

# **The Untouchable Son-In-Law: The Master Peregrine**

## **#Chapter 11 - Read The Untouchable Son-In-Law: The Master Peregrine Chapter 11 - 15**

### **Chapter 11: Smoking to Relieve Stress**

The Old Master, Joseph Larson, was truly infuriated. He rushed out the door, knocking the door off its hinges in the process.

Quince Larson slumped down on the chair limply.

None of the rest of the Larson family dared to probe any further. So, they left one after the other.

Only when everyone left did Quince Larson take a deep breath. Then, he dialed Yvette Larson's number.

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Yvette Larson was seated on the sofa as she glanced at the clock.

Half an hour had passed, but nothing had happened.

She picked up a cushion and tossed it at Finn Taylor. However, he was easily able to dodge it.

Just then, her phone rang.

Yvette Larson was about to pick it up when her spouse shouted, "Don't pick it up."

Then, he strode toward Yvette Larson and saw that the call was from Quince Larson.

Finn Taylor picked up the call.

"Yvette Larson, Grandpa is asking you to come to the office and accompany me to Xander Corporation."

"Yvette's sick."

"Oh, it's Finn Taylor. I have something to tell Yvette. Put her on the phone."

"No, she's sick and needs to rest." With that, he hung up.

Yvette Larson—who was sitting by the side—stared on with her jaw wide open. “Who called?”

“Quince Larson. He asked you to visit Xander Corporation with him.”

“Why did you hang up the call then? Grandpa must be fuming. That won’t do; I have to return to the office right away.” Yvette Larson picked up her bag and snatched her phone from her husband, getting ready to get out of the house.

“No, you can’t leave now.”

“Why?” For some reason, Yvette Larson felt that her husband was acting strangely today.

It was as though he had transformed into another person. He was completely unlike his usual personality of a good-for-nothing, matrilocal son-in-law.

“Don’t you think that Grandpa is biased? You’re the one who managed to sign that contract, but he snatched that power away from you just like that. Since he’s chosen to do that, he has to pay for his actions. I want him to pick you up personally.”

Yvette Larson stared at him as though he was crazy. *‘Didn’t Finn Taylor say that he would let our family have its day in the Larson family? But now, he is saying that Grandpa has to pick me up personally for me to go to the office. How is that even possible? There’s no way Grandpa would ever do that.’*

*‘If Grandpa finds out about what Finn Taylor just said, he will definitely be severely punished.’*

“Finn Taylor, you...”

“Trust me.” Finn Taylor nodded as he said that. His tone was genial, and his gaze exuded confidence.

Yvette Larson sighed and chose to trust her spouse once again, just like how she had believed in him to bring her into Pacific Heights to meet Hunter Sullivan.

“Get me an ice cream from the convenience store.” Yvette Larson leaned back against the back of the sofa, putting her lean legs on the coffee table.

Finn Taylor rushed out of the house to get some ice cream at his wife’s order.

“Boss, get me a pack of cigarettes and an ice cream.”

The owner of the convenience store took out a pack of cigarettes and an ice cream.  
“Twenty.”

Finn Taylor ruffled through his pockets. *‘Damn. I rushed out of the house with only ten dollars on me.’*

“I don’t want that packet of cigarettes.”

The owner looked at him in disdain.

Finn Taylor couldn’t be bothered about that and simply left the ten-dollar note before leaving with the ice cream.

Upon returning home, Finn Taylor unwrapped the ice cream and handed it over to Yvette Larson.

Yvette Larson took it and started eating it without any care. Then, she saw Finn Taylor return to his room before rushing out of the house again. “Where are you going?”

“To get a pack of cigarettes,” he answered simply before heading out.

Before he reached the convenience store, Finn Taylor heard the owner chatting with others.

The subject of their conversation was none other than himself.

“Hey, the one who bought that ice cream earlier is the matrilocal son-in-law of the Larson family, right?”

“That’s right; it’s him.”

“Eh, the Larson family is a reputable family. Why would they have such a useless son-in-law? He didn’t even have enough money to buy a pack of cigarettes.”

“Who knows?”

Even so, Finn Taylor didn’t stop in his tracks. He had arrived at the convenience store amidst the pair’s conversation.

He placed the ten-dollar note down and picked up the pack of cigarettes he had left behind earlier.

Finn Taylor glanced at the convenience store owner, then at the gossipmonger beside him.

After that, he left without a word.

The pair stood entirely still, not daring to say a thing. In fact, they dared not even take a breath.

It was only when he walked out of their sight that they finally let out a sigh of relief.

Finn Taylor's gaze had been too fear-inducing. It was as though he was after their lives.

Neither of them dared to say another word about Finn Taylor.

Finn Taylor lit a cigarette and walked into the house.

Seeing Finn Taylor walk in with a lit cigarette, Yvette Larson expressed her displeasure. "Scram! Have your smoke outside before coming in."

"Oh, ok." Finn Taylor hurriedly walked out of the house, squatted by the door, and smoked the pack of cigarettes that cost him only ten dollars.

On the other hand, Quince Larson had almost vomited blood after being cut off by Finn Taylor. *'I am Quince Larson. I am the eldest grandchild of the Larson family and the future family head, as well as the Larson Corporation's future CEO. Yet, a mere matrilocal son-in-law hung up on me! If word about this gets out, everyone will probably turn me into a joke.'*

But he dared not disobey his grandpa either.

If he were to screw this project up, he was sure that his family would never live comfortably even if they weren't chased out of the Larson family.

It seemed like he had no choice but to head down to Yvette Larson's house.

When Quince Larson arrived, he saw Finn Taylor smoking while squatting by the door.

He looked just like a rubbish collector.

"Finn Taylor, how dare you hang up on me?" The sight of Finn Taylor reminded Quince Larson of how he had hung up on him.

Quince rushed up, wanting to punch him to a pulp. But no sooner had he walked forward than Finn Taylor stuck out his leg.

Quince Larson tripped and landed face-down on the ground. Then, Finn Taylor stuffed the last bit of his cigarette into Quince Larson's mouth.

Quince Larson felt his blood boil and fume rushing out of him.

“Quince Larson, Yvette is sick, but that’s not to say that she can’t go to the office. She can, but only if Grandpa picks her up personally.”

Quince Larson crawled up from the ground and stared at Finn Taylor. “You trash. Do you even know what you’re talking about?”

“If you want to continue lying on the ground, I can play along. Otherwise, you’d better take that message back.”

Quince Larson didn’t believe that Finn Taylor was skilled enough to be able to keep him down. *‘He is nothing more than a piece of trash. I only fell because I was careless.’*

As such, he swung his fist across.

But once again, he landed on the ground.

This time, Finn Taylor sat on his head and took out another cigarette from his pocket.

He lit it and continued smoking. It seemed like he had no intention of ever getting up before finishing with that cigarette.

## **Chapter 12: A Denouncement Or An Invitation**

After finishing his cigarette, Finn Taylor stubbed his cigarette on Quince Larson’s hand.

Only when the fire was out did he stand back up.

Having received a beating, Quince Larson no longer dared to kick up a fuss. Nonetheless, he was terribly displeased. *‘Today, I’ve been beaten up by the good-for-nothing, matrilocal son-in-law of the Larson family! This is the greatest blemish in my entire life!’*

“Finn Taylor, just wait and see! I won’t let you off so easily!” Quince Larson backed away toward his car as he said that.

“Remember to tell Grandpa that Yvette is sick and needs his car to send her to the hospital. He’d better come personally.” Finn Taylor raised his arm, waving goodbye to him.

By then, Quince Larson had already reached his car.

Thinking that Finn Taylor was about to beat him up again, he quickly rushed into the car, started the engine, and drove off.

Hearing a din coming from outside, Yvette Larson had come to check on the situation. But all she saw was Finn Taylor waving goodbye to her cousin, who was escaping in his car.

“Finn Taylor, what have you done this time?” Yvette Larson felt that her husband was acting strangely today. *‘Am I wrong about it, or has he really changed? After I refused to get a divorce that day, even when my parents tried to force me to do so, he promised me that he would change for my sake. Has he really changed?’*

“It’s nothing. Quince Larson came to ask you to go to the office, but I told him that you’re sick. I also asked him to bring a message back to Grandpa to get him to come down personally to send you to the hospital.”

“You...” Yvette Larson flared up upon hearing that. “Who allowed you to say that? I haven’t thought through the matter, so how could you tell him that? Quince Larson will definitely make things up once he gets back. Then, our family will be done for!”

Yvette Larson and Finn Taylor’s argument drew the attention of Linda James and Francis Larson. The couple walked out and interrogated them.

Then, Linda James rushed up to slap Finn Taylor.

An obvious red mark formed on Finn Taylor’s face.

“Finn Taylor! Finn Taylor, do you lack anything to eat or drink in our house? It’s true that I’m old and might be naggy at times, but we treat you well. I’m just hoping for Yvette to have a higher position in the Larson family, but look what you’ve done. Are you trying to ruin our family by saying that to Quince Larson?”

“Leaving everything else aside, didn’t Yvette say that she’d never get a divorce from you? Do you think you can pay her back with whatever you’ve done?”

The first thought that came to Linda James’s mind when she found out about the situation was that Finn Taylor was trying to get revenge on her family.

That was why he had said those things.

Finn Taylor rubbed his face. “Mom, it isn’t like what you make it out to be. I’m doing this for your good.”

Linda James stretched out her arm once again. She felt that Finn Taylor was still trying to mince his words and stir up trouble for her family.

But this time, Yvette Larson stood up for her husband. “Mom, it’s already happened. You’re not going to solve the problem no matter how much you hit Finn Taylor. Why don’t we think of how to apologize to Grandpa?”

Linda James hated her daughter for going against her and glared at her. *‘Married daughters are like spilled water. I never expected that to be the case even in my family, where our son-in-law is a matrilocal one.’*

All three of them whipped out their phones, thinking of how to apologize to their grandpa. Just then, they spotted a photo in the family WhatsApp group.

It was that of Grandpa Joseph Larson in the car.

The three of them turned to look at each other. *‘Could it be that Grandpa Joseph Larson is on the way to pick Yvette up?’*

“Mom, Dad, what should we do?”

“Let me think. Make a call to Billy and ask him about it.”

Billy was a security officer at the Larson Corporation. Due to the fact that he had received several favors from Yvette Larson, he was cordial toward their family.

Yvette Larson nodded and made a call to Billy. “Billy, did Grandpa get in the car just now? Do you know he’s headed to?”

“Oh, Sister Yvette. Chairman is looking for you; you’d better be careful.”

Everyone, including Linda James, heard those words.

Yvette Larson hung up the phone. “Mom, do you think Grandpa is coming to pick me up to go to the office?”

Linda James shook her head. “Do you think it’s possible? Grandpa must be here to denounce us as criminals. Our family is done for this time.”

“It’s all your fault that our family is in such a state today. We’re the eldest family in the Larson family and should be the Old Master’s favorite. It’s because you entered our family that we got swept aside. Do you know the consequences of the Old Master coming over to denounce us?”

Linda James got more agitated as she spoke, and she simply picked up the broom from the corner of the room, trying to beat Finn Taylor up with it.

“Mom, stop it. We’d better tidy up the place. We’ll definitely lose favor with Grandpa when he sees the mess in our house.”

Linda James was fuming but had no choice but to accede to the request to start cleaning.

Francis Larson pointed at Finn Taylor, wanting to say something, but he held his tongue in the end.

After the couple left, Yvette Larson jabbed Finn Taylor in the elbow in annoyance. “Finn Taylor, can you stop fooling around? Have I ever complained when others call you trash and useless or when they say bad things about you? Do you know how many people have advised me to get a divorce from you? Even Mom and Dad asked me to do it, but did I ever agree to it?”

“All I want is some peace and quiet. Why is that so difficult?”

Finn Taylor’s gaze fell on Yvette Larson, and his heart tightened as he watched her tear up.

She was the eldest granddaughter of the Larson family and should’ve been married to a wealthy young master to live a carefree and luxurious life. But due to the power struggle within Peregrine Hall, she had been forced to marry him.

She had truly suffered too much with him.

“This is the last step. Trust me; Grandpa will definitely give in.”

Yvette Larson sighed in exasperation, her gaze filled with disappointment. “You’re still being stubborn even now.”

With that, Yvette Larson left without sparing Finn Taylor a glance.

At that moment, Finn Taylor’s phone buzzed—it was a text message.

He turned on the phone to look at the message that contained only one word: ‘Ok.’

Finn Taylor put his phone back down, his lips curling into a smile.

Earlier on, all 36 families in San Francisco had called Joseph Larson, requesting for unilateral termination of their collaborations.



If the Larson family wanted compensation, they could seek compensation from the Sullivan family of New York. This was because they had gotten the order to terminate their contracts from the Sullivan family.

Thirty-six corporations. There were only a total of 40 corporations that worked with the Larson family.

Without these 36 families, the Larson family was basically done for.

Overnight, the Larson family would fall apart.

Everything hinged on Yvette Larson alone.

Joseph Larson had no idea why Yvette Larson was so important to the Sullivan family of New York, but he knew that he had indeed made a mistake in changing the person in charge.

Now, he had to personally invite Yvette Larson to come along with him for there to be a sliver of hope of saving the Larson family.

## **Chapter 13: Party**

Joseph Larson's car stopped at the gate of Yvette Larson's house.

Yvette Larson's whole family came out to greet him with wide smiles plastered on their faces.

Finn Taylor walked over to personally open the door for his grandpa.

Unfortunately, Joseph Larson seemed not to care a single bit; he didn't even spare a glance at Finn Taylor. His gaze was on his eldest granddaughter, Yvette Larson, alone. "Yvette, I heard that you're sick. I'm worried sick about you; that's why I rushed down to see you. How are you feeling now?"

Yvette Larson felt exceptionally anxious and uneasy. She wasn't sick to begin with. As such, she had no idea how to reply to him.

"Grandpa, Yvette was a little feverish. She had some medication, and even though the fever has subsided, I think it's best for her to go to the hospital. Our family doesn't have a car..." Since neither of the other three knew how to broach the topic, Finn Taylor approached it directly.

Linda James glared at Finn Taylor sternly. "Shut up. You're in no place to talk around here."

Although Joseph Larson didn't glance at him, he had heard Finn Taylor's words and continued the conversation from there. "Yvette, I think you'd better go to the hospital."

Yvette Larson was a little frightened but had no choice but to play along. "Grandpa, I'm feeling much better. If I'm needed at the office, I can head over to the office too."

"Yes, yes. We've run into some trouble in the office with Xander Corporation. You'd better go talk to them about it."

At that moment, Finn Taylor rushed out and supported his wife. "That won't do. Dear, you're still so weak. You can't go to the office. Didn't Grandpa already hand the Xander Corporation project over to Quince Larson? Since you won't be of any help even if you go over, you'd better rest at home."

Finn Taylor's words left everyone dumbfounded.

It was true that his words were out of care for Yvette Larson, but even a fool could tell that his tone was sharp and that he was trying to push the blame to the Old Master, Joseph Larson.

He was blaming him for changing the person in charge.

"Finn Taylor, don't spout nonsense." Linda James wanted to pull Finn Taylor back, but he was extraordinarily stubborn today. No matter how hard she tried, she couldn't pull him away.

Joseph Larson took all this to heart.

One second.

Two seconds.

Three seconds.

...

Ten seconds.

Ten seconds later, Joseph Larson finally spoke up. "Yvette, I was wrong this time. I shouldn't have listened to Quince Larson and removed you from your role as the person

in charge. If you follow me back this time, the CEO position of the Larson Corporation will be yours.”

“You’ll be the person in charge of the Xander Corporation project as well. You’ll have the final say over who can participate in this project.”

Joseph Larson apologized.

Yvette Larson, Francis Larson, and Linda James were left speechless.

Yvette Larson stuttered emotionally, “I-I-I’ll go back to the office now.”

Finn Taylor opened the door of the car, allowing his wife to get in.

As Finn Taylor watched the car drive away, he raised his arm above his head to wave goodbye.

As they left, Linda James stared at Finn Taylor in disbelief, not knowing what to say.

“Come in. You were right this time, but remember that Grandpa only came to invite Yvette over because of her capabilities. You were just lucky that you were able to guess it right.”

Finn Taylor ignored her and walked in. He had already gotten used to such words over the past three years. Compared to these words, the betrayal of his father, mother, and younger brother was much more heartbreaking.

A matrilocal son-in-law? That meant nothing!

A day would come where the entire world would bow before him!

...

When Yvette Larson returned, she bought Finn Taylor a chicken drumstick for the very first time.

Finn Taylor chomped on the drumstick delectably.

When Yvette Larson glanced over, he said, “It’s delicious.”

Seeing the innocent and pure Finn Taylor, Yvette Larson’s heart felt full.

Today was the best day of her entire life.

Her family was the eldest in the Larson family. However, her grandpa had always looked down on them because she was a girl. As such, their family had always been below Quince Larson's.

But today, she had finally been able to drag Quince Larson from the CEO position, and she had even been able to snatch that project that their grandpa had given him away.

She had reclaimed everything that should've been hers in the first place.

When she had arrived at Xander Corporation today, everyone had been exceptionally polite and courteous to her.

Yvette Larson felt like she was living a dream, and this had all begun when her spouse prevented her from getting out of the house.

Every step that followed was well within his plan.

*'My accomplishments are a gift from Finn Taylor, but it's obvious that he knows nothing. It's only because of my own brilliance that I have achieved so much.'*

"I have a party to attend tomorrow. Do you want to go?"

Finn Taylor nodded while chomping on his drumstick.

"Alright. Dress up well tomorrow, and I'll take you there."

...

The next day.

Yvette Larson brought her husband to a luxurious hotel.

Clarine Landon was already waiting for them at the hotel lobby.

The moment that she saw Finn Taylor, her expression soured. "Yvette, don't tell me that you're bringing him in?"

Clarine Landon was Yvette Larson's best friend. Initially, Yvette Larson had invited Clarine Landon to tag along for this party, but because her husband had performed well the previous day, she had made a last-minute decision to bring him along instead.

"Yes."

“Yvette Larson, are you crazy? Do you not know about his reputation?” Clarine Landon was worried sick. *‘What is wrong with Yvette Larson today? Why is she insisting on bringing this useless matrilocal son-in-law in? Is she trying to ruin her own future, or does she want to become the biggest joke in everyone’s eyes?’*

“Clarine Landon, you’re my best friend. Others can speak ill of him, but how could you? Besides, Finn Taylor is my husband. Isn’t it normal for me to bring him in? You won’t understand since you’re still single.” With that, Yvette Larson entered the hotel with her spouse.

Clarine Landon was left there staring on in disbelief.

“Forget it; you can bring whomever you want. That’s none of my business.” Clarine Landon followed them into the luxurious hotel.

The trio pranced around. They never took too many steps away from the delectable dishes set up before them.

Others attended parties to network and socialize with other bosses so that they would be in better positions for business deals. As for the three of them, it seemed like they were here for nothing more than free food and drinks.

As expected, the trio’s actions soon caught the eyes of a woman.

That woman looked to be in her forties and was a little haggard, but the thick makeup on her face expressed her desire to maintain a youthful appearance.

She seemed a little sour when she spotted Yvette Larson and Clarine Landon. As such, she took the initiative to find fault with them. “Do you guys have an invitation? I see that you’ve been eating non-stop ever since you came in. Seafood, fruits, desserts, drinks... There’s nothing you haven’t eaten. Don’t tell me you guys sneaked in.”

The woman’s voice was loud. Of course, it was deliberate.

At that moment, everyone turned toward them.

All gazes fell on the trio of Finn Taylor, Yvette Larson, and Clarine Landon.

## **Chapter 14: Scram If You Have No Invitation**

“Hello, Madam Hans. What’s the matter?”

The din drew the attention of many.

The hotel staff rushed over.

The general manager realized that the rich lady in her forties was the wife of the Fleming family's Young Master, Melissa Hans.

Although the Larson family wasn't entirely unknown, they were still a second-tier family in San Francisco. The Larson family was far from being the protagonist of tonight's party.

The Fleming family was different; they were a renowned family in San Francisco.

Now that the Fleming family had gotten into an argument with some unknown people, it was only natural that Solomon Smith sided with the Fleming family.

"Mr. Smith, what's going on? Ever since they entered, they've been eating and drinking. I wonder if they sneaked in without an invitation."

Solomon Smith nodded, turning his gaze to Yvette Larson and her party. "Please show me your invitation."

Yvette Larson had only received a single invitation. Logically, she should've brought only one person in. But this time, she had brought two.

It was true that it was against the rules.

As such, she backed off nervously, not knowing what to do.

"I bet you guys don't have any invitations. You must've sneaked in."

"Did you guys sneak in just for free food and drinks, or are you here to steal something?"

At a party like this, it didn't matter if one brought an additional guest in if one had an invitation.

It was already going overboard by accusing them of stealing food and drinks. Now that she was accusing them of stealing other things, it was downright insulting.

"You asked us to show our invitation, so why don't you show us yours first?"

Yvette Larson was frightened, and so was Clarine Landon.

However, Finn Taylor appeared calm and indifferent.

All Stars Hotel—it was just one of Logan Yeats’s businesses.

“You want me to show you my invitation? You’re really funny. Mr. Smith, tell him whether I need to show anybody my invitation.”

Upon hearing Finn Taylor’s words, everyone present acted as though they had heard the funniest joke in the universe.

“Sir, she’s the wife of the Fleming family’s Young Master, Melissa Hans. She doesn’t need an invitation because her husband is friends with our boss. But as for you three, all of you look unfamiliar. Which family do you guys come from?”

Solomon Smith stuck his arm out, requesting Finn Taylor and his party to present their invitations.

“Er, Mr. Smith, I’m Yvette Larson from the Larson family of San Francisco. I’m a CEO; here’s my invitation.” Seeing that there was no other way out, Yvette Larson quickly retrieved her invitation.

Solomon Smith took the invitation and analyzed it meticulously. Then, his gaze fell on Finn Taylor and Clarine Landon. “How about the two of you?”

Clarine Landon was a little afraid.

“Mr. Smith, I was the one who brought both of them in. I know I brought an additional person. Do you think you could let it go this time?”

At a party like this, it didn’t mean much for someone who had received an invitation to bring an additional person. The problem was that Melissa Hans from the Fleming family seemed unwilling to let it go now.

“Mr. Smith, if it’s fine to bring someone along, you should’ve said so. We have over a thousand servants in our family. I’ll bring all of them along next time.”

Because of her words, Solomon Smith was stuck between a rock and a hard place.

“Ms. Larson, I’m very sorry. Since you have only one invitation, I’ll have to ask these two guests to leave.” With that, he extended his arm.

More than a dozen security officers gathered around, waiting to take action.

“Mr. Smith, right? I think we’d better be fairer. Since only people with invitations are allowed to enter, I think it’s best this lady also shows her invitation. If she can’t, she

should leave with us.” Finn Taylor walked up and pointed Melissa Hans out in front of everyone.

“Finn Taylor, don’t stir up trouble. Let’s just leave.” Yvette Larson tugged on Finn Taylor’s sleeve, afraid that he would cause trouble.

Melissa Hans rolled her eyes. “Are you stupid? Didn’t you hear what the manager said earlier? My husband is the friend of the boss here. Do you think I need an invitation?”

“Oh, does that mean that you don’t have an invitation either? Alright then, let’s leave together.”

“I think there’s really something wrong with your brain. Oh, I remember now. Did you say that you’re Yvette Larson from the Larson family? Then you... You must be that infamous, good-for-nothing matrilocal son-in-law.” Melissa Hans chortled as she pointed at Finn Taylor.

Everyone present came to a sudden realization because of her words. *‘Isn’t Yvette Larson the woman who got married to a useless man three years ago? How could she be so shameless as to bring him out? As expected, the couple is mad.’*

Everyone shook their heads in disdain.

Nobody thought well of Finn Taylor.

“Coming through. Melissa Hans, what’s wrong?” Just then, someone squeezed his way through the crowd. It was none other than the Fleming family’s Young Master, Seth Fleming.

Or in other words, Melissa Hans’s husband.

“Dear, he... They asked me to leave the party because I don’t have an invitation.” Melissa Hans pointed at Finn Taylor and his party, acting as though she had been wronged.

Seth Fleming flared up upon hearing those words. “You must be the one who asked my wife to leave. I demand that you apologize to my wife right now—right at this very instant. Otherwise, I’ll definitely make sure that you won’t get out of here unscathed.”

Finn Taylor ignored Seth Fleming and stared at the manager. “You have two choices. Firstly, everyone who doesn’t have an invitation has to leave. I’ll leave with her.”

“Secondly, those with invitations can bring a plus-one. Neither of us will leave. You guys can have your pick.” Finn Taylor was full of confidence and did not panic in the slightest.



“Who are you to compare yourself to my wife? Even if my wife doesn’t have an invitation, she doesn’t have to leave.” Seth Fleming felt annoyed at Finn Taylor’s suggestions.

“That’s right. You’re disgusting me by comparing me to you. You’re just a useless piece of trash.”

*Sigh.*

Finn Taylor sighed helplessly. *‘I’ve already given them a way out to preserve their dignity. Since they insist on being so stubborn, they are simply asking for this.’*

“Fine. Since you guys aren’t choosing, I’ll do it for you. Anyone who doesn’t have an invitation must leave!”

Melissa Hans sneered. *‘I thought that he had something more to say, but it’s still the same old nonsense.’*

“Fine, since you’ve made your choice, you’d better leave since you have no invitation.”

“Who said I don’t have an invitation?”

“You’re just a piece of trash. You have an invitation?” Melissa Hans’s expression was doubtful.

It wasn’t just Melissa Hans who was in shock.

Even Solomon Smith didn’t believe his words. All the invitations had gone through his hands, yet he didn’t remember this person.

Seth Fleming shook his head. “Mr. Smith, why are we wasting our time on him? Hurry up and get him out so that he doesn’t ruin the mood.”

Solomon Smith nodded and was about to chase Finn Taylor away.

Just then, someone rushed to Finn Taylor’s side. He bowed respectfully, handing two invitations over. “Sir, you dropped this earlier. I happened to pick it up.”

Everyone turned their attention to the invitations. They were indeed for this party.

## **Chapter 15: Music Festival**

Neither Yvette Larson nor Clarine Landon knew the man who was bowing before them. They were still in confusion over where these two invitations had suddenly appeared from.

However, Seth Fleming knew this man, and so did Solomon Smith.

His name was Christopher Yeats; he was one of the most important members of Chicago's Yeats family and the right-hand man of All Stars Hotel's boss, Logan Yeats.

At certain events, Christopher Yeats represented the Yeats family as well as Logan Yeats. It was incredulous that he was bowing before Finn Taylor now.

Solomon Smith was dumbfounded and couldn't utter a word. Even Seth Fleming was trembling slightly.

Finn Taylor was just about to step forward to receive the invitations when Melissa Hans cut in and snatched both invitations away. "These invitations must be fake. He's just the useless matrilocal son-in-law of the Larson family. How could he have an invitation?"

Before Melissa Hans could open the invitations to take a look, Seth Fleming slapped her right in the face. "How much longer are you going to keep up with this nonsense? Look at where we are. Do you think it's right for you to kick up a fuss here?"

Melissa Hans stood baffled at having been slapped by her husband. Her eyes were full of disbelief. "You... Seth Fleming, how dare you hit me?"

"So what? If you dare to say anything, I'll get a divorce from you and make you scam from the Fleming family."

Melissa Hans was startled by her spouse's sternness; she had never seen him as angry as he was now.

She had a premonition that Seth Fleming would truly go through with the divorce if she continued with her nonsense.

Seth Fleming snatched the two invitations and bowed respectfully, politely holding out the invitations with outstretched hands. "Sir, I'm so sorry for being rude earlier on. It was just a misunderstanding; please forgive us."

Finn Taylor stared at him and said while taking the invitations, "I'm not changing my stance. If you don't have an invitation, you'd better leave. Isn't that the rule set by Mr. Smith?"

Solomon Smith was sweating buckets of cold sweat. It was obvious that Finn Taylor meant for him to chase Melissa Hans out, but he didn't dare to do so.

“Did you hear that? You useless fool, why did you come in without an invitation? You’d better get out,” said Seth Fleming while shoving his wife out.

Melissa Hans was dumbfounded and couldn’t wrap her head around what had happened to her husband, Seth Fleming. But years of experience in the upper-class circle meant that she had a keen sense of observation.

She could tell that her husband was truly afraid. If she remained stubborn, something might truly happen.

In the end, Melissa Hans reluctantly walked out of the hotel lobby and left the party.

This was no big deal to the party, and not many remembered that it had even happened.

Yvette Larson looked at the invitations in his hand. “Finn Taylor, what’s going on? How did you get these two invitations?”

“How am I supposed to know? He must’ve gotten the wrong person.” Finn Taylor shirked all responsibility and pretended not to know anything.

“Forget it. I’m not going to talk to you about these invitations, but we must have a chat about the Fleming family. Why did you have to stand up for me today? Do you know that you almost got us in trouble? The Fleming family isn’t to be trifled with; the Larson family is no match for them.”

“If not for our good luck in getting these two invitations out of the blue, we would’ve been chased out. Worse still, we would’ve offended the Fleming family. Do you know how much trouble your actions would’ve caused the Larson family?”

Yvette Larson was prepared to go on, but Clarine Landon cut in. “Alright, Yvette. Stop asking him about it. You’re clear about the kind of person he is. How could he have gotten an invitation? That guy must’ve gotten the wrong person.”

Yvette Larson was still in disbelief. Because she hadn’t gotten an answer after such a long time, she had no choice but to believe that that person had indeed gotten the wrong person.

Just then, a group walked up to the stage at the front of the hall.

There was a piano, a cello, a saxophone, and drums.

“Yvette, it looks like there’s a performance going on. Let’s go.” Clarine Landon dragged her best friend toward the stage as she said that.

There were many seats in front of the stage, and Yvette Larson and Clarine Landon sat themselves in two empty seats and waited silently for the performance to begin.

Without the burden of those two ladies, Finn Taylor felt much more at ease. He walked around as he pleased and quickly reached the backstage.

There, many workers were debating amongst themselves.

“It doesn’t matter that we are one short. Who will be able to tell?”

“Who says that they won’t be able to tell? Everyone in the audience is from the upper class. Do you think they haven’t watched such performances before?”

“Aren’t those upper-class people pretending to be cultured and pretending to understand music and art?”

“Do you mean that I can also choose not to go up on stage since they might not understand the cello either?”

“Forget it then. I won’t play the piano either.”

“What do all of you mean? Are you trying to escape now that the violinist has escaped?”

Finn Taylor had a rough idea of the situation after overhearing the conversation.

These people were supposed to perform on stage. The performance should’ve started, but they were facing delays because their violinist was gone.

Someone said that it didn’t matter, while others said that the performance wouldn’t be perfect without a violinist and that it would be better not to have a performance than to give a slip-shod one.

Finn Taylor walked up and picked up the violin; he played it with ease. “Good one. Where are you from?”

Everyone was stunned. They were all musicians and could tell from Finn Taylor’s playing that he was a professional.

“Germany.”

“Yes, you do seem like it. Let’s go; I’ll perform with you guys.”

*‘Yvette Larson has been waiting amongst the audience for a long time. She would definitely be disappointed if the performance was canceled at the last minute.’*

The group glanced at each other before the leader finally made a decision. “Fine, we have no other choice. Sir, no matter how this turns out, we are truly grateful to you.”

Along the way, Finn Taylor learned of the piece they were supposed to play—Beethoven’s Fifth Symphony: The Symphony of Fate.

Unlike the others, Finn Taylor went up on stage with his back facing the audience.

Throughout the performance, his back still faced the audience. All the way from the time he walked on stage to the time the performance ended, all of the audience’s gazes were fixated on him.

Everyone was enthralled by him; it was as ethereal as a dream.

They seemed to be able to experience their struggle with fate first-hand and the differences between heaven and earth and nature and society.

When others played, all they heard was music. But when this violinist played, they could visualize scenes before their eyes.

Everyone in the audience was enraptured.

As the violinist left the stage when the performance ended, everyone stood up in a standing ovation.

Clarine Landon grasped Yvette Larson’s hand. “Ah, Yvette, I think I’ve found my Prince Charming; he’s so handsome. I’ve been to countless concerts, but I’ve never been so touched.”

Clarine Landon was so incoherent that her best friend could hardly tolerate her.