

UNTOUCHABLE

Chapter 111: I'll Definitely Be Back Tonight

Yvette Larson had suffered enough in the Larson family. Now, she had even been beaten up by a crazy woman on the streets.

Finn Taylor's heart couldn't help but ache for her. As such, he decided to bring his wife for a good meal to make it up to her.

After a discussion, the couple decided against luxurious restaurants and ended up in a very ordinary family diner.

But no sooner had they sat down than they spotted Clarine Landon—she was here for a meal too.

Just like that, their date was disrupted by a heartless third wheel. The worst part was that this third wheel didn't feel bad for doing so.

In fact, she was the one chatting with Yvette Larson throughout the meal, while Finn Taylor could only listen to the best friends.

Finn Taylor couldn't hold himself back anymore. "Clarine, are you done eating? Go home if you are."

She rolled her eyes at him. "What's wrong? Are you going to control me too? I'm just speaking to my best friend."

Finn Taylor was speechless. *'What's this woman doing? Why doesn't she find herself a boyfriend instead of always butting into our relationship? If you want a boyfriend, I can find one for you.'*

However, he held himself back on his wife's account.

"Oh right, Yvette. Are you going to the Travelers Club party?"

'Travelers Club?' Finn Taylor was confused by this new term. He looked at the two beautiful women in front of him, waiting for them to give him an explanation.

What he got in return was Clarine Landon's fury. "How dare you ask about that? Do you know that Yvette was known to be the most beautiful lady there? It's because she married you that she fell out of favor and hasn't attended the party for two years. If you were the slightest bit capable, Yvette never would've fallen into such a state."

Finn Taylor was stunned. *'What does that mean?'*

Seeing that Clarine Landon was going to continue with her tirade, her best friend quickly stopped her. "Hold on; I'd better tell him myself."

She then told her husband all about the Travelers Club.

In college, everyone had chosen to join different clubs and societies. Travelers Club was one of them.

It was a club set up for members to travel together to beautiful locations, where they would leave with beautiful memories and photographs.

While in the club, Yvette Larson had won the club's competition for three consecutive years with photographs of vast landscapes, majestic mountains, and skies. Because of that, she had become a huge star in the club.

However, Yvette Larson gradually stopped attending such trips after graduating. Soon, her popularity decreased even when she did attend their parties and trips.

But the moment she married Finn Taylor, she became a complete joke in their eyes, especially in the eyes of someone named Annie Fraser. In college, she had been Yvette Larson's greatest competitor in the club.

Now that Yvette Larson was embroiled in such a scandal, she couldn't hold herself back. In fact, she simply exposed how the other had married a useless matrilocal son-in-law at their gathering.

From then on, Yvette Larson had never attended another gathering.

It was the first time Finn Taylor was hearing of this.

He grabbed his wife's ice-cold hands. "You should've told me about this."

Finn Taylor wasn't trying to scold her; he simply felt she had suffered too much because of him.

'I'm not a piece of trash, and I'm sure that Yvette has already guessed so. However, I have no other choice. It isn't yet time for me to reveal my true identity. Donovan Taylor is still missing.' Finn Taylor felt that he couldn't let his guard down just yet.

Besides, Finn Taylor was still wary of someone—Frida Cameron! She was Finn Taylor's grandma, but she didn't really like him.

Even Finn Taylor didn't know why. He just knew that his grandmother had a lot to do with how his parents despised him and ignored him at home.

If he were to reveal his identity while she was still around, he would probably be betrayed by the entire Peregrine Hall.

As for the title of Master Peregrine, Finn Taylor didn't really care for it. It was simply a title the Taylor family had given him.

What he wanted was a title that he earned for himself.

"We'll be attending this trip too." Finn Taylor made the decision for his wife. *'Since she likes it, she has to go. As for all those who looked down on Yvette, I'll let them feel just how cruel the world really is.'*

Just then, Finn Taylor's phone rang. He couldn't help but frown as he took a glance at it.

It was a message from Zane Yeller—they had gotten news about Yvette Larson's piece of jade.

Zane Yeller had sent him an address, asking him to head over. They had to discuss this matter face-to-face.

But Finn Taylor had an important appointment tonight. Because he had helped his significant other resolve her troubles in the office, she had promised to let him sleep in her room.

“What’s wrong? Do you have something on?” asked Yvette Larson when she noticed her husband frowning.

“Yes, I have to settle some matters. I might get home slightly later tonight.”

To be honest, Yvette Larson felt a little flustered. She hadn’t decided what she was going to do at night.

Hearing that her husband was heading out, she felt that the weight on her chest had been lifted slightly. *‘Before Finn Taylor returns, I will arrange my bedroom and see how to solve this problem.’*

Suddenly, Finn Taylor also felt that it was a good idea for him to head out. Otherwise, it would be awkward for both of them that he was moving in suddenly.

“You can drive the car home later.” With that, Finn Taylor placed the key on the table and stood up.

Just as he was about to leave, his wife suddenly asked, “Will you be back tonight?”

Even she didn’t know whether she hoped that he would be back. Nonetheless, she posed that question.

“Of course. Even if my legs are broken, I’ll crawl home.”

‘Pfft!’ Clarine Landon didn’t understand what was going on but was tickled by their conversation.

Yvette Larson’s heart felt a little empty as she watched him walking off into the distance.

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As soon as he exited the diner, Finn Taylor headed to the suburbs.

Zane Yeller had always been under Finn Taylor’s protection.

Recently, the latter had been rather worried about his wife because of that piece of jade. Thus, he had instructed Zane Yeller to investigate it.

He was terribly efficient. Although the four guardians hadn’t been able to find out anything about it even after such a long time, Zane Yeller had!

A random restaurant in the suburbs of San Francisco.

Rather than a restaurant, it was much more like a food kiosk.

There was only one table in the whole store, where their customers could have a quick meal.

Finn Taylor was confused why Zane Yeller had chosen to meet him here. Still, he strolled in.

Chapter 112: Intimidating

Finn Taylor walked into the kiosk and took in his surroundings.

This kiosk was decorated in the 80s style, and it was very obviously out of touch with current trends.

He sat down and asked, "Is there anything to eat?"

"Just a few homemade dishes. Do you want some? I'll go and heat them up for you."

Finn Taylor wasn't too bothered by that. Although he wasn't hungry, it would be strange for him to sit there and wait for someone without ordering anything. "Just heat them all up then."

The boss returned to the kitchen, and before long, he returned with two to three appetizers.

As expected, they were all homemade.

This wasn't an official restaurant; it was an ordinary food kiosk by the roadside.

But for some reason, Finn Taylor couldn't help but feel that this kiosk's boss wasn't that simple.

Whenever this man walked, his ears would move instinctively.

This was a very minor detail that most people would overlook, but his master had taught him about this during his training in the mountains.

There were some people who were trained to listen and observe their surroundings at all times, no matter what they were doing. One way of picking them out was how their ears would move just slightly as they walked.

This happened because they were trying to listen to whatever was happening behind them.

But anyone who did this had been through life and death situations and were acutely aware that their lives were in danger at all times.

This was an instinct that arose from being in life and death situations.

'Could this boss be someone like that?' However, Finn Taylor couldn't be sure whether his guess was accurate. "Boss, do you have any cigarettes?"

The boss tossed Finn Taylor a box of cigarettes, but the latter flung them back after taking a look at them. "A different brand."

The boss caught them right in his hand. He paused for a moment but quickly regained his senses and tossed another packet of cigarettes to Finn Taylor.

Actually, Finn Taylor didn't care about the brand of cigarettes he smoked. He had only done that to test the boss's reflexes.

Finn Taylor had tossed that packet of cigarettes back at top speed. An ordinary person wouldn't have been able to catch it, but the boss had caught it with ease.

The boss had obviously caught his own mistake too, and that was why he had paused.

However, Finn Taylor didn't say anything and simply took a cigarette out of the packet.

'That must've been a coincidence. I don't think he caught anything, right?' That was what the boss thought—or hoped.

But nothing went unnoticed by Finn Taylor.

Just then, a few young men in white vests strolled into the kiosk.

"Boss, we're out of cigarettes. Give us some." The leader of the gang treated the boss rudely, acting as though he was here to rob the place while asking for cigarettes.

"Young Master Smith, we're just a small business. You've taken more than 20 cigarettes from me, but you haven't paid me a single cent. I'm on the verge of shutting my business down." The boss acted pitiful and tried to plead with that young man—Young Master Smith.

"Tch." That young man couldn't be bothered about what the boss was saying. He just reached out and grabbed himself a packet of the best cigarettes there.

"Young Master Smith, you're a prominent figure, and I'm just an ordinary person. Whatever you have in your pocket is enough to feed my family for three years. Could you give me some money?"

Finn Taylor had witnessed everything. He couldn't understand why that boss wasn't fighting back. *'Given how agile he had been earlier while catching that packet of cigarettes, these thugs shouldn't be any trouble to him at all.'*

"Hahaha, alright then. I'll reward you with some of that." With that, Young Master Smith picked out some dirt from his pocket and smeared it on the boss's face. "How's that? Is that enough? Hahaha."

The boss sighed and wiped his face. He could only remark at his bad luck.

"You have nothing else, do you? We're leaving."

Just as they were about to leave, Finn Taylor shouted, "Stop there."

Finn Taylor couldn't take the matter lying down and eventually spoke up.

"Oh, are you standing up for him?" Young Master Smith turned back to face Finn Taylor, his gaze full of disdain.

"Young Master Smith, he was talking to me. Please leave." For some reason, the boss bowed to Young Master Smith respectfully.

"At least you're sensible." Young Master Smith was pleased with the boss's attitude, and he was prepared to leave once again.

Finn Taylor spoke up yet again. “I wasn’t talking to him; I was talking to you. What kind of Young Master are you? You’re just a rotten worm!”

Young Master Smith turned back, his eyes filled with murderous intent. “Great, did you say that I’m a rotten worm? I love when other people tell me that. My dad said that about me too, and that’s why he put me in such a deserted and lousy place. You’re right.”

Young Master Smith seemed to be praising Finn Taylor, but everyone could hear just how vicious he was through his tone.

“Do you know who I am? I’m Sebastian Smith, the Young Master of New York’s Smith family. My father locked me up here. Don’t you all think that I’m nothing but a rotten worm? What, even a random guy can bully me now? If you’re so capable, go with me to New York now. I’ll show you just how powerful I am!”

The moment Sebastian Smith said that, the dozens of people behind him moved forward to surround Finn Taylor.

It scared the boss so much that his face was drained of all color. He dropped down onto his knees, even kowtowing to Sebastian Smith. “Young Master Smith, I’m begging you. I’ve never treated you badly all these years. Young Master, I’ll apologize on his behalf. I’m sorry he didn’t recognize you; please spare him.”

With that, the boss turned to Finn Taylor. “Hurry up and apologize to Young Master Smith.”

Finn Taylor picked up a piece of meat and put it in his mouth. “Why should I apologize?”

“Do you have a death wish? Don’t you see that it’s Young Master Smith of New York?”

Finn Taylor picked up yet another piece of meat. “I do know the Smith family of New York, but I’ve never heard of anyone named Sebastian Smith. He must be from an irrelevant branch of the family. How dare he try to show off here?”

Finn Taylor sneered. *‘Which useless and irrelevant Smith family is this? How dare they intimidate us by using the Smith family of New York?’*

Finn Taylor was absolutely right—Sebastian Smith was putting on an act.

If he really were the descendant of such a prestigious family, he wouldn’t even be making trouble for a boss of a mere food kiosk.

It was humiliating that his lies were being exposed.

Sebastian Smith naturally wasn’t going to let Finn Taylor off. “All of you, break his legs.”

The moment he gave his order, the men behind him swarmed toward Finn Taylor.

Just then, there was a rumble outside. It seemed like a whole entourage of cars had arrived.

Chapter 113: Mysterious Boss

“Greetings, Mr. Taylor. I’m Titus Reilly from the Reilly family of New York.”

“Greetings, Mr. Taylor. I’m Steven Wright from the Wright family of New York.”

“Greetings, Mr. Taylor. I’m Dylan Craig from the Craig family of New York.”

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Following a thunderous rumble outside the food kiosk, more than 100 cars stopped along the road. This was followed by several people greeting Finn Taylor.

Although Sebastian Smith had never met them, these names weren’t unfamiliar to him because he had grown up in New York as well.

Titus Reilly, Steven Wright, Dylon Craig... Each of them had a prominent family behind them—ones that the Smith family couldn’t even dream of interacting with.

Before they could even finish introducing themselves, Sebastian Smith did a rough count of the people standing outside.

‘More than 100 elders from New York are waiting to meet this young man in front of me. Who is he? What’s his identity?’ Sebastian Smith felt his head tingle. It felt like he was getting swarmed by a hive of bees.

“Stop.” Sebastian Smith couldn’t think so far and immediately asked his subordinates to stop whatever they were doing. *‘The man in front of me seems to wield great power. I don’t even know how terribly I’d die if I accidentally hurt him.’*

“B-brother, it was just a misunderstanding.”

The so-called Young Master Smith, or even that so-called Smith family of New York, meant nothing in Finn Taylor’s eyes. He couldn’t even be bothered to waste any time on them.

Of course, the food kiosk boss was completely shell-shocked. *‘Who’s this person who came to eat here today? He could subdue Young Master Smith without doing anything at all!’*

Someone strolled up to Finn Taylor—it was Zane Yeller. “The heads of some of New York’s families are waiting outside to see you.”

Finn Taylor looked up, displeasure evident on his face. *‘The reason I’ve been willing to suffer humiliation in the Larson family is that I didn’t want my identity to be exposed. What is Zane Yeller trying to do by arranging so many people to come here all at once?’*

Of course, Zane Yeller understood Master Peregrine well. With just one glance, he had already guessed what the latter was thinking about. “I’ve already instructed all of them. Nobody will dare to let anything slip.”

“Give me a good reason to meet them.” Even though Zane Yeller assured him that they wouldn’t expose his identity, Finn Taylor wasn’t very willing to meet them. He could summon them whenever he pleased anyway.

“I have a network in New York, and they’re members of it. All of them participated in the investigation of that jade piece.”

Finn Taylor shut his eyes, understanding what Zane Yeller was saying. *‘This means that they’re all his disciples. In fact, they’ve all worked hard on this matter. Zane Yeller had probably agreed to their requests before this mission, and that’s why they are all here.’*

“Three.” Thinking about how the kiosk was rather small and that there were too many people outside, Finn Taylor allowed for only three people to be nominated.

Naturally, Zane Yeller dared not go against him. As such, he went out and called Titus Reilly, Steven Wright, and Dylan Craig in.

These were the three who had made the greatest contributions this time. Besides, they were the three that had the most prominent family backgrounds amongst the 100 people outside.

It was only right to invite the three of them in.

As soon as they entered the kiosk, the three men bowed respectfully, not daring to say a word at all.

“Sit.” Finn Taylor didn’t put up any airs and invited them to have a seat.

However, they were terrified and dared not sit down.

Zane Yeller understood Master Peregrine’s temper well and spoke up. “Since Mr. Taylor has already told you to sit, you should sit down.”

After being lectured, the three men finally sat down.

Just then, Sebastian Smith rushed up and fell before Titus Reilly. “Mr. Reilly, please save me. I’m Sebastian Smith. Last winter, I had a meal with you. Please, I’m begging you. Please save my life!”

Titus Reilly was confused about what was going on in the first place.

Finn Taylor picked up a piece of meat and put it in his mouth. “You don’t have to care about him. He provoked me and is probably scared by all of you appearing here.”

Titus Reilly and Sebastian Smith didn’t know each other well; they had only met once. Besides, Titus Reilly wouldn’t dare to save the latter even if they knew each other well.

After all, he had witnessed just how impressive Zane Yeller was. Besides, Zane Yeller had once told them that they would surely be dead as long as Finn Taylor wanted them dead.

For some reason, Titus Reilly didn’t think that Zane Yeller was exaggerating. This was because Zane Yeller had already won them over a long time ago—there was no point in lying to them.

‘I’d only be getting myself into trouble by speaking up now.’

“Go take care of it,” said Finn Taylor blandly, and Zane Yeller nodded.

The latter then hauled Sebastian Smith and his lackeys out.

After a series of blood-curdling screams, everything went silent.

Finn Taylor looked at the three men in front of him. "You must be curious about my identity, right?"

They wanted to nod but didn't dare to move at all.

"Have you heard of Peregrine Hall?"

The three men had already made mental preparations, thinking they would be able to accept whatever Finn Taylor said. After all, these men were prominent figures who could influence the New York business world with just a word.

They thought that they would never be frightened when facing anyone else, but it was clear that it was just their wishful thinking.

"I'm the Master Peregrine that they talk about."

Thud!

Immediately, Titus Reilly, Steven Wright, and Dylan Craig all fell to the ground.

Fear!

Terror!

Trembling!

The three men didn't even know how to describe their emotions, but they knew that they would've fainted from shock a long time ago if they hadn't forced themselves to stay conscious.

From their knowledge, all those prominent figures they knew about meant nothing to Peregrine Hall.

Finn Taylor couldn't help but shake his head at this sight. *'Although these three families have a certain status in New York, their performance has disappointed me.'*

"Go out."

The three men nodded and didn't dare to say a word before heading out.

Just then, Zane Yeller happened to walk in. He glanced at them. "Do you guys already know about it?"

They nodded.

"Ok. If you want to stay alive, you'd better not say a word about it."

The three men quickly assured him that they would never spill a word about Finn Taylor's identity.

Compared to these three cowards, Finn Taylor admired this boss much more. Although he had gone down on his knees to beg Sebastian Smith, he had remained calm and collected even when Finn Taylor had announced his identity.

It was a stark contrast to the three men's reactions.

"Boss, who are you?"

Chapter 114: Wait for Me

Finn Taylor's gaze was set firmly on the food kiosk boss.

The latter smiled bitterly. "Sir, don't joke around. What kind of identity could I possibly have? I'm just a lowly boss of a food kiosk."

Finn Taylor sneered. "I threw the packet of cigarettes at you at such great speed, but you managed to catch it. That shows that you must've been trained in martial arts. Even when I announced my identity earlier, those three men were so frightened that they started trembling. Yet, you remained calm. You must've been a prominent figure in the past too."

"You've chosen to hide yourself like that and don't even fight back or speak up when others bully you. Who are you? What have you been through?"

Finn Taylor's words seemed to strike a chord with the boss. It seemed like these words had brought back some memories.

The boss took a cigarette from Finn Taylor's packet, lit it, and smiled bitterly. "Little brother, listen to my advice. There's always someone greater than you. You'd better lie low and not do something like having 100 men waiting outside for you again."

Hearing those words, Finn Taylor could tell that there was more to this man. *'Who is he? What has he been through?'*

Finn Taylor wanted to ask him more questions, but the boss left with the cigarette still between his lips. Thus, he could only helplessly shake his head as he turned to Zane Yeller and pointed at the boss.

"Investigate him."

The latter nodded.

"Have you found out who was the one behind that jade piece?"

"Heather Larson."

Finn Taylor had initially thought that it would've been Quince Larson, Eleanor Larson, Quinn Larson, or Hilary Stone. However, it had been none of them! Instead, it was Heather Larson!

She was the most capable woman in the Larson family and was of the same generation as Finn Taylor's wife. However, she was older and had gone abroad for her studies a long time ago.

Now, she had settled down in New York and was doing well for herself in a listed company.

This woman was part of the Larson family, yet she didn't seem like part of the Larson family.

That was because she was a Larson but hadn't returned in years.

She didn't own any fewer assets than the Larson family, and that was why many thought that she wouldn't be interested in fighting over the Larson family's inheritance.

Moreover, branch families usually had no way of inheriting the family if not for special situations.

"Not only did she target Ma'am, but she even targeted Quince Larson, Eleanor Larson, and Quinn Larson."

Finn Taylor's gaze got even colder. *'This woman wants to kill all of the Larson family's third-generation members, but that makes sense. If the Larson family has no other heirs, the family will eventually end up in the branch families' hands. Heather Larson is also the most outstanding amongst them and has the highest chance of heading the family.'*

"Which company is she working for?"

"Spring Property Management. It belongs to the Sinclair family of New York."

'The Sinclair family of New York.' Finn Taylor frowned and eventually spat out, "Matthew Sinclair?"

"Yes."

Matthew Sinclair was the head of New York's Sinclair family. He had crossed paths with Finn Taylor before.

'Interesting! It's getting more interesting.' Suddenly, Finn Taylor shot a glance over. "Don't tell me that you called me over just to meet those people?"

Zane Yeller was far from his usual self and looked a little awkward.

Finn Taylor flared up. *'That must be the case! Does he know how important today is? Yvette allowed me to move into her bedroom today, and you nearly ruined that!'*

"Punish yourself for this."

Zane Yeller dared not voice any objections and nodded in agreement.

As Finn Taylor walked out of the food kiosk, he glanced around, looking for the boss.

'This person definitely isn't as simple as he appears to be.' Finn Taylor was terribly curious about him. Unfortunately, he didn't see anyone.

By the time Finn Taylor arrived home, all the lights had been switched off. However, he didn't dare to switch on the lights for fear of waking his wife.

Thankfully, the moon was shining brightly, and he could still find his way around without switching the lights on.

As he walked upstairs and arrived at the door, Finn Taylor took a deep breath in.

Even in the most challenging and pressing situations, Master Peregrine was never afraid. Yet, he felt his heart thumping rapidly. He was feeling a little anxious!

Finn Taylor pushed the door open and saw that a night light was still switched on.

He knew that his wife was a little timid and would always leave a night light on even when she was asleep.

With the light from the lamp, Finn Taylor could see that she had drawn a red line on the bed.

Yvette Larson was on one side of the red line, while the other side of the red line was completely empty.

Obviously, his wife had left that for him.

Actually, Yvette Larson had thought about it for a long time after returning home alone.

Very soon, she would have to share a bed with her husband. To be honest, she couldn't really accept that, but she had already promised him and couldn't go back on her word.

She had already agreed to let her husband move into her room. Of course, she could ask him to sleep on the floor. In fact, she could even generously choose to take the floor.

But after a long time, she gave up on that thought. She felt that she would be going back on her word if she were to do so.

In that situation, her relationship with her husband would definitely break down.

This was how she had come up with such a perfect solution.

The moment Finn Taylor got up onto the bed, he could feel his wife moving slightly.

'Is she still awake?' That was Finn Taylor's first thought. As such, he started observing her.

He realized that her eyelashes were still trembling slightly. *'As expected, she's still awake.'*

"Are you hungry?" asked Finn Taylor suddenly, but his wife ignored him.

She continued with her act.

"Shall we go out for some grilled chicken?"

Yvette Larson remained still, but she was already itching to get out of bed.

"No? How about fried chicken?"

Finally, Yvette Larson could no longer hold herself in. She got up and threw her pillow at her husband.

Everything happened in a split second—it seemed to have happened in the blink of an eye.

"Why are you making so much noise? I can't even sleep well."

Finn Taylor stuck his hand out to pinch his wife's face. "Were you staying up to wait for me?"

His significant other naturally denied everything and rolled her eyes. “Nonsense. I was already asleep, but you woke me up.”

“Is that so?” said Finn Taylor and remained silent after that. He kept his eyes on Yvette Larson’s.

She had initially met her husband’s gaze, but very quickly, she turned away.

A liar would never be able to look directly into someone else’s eyes.

“Oh right. When is the Travelers Club gathering?” Finn Taylor didn’t want the atmosphere to be too awkward and changed the topic.

Now that they were talking about the Travelers Club, Yvette Larson seemed different.

Chapter 115: Travelers Club

“Finn, I think we’d better not go for the gathering.” Yvette Larson thought of some bad memories and suggested that they not attend it.

“No, we have to go.”

Yvette Larson saw that her husband was resolute and wasn’t going to give in. “What, are you going to rebuke me now?”

Finn Taylor narrowed his eyes. “Those people want to bully you. Don’t you think I should teach them a lesson?”

Yvette Larson was stunned. *‘My husband is too charming. He’s no piece of trash; he just couldn’t be bothered to get back at them. But just look at that—he’s no piece of trash when someone bullies me.’*

“Oh, ok.” Yvette Larson nodded, not trying to stop her husband anymore.

He was her husband. As long as he made a decision, she would simply trust him as his wife.

“We still have a week until that gathering.”

“Now that we’ve drifted apart, we no longer compare our photos like we did in college. We just get together to have a meal, chat, and play some games. Actually, everyone has just been flaunting their wealth during our gatherings over the past few years. It’s really meaningless, but we can still go if you want to.”

Finn Taylor nodded as though he was deep in thought.

Time flew by, and the day of the Travelers Club gathering arrived.

Over the past few days, Zane Yeller had sent Master Peregrine some information.

The boss of that food kiosk was named Dagger Martin. He had indeed been a vicious man in the past and had been a prominent figure in San Francisco.

Once, he had gone all the way to Siberia and assassinated a powerful man there with just a single dagger.

He could fight against hundreds of people alone—what a feat that was.

It was exactly because of this that another gang leader had kidnapped his woman. However, he had provoked too many powerful forces in Siberia, and they all came charging at him.

On the third day, Dagger Martin witnessed his woman dying right in front of him. Then, they had broken both his legs.

It was through sheer willpower that he had managed to escape and survive. From then on, he had gone into hiding, living a normal life by running this food kiosk.

Many customers had eaten at this food kiosk, and from their memories, the boss was a foolish coward.

Who would've imagined that he had been such an impressive figure in the past?

'Interesting!' With that, Finn Taylor instructed Zane Yeller to check on the Siberian gang leader who had gone against Dagger Martin in the first place.

He wanted Zane Yeller to bring that man over.

After doing all that, Finn Taylor and Yvette Larson got ready to attend the Travelers Club gathering.

This year, the gathering was being held in New York.

New York was a global city, and the views were spectacular.

Finn Taylor had intended on driving his BMW over, but Linda James said that she was going to visit her sisters in that car.

Finn Taylor knew that his mother-in-law wanted to boast to her sisters that she had a car and a house now.

Her car was a BMW, and her house was Number One Pacific Heights!

With no other choice, Finn Taylor could only take a long bus ride over with his wife.

Thankfully, it was rather convenient, and he didn't think much of it.

He glanced at his spouse, who was giggling. Although she was the Larson family's eldest young lady, she didn't have the airs of a spoiled young lady.

'It's not like I haven't taken a bus in the past. We don't have to drive.'

But not everyone was as understanding as her—just like Clarine Landon, who was making this journey with the couple.

Along the way, she repeatedly rolled her eyes at Finn Taylor. “I must say, I don’t mind that you let Auntie Linda have the car, but couldn’t you have rented one? Do you know how many people will be at the gathering? Don’t you think that they will think that Yvette is leading a sad life now that she’s married? Won’t they become even more pleased and gleeful—especially Annie Fraser?”

This was Finn Taylor’s second time hearing this name. Clarine Landon had mentioned it once while at the diner, and she had told him that Annie Fraser would always bully his wife in the past.

After Yvette Larson won the competition several times, Annie Fraser had gotten even more displeased and hated her even more.

Finn Taylor wanted to see just how arrogant this Annie Fraser was.

After a long journey, the trio finally arrived in New York.

The Traveling Club members had chosen to hold this gathering at a hotel named Sands Bay, which wasn’t far from the bus station.

Because of what Clarine Landon had said earlier, Finn Taylor hailed a cab this time.

Just as they arrived at the hotel, a Maserati just pulled in as well.

The two cars rolled to a stop at the same time, and their passengers got out at the very same time.

As Finn Taylor got out of the taxi, he noticed a woman getting out of the Maserati’s front passenger seat. Her eyes were filled with hatred as she glanced toward them.

Clarine Landon immediately reminded Finn Taylor, “She’s Annie Fraser. That man is her husband—Michael Sinclair. He’s the eldest son of New York’s Sinclair family.”

Hearing Clarine Landon’s words, Finn Taylor couldn’t help but chuckle inwardly. *‘What a coincidence—it’s such a small world! Annie Fraser has a grudge against Yvette, while I wanted to meet Michael Sinclair’s family as well. It’s all because Heather Larson works in their company—that woman who was born in the Larson family but is trying to harm my wife. It’s just as well. I’ll get rid of all of them together.’*

“Oh, the Travelers Club’s beauty—Ms. Yvette Larson—is finally willing to attend this gathering. What an honor! But why have you fallen to such a state? Why did you have to take a taxi here? Don’t tell me that you don’t even have enough money to buy a car!” The moment Annie Fraser approached them, she spoke about how Yvette Larson was taking a taxi.

That irked Finn Taylor, and his gaze became incredibly cold.

“Five dollars, please.”

Of course, Annie Fraser wasn’t going to let that driver’s word go. “Only five dollars? Yvette, your husband is so considerate. He hailed a cab even though it was such a short distance. Hey, where did they come from?”

That driver didn't give it much thought and simply answered, "The bus station."

Psst!

Annie Fraser bent over in laughter at the driver's words. "Wow, the bus station—how amazing. Yvette Larson, don't mind me asking. Don't tell me that you guys took a bus over from San Francisco? I was just joking, but I didn't really expect your family not to have a car. However, I guess that's normal. You guys even have a matrilocal son-in-law, so what kind of car would you be able to afford?"

Chapter 116: Disciple

First, she had talked about them taking a taxi. Now, she was even talking about Finn Taylor's status as a matrilocal son-in-law.

Annie Fraser couldn't wait to vent all her anger toward Yvette Larson all at once.

"Annie Fraser, you're getting more beautiful with time. It seems like your surgeries have done you well." At last, Clarine Landon couldn't stand it any longer. Thus, she mocked the other.

Of course, Annie Fraser was annoyed. "Who got surgeries done? This is natural beauty."

Yvette Larson suddenly spoke up. "Really? Shall we look at some photos we took in college?"

She was sure that the other had undergone plastic surgery. In college, Annie Fraser had been quite pretty, but it was still a huge difference from her current appearance.

Yvette Larson could spot countless changes with just one glance.

Her words stumped Annie Fraser, and the latter was obviously unwilling for the other to take out photos from the past.

As such, she quickly changed the topic. "Sigh, let's not talk about the past. Oh right, did you see my Maserati? Isn't it beautiful? My husband gave it to me for my birthday. Oh right, Yvette. You don't know my husband, so let me introduce him. He's the Sinclair family's eldest son—Michael Sinclair. His family is in the real estate business and is worth billions. Yvette, if you need a job, you can always let my husband know. There's nothing he can't do in New York."

The Sinclair family of New York. They were nothing but a second-tier family in New York, but they could easily beat the Sanders family if they had settled in San Francisco instead.

Yvette Larson dared not speak up. She dared to offend Annie Fraser but not Michael Sinclair.

"Eldest son? Did your dad get a mistress?" Just then, Finn Taylor posed a seemingly innocent question, but it caused Michael Sinclair to feel extremely awkward because that was the truth.

His parents had gotten together and started their business while they were still poor. Unfortunately, men often strayed after getting rich.

Michael Sinclair's father—Charles Sinclair—had hooked up with his secretary a few years ago.

Eventually, that secretary had even gotten pregnant, and Charles Sinclair had filed for divorce.

Of course, Michael Sinclair's mother refused. Following that, she could only watch as that secretary's stomach grew by the day.

In the end, Charles Sinclair compromised and crafted his will in advance. Once he passed on, the company would go to Michael Sinclair. His other assets would be equally split between his two children.

Only with that was the couple finally able to get a divorce.

Now, Charles Sinclair was married to that young and beautiful secretary, who had even given him a son.

That was why Michael Sinclair said that he was the Sinclair family's eldest son, but some things were left unsaid.

Once said, they would only create a terribly embarrassing situation.

But since Annie Fraser didn't have any good intentions, there was no need for Finn Taylor to respect them either. "Did I say something wrong? Do you mean that your parents are still married?"

'Didn't Annie Fraser say that I was nothing but a useless matrilocal son-in-law? Great, I brought a bag full of trash today. I'll pursue this until they answer me.'

Michael Sinclair clenched his fist, resisting the urge to punch someone.

However, Finn Taylor seemed not to have felt the strange atmosphere. He picked up his phone and did a quick search before turning to his wife. "Yvette, I found it. His parents got divorced a few years ago, and his stepmother gave birth to a younger brother last year. Hey, it says here that someone spotted his dad with another young and pretty mistress last month."

Yvette Larson had no interest in any of that, but she was delighted to see how infuriated Annie Fraser and Michael Sinclair were.

However, Clarine Landon was much less polite. She snatched the phone from Finn Taylor and started to read those gossip articles.

Just then, the other Travelers Club members—who had already arrived—walked out of the hotel. That was how they all heard the article.

As Clarine Landon finished reading the article, Finn Taylor turned to Michael Sinclair. "Is that article real? If it's fake, you must sue that author! He's stirring up rumors to ruin your family's reputation!"

Finn Taylor's kind reminder sounded like ridicule in Michael Sinclair's ears.

"Come on, everyone. Let's go in and eat." Afraid that the situation was getting awkward, someone quickly ushered the rest in.

Finn Taylor walked in without any care with his wife in tow.

Clarine Landon followed behind the couple, not forgetting to pull a funny face at Annie Fraser as she walked past her.

This infuriated the latter.

Michael Sinclair was fuming and wanted to leave. Eventually, his wife still pulled him in.

After they sat down, Annie Fraser quickly placed her order with the waiter. She then threw the menu onto the table. "Please go ahead and order whatever you like. I'll give you all a treat. Yvette, you haven't been to our gathering for years. I've missed you, so be sure to eat more to make up for it."

Finn Taylor took the menu over and seriously ordered the dishes.

Annie Fraser couldn't help but mock him for how quickly he was ordering the dishes. *'A piece of trash is a piece of trash after all. All he knows to do is talk. Look at how you're ordering the dishes now. You're just like a piece of trash that hasn't been out of the countryside.'*

After Finn Taylor ordered a few dishes, he turned to the waiter and asked, "Is this made by Chef Miller?"

That waiter didn't think much of the question and simply replied, "Our chef's surname is Miller, but I'm not sure if he's the same guy you're talking about."

Annie Fraser couldn't help but chuckle. "Yvette, it seems like your husband is quite close with the chef here, but don't you think that a gentleman should stay away from the kitchen? Our Michael deals with multimillion-dollar business deals, but your husband deals with cooking ingredients. I guess that's the difference between people."

Yvette Larson hated others looking down on her husband. She wanted to rebuke the other, but her husband tugged on her clothes to stop her.

Once everyone ordered their dishes, Finn Taylor told the waiter, "Tell Chef Miller that Finn Taylor is here."

'Pfft!'

This time, it wasn't just Annie Fraser who was laughing. Even all her other classmates burst out into laughter. *'Look at Michael Sinclair. He's dealing with multimillion-dollar business deals, but your Finn Taylor is friends with a mere chef. More importantly, you should know your place. Why would you tell everyone that you're friends with a chef? Aren't you inviting ridicule?'*

"Finn Taylor, do you know Chef Miller here?"

Annie Fraser obviously wasn't going to let such a good opportunity go. She had purposely posed this question to make a joke out of Yvette Larson.

"Of course, I know him. Chef Miller is my disciple."

Chapter 117: Chef Miller

To people like Annie Fraser and Michael Sinclair, they would probably think well of one if they had relations to a prominent family. After all, connections were everything in this society.

But it was ridiculous for someone to proudly announce his friendship with a chef. Yet, Finn Taylor had announced it as though he was ignorant of all that.

“Finn Taylor, you said that Chef Miller is your disciple. Do you mean that you’re a chef too?”

Finn Taylor gave it some thought and said, “I don’t think I’m much of a chef, but you can call me a nutritionist.”

‘Hahaha!’ Annie Fraser didn’t even try to hide her disdain for Finn Taylor. ‘He’s just trying to put it nicely. Isn’t a so-called nutritionist just a chef?’

“Once we’re done with our meal, I’ll get Chef Miller to come over to meet you,” Finn Taylor said seriously to his wife.

Although she didn’t understand why he was doing that, she nodded nonetheless.

Very quickly, the dishes were served.

“Come on; don’t feel bad. Please eat as much as you can. You can order a few more dishes if this isn’t enough.” Annie Fraser generously offered, but it was clear how boastful she was. “Oh right, I’ll help my husband ask about something. Is anyone here an architect? My husband’s company is bidding for one of the Walker family’s projects. We’re only short of one architect before we can be chosen. Although we’ve already gotten in touch with several architects in Chicago, I thought that I’d give my classmates some priority.”

While Annie Fraser said that, everyone understood that she was simply trying to show off. However, they also knew that they had to suck up to the wealthy.

This was the only way they could get some benefits too.

“Annie, do you mean that the Sinclair family is going to work with the Walker family?”

The Walker family was a prestigious family in New York.

There were four major families in New York, and the Walker family was amongst them. If the Sinclair family could collaborate with them, it would definitely bring them to new heights.

When that time came, Michael Sinclair and Annie Fraser’s statuses would drastically improve.

“Not yet. There are several other families in New York who are fighting for this chance. Of course, we stand the greatest chance. The Old Master said he’ll hand the project over to Michael if we manage to score that deal. After all, he’s the heir to a billion-dollar corporation.”

Annie Fraser mentioned it as though it was no big deal, but everyone drew a breath in.

Someone had already stood up and raised her glass. “Annie Fraser, we were good friends in college. Cheers! You must take good care of us.”

The glass in that woman’s hand wasn’t just any cheap wine, but the most expensive liquor available there.

As soon as she finished her sentence, she downed the entire glass in one shot. It was as though she was simply drinking water, yet she didn’t seem fazed at all.

Annie Fraser was extremely pleased by this sight. *‘As the most outstanding amongst the members, it’s only right that I deserve such respect.’*

With that, many others naturally soon followed.

They stood up one after the other, toasting in Annie Fraser’s honor. Everyone had nothing but praises for her.

Then, only Yvette Larson, Finn Taylor, and Clarine Landon were left.

Annie Fraser was annoyed. Actually, none of the other people mattered. What she wanted to see was Yvette Larson bowing down before her.

Unfortunately, that hadn’t happened.

“Yvette Larson, you’re so poor that you can’t even buy a car. Why don’t I let you and your husband work at the Sinclair family’s company since we were both classmates? You can be a hostess at the reception. Also, your husband is a chef, right? We can get him to cook.”

Others had already supported Annie Fraser and spoken up for her.

“Oh, I never thought that the most beautiful lady would become a hostess now!” This man deliberately left out the word ‘reception,’ his insinuations clear.

‘Hahaha!’ Everyone bent over in laughter at that.

But at that moment, Finn Taylor’s gaze turned cold as he glanced at the man who had called his wife a hostess.

“His name is Jimmy Landon. He tried to woo Yvette in the past but started spreading rumors about her after she rejected him.” Clarine Landon immediately explained to Finn Taylor. Although she was unsure why she even bothered doing so, she gave him the information nonetheless.

“Do you think it’s very fun to joke around like that?” Finn Taylor’s gaze was fixed on that man. “Kneel down and apologize!”

However, Finn Taylor’s words sounded nothing more than a joke to everyone.

“Why the f*ck should I apologize to you? Do you think I’ve not searched up on your family? You’re just the matrilocal son-in-law of the Larson family. That’s not all—I even know that the whole of San Francisco thinks of you as a piece of trash. In your three years of marriage, you’ve never even touched

your own wife. You've been beaten up by your mother-in-law, Yvette, and even the Larson family. Do you want me to show you a photo as proof now?"

Jimmy Landon had had a crush on Yvette Larson in the past. He had thought that he was outstanding and that she would definitely accept him, but she had rejected him in front of the whole school.

He had been utterly humiliated.

From then on, he looked upon Yvette Larson as his enemy.

After learning about Yvette Larson's marriage, he had gotten someone to check on it. The result tickled him for a whole day. *'I thought so highly of you, Yvette Larson. But in the end, you married a piece of trash! What a joke!'*

At the mention of that, Finn Taylor's gaze became even more bone-chilling. He glanced at the clock and sneered. "Ten minutes—you can say your last words."

That man didn't understand what Finn Taylor was going on about and simply thought that the latter was a crazy fool.

But the door to the private room was pushed open just then, and someone walked in.

Before that person even arrived, they heard his voice. "Mr. Taylor, when did you arrive in New York? I missed you so much. You should let me know the next time you come. I'd have personally picked you up."

From these words, everyone guessed that it was Chef Miller. Of course, none of them even cared about such an insignificant man.

Chapter 118: Please Let Me off, Master Miller

Everyone present, such as Annie Fraser and Michael Sinclair, were prominent figures in New York. And even if they weren't especially well-known, they had all graduated from Ivy League schools.

Even Yvette Larson—who they all looked down on—was from a second-tier family in San Francisco.

What was a mere chef?

'We chose this private room because we want some privacy. How dare you disturb us when you're nothing but a mere chef? Do you have no respect for us? Do you think you can bully us just like that?'

Michael Sinclair didn't even glance at the door before he shouted, "Scram!"

His lashing out was a little abrupt. After all, Chef Miller had only come because Finn Taylor had told the waiter to bring him here.

'But I'm the one giving a treat today, not you, Finn Taylor.'

Someone turned to Finn Taylor. "If you want to meet that chef, you should get out too."

Jimmy Landon added on with a sneer, "Finn Taylor, I heard that you don't even dare to fight back or rebuke anyone who hits you or scolds you. Why don't you show everyone just how you do it every time? Scram!"

'Hahaha!' His words were met with another round of thunderous laughter.

Jimmy Landon loved to play such tricks. He thought that he was humorous, but he was met with a deep voice questioning him. "Who asked Mr. Taylor to scam?"

Jimmy Landon was utterly annoyed. *'This Chef Miller is so annoying! You're just a chef; how dare you speak up here?'*

"I did. Who are you to say anything?" Jimmy Landon didn't believe that he wouldn't be able to shut that chef up. *'I'm the customer—customers are king. You're just a chef. Do you think you can afford to offend me?'*

"I can shut you up and break your useless legs." Chef Miller walked in and kicked Jimmy Landon in the knees, shattering both of them.

The latter bent down in pain and fell to the ground.

Very obviously, Chef Miller had crippled Jimmy Landon with that kick. He was clearly not joking around.

In an instant, the atmosphere in the room fell.

"F*ck! Didn't I tell you to scam?" Michael Sinclair had already been displeased by everything that had happened earlier. *'I'm such a well-known figure in New York, yet I'm being played by a mere chef. I said that I'm the eldest son of New York's Sinclair family and the heir to a billion-dollar corporation. Yet, I can't even order a mere chef around. What a joke!'*

But the moment Michael Sinclair looked up and saw Chef Miller's face, he was so frightened that he fell off his chair.

"Which family are you from? How could you be so rude? Leaving aside the fact that someone here invited me over, I'm already old enough to be your grandpa. How dare you order me around and even ask me to scam? Did your elders raise you to act like this?" Chef Miller pointed at Michael Sinclair, lecturing him.

All the other Travelers Club members thought that it was their time to shine. "You're just an old man. What are you yapping on about? Don't you know who you're talking to? He's Michael Sinclair—the young master of New York's Sinclair family. Believe it or not, Young Master Sinclair can put your name on the blacklist in New York, and nobody will ever hire you again."

Slap!

Before that person could finish his words, someone viciously slapped him right in the face.

What shocked everyone was that it was Michael Sinclair who had slapped him.

That's right—Michael Sinclair.

"Y-young Master Sinclair, why did you hit me?" That person felt aggrieved.

Even Annie Fraser didn't understand what her husband was doing. "Michael, did you hit the wrong person?"

"Shut up."

Annie Fraser hadn't noticed how her husband was already trembling slightly.

He was evidently in great fear, and it was all because of the Chef Miller in front of him.

"Wow, you're impressive. Look at how Michael Sinclair shut up once you showed up. He ignored me for the longest time." Finn Taylor seemed to be provoking Chef Miller.

However, the latter didn't care. "Tch, why don't you tell him your true identity then? We'll see how tough he dares to be then."

Michael Sinclair was confused about what identity they were talking about, but he was clear about Chef Miller's true identity.

Amongst the four major families of New York was the Terre family. Two consecutive family heads had lived short lives, and the current head was Pierre Terre.

Although he was young, he was capable. It was because of his young age that many other families in New York had tried to take over the Terre family. But in the end, they were the ones who had been taken over.

And this Chef Miller in front of him was none other than the master of Pierre Terre.

Michael Sinclair remembered that he was the martial arts teacher of Pierre Terre. *'Logically speaking, he should've been enjoying his retirement in the Terre family's home. Why is he here as a chef?'*

"Master Miller, it's been years since we met. How's it going? Are you still adept at martial arts?"

Chef Miller struck a punch, and there was a loud whoosh as his fist cut through the air.

This thunderous sound was enough to prove just how well-trained he was.

Finn Taylor got up and walked up to Jimmy Landon. "Do you remember that I said you only had ten minutes left? Oh, that's not right. You have only three minutes now. If you don't want to suffer, you can jump down from that window."

Finn Taylor pointed at the floor-to-ceiling windows. It would be a drop of at least 50 floors if he were to jump down from here.

Even a superhero would die.

From Michael Sinclair's words, Jimmy Landon had already inferred that Chef Miller had to be an impressive figure.

'That darned Finn Taylor! How could he have gotten to know someone like this? I shouldn't have offended him. Of course, I'm not going to commit suicide either.' He crawled up to Michael Sinclair. "Young Master Sinclair, I'm begging you. Please speak up for me. I don't want to die; I didn't say that about Yvette Larson on purpose."

Michael Sinclair had no idea how to resolve this feud, but he now had an opportunity since Jimmy Landon had taken the initiative to come up to him.

He picked the former up and started running. Then, he threw Jimmy Landon out of the window with everyone watching on in disbelief.

Jimmy Landon would surely die after falling 50 floors down.

With that, Michael Sinclair turned and kneeled on the ground. "Greetings, Master Miller. I'm Michael Sinclair from the Sinclair family. I apologize for offending you earlier; I hope you'll be magnanimous and won't take it to heart. Please let me off, Master Miller."

Chapter 119: Promiscuous Heather Larson

Mr. Miller was also known as Connor Miller.

Of course, Michael Sinclair was a nobody to him. While Michael Sinclair was a show-off, he was just from a second-tier family in New York.

Moreover, he wasn't even the Sinclair family head; he was just the family's eldest son. Although he had bragged about it, the truth was that the Sinclair family had only gotten a chance to interact with the Walker family because they had begged their grandparents.

But who knew if they would be able to score that deal?

In fact, the Walker family was still below the Terre family. Although there were four major families, there was a vast gap between them.

For example, the Bowie family couldn't even compare to the White family.

Connor Miller didn't even spare Michael Sinclair a glance and only chatted with Finn Taylor. "It was such a loss to Pierre Terre that you left the Terre family."

Connor Miller hadn't said much, but Michael Sinclair was visibly shaken.

Based on what the former had said, Finn Taylor knew the Terre family head, Pierre Terre.

"He was young and wild and thought that he could take everything under his control. He thought nothing of others, and he managed to take charge of the entire White family in three months. If not for his father's friendship with the Terre family, do you think the latter would still be around today?"

Michael Sinclair understood nothing about what Finn Taylor was talking about. However, he thought about something his father had casually mentioned to him: The Terre family had once been the most powerful family in New York. However, the Terre family head—Pierre Terre—had a fiery temper.

Yet, nobody in New York could do anything about him because of his family background.

But just then, another family rose up suddenly. In just three months, that family rose up and took over the Terre family's position as the most powerful family in the city, and that family was none other than the White family.

'From what Finn Taylor said, he raised the White family. But how is that possible? Isn't he just a useless matrilocal son-in-law of the Larson family? Who's he to have such great power to be able to calm the raging storms?'

"Forget it. After I left the Terre family, Pierre Terre came to look for me several times, but I refused to return. There are some relationships that can never be mended."

The Terre family from New York's four major families seemed to be high and mighty, yet Finn Taylor had casually helped to raise them when he had trained in New York at the tender age of 14.

It was just a pity that two consecutive family heads lived short lives and that the third—Pierre Terre—was slightly rebellious.

Because he had become the Terre family head, he had no fear of Finn Taylor. As such, the latter had simply raised another family—the White family—to suppress the Terre family.

With that done, Finn Taylor disappeared from the picture completely, never interfering in the White family's affairs ever again.

At the tender age of 14, he had gotten himself involved in New York's business world.

Finn Taylor was a prodigious tactician, and nobody even came close. It was during that period that he got to know Connor Miller, the Terre family's chef.

Finn Taylor had an eye for picking out people, and he could tell right away that Connor Miller was teachable. As such, he quickly started teaching the latter culinary skills.

Using potatoes as generals and salt and sugar as soldiers, Finn Taylor imparted a great deal of tactical knowledge to Connor Miller. In the end, the latter became Pierre Terre's teacher.

After Pierre Terre took over the Terre family's helm, it was Connor Miller who guided the former as other families tried to take down the Terre family.

Unfortunately, Pierre Terre ruthlessly forced Connor Miller out of the family. Then, the latter had found himself a job in a restaurant as a chef.

While Finn Taylor and Connor Miller chatted unceasingly without missing a beat, none of the others present understood anything they were saying.

Although Michael Sinclair couldn't understand most of the conversation, he had caught some bits and pieces of it. Thinking about how it had been these two people who had orchestrated all those events, he was horrified.

Nobody in the room even dared to take a deep breath.

Finally, the duo was done with their chat. It was only then that they seemed to have thought of Michael Sinclair and the rest.

"Michael Sinclair, you have such an interesting wife." Finn Taylor glanced at him from the corner of his eye and then said, "Choose between your wife and the Sinclair family. You can only have one."

Finn Taylor wasn't threatening Michael Sinclair. He was simply letting the latter know of this.

If this had happened in the past, Michael Sinclair would've been sure that the former was simply bragging. After all, he was just a useless matrilocal son-in-law of the Larson family. But now that he had seen just how close he was with Connor Miller and had heard the conversation between them, he didn't dare to doubt the former any longer.

He stood up and took hesitant steps up to Annie Fraser, his face ashen.

Annie Fraser could feel only coldness from her husband. She was afraid—terrified, in fact. "Michael Sinclair, I'm your wife. What are you going to do to me? He's just a piece of trash. Are you really going to do as he says?"

Michael Sinclair gave no care to what she was saying and simply picked up a chair, viciously smashing it on her head.

Blood flowed down the latter's face.

Annie Fraser's mind went blank, and she dropped onto the ground. However, she was still conscious. With blood in her mouth, she stuttered, "W-why? Why are you helping that b*tch, Yvette Larson?"

The moment Annie Fraser uttered those words, Michael Sinclair shut his eyes. *'Although I had exerted my strength earlier, I had aimed for her forehead. Annie's injury looks serious, but it isn't fatal. Unfortunately, this woman has a death wish. We've already gotten to this situation, yet she still dares to call Yvette Larson a b*tch! Now, there is only death awaiting her.'*

When Michael Sinclair opened his eyes, his gaze was like a dark hole.

He aimed the leg of the chair right at Annie Fraser's temple.

Psst!

Blood slowly flowed out—Annie Fraser was dead.

She had died because of her arrogance and contempt for others. She had thought that she could do as she wished with the Sinclair family backing her.

Unfortunately, there was always someone greater.

“Michael Sinclair, I heard that there’s someone named Heather Larson in your company.”

Michael Sinclair gave it some thought and nodded. “Yes, yes. We do have someone named Heather Larson in our company.”

As he said that, he suddenly thought of how Finn Taylor’s wife was named Yvette Larson. *‘Could they be sisters?’*

“Yes, she’s my wife’s elder sister. You must help us to take good care of her,” said Finn Taylor blandly.

However, Michael Sinclair was confused as to what the former meant by that.

Then, Finn Taylor continued and explained himself. “Heather Larson is a social butterfly and is a promiscuous woman. You must help her to find some capable people.”

Chapter 120: Feast of Vengeance

Social butterfly!

Promiscuous woman!

Capable people!

Michael Sinclair caught the most important keywords, and in an instant, he realized that it was true that Heather Larson was Yvette Larson’s elder sister. However, they were probably on bad terms.

What Finn Taylor had meant by ‘taking care of her’ really meant to drive her to death. Of course, Finn Taylor couldn’t explicitly say that he was trying to destroy a relative, much less do it himself.

That was why he could only say it in such vague terms.

Michael Sinclair knew that this was his only chance of surviving.

Finn Taylor turned to Michael Sinclair. He believed that the latter was intelligent.

Although the latter had offended him, he wasn’t deserving of death yet.

Of course, Heather Larson would have to die if she tried to harm his wife again. If Michael Sinclair didn’t kill Heather Larson, he could wait to die as well.

Finn Taylor got up and bade Connor Miller goodbye before leaving with his spouse and Clarine Landon.

As for the others, they wanted to leave but were stopped by Michael Sinclair. “Hand your phones over.”

Just one sentence from Michael Sinclair terrified them.

Without any complaints, they took out their phones one after another.

Then, Michael Sinclair smashed all their phones to pieces in front of them. "I don't know if any of you recorded this, so this is probably safer. Let me tell you something. If you dare to say a peep about what happened today, you'll face an ending even worse than your phones."

They shook their heads fervently, swearing never to say a thing.

Michael Sinclair believed that they wouldn't either. After all, these powerless people would never fight against those in power.

Peace was their greatest blessing. If they were to go against him and fail, there would definitely be unthinkable consequences.

After they left the restaurant, Clarine Landon looked at Finn Taylor curiously, "What's your identity? Why was Michael Sinclair so respectful toward you?"

Yvette Larson looked over too. To tell the truth, even she was curious.

She had always thought that her husband was very mysterious.

"What identity could I possibly have? I was just putting on a bluff. I've known Chef Miller for years, but who would've known that he'd have such an impressive background? I guess Michael Sinclair was probably just afraid of Chef Miller."

Although Finn Taylor's explanation wasn't what they wanted to hear, it was the most plausible. *'If Finn Taylor had such an extraordinary background, there's no way he would've been bullied for three whole years by the Larson family.'*

"Oh right. Was it Chef Miller who gave you the money to buy the house and the car?"

"Yes, but not really. A few years ago, Chef Miller told me about some stocks. I bought some and earned some money from it. However, I didn't make any more money after I lost touch with him."

Since his wife thought that his money had something to do with Connor Miller, he would simply go with it.

Yvette Larson thought that she was acute and had found out about the truth of the matter, and she nodded in satisfaction. "Oh right. What shall we do about Jimmy Landon and Annie Fraser?"

At the mention of that, even the usually brash Clarine Landon started to worry.

Two people had died at that gathering. While they deserved to die because they had called Yvette a prostitute and a b*tch, Finn Taylor would probably be implicated if investigations were to be conducted.

However, Finn Taylor remained indifferent. "Did that have anything to do with us? Michael Sinclair was the one who killed them, so he'll resolve the matter."

Finn Taylor smiled. *'I never did anything. What do their deaths have to do with me?'*

"Oh right. Why did you suddenly talk about Heather Larson?" Yvette Larson was full of curiosity today. She couldn't help but feel that something was different about her husband today.

However, her significant other simply took her hand. It seemed like he didn't want to answer that question.

Although this had happened within closed doors, it hadn't remained under wraps. After all, there had been witnesses who had seen Jimmy Landon falling out of the window.

The Terre family of New York.

Pierre Terre was in the middle of a tea ceremony.

Just then, someone ran in frantically.

He looked up to see Levi Terre running in.

Levi Terre was a servant who had grown up with Pierre Terre. They shared an extremely close relationship, and there were no secrets between them.

The fear on Levi Terre's face was evident.

"What's wrong? Why are you in such a frenzy?" Pierre Terre poured a cup of tea. "Take a sip of tea and tell me what happened."

But Levi Terre had no intention of drinking any tea. "H-he's back."

Thud!

It was a simple sentence. In fact, Levi Terre hadn't even mentioned any names, yet the teacup in Pierre Terre's hands fell to the ground, smashing into pieces.

The latter's face was filled with terror and fear. "H-he's back?"

"Yes, he even went to meet Connor Miller."

Pierre Terre couldn't help but panic. "Is he here to bring the Terre family down? No, I can't sit around waiting for that to happen."

Pierre Terre's gaze turned ice-cold. "Finn Taylor, do you think so highly of yourself? Do you really think you have everything under your control? Don't you know how much everything has changed since you left New York? Today, the four families are allies. Although you were the one who raised the four families and wanted us to keep each other in check, we've made the business circle here our playing grounds. You've been away for too long. It's time for your four pawns to take control of the game now."

Finn Taylor was the one who had raised all four families.

Through the fight between the four families, Finn Taylor was trying to play out the fight between him and Peregrine Hall.

But things had gradually changed after Finn Taylor left New York. While they had all hated each other in the beginning, they eventually formed an alliance.

If one prospered, they would all prosper. If one fell, they would all fall.

Pierre Terre was sure that Finn Taylor was back to deal with the Terre family this time. *'If you want to destroy the Terre family, you'll have to destroy all four families. I'm not afraid of you, Finn Taylor.'*

...

At that moment, Finn Taylor had an invitation in his hands.

It was an invitation from the Sinclair family for Old Master Sinclair's 80th birthday.

Finn Taylor had nothing to do with the Sinclair family; they were simply trying to get in his good books. *'This is interesting.'*

"Are you going?" Yvette Larson's gaze was filled with worry as she looked at that invitation.

"Do you not want me to go?"

"I know Annie Fraser's personality, and the Sinclair family is terribly vengeful. I'm afraid that this is an ambush and that it's a feast of vengeance!"

'A feast of vengeance!' Finn Taylor gazed into the distance and into the sky. Suddenly, a word popped up in his mind—*Terre!*