regularly to know how busy Commander Lennon is. "

Sean was slightly ashamed to hear Uriah's remark. He was busy, but not nearly as busy as Quentin.

Quentin was the mayor of Dorodo, the head of the city. The number of things he had to manage was uncountable. While Sean's status and authority were not inferior to

Quentin's, he only needed to manage the city defense army well. He did not have much to deal with as long as there was no war and chaos.

"How about this? Let's have dinner together. I'm free tonight," Sean said after thinking about it.

"Sure! What are we having?" Shania asked with a smile.

"Italian food..." Sean replied.



Therefore, the three found an Italian restaurant.

The Italian restaurant sold Italian food, and its furnishing was the same as a Western diner, but the chef's cooking tasted just like Dragon Kingdom's cuisine, where the taste was flavorful.

Looking at the gnocchi, risotto, pizza, pasta, and so on on the table, Shania was hungry.

"Dig in. What are you waiting for?" Sean said and picked up his cutlery.

Uriah, who was nearby, also did not hold back. He knew people like Sean did not care about status and etiquette in private.

Giving those too much attention could be restrictive. Therefore, he picked up the cutlery and dug in.

Shania was the most elegant eater among the three.

"Ms. Lewis, your father's not having any problems at work, is he?" Sean asked suddenly.

"No, he has always been like that," Shania replied, looking at Sean in confusion.

"Why ask that all of a sudden?"

Shania thought about it for a moment and pursued the question. Sean reached out and pointed to the little boy outside.

Sean, Shania, and Uriah were seated near the window, so they had a clear view of the street through the glass.

A five or six-year old boy was enviously watching Sean and the other two eating in the restaurant with a younger girl.

"He hasn't resolved Dorodo's slum problem. It's an issue. Mention it to your father when you get back. See what he can do..."

"Okay, got it..." Shania nodded vigorously and picked up the barely touched roast chicken on the table.

She carried the plate straight to the siblings.

"Here, take it home to eat."

Shania took a handkerchief out of her pocket, wrapped the chicken, and shoved it into the older boy's hand.

"Thank you. You're so kind, lady!"

The little boy was excited as he held the roasted chicken with one hand, pulled his sister with the other, and ran into the distance.

Shania only exhaled when seeing the siblings disappear in the streets. She felt she had done a good deed, and it gave her a sense of accomplishment.

Back at the restaurant, Sean continued the topic. "Dorodo's poor are concentrated in the west, with about two or three thousand people. It's almost becoming a slum. Dorodo might be in serious trouble in the future if we don't solve this problem."

"I see. I'll discuss it with my father when I get back," Shania said solemnly. Her tone was different than before.

After dinner, Sean suddenly realized he had made a mistake once he reached outside. It was because it was almost midnight.

He and Shania had talked so much about the slum during dinner that he lost track of time.

Who knew it was already this hour?

"Shall we... go to a hotel?" Shania asked suddenly.

Chapter 1775

With that said, Shania's face reddened slightly. However, she knew she would have her own room if they went to a hotel.

Neither Sean nor Uriah would ever lay hands on her.

"A hotel... Okay... It seems to be the only way," Sean thought about it and agreed.

Uriah took out his phone to text the staff at the mayor's residence, notifying them that Shania would not be returning for the night, and headed to a nearby hotel with Shania and Sean.

Sean ordered three rooms, one for each of them.

Shania's room was in the middle, while Uriah's room was on the left, and Sean's was the other on the right.

The arrangement was to prevent accidents. There should not be any accidents, but Sean and Uriah, who lived on both sides of the street, could rescue Shania in time in case of one. That way, Shania would be safe from danger.

After entering his room, Sean locked the door behind him and went to the bathroom to shower. Although it was not the most luxurious presidential suite and was only a deluxe room, the rooms had good facilities.

Air conditioner, TV, computer, refrigerator.

After Sean showered, he wrapped himself in a towel and turned on the TV.

Sean was not a fan of TV dramas, so Dorodo's local TV news was playing on the TV.

Dorodo's living standard was on the news, but questions about the poor did not appear. The problem of the poor had been Dorodo's problem for a long time and had never been effectively solved.

News programs used to show this news in the past, but such news were no longer seen for some reason.

Sean took a sip of beer. The cold taste of beer slightly burned as it entered his throat, but it did not matter to him.

He pulled out his phone, texted Zander to tell him he would not return to the base tonight and got ready for bed. However, there was suddenly a knock at the door.

Knock, knock!

Knock, knock, knock!

Sean looked toward the door in confusion and asked, "Uriah?"

Sean thought Uriah had come looking for him. However, the person outside the door did not answer but kept knocking.

Knock, knock, knock!

Is it Shania?

How could Shania be looking for me at this time of day?

Sean found it strange, but he went to the door and opened it.

As soon as the door opened, mild shock appeared on Sean's face because it was not Shania or Uriah but a young girl in a skimpy outfit.

The girl was so young that she looked like she had not yet turned eighteen. She exuded youth from head to toe, and there was even something childish about her. However, she wore heavy makeup with purple eyeshadow and heavy blush, which looked out of place.

"Who are you? Who are you looking for?" Sean asked.

The young girl was instantly shocked after glancing at Sean, who was wearing only a towel.

Chapter 1776

It was because Sean's body had a lot of scars!

Sean's body was indeed full of scars, which were from his numerous battles. They were the symbol of his trials through blood and fire and the proof of his honor in defending the country!

However, all these scars were a terrifying sight in the eyes of the average person.

The average person would have been so scared that they ran away immediately, and the young girl in front of him was indeed scared.

Her face was pale as she could not help covering her open mouth with one hand. Her pretty face was pale, even the heavy blush could not conceal her paleness.

"Who are you?" Seeing the young girl was silent, Sean asked again.

The young girl then finally came to her senses.

Then she took a step forward, barged into Sean's room, took a deep breath, and said, "Sir, would you like to have some fun? 200 dollars for one time. 500 dollars for the entire package and 1,000 dollars for one night..."

Sean's head was spinning as he listened to the girl's statement. It turned out that was what she did. However, he did not expect prostitutes nowadays to be so bold that they went straight to the hotel to promote themselves.

Angry yet amused, Sean shook his head and said, "I'm not interested. I don't need it."

With that said, Sean pressed the girl's shoulders as he pushed her outside and prepared to close the door.

Unexpectedly, the young girl threw herself onto Sean and held him tightly.

"What are you doing?" Annoyed, Sean pushed the young girl away.

Perhaps too hard, the girl fell to the ground with a thump, and her knee banged against the door frame.

It must have hurt. After all, the girl was wearing hot pants, and her bare legs were not protected. It would have been strange if her knee didn't hurt from hitting the door frame.

Sean even saw traces of bright red blood begin to seep from her knee where she had scraped it.

He quickly crouched down to ask her if she was okay, but the girl continued to promote herself. "Sir, I'm cheap. I can give you 20% off... Believe me. It's not expensive. Women who aren't as good-looking and young as me charge more than me..."

Sean did not know what to say at the moment. The girl was dedicated. Her leg was injured, yet she still remembered her job and promoted herself.

Sean sighed helplessly and said, "I don't need it. I'm not the man you think I am."

The girl was immediately disappointed at Sean's words.

With a gentle sigh and a sad look on her face, she rose reluctantly. She winced at the pain in her legs and walked out with difficulty.

As she was about to walk out the door, Sean hesitated and said, "Wait a minute."

"Did you change your mind?"

The girl was so happy that she turned to Sean and said, "Think it over, Sir. I can give you 30% off..."

It was 20% off earlier and now 30% off.

The girl would not stop until she sold herself.

"Come here and let me take care of the wound on your leg."

Sean did not waste time talking to the girl. He made her sit on the edge of the bed and turned around to look for things like alcohol, disinfectant swabs, and band-aids.

Chapter 1777

All the best hotels had these first aid kits, and some hotels even thoughtfully prepared condoms, so Sean quickly found a small bottle of swabbing alcohol and a pack of sterilized cotton swabs, and he came over with a band-aid.

"Hold out your leg," Sean said, unknowingly using a commanding tone.

The girl looked at Sean in confusion. She could not figure out what the man was up to.

When she was rejected, she thought she had failed to promote herself and get any business tonight. In this case, she would not have any money to buy food tomorrow and would probably be hungry that day.

However, the man did not ask her to leave but let her sit on his bed.

What on earth was he up to?

"Didn't you hear me? Hold out your leg," Sean repeated helplessly.

Sean could have moved forward himself, which would have worked too. After all, the positions of the objects were relative. However, he would get too close to the girl in doing so.

Sean did not want her to misunderstand his actions, so he asked the girl to hold her leg out.

"Oh..." The girl replied and held her long thin leg out to Sean.

When he saw her long thin leg, Sean's first impression was that she was thin.

She was too thin. It was not an overstatement to describe her leg as a rod, and Sean even thought he could hold her leg with only one hand.

"What's your name?" Sean asked.

Hearing Sean's question, the girl looked more confused as it was the first time a customer had asked her name when she had sold herself several times.

It was also why the girl said her real name without thinking.

"My name is Yvonne, Yvonne Daniels...." The girl replied.

Sean nodded before unscrewing the cap of the glass bottle with alcohol in it and dipping a bit of alcohol with a cotton swab.

"How old are you? You're doing such a thing at such a young age..." Sean asked as he gently pressed an alcohol-soaked cotton swab on the girl's knee to treat the wound.

"I'm already 18..." The girl replied.

Her face had a complex expression, she looked helpless as well as miserable.

"Where are your parents? Do they know what you do?" Sean asked again.

The girl finally said after a long time, "Are you checking my background? You ask so many questions. Do you want my service or not? I'm going to go if you don't want it."

The girl regretted it as soon as she said that.

Where can I go tonight after leaving?

Return to that crappy home?

My father's still injured and lying at home. My mother is also forced to sell herself like me.

If I went home without any income, how can I face my father, who worked so hard to support my mother and me that he got injured?

But if I don't go home, I won't even have a place to stay after leaving. I can't spend the night under a bridge,

can I?

That's a homeless person's life, and I don't want to be one...

"I'll give you money..." Sean had fixed the wound and put on a band-aid.

He stood up, took out ten hundred-dollar bills from his wallet, and slapped them onto the girl's hand.

Yvonne looked at Sean in confusion, even more confused about what he was up to.

Chapter 1778

Sean said frankly, "Don't you just want money? I'll give it to you now. But I don't want your service. You can leave now if you want. Or you can stay with me for the night if you have nowhere else to go."

Yvonne's eyes watered slightly at Sean's words.

She had no idea why she had the impulse to cry. She felt her heart had been hardened and chilled by life. However, she now had the urge to burst into tears.

"Well... W-Where shall I sleep?" Yvonne asked hesitantly.

"You can have the bed. I'll sleep on the sofa," Sean said immediately.

"I'll sleep on the couch," Yvonne said after a moment.

She was embarrassed enough to crash into someone's room. It would have been shameless of her to take the bed and let him sleep on the sofa.



Sean said nothing more. There was not much difference between a sofa and a bed anyway. The hotel's sofa was huge and soft. It was no worse than a bed.

Sean took a quilt out of the cupboard and gave it to Yvonne. Then he watched Yvonne fall asleep on the sofa with the quilt.

"Can I turn off the light?"

Sean asked.

"Yeah..." Yvonne answered softly.

The room plunged into darkness after the lights were turned off.

Sean lay in bed but had trouble falling asleep, and Yvonne on the couch could not sleep even more.

It was not like she had not spent a night with men before, but it was nothing like this when she spent nights with

men.

Yvonne found what happened tonight strange, it was like a complicated but irrational dream.

But this is pretty good...

Yvonne thought to herself.

"You're not living in the west side of the city, are you?" Sean asked.

Yvonne hesitated for a while before replying, "Yeah. I'm from the west. I grew up there. I've been to school, but only primary school..."

The City-State Union did not make nine-year education compulsory. Even primary schools were not free.

Yvonne went to primary school, which was already considered not bad for the poor, most of whom never went to school.

"Why did you come out... Uh... And did this?" Sean asked again.

Yvonne hesitated for a long time before answering, "My father was a coal miner in the west. My family was poor, but we had no problems feeding ourselves. But there was an accident in the coal mine last month. My father broke his hand and is still on bed rest. My mother and I had no income and were forced to come out to make money."

What Yvonne meant by making money was in this way.

"You're not yet 18, are you?"

Hearing Yvonne's answer, Sean frowned. He felt Yvonne was too young.

Yvonne insisted. "I-I'm 18. I-I'm already 18..."

"What year were you born? What generation are you?" Sean asked immediately.

Yvonne was instantly at a loss for answers.

She said in a flustered voice, "Calm down. Let me calculate..."

Did it need calculation?

She should be able to answer such a question instantly. She must be lying or making things up if she needed to calculate it.

Sean laughed out loud, and Yvonne blushed with embarrassment. Luckily, the lights were off, and the room was so dark that nothing could be seen.

Chapter 1779

"Get some rest. I'll go with you to see your father tomorrow. Maybe I can help your family," Sean said suddenly.

Yvonne was instantly delighted at this, but she then looked helpless.

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The next morning.

The sun rose, and the golden sunlight streamed through the window and fell on the sofa.

Yvonne was sound asleep.

She woke up when she felt a sudden pat on the head and saw Sean standing before her.

"It's time to get up," Sean said calmly.

Yvonne blushed as she realized how soundly she had slept. It was probably the best night's sleep she had since her father's death.

She was sharing a room with a stranger.

How could she sleep so soundly?

It was inappropriate.

Yvonne quickly got up from the couch and asked sheepishly, "May... May I use the bathroom? I also want to take a bath."

"Okay," Sean nodded.

Yvonne was elated. She hurriedly ran to the bathroom, and the sound of running water came from the bathroom.

Sean sat on the sofa, turned on the TV, and ordered a set of breakfast.

He had already washed up, so there was no need to fight Yvonne for the bathroom, which would have made her even more embarrassed.

Yvonne came out of the bathroom after about 20 minutes.

She had taken a shower. Her hair was wet, and she wore the same outfit she had worn last night—a T-shirt and hot pants. However, she had already washed off the makeup on her face.

With the makeup removed from her face, Yvonne looked younger. People could tell at a glance that she was not yet an adult.

"Come and have something to eat." Sean waved to Yvonne.

Yvonne wanted to decline because she was too embarrassed, but the hunger in her stomach did not allow her to refuse.

She quickly walked over, sat next to Sean, and helped herself to a hearty breakfast.

Watching Yvonne take a mouthful, Sean asked, "How's your leg? Does it still hurt?"

"It doesn't hurt anymore..." Yvonne said gratefully.

With that said, Yvonne took another bite of a bun.

After breakfast, Yvonne's stomach seemed to have grown a bit.

One could tell she must not have had a full meal for a long time.

Just then, the doorbell rang suddenly.

"I'll get the door..." Yvonne said quickly.

She was embarrassed that she ate and stayed in Sean's room and got a thousand dollars from Sean for nothing. Therefore, Yvonne wanted to run errands for Sean whenever she could, even if it was only something minor.

Yvonne had just opened the door when she heard a melodious female voice outside.

"Good morning, Commander Lennon!"

The speaker was Shania.

Shania was not alone. Uriah was standing behind her.

The room door opened, and Yvonne gawked at Shania.

Shania also looked at Yvonne in confusion. The two women looked at each other and did not recover from their shock after a long time.

"Who are you?"

Yvonne and Shania asked at the same time.

Sean walked over, looked at Shania and Uriah outside the door, and said, "Yeah, good morning. You're up early..."

"It's almost 8 am," Shania said with a chuckle before looking curiously at Sean and Yvonne.

Chapter 1780

Sean was alone last night, but a woman appeared in his room out of the blue, and Shania could not help feeling curious.

"Commander Lennon, she's..." Shania asked, looking at Yvonne.

Sean did not know how to explain it for a moment, but he quickly said, "She needs help..."

He managed to brush it off with that vague sentence.

"Ms. Lewis, would you like to come to the slums with me?" Sean asked.

"O-Of... Of course..."

Hearing Sean's question, Shania did not hesitate to agree, even though she was confused.

Uriah stopped them by saying, "No, the slums in the west are lawless. You might get into danger if you go there."

Shania said with a chuckle, "What danger would I get into with you and Commander Lennon around?"

Shania had already said so, and Uriah could not stop her because to stop her would be a denial of his skills.

Sean paid for the hotel rooms and headed to the slum on the west with Shania and Uriah.

Yvonne was in front, leading the way for the three.

"Commander Lennon, she..." Shania asked again. She could not help it as she was too curious.

Sean spoke, "Her name is Yvonne, and she's a poor person who lives here. Her father is a worker in the coal mine in the west, but there was an accident in the coal mine more than a month ago..."

"Her father broke his hand. They have no money to see a doctor, so he hasn't done any treatment and was still on bed rest at home. Without income, she and her mother had no choice but to come out to make money..."

Sean was vague about the term "make money", but Shania understood.

Of course she understood what Sean meant.

Shania was from Dorodo and had heard about the slum in Dorodo. She knew many women who could not make a living and had no choice but to come out to sell themselves and be prostitutes.

Sean did not explain it, but it must be true.

Soon, they reached the slum.

What used to be a broad tarmac road was now a dirt road full of potholes and puddles of mud because it rained some time ago.

Shania's high heels were stained by the mud and water on the road. However, it did not bother her.

Uriah kept a wary eye out for people with bad intentions. He was clear that the poorer the place, the more lawless and desperate the residents were.

Robberies and r\*pes were routine here.

They saw piles of rubbish and broken items along the way. One could describe it as unsightly.

There was also a heavy stench in the air. It smelled like poop or urine but also sewage or rotten food. Besides that, the sky was gray because of black smoke from coal mines and several chemical plants.

Uriah's face turned ugly. It was a place he would never come to if he had the choice. Although it did not disgust Shania, her expression was ghastly being in such a dirty and messy place.

Only Sean's expression did not change. It was still the same calm expression.

"Here we are. My house is right ahead..." Yvonne said, pointing to a few houses not far ahead.

With that said, Yvonne quickly ran toward her home.