

## **The Guardian's Sword #Chapter 1791 - Read The Guardian's Sword Chapter 1791**

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Hearing Sean's confirmation, the female reporter and other reporters looked excited.

"Why did you take time out of your busy schedule to come to the slum and give free treatment to these poor people?" Another reporter asked.

Sean smiled and said, "Because the living conditions of the people here are terrible. They can barely feed themselves, let alone have money for medical treatment. It's why I came here to treat them."

"Won't this impact your management of the city defense army? After all, your time is so valuable," Another reporter asked.

Sean nodded slowly and said, "There's no way it didn't have any impact. But poverty is not a minor issue. If it's not handled well, it can be worse than war, so I think properly dealing with poverty is a bigger priority."

"I see... You're very kind, Commander Lennon!" A reporter said, licking Sean's boots as several other reporters nodded in agreement.

"If our mayor, Dorodo's government hospital, relevant health organizations, and the poverty relief department can solve poverty, I won't have to do this," Sean said with a smile.

After answering the reporters' questions, Sean motioned for Zander to lead them away.

The reporters were not done with their questions. They had many more questions they wanted to ask and interview, but Zander did not give them any more time.

"Our commander is busy. You're lucky enough to get five minutes to interview him. Hurry out of here..."

Under Zander's watchful eye, the reporters had no choice but to leave.

It was getting dark.

Sean had treated dozens of patients, but there were many more who had not been treated. No matter how good Sean was, not every illness or injury could be treated.

Of course, it was not that he was incapable. It was because he could not physically cure everyone. Even if he split his body in two, he could not take care of all the patients in the world. Thus, some problems must be solved at their root.

It was already getting late, and it was time for Sean and Zander to return to Dorodo's army camp.

"Ms. Lewis, don't stay here any longer. It's getting late, and it's not safe for you to stay here alone as a girl. You better hurry back to the mayor's residence with Uriah," Sean said to Shania.

Shania was a little embarrassed because she did nothing to help today. She only watched as she followed Sean around.

Sean took care of the wounds, Zander kept everything in order, and Yvonne and her mother assisted Sean. The delicate mayor's daughter did nothing.

"I see... I'll tell my father about this place when I get back," Shania said earnestly.

"Thank you..." Sean smiled and nodded.

Shania followed Uriah back to the mayor's residence around 9 p.m.

Mayor Quentin had just finished his dinner and was about to go to his room to rest.

"Dad, I have something to tell you," Shania said as she trotted over to her father, Quentin.

"Let's go to the living room," Quentin said with a chuckle.

Quentin led his daughter Shania to the living room. With her feet on the thick fluffy carpet as she smelled the fragrance in the air in the living room and looked at the luxury and exquisite furnishing, Shania suddenly felt unaccustomed.

Having grown up in the mayor's residence and enjoying splendor and wealth, she used to take everything in front of her for granted. However, after the trip to the slum today, where she followed behind Sean and witnessed the slum residents, she suddenly felt a strong discomfort at everything in sight.

The sight before her was so beautiful that it was too good to be true.

"Dad, I didn't come home last night," Shania said after pondering it.

"I know..." Quentin nodded before saying with a chuckle. "Uriah texted me. I know you were with Commander Lennon. Why? Did he say anything to you?"

Shania continued saying, "Well, Uriah and I followed Commander Lennon to the slum on the west to learn about the poor's life this morning..."

Quentin had already begun to frown at this.

Shania did not notice the change in her father's expression as she continued saying, "Life is so hard for people living in the slum. They can barely survive. Many are far from secure, but that's not the main point. Most importantly, they don't even have the money to see a doctor..."

"Anyone sick or injured can only endure and wait for themselves to heal with time. With luck, they will heal themselves. If not, their illness and injuries will worsen. It may start as a minor illness, but the lack of medical attention can lead to major complications, possibly death..."

"Okay, I got it.." Quentin quickly interrupted his daughter.

He pressed his nose bridge with his right forefinger and thumb.

After rubbing it several times, he said, "I didn't expect you to suddenly focus on the slum. It's an old problem. None of the previous mayors of Dorodo had been able to solve the slum's problem properly. I'm afraid I'm incapable of it too. But Commander Lennon must have had a plan since he took you there. I'll get in touch with him and discuss it with him."

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Quentin forced a smile as he spoke of it.

He touched his daughter Shania's head and said earnestly, "Shania, you shouldn't get involved. Knowing too much may have a bad effect on you, so stay out of this... Get some rest, Dear. Sweet dreams."

Sweet dreams?

After what I've been through today, how am I gonna have sweet dreams?

I'm probably going to have a hard time just trying to fall asleep!

Shania complained in her head but did not refute her father.

She quickly nodded and said with a smile, "I got it, Dad. I'm going back to my room to sleep. You should rest early too."

"Yeah, go to bed, dear," Quentin nodded.

His smile faded as he watched Shania leave the living room and walk down the hallway.

Holding his chin, Quentin was lost in thought.

Why would Sean, the commander-in-chief of Dorodo's city defense army, focus on the poverty situation?

It doesn't make sense... People in high places tend to stay out of ordinary people's lives and ignore what happens to ordinary people. Even if they want to do something or intervene, they usually don't do it personally.

But Commander Lennon brought Shania to the slum, which was too strange.

Did he want to do something big in the slum?

If that was the case, things could be troublesome.

Quentin quickly took out his phone. After a moment's hesitation, he called Sean.

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The commander-in-chief's office at the army camp...

Sean had just finished dinner and was sitting behind his desk, looking through a thick stack of papers before him.

With no ongoing war and the City-State Union being relatively peaceful, Dorodo's city defense army had nothing to do but train. The two chiliarchses, Gregory and Anthony could perfectly manage the training.

Other than the city defense army, the more important thing was the information about Silver City's secret warehouse contained in the ancient bronze sword.

Sean had passed this information on to Hanson, who was sure to pass it on to the top brass of the military, but he had not received any reply. Perhaps the top brass was worried about making Dragon Kingdom military's problems in the City-State Union difficult if they did something big there.

They should wait and not rush it. Then there were problems regarding the slum.

Zander brought Sean a lot of information regarding the slum, in which he could see that previous mayors of Dorodo had tried to govern the slum but had little effect.

It was because Dorodo was deeply stratified, and the economy and productivity were limited back then.

Dorodo could be divided into four classes. Firstly, the ruling class; secondly, the wealthy class; thirdly, the middle class, and fourthly, the poverty class.

The ruling class meant the leaders of the institutions. Sean and Quentin belonged to this class, and this class had the most power.

The wealthy class meant the wealthy businessmen and influential families of Dorodo.

Ronald was a wealthy businessman, and the important families of Dorodo were influential.

The middle class referred to ordinary people, mostly office workers and entrepreneurs.

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The poverty class referred to people living in the west part of the city and barely surviving.

It was difficult to jump from one class to a higher one because of the severe stratification. It required not only economic support but also the recognition of the higher class. Thus, the former mayors encountered huge resistance when handling poverty.

Almost everyone in the wealthy class and the middle class was opposed to improving the status of the poverty class and making their lives better.

It was because the poverty class was equivalent to cheap labor.

Improving their quality of life and status would shake the interests of the wealthy class and the middle class-especially the wealthy class.

Other than stratification, another factor that prevented poverty from being properly addressed was the economy and productivity at that time.

Now, economic and productivity growth seemed to be out of the question. Therefore, they should focus on the wealthy class if they wanted to deal with poverty. Even if it hurt their interests, they must make them shut up and obediently accept the change.

Of course, the method to do so required further study.

"Commander, would you like something to drink?" Zander walked over and asked.

"Then make me a cup of coffee," Sean said flatly.

Soon, Zander brought Sean a cup of coffee.

Of course, it was only ordinary instant coffee, and Sean had never been demanding about food and beverage.

After taking a sip of his coffee, Sean smiled and said, "Zander, how do you think those influential families and wealthy tycoons would react when they find out what we've done at the slum today?"

Zander pondered for a moment and said, "Maybe they'll be dismissive of it. They might think you're putting on a show and trying to build your image in a way that will give you more say in Dorodo's administration."

"Haha! Yes, but maybe more intense than you think. They might think I'm a nuisance."

Zander instantly frowned at Sean's words. He became lost in thought, trying to figure out what Sean meant.

It was a long time before he said, "Commander, do you..."

"I just think many influential families aren't improving the city and the economy. They are dragging them down instead. They occupy a large part of society's wealth. But the part they occupy is stacked like objects in a villa storeroom, doing nothing. This would be bad for a long term of development."

Zander had pretty much figured out what Sean meant. However, he did not think Sean would have such an idea.

He was going after the wealthy tycoons!

"Zander, I'm hosting a charity gala in three days. Help me send some invitations to the wealthy tycoons and influential families in Dorodo..."

"Sure, no problem," Zander nodded immediately.

Suddenly reminded of something, Zander asked again, "Does this include Mayor Quentin?"

"Of course," Sean said immediately.

A look of shock came over Zander's face. He did not expect Sean to include Mayor Quentin as it was probably inappropriate

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Just then, Sean's phone on the desk buzzed suddenly. He picked up his phone, looked at it, and smiled.

"It's Quentin..."

Zander said immediately, "Perhaps the mayor wanted to ask you about the slum. Ms. Lewis must have told him what happened today after she got home."

"Yeah, that should be it..."

As soon as Sean got through, Quentin's voice came from the phone.

"Commander Lennon, I'm sorry for calling you so late," Quentin said apologetically.

"It's okay. I haven't gone to bed yet," Sean replied calmly.

Then Quentin asked about the slum. "Commander Lennon, you're the commander-in-chief of Dorodo's city defense army. You control everything in the city defense army. And I'm the mayor of Dorodo, so the slum's problem is supposed to be under my..."

"But you didn't, did you?"

Sean's remark left Mayor Quentin over the line silent for several seconds.

After a while, Mayor Quentin smiled wryly and said, "It seems you care about Dorodo's slum problem, Commander Lennon."

"Of course..." Sean nodded and admitted without hesitation.

He went on and said, "Although I'm the commander-in-chief of the city defense army and not the mayor, the slum's problem isn't my responsibility. But I don't think it's entirely irrelevant to me because if poverty isn't handled properly, it can affect the stability of Dorodo's city defense army..."

"Mayor Lewis, you've been too busy to manage the slum. I'll take over, of course."

Quentin smiled wryly on the phone when Sean said this.

After a long while, he asked tentatively, "So what are you going to do, Commander Lennon?"

"The solution to this problem is simple. I'll start with two aspects. Firstly, strengthen the slum's economic construction by providing them with more and better job opportunities so that they can create wealth and improve their

quality of life through labor... I'm not going to talk about the second one just yet."

"You're not?" Quentin frowned.

Quentin would never have been this easygoing if he was the previous commander-in-chief of the city defense army or when Sean first arrived.

However, having seen what Sean was capable of and Sean's forceful method during this time, even a mayor like him could not be tough in front of Sean.

After all, Sean wielded a lot more power than his predecessors as the city defense army's commander-in-chief.

It was mainly reflected in the commander-in-chief's control over the city defense army and the city defense army's overall strength.

The previous commander-in-chiefs of the city defense army could not control Dorodo's city defense army. Dorodo's city defense army was divided into several factions that were friendly on the surface but hostile in private.

Sean was truly the commander-in-chief of the city defense army as he had Dorodo's city defense army of 3,000 men under control.

His word was the most important order in the city defense army. Everything he said was the supreme order. No one dared to disobey.

Besides, during the reign of the former commander-in-chiefs of the city defense army, the combat effectiveness of Dorodo's city defense army was nothing worth mentioning. Even if one could not describe it as useless, it was pretty weak.

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However, Dorodo's city defense army's overall strength was quite different from the past. Among other things, Dorodo's city defense army's battle of resistance against Black Gold Flower Mercenary Regiment showed many things.

Throughout the City-State Union, Black Gold Flower Mercenary Regiment was prominent and stronger than the city defense army of many cities.

However, Dorodo's city defense army had defeated Black Gold Flower Mercenary Regiment with only half their military force. Most of Black Gold Flower Mercenary Regiment's mercenaries were killed, and only a few escaped.

Dorodo's city defense army's losses were minimal.

The total number of wounded or dead soldiers did not even add up to a hundred.

It meant Dorodo's city defense army was no longer the same!

With control of such a united force, even Mayor Quentin would have to bow before Sean!

Of course, Sean had not done anything to embarrass Quentin so far, and the two had always had a good relationship.

Though Quentin was unhappy with issues about the slum, he had no choice but to acquiesce.

"Alright. Since it's your decision, I'm sure you'll manage it well. I want Dorodo to flourish and thrive. Commander Lennon, I don't think you would want to see an economically recessed and impoverished Dorodo."

"Of course," Sean nodded.

After hanging up, Sean exhaled lightly.

"Quentin delegated all authority in dealing with the slum to me..."

Zander did not look surprised at Sean's words. It was because Sean had always been that way since a long time ago.

If he entered a regiment, he would be its backbone. If he joined a force, he would be its ruler. If he formed a consortium, he would be its head.

It had never changed since Zander worked for Sean.

Since Sean had intervened in the slum, he was the supreme commander in handling the slum's issues. No one could steal power or his influence from him.

It was impossible, even if it was Quentin!

"What if the wealthy businessmen and influential families unite and work against us?" Zander asked.

"There's got to be a way to break them up," Sean said with a smile.

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The next morning.

As Dorodo's morning papers went on sale today, everything that had happened in the slum yesterday was revealed to everyone.

"Taquila-Sean" became a household name. Pretty much everyone in Dorodo knew the title.

"Saint? Saint!" Ronald's daughter, Lillian, rushed excitedly into her father's study with a newspaper.

"Dad, look at this newspaper. Look!" Lillian slapped the newspaper onto Ronald's desk.

Ronald frowned at Lillian and said, "You're too old to be so reckless. No wonder Commander Lennon doesn't like you."

Lillian pouted in displeasure at this.

Ronald picked up the newspaper. A startled look came over his face after taking only one glance.

He quickly put on his glasses and carefully read the article that had taken up the whole page of the newspaper.

"Commander Lennon has taken over the slum's governance? Is this a joke?"

Seeing her father's reaction, Lillian vaguely knew something was wrong.

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The slum's issues had plagued Dorodo for so long that the slum on the west was Dorodo's cancer. Several previous mayors had tried addressing it but failed.

It was a good thing that Commander Lennon had now personally gotten involved in the slum's governance!

However, why did her father's expression look so ghastly?

"Dad, is there something wrong with this?" Lillian pondered before asking tentatively.

Ronald put down the newspaper, took a long breath, and said, "Of course. Commander Lennon wants to fight poverty and make life better for the poor in the west. There's nothing wrong with that. He's a good and kind man to have such ideas..."

"But the problem is that the slum is so complicated that I'm afraid he won't be able to handle it!"

The slum is complicated?

Can't handle it?

Lillian looked increasingly puzzled.

Is the life of the poor in the slum so difficult not only because of economic reasons but also other factors?

Lillian immediately asked what was confusing her.

Ronald glanced at his daughter with resignation and amusement before commenting, "You're too naïve, Darling... I've protected you so well that you haven't been through anything bad. It made you

think too simply of things."

After a pause, Ronald explained to his daughter in detail.

"Besides the mayor Quentin's family, there are five influential families in Dorodo called the Dorodo's top five families..."

"They are the Wosh family, the Montana family, the Walker family, the Stewart family, and the Lambert family. The Wosh family is represented by Benedict Wosh, the director of Dorodo People's Hospital, and the Montana family is led by Madam Monica Montana. Elijah Walker is the patriarch of the Walker

family; Cole Stewart is the patriarch of the Stewart family, and Dylan Lambert is the patriarch of the Lambert family..."

"To tell you the truth, the top five families have businesses in the slums. The Wosh family runs pharmaceutical factories, The Montana family owns textile mills, The Walker family runs coal mines, The Stewart family owns iron mines, And the Lambert family has fertilizer plants. Do you know why the top five families open companies or factories and run businesses in the slum?"

"That's because the poor's labor is cheap. The slum contains more than 2,800, or nearly 3,000 people, and at least two-thirds work in the top five families' companies... What do you think the top five families would think if Commander Lennon insisted on improving the quality of life and the status of the poor in Dorodo?"

"If the poor's quality of life improves, will they still be satisfied with their current wages? Will they be satisfied with the current welfare, working facilities, and environment?"

"So Commander Lennon's ideas and actions are arguably damaging to the top five families' interests. It's equivalent to cutting out a piece of the top five families' cake, and a big one at that!"

"I'd be surprised if the top five families could accept it!"

Ronald felt a little tired after such a long speech.

Lillian immediately poured her father a cup of hot water and handed it to him.

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After taking a sip of water, Ronald continued saying, "Dorodo developed quickly, but because of the rapid development, the economy is deformed. More than 50% of Dorodo's wealth is concentrated in wealthy families

and businessmen..."

"Improving the lives of the poor and ordinary folks is to go against these rich businessmen and influential families. Of course, the Townsend family is also wealthy," Ronald said sarcastically.

Suddenly seeing that his daughter's expression was not quite right, he quickly added, "Of course, I agree with Commander Lennon. How could I be a Dorodo resident and not care about Dorodo's development? No matter what Commander Lennon decides, I'm firmly on his side!"

Lillian's face instantly lit up after hearing Ronald say this.

She was afraid that her father would also stand against Commander Lennon. In that case, she would be caught in the middle and not know what to do.

"Dad, I didn't know you were this open-minded," Lillian praised.

"Not really..." Ronald smiled bitterly. "The Townsend family is only wealthy but not influential. We have money, but we're not powerful. Those noble families can fight against Commander Lennon, but we can't. If Commander Lennon is upset, he could destroy the Townsend family with one word... I've said too much. I shouldn't have told you this."

Ronald emptied his cup of water and stood up.

"Lill, let's go to the army camp. It's been a long time since we've seen Commander Lennon. We can catch up with him and find out what he's up to."

As he spoke, Lillian's second mother stood in the doorway. However, she did not barge in like Lillian.

She knocked on the open door to catch Ronald's attention before walking in with a smile.

She held a brown envelope in her hand.

"Darling, someone from the army camp just came and said you have a letter from Commander Zander."

"Why didn't you tell me earlier?"

Ronald quickly took the letter from Mila's hand and opened it.

The envelope contained not a letter but an invitation. Although it was nominally an invitation, it was written on paper, and the words on the paper appeared to be a little sloppy.

One could tell at a glance that the writer was not focused when he wrote it.

[The city defense army's main camp will hold a charity fundraising gala at 8 pm. two days from now. Please attend, Mr. Townsend. You can abstain if you have something to do. You can bring at most one guest with you.]

"It's a charity fundraising gala. I'm afraid this is the first step in Mr. Lennon's efforts to address the slum's issue," Ronald said as he handed Lillian the invitation.

Lillian held the crudely made invitation, looked at it for a moment, and smiled.

Other people's invitations were normally exquisite, and some even paid a lot of money to print invitations when holding a ball or a banquet. After all, the invitations represented the host to some extent.

However, Commander Lennon used rough paper as an invitation. It was so shabby.

The only thing special about the invitation was Commander Lennon's commander-in-chief writing. Even the words on it were now his.

"Dad, shall we go together then?" Lillian asked eagerly.

Chapter 1798

Dorodo's east suburban villa area.

The villa area was a famous wealthy suburb in Dorodo. People who could afford a villa there were either Dorodo's famous wealthy businessmen or a noble.

Three middle-aged men sat on leather couches in the living room of a luxury villa near the center of the villa

area.

One of them was a man with a stubby square-shaped face, whose appearance would have given anyone the impression that he was a man of integrity.

This man was Elijah, the patriarch of the Walker family.

Though the second man was middle-aged, he was fashionably dressed. He wore a loose floral shirt and light green shorts, making him look carefree.

This man was Cole, the patriarch of the Stewart family.

The third man looked ordinary. Nothing seemed special about him, but his sharp gaze and slight authority showed he was extraordinary.

He was Dylan, the patriarch of the Lambert family-one of Dorodo's top five families.

Other than the patriarch of the Wosh family, Benedict, and the head of the Montana family, Monica, the other head of the top five families gathered here.

A newspaper published that morning was on the glass coffee table in front of them.

The front page of the newspaper carried a full-page article with the headline, "Taquila Sean, Savior of the poor!"

"Haha, check this out. It was just published this morning!" Elijah chuckled as he shoved the paper in front of Cole and Dylan.

However, neither Cole nor Dylan touched the newspaper because they already knew what the article was about. It was why they hurried here to meet Elijah, the patriarch of the Walker family.

"Looks like the city defense army's commander-in-chief wants to intervene in poverty," said Elijah.

The most impatient Cole said irritably, "Elijah, don't keep me in suspense. Just tell us what we should do! Dylan and I aren't the only ones who run businesses in the slum. You do too!"

Elijah looked calmly at Cole and said, "Commander-in-chief Sean is trying to benefit Dorodo's poor. We can't stand in his way."

"You've said all the nice things. Tell me how to settle this?" Cole's anger grew.

The wealthy families would be seriously affected if the status and quality of life of the poor were improved. Though their businesses in the slum would not bring down the three wealthy families, it would dent their wealth and prestige in Dorodo.

Seeing Cole seemingly running out of patience, Elijah said, "Well... Don't worry. The former mayors have tried and failed to fight poverty. We don't have to do anything but not cooperate with Sean's plan. He will be helpless."

"Really?" Cole frowned and looked at Elijah suspiciously.

Dylan, who had been silent all the time, suddenly said, "Old Walker is right. We can only do nothing and not cooperate. This is the limit of what we can do. After all, we belong to Dorodo, and we cannot fight against Dorodo's authority."

"Look, Old Lambert's got foresight," Elijah nodded with a chuckle.

Chapter 1799

Exasperated, Cole slammed on the table and said, "Sean is out of line. As commander-in-chief of the city defense army, why is he meddling in this issue? Is that his responsibility?"

"What's the point of you lashing out at us?" Elijah spread out his hands in a gesture of frustration.

Dylan coughed and continued saying, "Whatever Sean does, at least we can't disagree openly. After all, he's the commander-in-chief of the city defense army. He is way above us in rank and status. And he has Dragon Kingdom's military supporting him. How are we going to fight him? We only have to be uncooperative, passive, and unhelpful. Poverty is a chronic problem. Even if he wants to solve it, he can't."

After a pause, Dylan said, "Every city in the City-State Union is the same. Is there a city that doesn't have poor people? If Sean can fix poverty, I'll write my name backward!"

"You're being dramatic, Old Lambert..." Elijah was as cordial as ever.

Just then, there was a sudden knock on the door.

Elijah looked at the door and said, "Come in..."

With that said, a young man pushed the door open and entered.

The young man was Elijah's son, Lionel Walker.

Lionel walked in and placed an envelope on the clear glass coffee table.

"Look, Dad... Someone from the army camp sent over a letter just now."

Elijah nodded, opened the envelope, and took out an invitation.

The invitation said, [The city defense army's main camp will hold a charity fundraising gala at 8 pm. two days from now. Please attend, Mr. Walker. You can abstain if you have something to do. You can bring at most one guest with you.]

Cole and Dylan gathered over to look. The two looked at the invitation and showed disdainful expressions.

"How is that an invitation? Haha, it's just a crappy piece of paper," Cole said dismissively.

Elijah placed the invitation on the coffee table and slowly said, "It seems Sean's going to gather Dorodo's wealthy businessmen and noble families to donate money to the poor. Perhaps I'm not the only one who has received this invitation. Other invitations have been sent to your home respectively, and other rich families and wealthy businessmen must have received them too."

"Should we attend this bullsh\*t fundraising gala then?" Cole asked exasperatedly.

"Of course, but we don't have to go ourselves. Didn't it say so on the invitation? You don't have to come if you have something to do," Elijah said, pointing to the text on the invitation.

It was supposed to be a polite gesture, but it gave Elijah, Cole, and Dylan an excuse not to attend.

"Yeah, yeah, we have something to do. We're busy. We don't have time to go to some fundraising gala," Cole nodded approvingly.

Dylan vaguely sensed something was wrong, but he nodded and said, "That's settled then. We'll send our heirs two days later. We're not going."

"What if Sean asks for a donation?" Cole asked again.

Elijah said with a chuckle, "We'll donate then. Why not? I can afford a donation... Be generous and give him 100 dollars."

100 dollars?

Chapter 1800

Elijah, Cole, and Dylan were members of Dorodo's noble families. The top three families had tens of billions of dollars in assets each but donated only 100 dollars.

It was obviously ironic!

"That's a good idea! Haha, I love it! I can't wait to see the expression on Sean's face when he finds out all three of us only donated 100 dollars."

Cole burst out laughing with a look of satisfaction on his face. Dylan also smirked.

Elijah turned to look at his son Lionel and said, "Did you hear that? You're going to the fundraising gala with Uncle Cole and Uncle Dylan's son, and you only need to donate 100 dollars."

"I got it, Dad!" Lionel nodded vigorously, a smug look on his face.

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Two days passed quickly.

As night drew closer, lights lit up in front of Dorodo's city defense army's main camp.

The lights were not neon, nor were they especially purchased for the gala. They were only ordinary energy- saving lights.

Sean did not plan on spending a lot of money for the fundraising gala he was holding.

The gala was about to begin, and the rich businessmen and dignitaries who had received invitations arrived.

Many cars were parked in front of the main camp. There were Mercedes Benz, BMW, Porsche, Rolls Royce, Maserati, and other internationally renowned luxury cars.

Many luxury cars you normally would not see on the street were now all parked in front of Dorodo city defense army's main camp. It was like a grand auto show!

Then the rich got out of their cars. The men were in suits and leather shoes, and the women were glowing. They all looked haughty.

They took out the invitation cards and slowly went through the entrance to the main camp before walking into the venue.

Just then, a black Mercedes Benz pulled up slowly in front of the main camp's entrance.

Sean took a glance and walked over because it was Mayor Quentin's car.

Quentin got out of the car with his precious daughter, Shania.

Quentin only brought Shania to the gala because the invitation had stated that the invitees could only bring no more than one guest. Uriah did not follow them here.

"Welcome to the city defense army's main camp, Mayor Lewis. You don't come here often, do you?" Sean walked up with a smile and made small talk to welcome them.

Quentin nodded with a smile and said, "Yeah, I don't come here much. After all, it's quite a long way from the mayor's residence to the city defense army's main camp."

Then Quentin glanced at the venue and asked, "Commander Lennon, you're holding this charity fundraising gala to raise money for the slum, right?"

"Yes," Sean nodded before adding, "I'll have Zander put together a detailed report of the money raised for the gala today and how it's used thereafter and send it to you."

"No, no, no, I didn't mean it like that. I believe in you, Commander Lennon. I know you won't embezzle it..."