

The Untouchable Son-In-Law: The Master Peregrine

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Chapter 10: Can't Even Enter

"The year I turned six, I was chased out by my mother to live with the servants. From then on, I've been trying to build my own power. The world's top assassin, Zane Yeller, is just the tip of the iceberg." Finn Taylor narrated the matter indifferently. It was as though he was talking about a trivial matter.

On the other hand, chills ran down the four guardians' spines.

'The world's top assassin, Zane Yeller, is just the tip of the iceberg.'

'He has been building up his own power since the age of six. Moreover, he has tolerated everything all these years to let the five families and Peregrine Hall think that he was no better than a useless matrilocal son-in-law.'

'How can one question his endurance and patience?'

'He had been only six. The Second Young Master is extraordinarily childish even now, let alone at six years old.'

'There is no comparing him and Second Young Master.'

If they were to follow the Second Young Master, what awaited them was certain death.

The four guardians could no longer hold back the fear in their hearts and quickly knelt down before Finn Taylor.

"Pukwudgie at your service, Young Master."

"Wampus at your service, Young Master."

"Thunderbird at your service, Young Master."

"Horned Serpent at your service, Young Master."

The four guardians' hearts now belonged to Finn Taylor, not Peregrine Hall, and they were even addressing Finn Taylor differently now.

“Oh.” Finn Taylor replied indifferently before popping a peeled grape into his mouth.
“Get up, all of you.”

When they all stood up, he looked at Alexander Scott. “Alexander Scott, how’s your sister doing?”

Thirteen years ago, Alexander Scott’s sister—Phoebe Scott—had been attacked, causing her to fall off the horse she had been riding.

Although she had survived, she became paralyzed.

“Thank you for your concern, Young Master. My sister’s condition has improved, and she’s able to take a few steps now thanks to auxiliary equipment.”

Finn Taylor peeled another grape and said nonchalantly, “Zane Yeller, get Jeremy Smith to take a look at her.”

Jeremy Smith was the most renowned doctor in the entire world.

Wide-eyed, the four guardians stared at Finn Taylor in disbelief. *‘Don’t tell me that the tip of the iceberg you mentioned includes the best doctor in the world, Jeremy Smith?’*

Finn Taylor was impassive about the amazement the other four people expressed. It was as though this was to be expected.

“Thank you, Young Master! Thank you, Young Master!” Alexander Scott fell to the ground once again, kowtowing non-stop until his forehead started bleeding.

Now, their relationship had improved yet again.

Previously, they had been forced to follow the Young Master to save their own lives in the fight between the Young Master and the Second Young Master. But now, Finn Taylor was enticing them with goodies.

He was trying to make them understand that they stood to gain a whole lot if they followed him.

The four guardians were no fools and naturally understood the advantages and disadvantages of doing so.

...

By dawn the next morning, Quince Larson was already waiting at the lobby of the office.

The five to six people standing behind him were high-level executives from the company, and they were all part of the Larson family.

However, Yvette Larson was not amongst them.

Quince Larson glanced at his watch and tapped his feet impatiently. "Have you tried calling her? Is Yvette Larson coming?"

"I've already called her. She said she's feeling unwell and needs a day off."

Quince Larson sneered. "Alright. Are you trying to be petty and stubborn? I won't bring you along then; I'll go to Xander Corporation myself and conduct the negotiation talks myself. Yvette Larson, you can wait to be fired."

...

At Yvette Larson's house.

Yvette Larson picked up her bag and flung it at her spouse, who caught it with ease.

"Finn Taylor, don't you know that Quince Larson will get the chance to head the project if I don't turn up at the office today? I'll be fired from the company then, and our whole family will be chased out of the Larson family!"

Yvette Larson was fuming. It was true that she had been angry upon receiving the news last night, but that had been her grandpa's order.

She had no other choice.

Finn Taylor stood at the door, refusing to let her go to the office no matter what she said. "Believe me. As long as you listen to me, I can assure you that our family will have our day in the Larson family."

His gaze was clear, and he spoke with confidence.

Yvette Larson had no idea where her husband's confidence came from, yet she chose to believe him nonetheless. "Alright, I'll choose to believe you for the last time. If it doesn't go as you said, just wait and see how I'll deal with you."

...

Quince Larson arrived at Xander Corporation with his men.

Just as they walked toward the entrance, the security officer seemed to have received some instructions through his earpiece. Then, he immediately stopped Quince Larson and his people in their tracks. "Who are you?"

“Hello, we’re from the Larson family of San Francisco. We’re representing the Larson Corporation to hold a discussion with your family.” With that, Quince Larson took out a contract.

The security officer glanced at it before asking, “Who’s Yvette Larson?”

Quince Larson and the rest smiled awkwardly. “About that... Brother, none of us are Yvette Larson, but she’s part of the Larson family and the Larson Corporation as well. She simply signed the contract on behalf of our company.”

Although he was a mere security officer, he was a security officer of Xander Corporation. The ones supporting him were the Sullivan family of New York.

There was no way Quince Larson would let his guard down. As such, he respectfully addressed the security officer as ‘brother.’

“I’m so sorry. The name on this contract is Yvette Larson, and I’m only allowed to let Yvette Larson in.”

The Larson family members turned to each other in confusion. Then, the daughter of the Larson family’s third branch—Eleanor Larson—stepped out.

She walked up and said, “I’m Yvette Larson.”

“Please let me see your identity card.”

Eleanor Larson had intended on taking Yvette Larson’s place, but she hadn’t expected the security officer to check her identity card!

She backed down a little embarrassedly.

The Larson family stood round to discuss their way out.

Someone suggested bribing the security officer, and one suggested barging in, while another suggested calling Hunter Sullivan.

In the end, all their suggestions were rejected. None of them were suitable.

In the end, they were stuck with the inevitable truth: Without Yvette Larson, they wouldn’t even be able to enter Xander Corporation, much less cooperate with them.

They returned to Larson Corporation dejectedly.

The Old Master—Joseph Larson—had been waiting by the entrance for their victorious return.

The moment they got out of the car, party poppers were popped.

“How did your negotiations go?” Joseph Larson looked at Quince Larson expectantly.

Quince Larson was at a loss for words, not knowing how to explain the situation to Joseph Larson.

He stuttered for a long time, and Joseph Larson could tell that something was amiss. “Follow me to the conference room.”

In the conference room.

Quince Larson spilled the truth of the matter.

Slap!

Joseph Larson landed a slap on his grandson’s face. “Good, very good. I must’ve been out of my mind. How could I have listened to you to take Yvette Larson off the project and to let you go?”

“This is great. Quince Larson, weren’t you so full of yourself? Well, let me tell you. If you don’t manage to seal the deal by today, your family can scam from the Larson family.”