

## **The Guardian's Sword #Chapter 1671 - Read The Guardian's Sword Chapter 1671**

Chapter 1671

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Sean shook his head.

Just then, a phone call came through.

Sean picked up his phone to find a call from Quentin.

It was late. Why did Quentin call?

Though confused, Sean answered the call, and Quentin's voice immediately came from the phone.

"I'm sorry to bother you so late, Commander Lennon."

Quentin said on the phone. Though it was apologetic, his voice obviously panicked.

"Did something happen?" Sean asked.

"Well, my daughter's bodyguard, Uriah, fought Killer X today and got injured. The assassin's dagger is unexpectedly poisoned. Uriah is poisoned and in a coma. He's being hospitalized, but the doctors here seem to be at their wit's end."

'So that's it.'

Sean instantly felt that he had been careless.

During the day, when he found the female assassin, he did not immediately kill her because the bodyguard, Uriah, was present.

He would not have struck if Uriah had been able to tackle the female assassin on his own.

Had he known then that the female assassin's weapon was poisoned, he would never have let Uriah get hurt.

Although Uriah's performance was not satisfactory and he was hostile to Sean at first, he was righteous and responsible. Sean would not watch such a man die.

"You want me to help you? How did you know I'm a doctor?"

Sean asked, slightly curious.

"I didn't know you know medicine, Commander Lennon. I was going to ask you to ask the city defense army's doctor to help."

Quentin said in surprise.

Quentin had hit the jackpot. It was a shot in the dark.

"Alright, all that aside, where is Uriah now?"

"The emergency room of People's Hospital in Dorodo."

Quentin replied quickly.

Sean nodded, hung up, took off his military uniform, and put on a coat.

"Commander, did Mayor Lewis invite you over?"

Zander asked.

"That's right. One of Quentin's men was injured and poisoned, and I was partly responsible for his poisoning. So I have to go take a look."

Sean explained.

Sean was not obliged to explain himself to Zander, but he would have been inconsiderate to say nothing to his subordinates.

Therefore, a lot of times when he gave Zander an order or a mission, Sean would explain the reason, telling him why he did it or why he arranged it that way.

"I see. I'll go with you."

Zander said immediately.

"Alright."

Zander soon arranged a military jeep and drove Sean to Dorodo People's Hospital himself.

Fifteen minutes later, Sean and Zander were in front of the emergency room on the third floor of People's Hospital.

Quentin and Shania were in the hallway. Several personal guards were here to keep Quentin and his daughter safe.

He was accompanied by the hospital's doctors and nurses.

"How are things?"

Sean went straight to the point as soon as he arrived.

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"They're still working on it," Quentin replied.

"How long has he been in there?"

Sean glanced at the closed door of the emergency room.

"It's been three hours," Quentin said with a wry smile.

Three hours!

Three hours, and he's still unconscious?

He's not out of the woods yet?

Just then, Quentin's daughter, Shania, walked over and said with slightly red eyes, "Mr. Lennon, is my bodyguard... Uriah going to die?"

"Do you want him dead?" Sean asked in reply.

"Of course not. He got hurt trying to save me..." Shania's eye sockets got even redder.

"Then he's not going to die," Sean said earnestly.

Then Sean headed for the emergency room door with Zander right behind him.

The emergency room door was automatic. As soon as Sean came to the door, the emergency room door opened automatically, and what was going on in the emergency room was revealed to Sean.

It was called an emergency room but was no different than a surgery room.

Under the surgical lamp, Uriah lay ghastly pale with his eyes closed on the operating table. His chest was barely moving, and he wore an oxygen mask over his mouth and

nose.

An attending doctor and several nurses in green scrubs were working on saving Uriah.

Sean and Zander's entrance startled several doctors and nurses waiting in the hallway.

"Wait, you can't go in..." One of the doctors quickly called out to stop him, but it was too late.

Sean and Zander had already marched into the emergency room. There was no way they would turn around and leave.

Sean and Zander's intruding stopped the attending physician who was resuscitating Uriah.

He turned his head to glance at Sean and Zander before chiding, "Who are you? Who let you in?"

"It's me. I let them in. They might be able to help, sir," The mayor Quentin said from the doorway.

Quentin was the mayor of Dorodo, so they could not reject him.

The attending physician, who was also the director of Dorodo People's Hospital, frowned but did not scold him like earlier.

Quentin at the doorway had no idea how good Sean was, but he had faith in

Sean. After all, many had happened since Sean arrived in Dorodo, but Sean had never once let him down.

"Let me try. I might be able to cure him."

Sean came to the operating table and said to the hospital director.

The hospital director frowned even deeper. He tried to bite his tongue but eventually failed.

He snapped, "Are you kidding? Are you a doctor? Do you have a medical license? It's a matter of life and death. Who's going to be responsible if you kill him?"

"I will..." Sean replied immediately.

"That sounds nice. Can you handle the responsibility?" The hospital director retorted unceremoniously.

Hearing this, Zander instantly snapped and said, "Shut up! Who do you think you're talking to? I'm afraid you're not the hospital director yet when our commander saved people on the battlefield!"

Upon hearing Zander's words, the hospital director instantly became angrier.

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He shouted angrily, "I don't care who you are. Get out of here now and don't interrupt me from saving the patient!"

With that said, the hospital director opened Uriah's wounds with tweezers and used a special precision device to clean toxins from the wound.

The device sucked fluid from the area around the wound into a vacuum bottle. It could suck out toxins to a certain extent but also remove fluids and blood from the wound and even some soft tissue, thus causing some damage to the patient.

One could see it in Uriah's still-contorted face while he was unconscious.

Zander tried to say more, but Sean raised his hand and stopped him.

The hospital director ignored Sean and Zander and proceeded to perform minimally invasive surgery on Uriah. As he worked, he cleaned up more than two dozen minor wounds on Uriah's face and body. However, Uriah's vital signs remained low as he showed no signs of waking up.

As time went on, his face got paler. Even his lips lost their color.

"That's strange. Why hasn't he woken up..."

The hospital director held the device in his hand as he muttered to himself in confusion.

"That's because the toxin hasn't been completely removed. Some of it has entered his body and started to spread," Sean replied succinctly.

The hospital director immediately sighed when he heard that.

"That's the worst possible outcome. That way, there is no hope of treatment for this patient."

With that said, the hospital director prepared to leave.

Zander snorted and said, "I asked you to stop and let commander take over, but you refused. Are you trying to escape now that you know you can't do it?"

"How can you talk like that?" The hospital director was furious.

"I'm speaking facts." Zander replied immediately.

The hospital director was furious but could not argue because it was exactly what Zander said.

However, he quickly changed the subject and said, "Okay, I can't save him. Can your commander save him? I don't believe someone without a medical license, who just popped up out of nowhere, can save a patient even a hospital director like me can't!"

"There's nothing I can do if it's something as chronic as cancer. But poisonings and common sword wounds aren't really a problem for me," Sean said with a smile.

Hearing Sean's words, the hospital director did not lower his head but stubbornly said, "Okay, save him now. I'll see how you're going to save him. If

you manage to save him, I'll apologize to your face! If you can't, apologize to me!"

"No problem..." Sean said and stood on the side of the operating table.

Zander opened the suitcase he had been carrying for a long time, revealing many tools.

Most of the tools in the suitcase were bright medical instruments such as scalpels, tweezers, and hemostatic forceps of various models and sizes. Besides these medical instruments was a row of long and short silver needles.

"Give me silver needle number three to nine," Sean said, raising his right hand.

Zander did not reply. It was a waste of time to answer at such a time.

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Handing Sean the tools he needed was the best response.

Sean, who had received silver needles number three to nine, pierced the acupoints in Uriah's chest, abdomen, and face with the silver needles as he waved his right hand.

Sean's hand movements were so fast that the hospital director could not see them clearly.

However, the hospital director noticed that the silver needle stabbed into Uriah's acupoints kept vibrating slightly, stimulating the nerves without any sign of stopping.

"Special needle treatment? Is this traditional medicine?" The hospital director asked.

"Yes, it's traditional medicine," Zander answered for Sean.

"Traditional medicine is outdated, and many of its treatments have no basis in modern medicine," The hospital director said proudly.

"The so-called no basis is only because the mystery hasn't been discovered. Besides, it doesn't matter. What matters is whether the problem is eventually solved and the person is saved!" Zander said with emphasis.

Zander spoke rudely, but what he said made sense. It bothered Zander, but he could not argue further.

Sean lifted his hands and applied pressure to Uriah's body with special needle treatment, especially around the wound.

"What are you doing now?" The hospital director continued asking.

Zander could not answer him this time. He did not understand either.

Sean said flatly, "When the human body is poisoned, your immune system automatically kicks in and fights against the toxin. During this process, human organs and tissues would naturally produce some changes different from ordinary people..."

"You can find it and diagnose it through touch and other ways. With special needle treatment, you can stimulate nearby acupoints with pressure so that the toxins can accumulate in a certain place."

"What's the theory?" The hospital director asked again.

"Theory, theory, theory. Can't you ask something else?" Zander snapped, unable to stand it anymore.

However, the hospital director looked at Sean stubbornly, waiting for Sean to give him an answer.

Sean glanced at the hospital director before saying earnestly, "I don't know the theory. I learned from trial and error on many wounded and poisoned companions. Generally speaking, I don't know why it works, but I know it works."

The hospital director laughed as if he had heard the funniest joke in the world. However, he thought Sean was right after laughing.

Was modern medicine not moving from the unknown to the known?

Was the medical knowledge and medical experience be accumulated not based on trial and error?

The modern medical theories that existed today would have been indistinguishable from witchcraft in the eyes of people from two or three hundred years ago.



Realizing this, the hospital director instantly stopped laughing.

Sean slowly said, "I've been in many wars, and I always experience comrades wounded or poisoned in war without immediate treatment. Under that circumstance, I could only treat them myself. That's how I

got my medical skills."

"Of course, I also read some medical books and knowledge of traditional medicine later on. If you insist on an answer, there's a vital energy flowing in the human body."

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"Vital energy?" The hospital director did not scoff but listened carefully to Sean's explanation this time.

"That's right, vital energy. In traditional medicine, there's a special term called vital energy. You can think of it as a unique human energy if you don't understand.."

"What I'm doing now is using special needle treatment to stimulate the acupoints as well as using a massage to stimulate the soft tissues around the wound so that the special energy-vital energy will reconcentrate the toxins that have spread through the blood and force them out of the wound."

Hearing this, the hospital director felt like he had seen a new world.

He graduated from medical school. He had never come into contact with traditional medicine. He used to think traditional medicine was low-class, even rubbish and a trick to scam people. However, he now felt a force from traditional medicine.

It was magical and mysterious. However, it was not vague.

Perhaps it was magical and mysterious because it had not been completely mastered. That was why it was magical and mysterious.

Just then, Uriah suddenly snorted.

Sean, Zander, and the hospital director immediately looked over to see Uriah's wound beginning to seep purplish-black blood.

"The toxins are seeping out.." Sean smiled.

He was unsure of saving Uriah on his way here. He came to the hospital with the idea that he would make every possible effort. Now that the treatment was successful, he was naturally happy and overjoyed.

The sense of achievement from saving a life was stronger than killing ten people. It was because it was always easier to destroy than to create.

"Give me medical gauze... No, use the extraction device," Sean said.

"Let me do it!"

Zander was about to hand Sean the precision device the hospital director had just used, but the hospital director pushed him aside and handed Sean the device first.

Was the hospital director competing to be the commanders assistant?

The hospital director had been contemptuous of the commander earlier. Zander looked on with some amusement.

One got to admit that the precision device for extracting bodily fluids was indeed useful. The toxins gradually seeping out of Uriah's wound were soon drained clean.

That way, more than 99% of the toxins in Uriah's system had been cleared, even though there was no guarantee that all would be cleared.

What little toxin was left could be cleaned up by the body's immune system and removed by metabolism. The next step was to stitch up the wounds.

Without Sean asking, the hospital director knew what tools Sean needed and immediately handed them to Sean.

Holding tweezers and a suture needle, Sean stitched Uriah's wounds together with dizzying hand speed.

The hospital directors mouth widened at the scene. It was because Sean's stitching skills were too amazing. Even the hospital director could not find fault in it. He even thought he could not surpass Sean if he did it himself.

"Stitching wounds up relies on experience and hand-eye coordination. I've gained experience from countless comrades and hand-eye coordination... Haha, who can compare to professionally trained special forces soldiers?" Sean said with a chuckle.

By the time the surgery ended, Uriah's vital signs stabilized.

Within minutes, Uriah had regained consciousness, but he was still weak.

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Shania hurried in before snapping, "You're my bodyguard. You must listen to my orders. From now on, don't do the things I tell you not to do, got it?"

"Miss..." Uriah was so touched that he was close to tears.

Sean and Zander had left the emergency room and were heading down the hall.

It was getting late. Sean wanted to go back earlier to get some rest. However, in the eyes of the hospital director and Quentin, Sean seemed to have an air of relief.

"Please stop!" The hospital director suddenly shouted and ran after Sean.

"Is there something else?" Sean asked, turning around.

Unexpectedly, the hospital director suddenly bent 90 degrees and gave Sean a deep

bow!

The hospital director's action was so sudden that no one anticipated it. Hence, Zander was a little surprised.

Looking at the hospital director, who was proud earlier but had now bowed to Sean to show his respect, he was pleased.

Sean remained expressionless.

"Commander Lennon, I was blind. To tell the truth, I used to look down on traditional medicine and think it was a trick to scam people, but I've found how

ridiculously wrong I am. I will study traditional medicine and improve my medical skills to save people!" The hospital director said earnestly.

"It's good that you think that way." Sean nodded and strode out of Dorodo People's Hospital.

Looking at the night sky, Sean let out a long sigh of relief.

Even though Killer X was caught, the assassin died too quickly to be interrogated, so they failed to get a proper interrogation report. They also had no idea who Killer X was, who sent her, and what her purpose was.

With the assassin's death, everything was shrouded in a fog, hiding the truth.

However, would that be the end of this?

Sean did not think so.

Three days had passed since Killer X's death.

The news that Killer X was arrested and died spread over Dorodo, finally easing the panic earlier.

Dorodo residents were no longer scared and panicked.

Mayor Quentin held a grand gala to soothe the people's moods.

Tonight, the gala would be held in Dorodo Central Square. All the important bigwigs in Dorodo were invited by Mayor Quentin, and almost all members of high society participated.

Ordinary people, who were not members of high society, could also go to Central Square to watch the gala. However, there were no seats for them. They could only stand and enjoy it from afar.

It was said that the commander-in-chief of Dorodo's city defense army, Sean Lennon, was also invited.

A reporter from Dorodo's local TV station, Mary Holly, walked confidently toward Central Square with a microphone while recalling the first-hand information she had gotten.

She could see big shots she rarely saw tonight. The first one was the commander-in- chief of Dorodo's city defense army, Sean Lennon. Maybe she could seize this opportunity to interview the famous nine- star commander and Guardian God of war.

Her interview video would then become the local TV station's most popular program, and she could also get a huge bonus!

With that in mind, Mary was pleased from the bottom of her heart.

Chapter 1677

"Stop smiling. Your saliva's going to flow out if you continue smiling..." The cameraman, who had been with her for years, said as he looked helplessly at the beautiful reporter, Mary.

As the cameraman, he did not think that tonight's interview could go smoothly. After all, as the commander-in-chief of Dorodo's city defense army, Sean did not have the need and obligation to accept their interview.

Maybe even if they arrived at Central Square, they could not meet Commander

Lennon.

"What do you think of me? Am I beautiful?" The beautiful reporter, Mary, asked eagerly.

"You're okay!" The cameraman curled his lips.

Then Mary unbuttoned her collar and pulled her top down so her chest could look larger and more eye- catching.

Perhaps Commander Lennon would agree to an interview because she seduced him with her beauty?

"Do you want to seduce Commander Lennon? I advise you to forget about it. Commander Lennon is Dragon Kingdom's nine-star commander and Guardian God of war. He's not the type who can't move because he sees a woman," The cameraman said.

However, the beautiful reporter, Mary, did not take his words to heart.

Instead, she confidently said, "We haven't tried yet. Who knows what will happen? What if Commander Lennon got his eyes on me?"

"Stop daydreaming!" The cameraman curled his lips again.

They arrived at Central Square.

The gala had not officially started yet, but the lights on the stage were already on. Besides that, the banners hung around Central Square were jubilant, sweeping away the gloom that previously enveloped Dorodo.

Many high society members came to the square and took their seats with guidance from the female ushers. However, the table at the front was still empty.

The table was reserved for Mayor Quentin and Sean, the commander-in-chief of Dorodo's city defense army.

Besides the members of high society, countless Dorodo regular residents at the bottom of the hierarchy also came to Central Square, but they had no seats. They could only stand on tiptoes in the square to look at the stage.

Just then, a luxury car slowly drove over.

It was Mayor Quentin's car.

Immediately after the car pulled up, two bodyguards got out. One of them was Uriah. The car door opened, and Quentin exited the car, flanked by bodyguards and his daughter, Shania.

Quentin and Shania got out of the car. A female usher led them to the table closest to the stage, and they took their seats. Uriah and the other bodyguard stood beside Quentin and Shania to keep them safe.

"It's Mayor Lewis. Mayor Lewis has arrived," The beautiful reporter, Mary, said happily.

"You're not interviewing Mayor Lewis. Besides, he wouldn't want to talk to you even if you wanted to."

The cameraman's words poured over the beautiful reporter, Mary, like a basin of cold water.

Mary's expression changed. Then she rolled her eyes at the cameraman.

"Do you know why you're still single?" Mary asked.

"Why?" The cameraman asked in reply.

"Because whatever you say offends people."

The cameraman looked at Mary silently for a long moment before saying, "Do you know why you're still single too?"

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"Why?" Mary asked in reply.

"Because you're too stupid."

Mary pulled a long face. She was about to say something when an army green jeep sped over from a distance.

Needless to say, these two military jeeps were the commander-in-chief, Sean's car.

When the military jeeps pulled up, two men got out. One was Sean, who wore a military uniform with gold stars on his shoulders, and the other one was Zander.

"It's Commander Lennon and Commander Young!" Mary said excitedly.

Then she ordered in a commanding tone, "Quick, follow me. Grab the chance! The gala hasn't even started yet. We have a few minutes left to interview him!"

With that said, Mary took the microphone and rushed to Sean. The cameraman had no choice but to run along with Mary.

"It's pretty grand."

Sean got out of the car and sized up the crowded Central Square and the gorgeously decorated stage.

"How extravagant and wasteful," Zander said immediately.

"You can't call it extravagant and wasteful. Since such a gala can soothe the people and calm the tense atmosphere, it's still useful. Besides, the people at the bottom of the hierarchy are also involved, aren't they?" Sean said with a smile.

Sean disliked parties, but what he disliked was high society's parties meant for mingling.

In his opinion, those parties were extravagant and wasteful. However, this gala was different. It was attended not only by many high society members but also by many of the lower-class people.

Besides that, it could clear the previous panicked atmosphere and effectively soothe the people, which was conducive to urban civilization development and the stability of law and order. Thus, such a gala was useful.

Zander thought about it and agreed with Sean's idea, so he nodded.

"Commander Lennon, this way, please. The gala is about to begin, and the mayor has been waiting for you for some time."

A smiling female usher in a red dress came up to Sean and Zander with a smile and led them the way.

"Alright..." Sean nodded and followed the female usher to the seats arranged for them.

Just then, a small commotion broke out not far away.

Sean and Zander turned around together to look and saw several security guards stopping a man and a woman.

The woman held a microphone in her hand. She wore a gray suit dress and white high heels. Her outfit was spruce. One could tell at a glance that she was a professional.

The man carried a camera on his shoulder. His characteristics were more obvious. Anyone could tell that such a combination was a reporter and cameraman.

"What's going on here?" Sean asked.



The female usher glanced in the direction of the commotion before explaining with a smile, "Because there are a lot of big shots here tonight. You and the mayor are attending the gala, so many reporters

came too. The mayor reminded us not to let them enter, lest they bother you."

"I see..." Sean nodded.

Sean had no intention of going against Mayor Quentin's orders. He did not want to be interviewed either.

Unexpectedly, he had just turned around when he heard a woman shout

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"Commander Lennon! Commander Lennon, don't leave! Don't go! I finally got to see you. Don't be so heartless..."

Sean's expression changed slightly as the corners of his mouth twitched.

The way she put it would easily cause people to misunderstand. People would think Sean had something to do with her.

"Let them through..." Sean said to Zander.

Zander nodded in acknowledgment and strode over. He soon led the beautiful reporter and the cameraman over to Sean.

"Who are you?" Sean spoke first.

Blushing, the beautiful reporter looked at Sean excitedly and said, "Hello, Commander Lennon. My name is Mary Holly, and we're reporters from Dorodo's local TV station. Can you spare us a few minutes to interview you?"

With that said, the beautiful reporter, Mary, looked expectantly at Sean. Her eyeshadow-lined big eyes blinked non-stop.

In Mary's opinion, no man would refuse such a trivial matter when a beautiful woman like her requested it herself.

However, Sean said flatly, "I refuse..."

"What?" Mary was instantly stunned.

She never thought Sean would reject her request for an interview!

"Hold on, Commander Lennon. I only want a brief interview. I'm not going to ask you any tough questions..." Mary said quickly, inadvertently tugging at her collar so that Sean could see more of her chest.

Unfortunately, Sean never gave her a second glance.

"Keep quiet and watch the gala. Yell again, and you'll be kicked out of here," Sean said without emotion before striding off toward Mayor Quentin.

Zander said solemnly, "Did you hear Commander Lennon's orders? Keep quiet and don't shout!"

With that said, Zander strode off too.

Watching the two walk off into the distance, Mary froze and was dumbfounded for a long time.

The cameraman sighed and said helplessly, "I told you so... Oh..."

Mary came to her senses and snapped, "I've never seen such a heartless man! How annoying! What Commander Lennon? What Guardian God of war? I don't think he knows anything. He's only an idiot who became a commander-in-chief through the back door!"

As soon as she said this, the surrounding security guards glared at her.

Mary instantly winced and explained with a shudder, "I... I'm just kidding... Don't take it seriously..."

Sean had already sat in front of the table. Zander was still standing aside.

"Have a seat too." Sean said as he pulled a chair over.

Zander hesitated for a moment before taking a seat next to Sean.

Quentin looked behind Sean and saw no one behind him.

Therefore, he asked curiously, "Commander Lennon, you're the commander-in-chief. How come you don't bring guards or bodyguards out with you?"

Guard?

Bodyguard?

Sean was trying to figure out how to answer the question when Zander had already explained it for him.

"Commander Lennon is the strongest man in the city's defense army, so he doesn't need guards and bodyguards. Besides, who is capable or qualified to protect him?"

Hearing Zander's speaking so highly of Sean, Quentin understood and nodded vigorously.

Shania looked longingly into the distance and asked, "Commander Lennon, what happened over there? I thought I heard a woman shouting about meeting with you and calling you heartless..."

Chapter 1680

Hearing this, Sean's face darkened. Although they stopped Mary in time, it seemed the female reporter named Mary caused him trouble after all.

"It's just a female reporter asking me for an interview, and I rejected her," Sean said flatly.

"I see. I thought... Sorry...." Shania began laughing in the middle of her sentence.

She thought that woman was a poor soul Sean had abandoned, so she was begging him to see her again.

"Commander Lennon's a righteous man. How could he have behaved shamelessly like a playboy?" Quentin said with a laugh as he touched his daughter Shania's head.

"You're right.." Shania nodded heavily.

Sean's expression looked much better now that he had cleared the misunderstanding.

The singing and dance performances also began, and Central Square started becoming lively and joyful. Although the gala was prepared at short notice, the singing and dance performances on stage were good. At least most of the people were happy.

Feeling the harmonious and lively atmosphere, Sean nodded with satisfaction.

"Mayor Lewis, I didn't think you'd try to soothe the crowd with a gala. It's a good idea."

Quentin instantly smiled when he heard Sean's compliment.

"Hahaha, it's actually my daughter's idea. She suggested that I hold a gala."

"I see..." Sean nodded and glanced approvingly at Shania.

Shania instantly felt embarrassed.

Though Uriah nearby did not do anything, one could tell he looked slightly nervous. It seemed Uriah still had a crush on Shania and saw Sean as a love rival.

However, Uriah also knew he was too far behind Sean in terms of strength and status. If Sean was going to do something, there was no way he could stop him.

It was why he was restrained and not as aggressive with Sean and even drew his sword as he did in front of the supermarket.

"How is Uriah's wound?" Sean asked.

"Commander Lennon, my injury is almost healed. I've almost recovered." Uriah answered immediately.

"Oh, that's good." Sean nodded.

Uriah continued saying, "Commander Lennon, thank you for rescuing me. Without you, I would have died on the operating table."

"It's nothing much." Sean waved his hand casually.

Uriah did not give a long thank you speech either. It was enough to express his gratitude. Saying too much seemed empty. Besides, as Shania's bodyguard, he could not repay anything to Sean, let alone make any promises, so she might as well say nothing.

However, he asked, "Commander Lennon, I have a question for you."

"Go ahead..." Sean immediately nodded and agreed.

Uriah did not dilly-dally either.

He asked readily, "Commander Lennon, when I was fighting Killer X the other day, I found her bumping into your hand... What happened?"

After kicking Uriah, Killer X ran toward Shania, who was behind Sean, to kill her with a dagger. However, she bumped into Sean's outstretched right hand. Then, Sean subdued and incapacitated her.

Uriah was shocked and wondered how the agile Killer X could make such a stupid mistake. It was also what Shania wanted to know.

Therefore, now that Uriah had asked, Shania immediately looked up at Sean and waited for his answer.

Sean smiled before replying casually, "It's simple. I predicted what she predicted I would predict."

"What?"