

UNTOUCHABLE

Chapter 121: Birthday Celebrations

Finn Taylor looked into the distance and at the sky. *'A feast of vengeance? Is it the Terre family hosting this party? I hope that isn't the case. After all, I had raised that family myself. But if it is really the Terre family, I'm not going to let them off easily. A king can't let his emotions cloud his judgment.'*

"Are you really going?" Yvette Larson was truly worried even though Michael Sinclair had been respectful toward her husband at that gathering.

She was sure that Michael Sinclair had simply been putting on an act. Once Michael Sinclair had the chance, he would definitely retaliate. *'What will I do if something happens to Finn?'*

"Of course. They were so kind to invite me, so I naturally have to go."

"Fine. I'll go with you then." Yvette Larson had already decided that she was going to stick to her husband's side no matter what happened.

He nodded without rejecting her. *'There are some things she's going to know about sooner or later. It'd be better for me to spill some details along the way instead of her finding out everything in one go.'*

Clarine Landon stood by the side while looking at them expectantly. "Then... Can I go too?"

She knew that her question was a little abrupt. After all, she had no relation to Finn Taylor.

Finn Taylor was the one being invited. It would make sense for him to bring his wife, but why would he bring his wife's best friend as well?

But Clarine Landon was helpless. She had neither friends nor family in New York, nor did she know the city well. *'What will I do alone in the hotel without all of you?'*

"Of course, you can. Why not?"

'All land belongs to the king, and all the people are his servants. I'm Master Peregrine. Can the Sinclair family really refuse anyone I'm bringing along?'

"What shall we bring as a gift?" Yvette Larson was wondering about what would make a good gift for someone's 80th birthday celebrations.

However, Finn Taylor's answer dumbfounded her. "Prepare two gifts: one being a peach with the word 'Peregrine' on it, and the other being a coffin. When we attend the party that day, we don't have to be in a hurry to present our gifts. We just have to observe their attitudes. If they treat us politely, we'll present the peach. If they're rude—and if that party is actually an ambush—we'll present that coffin to him as his 80th birthday present."

Finn Taylor scared his wife. *'Are you serious? How could you give someone a coffin as his birthday present? However, Finn doesn't look like he's joking.'*

"Fine. I won't object to you giving him a coffin if it's really an ambush, but don't you think it's slightly inappropriate if he was sincerely offering an invitation to you?"

Finn Taylor laughed. "It wouldn't be inappropriate. In fact, he'll even have to go down on his knees in gratitude."

Yvette Larson was confused by her husband's words because she still knew nothing about his true identity as Master Peregrine.

Within the circle, he was known as Master Peregrine. That was why he had asked for the word 'Peregrine' to be written on the peach.

'Do you know what that would mean? Nobody would ever dare to make trouble for the Sinclair family in the future because everyone would know that Peregrine Hall is watching out for them. Then, the Sinclair family would never fall as long as Peregrine Hall didn't. A birthday party in exchange for the family surviving for another century. Wouldn't the Sinclair family's Old Master thank me profusely? Of course, how they'll be treated will also depend on their performance.'

Time flew by, and the Sinclair family's Old Master—Louis Sinclair—was celebrating his birthday.

At the gate of the Sinclair family's residence, luxury cars were a dime a dozen. Almost all the most prestigious families in New York were in attendance to celebrate the Old Master's birthday.

The Sinclair family head—Charles Sinclair—stood by the door, welcoming guests with his son, Michael Sinclair.

"Malcolm Landon wishes the Old Master a long life. Here's a thousand-year-old ginseng."

"Clarence Jones wishes the Old Master a long life. Here's a piece of precious jade."

"Will Hughes wishes the Old Master a long life and good health. Here's a painting by a famous artist."

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Prominent figures of New York were gathered at the Sinclair family's residence. One by one, they presented gifts that only got more expensive as they went down the line.

Everyone standing by the side could only marvel as they saw the gifts. But once they thought about the rumor of how the Sinclair family was about to work with the Walker family, everyone understood why this was happening.

Actually, these gifts weren't really meant for the Sinclair family. They were simply trying to curry favor with the Walker family through the Sinclair family.

Unfortunately, they missed out on one important point: The Sinclair family hadn't even started their project with the Walker family. How would the Sinclair family be able to help them then?

Perhaps they would've done so even if they had thought of that point.

That was the business world. If they were slow, opportunities would slip out of their hands.

Now that the project hadn't started yet, they could use this chance to visit the Sinclair family openly.

Once the collaboration was set in stone, there was no way they would have the opportunity to use the Sinclair family.

Just as everyone was congratulating the Old Master, a car that seemed extremely out of place stopped in front of the Sinclair family's residence.

It was a taxi.

Of course, a taxi stopping in front of someone's house was nothing out of the ordinary. However, they had seen too many luxury cars today.

Even Bentleys and BMWs were the worst amongst them.

Rolls-Royces and Maseratis were the standard, yet a taxi had appeared amongst all these luxurious cars.

It naturally attracted everyone's attention, but Michael Sinclair's eyes lit up when he saw that taxi. *'If my guess is right, that would be Finn Taylor and his party.'*

As expected, Finn Taylor, Yvette Larson, and Clarine Landon got out of the taxi as the door opened.

The moment he spotted the trio, Michael Sinclair acted as though he had seen his blood relatives and ran over quickly. "You're here, Mr. Taylor. Yvette, you look great today. Clarine, you look elegant too."

It was hard for Yvette Larson and her best friend to get used to Michael Sinclair's sudden change in attitude. Although he had never been as blunt with his words as Annie Fraser, he had never been this polite either.

'Could it be that Michael Sinclair was really frightened by that incident? Is that why he's being so polite to us today?'

"Show the way. I want to see the Old Master."

Michael Sinclair didn't show any sign of getting upset by Finn Taylor's tone that sounded as though he was giving a command. He simply agreed and led the way.

In fact, he even turned back and gestured politely for Finn Taylor to follow him.

No matter how high a position one held in New York, nobody had ever been treated in this manner. However, these three people—who had arrived in a taxi—had been treated with such respect.

Of course, this attracted everyone's attention. They couldn't help but launch into a discussion about who these three people were.

Chapter 122: A Bright and Intelligent Girl

“Who are these three? Why have I never met them?”

“I don’t know. I’ve met everyone from the prominent families of New York, but I’ve never met the three of them.”

“Are they not from New York?”

“Not from New York? That’s possible. Didn’t you see Michael Sinclair going out to welcome them in? Could he be a young master of a prestigious family?”

“If he’s not local and was still personally welcomed by Michael Sinclair, he must have quite a high status.”

Everyone in the Sinclair family’s residence started discussing amongst themselves.

But just then, someone laughed snidely. It was loud and out of place.

“Xavier Wood, what are you laughing at?”

The one laughing was Xavier Wood. His family was just an average family in New York, but Xavier Wood was good at networking and was on good terms with quite a few young masters of the most prominent families. As such, his career and status had risen as well.

“I’m laughing at all of you. How could you mistake a piece of trash for a big shot?”

Everyone was stumped and slightly confused by his words.

“I recognize all three of the people you guys are talking about. If we talk about those two women, they’re probably of the same status as me. As for that man... Hahaha!”

Seeing how he was keeping them on edge, they quickly urged him to continue. “What about that man?”

“He’s the greatest piece of trash in this world.”

But everyone shook their heads in disbelief. *‘Xavier Wood has to be lying. How can someone who was personally welcomed by Michael Sinclair be a piece of trash?’*

“You should all know that I didn’t go to college in New York but in San Francisco.”

They all nodded. *‘Most people in this circle know about this, but why is he suddenly talking about that?’*

“Those three people are from San Francisco. That pretty one is Yvette Larson, the Landon family’s eldest princess. The slightly uglier one is Clarine Landon, the Landon family’s only daughter. The Landon family and the Larson family are nothing but second-tier families in San Francisco. If they were in New York, they wouldn’t even be a third-tier family.”

Seeing how Xavier Wood was so confident, they couldn’t help but think that he was right. *‘Could it be that he’s telling the truth?’*

“Then, tell us who that man is.” Although Yvette Larson and Clarine Landon were both beautiful, everyone had seen clearly that Michael Sinclair had been most respectful to that man. That was why they were all curious about his identity.

“You’ll all get a shock if I do tell you.”

Because of this sentence, everyone became even more nervous. *‘Could he be a big shot in San Francisco? The most prominent family in San Francisco would probably be on par with the Sinclair family.’*

“That man is Finn Taylor; he’s Yvette Larson’s husband. To be more accurate, he’s the matrilocal son-in-law of the Larson family. He’s nothing but a piece of trash. In the three years that he’s been married to Yvette Larson, he’s been cooking and cleaning. He’s never shared a bed with his wife, much less touched her. Anyone in the Larson family—even the lowliest branch families—can scold him and order him around.”

“Even when he was chased out of the Larson family, he didn’t dare to rebuke them. When anyone in the Larson family hits him, he’ll even have to ask if they hurt their hand from hitting him.”

The more Xavier Wood said, the more excited he got. The audience also felt as though their morals were being ruined just by listening to him.

By the time he finished, everyone felt as though they had been punched in the face. *‘Is there really such a useless man in this world?’*

“Xavier Wood, are you for real? Are you just lying to us?”

“Why would I lie to you? I can swear on my life that I was telling the absolute truth.”

Now that he had gone to this extent, nobody dared to doubt him.

Nobody could imagine that the guest who Michael Sinclair had treated so respectfully would have done such shameless things.

At that moment, Charles Sinclair was still by the door. He had heard everything that Xavier Wood had said, but he remained indifferent.

Everyone couldn’t understand why Charles Sinclair wasn’t chasing that guest away now that he knew the truth. *‘Isn’t it a disgrace for someone like that to be in the Sinclair family’s residence?’*

But it was the Sinclair family’s matters, and they were in no place to cut in.

With Michael Sinclair leading the way, Finn Taylor and the two ladies were soon brought to the second floor of the Sinclair family’s residence.

The Old Master—Louis Sinclair—was already 80 years old, yet he was still well-built. When they entered, they were greeted by the sight of Louis Sinclair exercising.

Beside him was a beautiful young girl, who looked to be about 18 only. She looked exceptionally bright and intelligent.

Seeing that someone had entered, the girl looked up.

The moment Finn Taylor saw that pair of eyes, he could feel the innocence in them.

“Grandpa, this is the Mr. Taylor I told you about—Finn Taylor.”

Louis Sinclair acted as though he hadn’t heard anything and simply continued with his exercise. Only when he finished his set did he finally look up. “Little Ava, go get our guests some tea.”

The ‘Little Ava’ that Louis Sinclair was speaking of was that bright and intelligent-looking girl.

She nodded and immediately went out to get some tea.

“Happy Birthday, Old Master.” Finn Taylor didn’t hesitate to sit down on the Old Master’s chair. He acted as though he was at home, even inviting Yvette Larson and her best friend to take a seat.

Louis Sinclair was slightly displeased. “I’ve never been led on by anyone in my whole life. Do you think I’ll let you take the lead today?”

Just then, the girl returned. She served three cups of tea to the three guests.

“Thank you. What’s your name?”

“Ava Duncan, but you can call me Little Ava.”

‘Ava Duncan.’ Finn Taylor repeated that name in his heart before picking up his cup of tea and downing it in one shot. “Now that I’ve drunk your cup of tea, I owe you one. I’ll spare you from death.”

Ava Duncan didn’t understand what Finn Taylor was saying, only feeling that this man was strange.

“Why do you have to talk about death? You’re scaring a little girl. Come here, Ava.” With Louis Sinclair’s command, Ava immediately headed over.

“Could you introduce Ava Duncan’s relationship to the Sinclair family?”

“She’s my disciple.”

Clarine Landon had been drinking her cup of tea but nearly spat all of it out the moment she heard Louis Sinclair’s words.

“What are you laughing about?” Yvette Larson asked while helping her best friend wipe away the tea.

“If she’s the Old Master’s disciple, wouldn’t Michael Sinclair have to address her as ‘Auntie?’”

‘Pfft!’ Eventually, even Yvette Larson couldn’t hold in her laughter.

Ava bounced over. “That’s right. I’m Michael Sinclair’s auntie. Come on, Michael. Call me ‘Auntie.’”

Chapter 123: At Death’s Door

Finn Taylor glanced at Ava Duncan. *'It's obvious that this young girl would fall into anyone's trap with a little coaxing.'*

To be honest, Finn Taylor took a fancy to such people. In today's society, everyone tried to take advantage of others and deceived others without any care.

Few were like Ava Duncan.

"Stop it. Grandpa still has some important matters to discuss with our guests, so let's go out."

It didn't matter if he had to address her as 'Auntie' normally, but Michael Sinclair couldn't put his pride down and do so in front of so many other people.

"Humph! I'm staying here with Master. You can leave alone."

Michael Sinclair knew that there was no way of convincing this young girl. "Grandpa, the guests are still waiting for me. I'll go downstairs first."

With that, he apologized to Finn Taylor and the best friends. "Mr. Taylor. I'm sorry. Please forgive me for not hosting you well; I'm just too busy."

Finn Taylor waved him off, and Michael Sinclair finally left.

Now, only five of them were left in the room.

Finn Taylor picked up the empty teacup and said to Ava Duncan, "Please refill my cup."

Ava Duncan huffed. "You're drinking it too quickly."

Although she said that, she left to pour him more tea.

Only after she left did Finn Taylor finally speak up. "Old Master, we're here to congratulate you sincerely, but I wonder whether the Sinclair family thinks the same. Or is this a feast of vengeance?"

The Old Master's eyes glinted. "What do you mean?"

"There's no need to beat around the bush and pretend that you don't know anything. Didn't Michael Sinclair tell you about what happened a few days ago? I'm telling you again that we're here to congratulate you sincerely. If the Sinclair family has any sinister plans up their sleeves, it's still not too late to pull back."

As soon as Finn Taylor finished his sentence, Ava Duncan returned.

He stood up and took the teacup from her. Then, he rubbed his head and placed the teacup down without taking a sip.

After that, he left.

Yvette Larson and Clarine Landon followed closely behind without any hesitation.

Louis Sinclair stared at the trio's departing figures and then at the teacup. There was a meaningful look in his eyes. *'Did he distract Ava Duncan on purpose? Who is he, and why do I feel so oppressed now? It somehow feels like something is going to go wrong with our mission today.'*

But no matter how Louis Sinclair felt, he had no way of stopping the mission.

It was the Terre family and Walker family who had gotten in touch with him. They had forced him to agree to it in return for a collaboration with the Walker family.

If he were to go back on his words now, he would offend both the Terre family and the Walker family. Then, the Sinclair family would have no way to eke out a living.

Louis Sinclair rubbed his temples. *'He's just a young man who brought two women here. How powerful can one man be? Once the people from the Terre family and Walker family arrive, that young man will surely be dead.'*

After walking out of the room, Michael Sinclair headed to the gate.

He was waiting for the men from the Terre family and the Walker family. Then, it would be time for them to act.

He had been utterly humiliated at the party that day. He had thought that he'd never be able to get his revenge. Who would've expected the Terre family to get in touch with them?

The Terre family made it clear that they had severed all ties with Connor Miller a long time ago.

Finn Taylor had simply been putting on an act.

Thinking about how a useless matrilocal son-in-law had thrown him into such a frenzy using such intimidation methods, Michael Sinclair was outraged. In fact, he felt like killing someone.

Today was the day of his revenge.

Finn Taylor brought his wife and her best friend to the Sinclair family's garden, where there was a pavilion.

The pavilion was next to an artificial lake, which was home to several Koi fish.

"Finn Taylor, will the Sinclair family really do something to us?" It was Clarine Landon asking this question. Now, she was regretting her decision to follow Finn Taylor here.

She was even more regretful that she hadn't persuaded them out of this. She couldn't help but feel that something terrible was going to happen if they were to stay here any longer.

Just then, more than ten ATVs stopped at the gate of the Sinclair family's residence.

Charles Sinclair and Michael Sinclair rushed up to welcome them.

The atmosphere was getting stranger, and everyone couldn't help but feel uneasy. *'We're here for a celebration, but this doesn't seem much like a celebration. Could something really be wrong?'*

When they spotted dozens of men in suits and sunglasses getting out of the ATVs with metal rods in their hands, everyone finally flew into a panic.

Feeling the danger, everyone wanted nothing more than to leave. If they were to stay any longer, they would probably die.

But just as they attempted to leave, two men in black flashed their passes.

“The Terre family of New York.”

“The Walker family of New York.”

“Everyone, stay where you are. If you dare to move, we’ll kill you.”

Words from the Terre family were like the law, and everyone dared not do anything that went against them.

At that moment, there were over 100 people in the residence. They were all prominent figures in New York, yet not a single one of them dared to move.

“Bring us there,” ordered the men in black, and Michael Sinclair quickly led the way.

With Michael Sinclair at the head of the group, dozens of men walked into the compound.

Although everyone had questions in their hearts, nobody dared to speak up. After all, this concerned the Terre family and the Walker family.

If they were to say anything, they might very well lose their lives.

At the same time, Finn Taylor and the two ladies were still enjoying the gentle breeze in the pavilion.

But just then, Finn Taylor’s ears fluttered. He heard a series of footsteps—a very orderly series of footsteps.

From their footsteps, there were probably more than 50 people headed in their direction.

“They’re here.” Finn Taylor spat those words out and turned to his wife and Clarine Landon. “When they come over later, shut your eyes. Don’t open them until I tell you to. Do you understand?”

It was Yvette Larson and Clarine Landon’s first time seeing Finn Taylor so stern—they were both dumbfounded. They could only nod dazedly, not daring to say anything else.

“Oh, so you’re hiding here. We’ve finally found you.” Michael Sinclair was delighted when he caught sight of the trio.

“Michael Sinclair, it seems like I was too benevolent. I should’ve just killed you that day. Then, none of this would’ve happened.”

Michael Sinclair sneered. “You’re right. Unfortunately, you let me off the other day. But I’m not going to let you off today.”

Finn Taylor pointed at the men in black. “None of them are from the Sinclair family, right? Tell me who sent them, and I’ll kill only you. I won’t involve the rest of the Sinclair family.”

Michael Sinclair couldn't help but chuckle. "You're at death's door, yet you're still so stubborn."

Chapter 124: You're Dead to Me

Looking at the men in black in front of him, Finn Taylor pursed his lips because he found a few familiar faces amongst them. In fact, he had personally raised a few of them. *'Great. Are you guys going to be ingrates and rebel against me?'*

"Sam Jensen, not bad. You even dare to fight against me now. It looks like you made vast improvements over the past few years."

Sam Jensen trembled as Finn Taylor called him out. He walked out and bowed down. "Greetings, Young Master!"

Finn Taylor chuckled. "Are you really going to go against me?"

"I don't want to make you an enemy, but I have no choice. I remember you telling me that I have to serve the Terre family till the day I die. No matter who they want me to kill, I'll have no choice but to do it. This is so even if they command me to kill myself."

Finn Taylor narrowed his eyes. *'I had indeed said so. Is this what they mean by shooting oneself in the foot?'*

"I'm sorry, Young Master." Sam Jensen was the first to rush up.

Finn Taylor was stunned. *'He's... seeking death.'*

That was right. Sam Jensen didn't want to fight Finn Taylor, but neither did he want to go against what the latter had taught him.

As such, he charged up before anyone else did so.

Sam Jensen knew that the other would definitely be able to take him down. Then, death was certain.

That way, he would be able to prove that he had never betrayed him even up until his death.

"Good! Good! Good!" Finn Taylor walked up after saying that.

"Shut your eyes." As Finn Taylor charged forward, he spat those words out.

With that, Yvette Larson and Clarine Landon shut their eyes too.

"What are you all waiting for? Charge!" Michael Sinclair yelled out at the same time, and the few dozen men in black charged forward.

Finn Taylor was surrounded by dozens of muscular and well-trained men with metal rods in their hands. Yet, he never revealed a trace of nervousness or fear.

Michael Sinclair simply felt that he was putting on an act. “Tch, you’re still pretending even now. I’ll see how arrogant you can be when your head is busted on the ground later.”

Even up until now, Michael Sinclair refused to believe in Finn Taylor. He still believed that the latter had lied to him.

He had already thought it through. *‘If Finn Taylor was truly capable, why would he have been bullied in the Larson family for three whole years? Even if he didn’t fight back against the Larson family, he should’ve managed to subdue Yvette Larson in these three years. If Finn Taylor had some abilities of his own, he should’ve fought back three years ago. There would’ve been no need for him to wait until today. That could only mean that he was simply putting up a false front.’*

However, Michael Sinclair had imagined that the scene would end with Finn Taylor being badly defeated. Yet, that wasn’t the case.

Even the most well-trained men from the Terre family and the Walker family were like Papier-mâché in Finn Taylor’s hands.

Every one of Finn Taylor’s punches and kicks was pure torture to those so-called masters. In fact, Sam Jensen—who had rushed up first—was the one who had been punched the least.

In merely five minutes, the few dozen men were lying on the ground.

Finn Taylor patted the dust off his clothes and glared at Michael Sinclair, who was still in a daze. “Guess what I brought for your grandpa for his 80th birthday?”

Finn Taylor pointed outside as he said that.

Just then, Michael Sinclair heard the sound of drums. He rushed out, only to see a coffin being lifted in.

It was naturally a sight to see a coffin being gifted to someone celebrating their 80th birthday.

At that moment, all of the Sinclair family’s guests were shell-shocked.

‘How can that be?’

‘Who is the one who ordered this coffin?’

‘What were those men in black doing?’

‘What’s going on with the Sinclair family?’

“Finn Taylor, the Old Master is celebrating his 80th birthday, yet you sent a coffin! Do you really think you’d be able to do as you please just because you’ve defeated these men? You should know very well who wants you dead. Do you think you’ll have a way out when the Walker family and Terre family want you dead?”

Louis Sinclair was watching from the top floor of the Sinclair family's residence as he lashed out at Finn Taylor. The way he saw it, the latter was just putting on an act.

There were some mountains that others would never surpass.

'If the Walker family and the Terre family want you dead, you will face certain death no matter how capable you are.'

'The Terre family! The Walker family!' Everyone present was dumbstruck by Louis Sinclair's words. 'The Terre family and Walker family are part of the four most prestigious families in New York, yet they're working together just to kill this man named Finn Taylor? Who is he? What has he done? But none of that matters. Just like what Louis Sinclair said, the result has already been decided.'

"Hehe!" But Finn Taylor paid no heed to those words.

"What are you laughing at?" Louis Sinclair wondered if the other's mind had gone blank out of fear. *'How could he be laughing when he's already at death's door?'*

"I'm laughing at you. You're such a short-sighted man. Is New York the only thing you can see? Is there nobody higher than the four families of New York? What you don't know is that the four families are just fish on a chopping board to me. I can kill them at any time."

Of course, Finn Taylor's words came as a shock to the hundreds of people present. *'How could he say that about the four families? Isn't that ridiculing them? Does he have a death wish?'*

"Great. You're really bold, young man. You even dare to say such disrespectful things. You said that you could destroy the four families at any time you please. Do you know that the four families are all involved in today's mission? They've already surrounded us. Once I give my order, you can say goodbye to everyone here." Louis Sinclair's eyes were filled with murderous intent.

'If the Sinclair family wants to rise up and work with the four families, we have to give the four families a gift. This man in front of me—who looks down on the four families—will be the perfect offering.'

"Oh, is that so? Why don't you try giving that order then?" Finn Taylor's gaze wasn't the slightest bit anxious and was instead full of confidence.

Louis Sinclair frowned. *'Is he faking it, or is he for real? Why do I feel so uneasy?'*

But he gave it some thought. *'I have the four families of New York backing me. What do I have to fear?'*

"Alright. Since you want to die, don't blame me for doing this." Louis Sinclair lit a firework that was next to him.

Boom!

The instant the firework burst out in the sky, countless men charged in and headed toward Finn Taylor.

To Louis Sinclair, Finn Taylor was no different from a dead man.

Chapter 125: Burning the Ancestral Shrine

Seeing the strong forces surround the Sinclair family's residence from all sides, Louis Sinclair's heart leaped with joy. *'These are all men from the four families, yet they're all following my orders today. Having done this, I can now die with no regrets.'*

"Finn Taylor, you'd better get on your knees and beg for mercy. You're already at death's door." Louis Sinclair wanted to see Finn Taylor kneeling to him. He had no idea why the four families were so intent on killing the latter, but he could tell that the four families were terrified of him.

'Think of how amazing I'll be if I can get someone who even the four families fear to bow before me!' But all Louis Sinclair saw was Finn Taylor shaking his head.

Just then, the noises ceased. This meant that they had already arrived in the Sinclair family's residence.

Louis Sinclair was even more excited. But the gate opened at that moment, and four people walked in with four others in their hands.

Louis Sinclair stole a glance at them. He couldn't help but feel that those four people being dragged in seemed familiar.

These four people were thrown before Finn Taylor, and they slowly lifted their heads. The latter merely waved to greet them.

But the moment the four men lifted their heads, Louis Sinclair jolted out of his seat.

The Sinclair family's guests were overwhelmed with emotions. *'Those are none other than the heads of the four most prominent families in New York! They're all well-known figures in New York, yet they're being treated no different from clowns now and are being carelessly thrown around.'*

"Long time no see, Pierre Terre."

The Terre family head—Pierre Terre—was in a frenzy. As for the other three, they were doing no better.

They knew that there were only two outcomes to betraying Finn Taylor. They would either win or die.

"Young Master, I was wrong. I was really wrong." It wasn't just Pierre Terre. Even the other three heads immediately kowtowed before Finn Taylor.

They could feel horror rising up in their hearts, yet Master Peregrine ignored them and simply turned to Louis Sinclair, who was still upstairs. "What did you say? I didn't hear you well just now."

Louis Sinclair spat out a mouthful of blood. *'How could I be losing? I have the four families of New York backing me! Logically speaking, only Finn Taylor should be driven to death. Why am I the one going to die?'*

“Louis Sinclair, I told you that I’d spare Ava Duncan’s life. I still stand by that, but I have one condition: You have to jump down from there.”

He was forcing the other to commit suicide at his 80th birthday party.

Nobody knew just how aghast and uneasy Louis Sinclair felt inwardly. *‘But do I have another choice?’*

Pfft!

He spat out yet another mouthful of fresh red blood. Then, he jumped off the building.

“Dad!”

“Grandpa!”

Michael Sinclair and his father were crestfallen to see the Old Master jump to his own death.

“I’ll fight it out with you!” Michael Sinclair cast all his worries aside and rushed up toward Master Peregrine.

Of course, the latter couldn’t be bothered with such a small fly. There would naturally be someone who would take care of that for him.

Snap!

Wampus charged forward and snapped Michael Sinclair’s neck with a single arm.

“Master Peregrine?” Wampus was asking for Finn Taylor’s advice.

“Kill him!” That was all Finn Taylor said.

Crack!

Wampus exerted some force, and Michael Sinclair drew his last breath.

“Clean this place up.” After uttering those four words, Master Peregrine headed for the garden to look for his wife and her best friend. *‘Are they still there?’*

With Finn Taylor’s order, the four guardians let nobody off.

The four families of New York had only formed because the 14-year-old Finn Taylor had let them do so. Comparing them to the current Finn Taylor was like comparing the light of fireflies to the glow of the moon.

There was no way the four families could be Finn Taylor’s match even after forming an alliance. Their actions were like child’s play to the latter.

Of course, the Sinclair family was even more ridiculous.

After arriving at the garden, Finn Taylor smiled and said, “You can open your eyes now.”

It was only then that the two friends opened their eyes.

Seeing that Finn Taylor was safe and sound, they were both relieved. “Are you alright?”

The best friends still thought that this had simply been a conflict between Michael Sinclair and Finn Taylor.

“I’m fine. Let’s go.” Finn Taylor took the pair and led them through another path, avoiding all the other guests.

This incident with the Sinclair family hadn’t affected Finn Taylor the slightest bit.

He believed that the four guardians would naturally take good care of it. If they couldn’t even handle such a trivial matter, they weren’t fit to be the four guardians of Peregrine Hall.

With that, Finn Taylor brought the pair back to San Francisco.

Along the way back, Finn Taylor gazed at the horizon. The four families of New York weren’t even a threat to him, but he thought of someone—his younger brother, Donovan Taylor—who was his arch-enemy. *‘Where is he? Why did he suddenly disappear? How will my life change once he returns?’*

Actually, Master Peregrine had already instructed the four guardians to investigate Donovan Taylor and find his whereabouts.

Unfortunately, their searches had been in vain.

Upon returning to San Francisco, Finn Taylor brought his wife to the Larson family’s ancestral shrine right away.

She was confused as to why her husband had done so.

But as soon as they entered the shrine, her husband pulled Harrold Larson’s photo. Then, he poured gasoline all over it before taking out a lighter.

Yvette Larson asked hesitantly, “Finn, what are you doing?”

“Will you believe me if I said that I’m going to burn this photo?”

“Huh?” Yvette Larson was slightly stunned by his words. *‘Harrold Larson is Grandpa’s biological younger brother. Finn will definitely cause an uproar in the Larson family if he burns this photo.’*

To tell the truth, Finn Taylor was only saying that to summon the entire Larson family. He knew that this would do it.

As expected, he heard footsteps rushing to the ancestral shrine.

The ones who had arrived first were none other than the detestable Quince Larson and Eleanor Larson.

“Yvette Larson, your husband must be mad! How could he threaten to burn Great-Uncle’s portrait? Why aren’t you even trying to stop him? Do you really want to be a traitor of our family?”

Finn Taylor looked up at Quince Larson, feeling as though he was looking at a dumb pig. *‘Harrold Larson’s descendant—Heather Larson—wanted to kill me. I’m simply trying to summon all of Harrold Larson’s descendants by doing this, yet Quince Larson is mocking me and putting me down. What is he if not a dumb pig?’*

“Quince Larson, you’ll regret your words.”

He sneered. “Regret? If I regret my words, I’ll kneel down and lick your shoes.”

Chapter 126: Undisciplined

‘I’ll never regret my decision just because of what Finn Taylor says. Who is he? He’s just a useless matrilocal son-in-law. He’s no different from a useless dog in the Larson family, so how dare he say that I’m going to regret it? How ridiculous!’

“Hahaha! Yvette, oh Yvette. I never thought that you’d be so stupid. Even though your family always stirs up trouble, Grandpa always forgives you guys because you’re family. But this time, you’ve gone too far. This is the Larson family’s ancestral shrine; it’s the place for our ancestors to rest in peace. Grandpa cares most about filial piety, so you must have a death wish to cause trouble here.”

Yvette Larson admitted that her cousin made sense. To be honest, even she didn’t have any clue what her husband was trying to achieve by doing this.

However, she chose to believe him. She knew that her spouse wouldn’t hurt her.

Finn Taylor’s actions quickly caused an uproar in the Larson family.

The first branch was Joseph Larson; the second, Harrold Larson; the third, Philip Larson; the fourth, Arthur Larson. In total, hundreds of Larsons gathered at the ancestral shrine.

All of Harrold Larson’s descendants had reddened eyes and were just about to rush forward to skin Finn Taylor alive if not for the family head—Joseph Larson—saying, “Finn Taylor, do you know that you’ve infuriated everyone? All the Larson family descendants have gathered here today. Even though you’re from my family, I won’t be able to protect you.”

Finn Taylor took a good look at everyone around him. In the end, he shook his head slowly. “We’re still waiting for someone.”

Joseph Larson looked around before asking, “Who might that be?”

Quince Larson already had an answer and quickly responded, “Grandpa, Heather Larson isn’t here yet.”

“Oh, Heather Larson. She hasn’t been back to the Larson family for a few years, so it doesn’t matter whether she’s here. Finn Taylor, you’d better explain yourself. What are you trying to do?”

Finn Taylor shook his head. “I’ll naturally let you know what I’m trying to do once everyone is here. However, I’m not going to say a word even if I have to set myself on fire just to destroy this photo. That is, not until everyone is here.”

Quince Larson sneered. “Set yourself on fire? Why don’t we try that? What can you do even if you light the fire?”

Finn Taylor picked up the lighter, causing all of Harrold Larson’s descendants to panic.

“Hold on.”

“Quince Larson, talk is cheap! Would you be so calm if he was threatening to burn your ancestors’ photos?”

He tried to continue, but Joseph Larson cut in. “Alright, Quince was wrong; I’ll punish him. Finn Taylor, calm down. We can talk this through; we’re a family.”

“Get Heather Larson here then.”

Joseph Larson gestured, and Walter Larson—Heather Larson’s father—eventually made a call to his daughter.

In the call, Walter Larson asked his daughter to return, saying that he was gravely ill.

Upon receiving his call, Heather Larson immediately set off from New York for San Francisco. However, she had doubts in her mind. *‘Father said that he’s gravely ill, but why did he ask me to meet him at the Larson family’s ancestral shrine? Does he want me to pray to them for protection?’*

Since she couldn’t make sense of it, she decided to stop thinking about it for now.

“Finn Taylor, I’ve already asked my daughter to come back. Can you put my father’s photo down?”

Walter Larson roared at Finn Taylor.

“I’ll naturally put it down once your daughter is here, but I’m not going to do that now.”

Walter Larson was fuming. *‘Someone is threatening me with my father’s photo in the ancestral shrine. Moreover, the one threatening me is none other than the Larson family’s useless matrilocal son-in-law—the joke of the entire San Francisco.’*

Walter Larson couldn’t help but feel that he was being treated like a clown. “Finn Taylor, don’t test our limits.”

Walter Larson felt that there was no point in talking to Finn Taylor; the latter was a madman.

He walked up to Joseph Larson and bowed respectfully. “Sir, I’ve always done everything I can for the family, and I’ve always supported the family in everything. But look at this—this is your grandson-in-law. He’s threatening to burn your younger brother’s photo. Are you really not going to do anything about it? If you really ignore this, there’s no point in our family being part of the Larson family anymore. We’ll just establish a new family.”

As soon as Walter Larson finished his words, the descendants of Philip Larson and Arthur Larson stood up in support.

The Larson family was split into the main branch—Joseph Larson’s family—and the three branches, Harrold Larson, Philip Larson, and Arthur Larson’s families.

There had always been a conflict between the main family and the other branches. It was just that nobody said anything about it.

However, Finn Taylor’s actions today had been the last straw for the branch families.

In their minds, Finn Taylor was nothing but a piece of trash. He was someone the Larson family could order around at will.

‘How could someone like this dare to burn our ancestral shrine? Someone must’ve put him up to this, and it’s likely that this person was Joseph Larson! He’s doing this to warn and remind the three branch families that he’s the Larson family head.’

That was why Joseph Larson had become the subject of their criticism now.

Of course, the Old Master had lived a long life and had been through trials and tribulations. Thus, he naturally understood what they were thinking about.

He could tell what they were trying to do in an instant, but he couldn’t afford to let them leave the Larson family and establish their own family. If he were to agree to that, he wouldn’t be able to face his late father, Hugo Larson.

“Walter Larson, watch your words. There are some things you should never say. I’ll naturally punish Finn Taylor for what he’s done, but if you want to take your family and leave the Larson family, do you think you’ll be able to face your father? Do you want your father to bear the name of being an unfilial son even in his death?”

Walter Larson was clearly displeased with Joseph Larson’s words, but he couldn’t deny that the family head made sense.

He couldn’t possibly leave the Larson family with his family branch.

“Sir, I’m sorry for letting my mouth run loose, but your family was the one who created this mess. Don’t you think you should do something about it? Francis Larson, Linda James, Yvette Larson, are all three of you dead?”

Yvette Larson’s entire family was lambasted by Walter Larson.

Finn Taylor immediately stood up. “Walter Larson, if you dare to say another word about Yvette, you’re dead meat.”

Walter Larson had been humiliated by Finn Taylor one too many times. This was as far as he could tolerate, and he charged toward Yvette Larson.

“Yvette Larson, since you’re so undisciplined, I’ll have to discipline you.”

Chapter 127: Cursed Piece of Jade

Walter Larson was agile, and it seemed like he was trained in martial arts too. Before the Larson family members could react, he had already made his way to Yvette Larson.

He raised his hand and was about to land a slap on her face.

That evoked horror in everyone there. *'Who would've expected Walter Larson to be so emotional? He's going to slap Yvette Larson in the face, in front of Joseph Larson no less! If he really slaps her, he won't be slapping Yvette Larson alone. She represents Joseph Larson's branch of the family. Recently, there have even been rumors that Yvette Larson will inherit the position of family head.'*

It was clear that Walter Larson was trying to provoke Joseph Larson and put him on the spot by slapping the next family head.

Everyone stood there dazedly, feeling as though a revolution was about to take place in the Larson family.

Walter Larson was struck down, and so was a photo on the ancestral shrine.

As they looked over, everyone was stunned when they realized that it was Finn Taylor who had struck both down.

Finn Taylor strolled up quickly and stepped on Walter Larson's face. "I told you that I wouldn't let it go if you dared to do something to Yvette again. It seems like you didn't take my words to heart. What, will you remember them now?"

Walter Larson was the head of the branch families. All three side-branches of the Larson family basically took instructions from Walter Larson alone.

But now, Finn Taylor was trampling all over him!

"Finn Taylor, let Walter Larson go!"

"Finn Taylor, Walter Larson is your elder. What are you trying to do?"

"Sir, are all your descendants this disrespectful?"

All three branch families' members turned toward Joseph Larson and lashed out at him.

Even the Old Master didn't know what to do.

"If you say that I'm being disrespectful, do you mean that you guys are being respectful while shouting at Grandpa, who's the family head?"

"Finn Taylor, don't make excuses. We only went that far because you forced us. Do you think we would've gone so far otherwise?"

“Oh, I was the one who forced all of you? Tell me then; have you done nothing to wrong your ancestors?”

The branch families’ members turned to glance at each other. They had no clue what Finn Taylor was talking about. *‘Has someone done anything wrong?’*

“Let my father go!” Just then, they heard a voice from outside.

Everyone turned in shock. It was the only Larson that had been absent—Heather Larson.

They couldn’t help but wonder if Finn Taylor was talking about Heather Larson. *‘But that’s impossible. Heather Larson hasn’t been back home for years. What could she probably do to harm the family?’*

Finn Taylor shook his leg and finally retracted it.

“Finn Taylor, what are you doing?” Heather Larson rushed up to help her father up. Witnessing this, she had already guessed that her father had lied to her to get her home. However, she still didn’t understand why her father had done so. “Dad, what’s going on?”

Walter Larson then told his daughter about everything that had happened.

Heather Larson supported her father to a chair before walking up to Finn Taylor. She raised her arm, trying to slap him.

However, she hadn’t expected Finn Taylor to reach out and grab her wrist.

“You... How dare you stop me?”

“Don’t they all say that you allow everyone in the Larson family to hit and scold you without fighting back?”

Finn Taylor shoved her away, and she fell back several meters away.

“Rumors aren’t always the truth, just like how the rumors say that you’re the most outstanding person in the Larson branch families. They even say that you haven’t been back to the Larson family for years, but is that really the case?” Finn Taylor turned to Quince Larson. “Have you really not met Heather Larson in three years?”

Quince Larson was stunned, never expecting Finn Taylor to target him. “No...”

Quince Larson hadn’t finished his sentence before the latter’s gaze shut him up. He felt that the other probably knew something.

As such, he didn’t try to hide it any further. “Alright, it’s true that Heather Larson has been back all this time. We’ve been secretly meeting her, and the last time we met was just last month.”

“We? Who else?”

Eleanor Larson took a step forward. “Me and your wife. Are you trying to drag us down? I bet you never thought that your wife would be involved too. What are you trying to do?”

Finn Taylor ignored Eleanor Larson, drawing laughter. "Alright, Heather Larson. What do you have to say?"

Heather Larson shrugged and said coldly, "I don't have anything to say. It's true that I was back, but is that a crime?"

The three branch families' members agreed. "That's right. Our Heather is so brilliant. She's busy and only has time to meet a few people every time she's back. Do you mean that she's guilty just because she didn't meet the head of our family?"

These people were fools and had been completely side-tracked.

"That's right. She's guilty, but it's not because she didn't meet the family head. Rather, it's because she was plotting someone's death."

Finn Taylor's words dumbfounded the entire family.

"Finn Taylor, don't spout nonsense!"

"That's right. What evidence do you have? How could you accuse Heather Larson?"

"If you don't show us evidence, we'll rip your mouth apart." Everyone in the branch families was overwhelmed with emotions.

They had already thought of taking over the family a long time ago, and the only one capable of leading them was Heather Larson.

From the way they saw it, Finn Taylor was trying to suppress all three of their families by maligning Heather Larson.

Finn Taylor reached out and revealed a piece of jade. "Heather Larson, I'm sure you're familiar with this piece of jade. There are a total of three such pieces. Quince Larson and Eleanor Larson probably have the other two."

Quince Larson and Eleanor Larson were still in a daze at that moment, but they took out their pieces of jade in unison.

"Quince Larson, where did you get that piece of jade?"

"You're right; it was a gift from Heather Larson. What are you trying to say?"

'Which family is Quince Larson from? Is he stupid? Why is he speaking up for Heather Larson?'

"Heather Larson, I checked on your immigration records. Three months ago, you made a trip to Thailand. These three pieces of jade were from a temple there, and all three of these jade pieces are cursed. Whoever wears one of these jade pieces will have their energy sucked out of them until they die."

Chapter 128: Anyone who Goes Against My Wife Deserves Death!

Finn Taylor's words were like a bolt out of the blue.

Everyone's eyes were glued to the piece of jade in Finn Taylor's hand. *'Cursed!'*

What Finn Taylor was saying was that Heather Larson was trying to use sorcery to kill Yvette Larson, Quince Larson, and Eleanor Larson!

'This... If this is true, then Heather Larson will be doomed.'

It was common for families to have internal conflicts—even Joseph Larson had only earned his position as family head after a struggle.

However, blood ties were the most important factor that bound them all together. As such, no struggle should ever lead to any deaths.

But Heather Larson had gone against that rule.

"I have a piece of jade too." Just then, Quinn Larson stood forward.

He had a piece of jade in his hand as well—it was exactly the same as the one in Finn Taylor's hand.

"Heather Larson gave it to me."

At the same time, Quince Larson and Eleanor Larson took out theirs.

The four pieces of jade looked identical.

All eyes were glued to Heather Larson.

In an instant, the latter was thrown into the spotlight.

Nobody from the three branch families dared to say a word. Even they had no idea whether Finn Taylor was speaking the truth. *'If it's true, we would definitely be branded as accomplices if we speak up for Heather Larson.'*

All that was heard in the room was Heather Larson's laughter. "Finn Taylor, what kind of mean prank are you playing now? You say that I'm trying to kill Yvette Larson, but where's your proof? Do you think that you can use this piece of jade as evidence just because I gave it to them?"

Heather Larson naturally wasn't going to admit to attempting murder. In fact, she was even trying to pull Finn Taylor down.

"Joseph Larson, do you hate us so much that you're trying to malign us now?" Heather Larson was trying to use the conflict between the main family and the branch families to make everyone misunderstand that Finn Taylor was only maligning her.

Unfortunately, there was no way Finn Taylor would've appeared before them and exposed everything if he didn't have concrete evidence.

Finn Taylor wasn't the slightest bit nervous as he tossed his phone to his wife.

She caught it and realized that there was a video on it. As such, she clicked it open.

When the recording started playing, everyone's expressions changed.

What Yvette Larson saw was Heather Larson taking the four pieces of jade from an old monk in the Thai temple.

The others could clearly hear the conversation between the monk and Heather Larson.

Heather Larson had asked the monk whether the pieces of jade were really cursed and how long it would take for them to die. She even asked if she would be in any danger.

After the video was played, Quince Larson rushed up and snatched the phone from his cousin to watch it again. He then pointed at the phone and roared at Heather Larson, "Heather Larson, you tried to kill me! I trusted you so much, yet you tried to kill me!"

Heather Larson was in complete despair. Faced with solid evidence, she had nothing left to say.

Nobody in the Larson family, especially those from the three branch families, dared to say a thing.

Finn Taylor glanced at Walter Larson. "Walter Larson, your daughter tried to kill her own family members. You've humiliated your father, so I'll burn his photo in front of you today. Do you have any objections to that?"

With that, Finn Taylor immediately lit the photo on fire without waiting for Walter Larson's reply.

As such, Harrold Larson's photo was completely burned to ashes in front of the three branch families.

"Grandpa, as the Larson family head, how are you going to handle this?" Finn Taylor naturally wasn't going to let Heather Larson off easily, but he wanted to see what his grandfather would do.

"Heather Larson, you tried to kill your family members with cursed pieces of jade. I'm announcing that you're going to be chased out of the Larson family. I'll let Yvette Larson and the rest decide on how to deal with you."

"Walter Larson, you didn't raise your daughter well. From today onward, you'll be stripped of all your positions and power in the Larson Corporation. None of Harrold Larson's descendants will be given a place in the ancestral hall either. The other two branches, you'd better not say that you didn't know anything about this. I won't believe you anyway. I'll reduce your salaries in the company by 10%."

With that, he harrumphed and walked off.

The Larson family had pretty much crumbled.

"What are we going to do with her?" Yvette Larson pointed at Heather Larson as she asked her husband.

Finn Taylor chuckled. "Hurry up and scram!"

Heather Larson was slightly confused. *'Finn Taylor has let me go!'*

Although she didn't understand the situation, she didn't want to stay here. As such, she sprinted off the moment she got the chance.

Eleanor Larson thought that it was strange for Finn Taylor to let Heather Larson go.

Of course, Finn Taylor hadn't done so. There was no way he would let someone who had plotted against his wife go.

He simply didn't want to kill someone in front of his wife.

Someone would naturally end her life after she left. She would definitely be dead before the day ended.

"Finn Taylor, are you stupid? She tried to kill your wife, yet you let her off just like that?" Seeing that Finn Taylor had let Heather Larson off the hook, Quince Larson was visibly annoyed.

Nonetheless, Finn Taylor merely rolled his eyes at him. "Quince Larson, do you remember our bet? I bet you're regretting it now. Come on—my shoes are here. Lick them."

In an instant, Quince Larson was thrown into a daze. *'What's going on? Why did I have to say that? Great, I've made it obvious that I'm regretting it now.'*

"I... I was only joking." As he said that, he turned to back away.

Finn Taylor took a step forward and snatched his phone back. Then, he pressed Quince Larson onto the ground.

Quince Larson had been forced onto the other's shoes.

'I don't care if you're willing or forced. Anyway, you licked my shoes.'

"Let's go home!" Finn Taylor picked his wife's hand up and walked out of the room.

The rest couldn't help but feel a whole range of emotions rise up. They had been exceptionally indignant when that piece of trash—Finn Taylor—had first started to wreak havoc at the ancestral shrine.

Who would've thought that it would turn out this way?

"Did you already know about it?"

"Not for long, but I had my suspicions from the first time I saw your piece of jade."

Yvette Larson was over the moon today. She hadn't understood why Finn Taylor had been trying to kick up such a huge fuss at the ancestral shrine. Thankfully, she had chosen to trust him.

And as it turned out, her trust had been well-placed. This man had spared no effort in protecting her.

Just then, Finn Taylor received a message from Zane Yeller.

Chapter 129: Finn Taylor Having an Affair

Finn Taylor glanced at the message—Zane Yeller had found that food kiosk boss.

He was at La Feria Club. The reason he was there was that he thought that Siberian Wolf was there too.

Siberian Wolf had been amongst those who had killed the food kiosk boss's woman at that time.

Finn Taylor had always been interested in this boss. *'If I want to convince the latter, it seems like I will have to make a trip down to La Feria Club tonight.'*

After sending his wife home, Finn Taylor told her that he would have to go out to settle some business.

Yvette Larson glanced out of the window. It was already late, and the sun was about to set.

"Is it very important? It's dark outside. Why don't you go over tomorrow?"

Finn Taylor also wanted to head over the next day. It would be great to hug his wife to sleep.

Unfortunately, he had no other choice. After tonight, it would be difficult to find such a good opportunity again.

'If I can get that boss's help tonight, I might just be able to settle everything.' Finn Taylor put on a helpless expression.

Yvette Larson was reasonable. After seeing his expression, she understood that he didn't have a choice either. Since that was the case, she naturally wouldn't force her husband to stay at home. "Stay safe."

Finn Taylor nodded before heading out.

La Feria Club was a unique place—it was one men loved, but women hated. As long as one had money, they could do anything to the women here.

When he arrived at the door, Finn Taylor didn't spot Zane Yeller, so he headed in alone.

No sooner had he walked into the club than a woman ran into Finn Taylor's embrace. "Young Master, we've never seen you here. Is this your first time here? Come on. I'll bring you to my room."

Finn Taylor shoved that woman aside.

She shook the handkerchief in her hand viciously. After all, this happened every day.

She was already used to it.

Finn Taylor looked around. *'Where has Zane Yeller gone?'*

But very quickly, he found a hint on the wall.

This was a secret code of Peregrine Hall, and it pointed Finn Taylor in the direction Zane Yeller had been in.

It was obvious that the latter had been here, but something had happened, and he couldn't afford to wait for Finn Taylor outside.

He had headed in alone, but he knew that he had to leave some clues for Master Peregrine. Otherwise, the latter wouldn't be able to find him even after entering.

Finn Taylor followed the clues left behind by Zane Yeller. Very quickly, he arrived at a basement.

'Wait a minute! The bright and welcoming La Feria Club houses such a place!? Something must be amiss!' Just as he was about to head downstairs, he realized that the door had been blocked.

He tried to push it open, but it didn't budge.

Something had been pushed up against the door on the other side.

'What is it?'

"Ah!"

Just then, Finn Taylor heard a blood-curdling scream from behind the door.

There were two people making those noises, and Finn Taylor was certain that Zane Yeller was one of them. *'If I'm not wrong, the other person should be that boss. It seems like they're both in danger.'*

With just one punch, he smashed the door into pieces.

It wasn't that Finn Taylor didn't have the strength to break that door down. He was simply used to keeping his true abilities under wraps.

However, that was none of his concern now.

Finn Taylor's punch had caused great quaking, stunning all those in the basement.

Finn Taylor took a look at those people. As expected, Zane Yeller and that food kiosk boss were being hung from the ceiling, enduring beatings from the others.

Amongst the ones standing was Siberian Wolf. As for the others, they were all lackeys that were of no importance.

"Kneel down!" Finn Taylor shouted at Siberian Wolf.

However, the latter acted as though he hadn't heard it.

Siberian Wolf and his subordinates chuckled. In fact, they were bent over in laughter and couldn't even say anything.

"Do you... have a death wish?" Siberian Wolf replied to Finn Taylor in a sarcastic tone.

The latter raised his brows. *'It seems like he had understood my words perfectly fine, but they didn't follow them. What a pity. If they kneeled down, I might've let them off. But now that you're going against Master Peregrine's will, you're all going to die.'*

"Ah!"

Then, Finn Taylor demonstrated to Zane Yeller and that boss how to assassinate someone.

Even all seven of Siberian Wolf's men ganging up on him didn't mean much to Finn Taylor. To be more accurate, it was the latter viciously killing them alone.

...

Finn Taylor had gone out.

For some reason, Yvette Larson couldn't seem to fall asleep. *'It hasn't been long since Finn has moved into my room, yet it feels like it has been years since he's done so. I've already gotten used to having him by my side.'*

Now that he wasn't, she felt that it was strange and foreign.

Just then, she received a text message.

She opened it and realized that it was from her best friend: "Yvette, I'm guessing Finn Taylor isn't at home today."

'How could Clarine know about that?' Yvette Larson was stunned. "How did you know? Don't tell me that he went to look for you!"

"No, why would he do that?"

Yvette Larson rolled her eyes. "Tell me then. How do you know that he isn't at home?"

"Huh? Is he really not at home? Let me send you some photos then."

Right after that, Yvette Larson received a series of photos from her best friend—the photos clearly showed Finn Taylor walking into La FERIA Club.

"I thought my eyes were playing tricks on me. Is that really Finn Taylor?"

"Yvette, did something happen between the two of you? Why would Finn Taylor go to a place like that?"

The moment Yvette Larson saw these photos, her mind went blank, and her ears started buzzing.

She didn't even know what to say. Of course, she hadn't heard what Clarine Landon had said after that.

Now, her entire mind was filled with the scene of her husband entering La FERIA Club.

'Why is he there?' Yvette Larson didn't even need to think too much about it to get her answer. *'Finn Taylor acts like he loves me so much, but he's going to such places behind my back! Today, I was even moved and thought that he truly loved me. It's obvious that everything is fake. Love? That's just an act.'*

Thinking about how her husband was crawling on top of another woman, Yvette Larson was utterly disgusted and swore not to forgive him.

"Boohoo." She burst into tears—she felt horrible. *'It's been three years. It's true that Finn Taylor hasn't lived a good life, but have I?'*

Chapter 130: Full of Excuses

'It was true that Finn hasn't had an easy life in the past three years, but as his wife, I didn't have an easy life either. Every time I headed out, I would always be picked on by others. Yet, I have never cheated on him or even mentioned a divorce. But now, Finn is having an affair! He went all the way to La Feria Club!'

...

Finn Taylor saved Zane Yeller and that boss from La Feria Club and settled them down.

"What's going on? Was that person that strong?" Finn Taylor thought that it was strange. *'Siberian Wolf isn't that strong, so why had Zane Yeller fallen into his hands?'*

"Underhanded methods. Before I could even react to it, I was drugged. By the time I woke up, I was already hanging from the ceiling."

That boss spat out some foam and wiped the blood from his wounds. Then, he forced himself to say, "Thanks."

Zane Yeller was annoyed. *'I risked my life for you and almost died, but look at how reluctant you are! Can you speak nicely?'*

Finn Taylor waved him off; he didn't really care for such details. "I talked to you about following me the previous time. What, will you be willing to do so this time? If you're unwilling, I won't force you. You can continue working in your shack."

The boss laughed in a self-deprecating manner. "It'd be shameless of me to refuse you even now. I'm Andre Cavill."

'Andre Cavill?' Finn Taylor was stunned. "You're Andre Cavill? Then, do you know Henry Klimpt?"

Andre Cavill was taken aback. "You know my master?"

Finn Taylor rolled his eyes. *'Henry Klimpt was one of the three masters of Peregrine Hall and had been in charge of teaching Donovan Taylor since his childhood. Of course, that's simply the job my parents had assigned to him. He's a fair person and would teach me too. To be fair, Henry Klimpt can be considered as my mentor.'*

"The one in front of you is Henry Klimpt's best student."

'Best student?' Andre Cavill was slightly shocked. "Are you a Taylor? No, I've heard them call you Master Peregrine. You must be Timothy Taylor!"

Finn Taylor waved him off. "Just call me Finn Taylor. Timothy Taylor is dead."

Andre Cavill bowed down. When his wife had just passed away, he had been so dejected that he had nearly taken his own life.

It was his master—Henry Klimpt—that had sought him out. The former had told him that someone was waiting for him in San Francisco, and that person was none other than Timothy Taylor.

Andre Cavill had never expected that he had already met that person before. It was just that he had been utterly disrespected at their first meeting.

“Master Peregrine, I was a fool to have missed out on that. I...” Andre Cavill felt terribly embarrassed. *‘My master had told me to aid Finn Taylor well. The latter saved me in the end, yet I had been so ungrateful.’*

“That’s fine. You can just call me Finn Taylor in the future. Also, don’t expose my identity. I’m just a matrilocal son-in-law in the Larson family now—an infamous piece of trash in San Francisco.”

When Andre Cavill heard that, he couldn’t help but roll his eyes. *‘Who’s the one who spread the rumor that Finn Taylor is a useless matrilocal son-in-law? If he’s a piece of trash, then all men won’t even qualify to be trash!’*

...

When Finn Taylor arrived home, he realized that all his belongings had been thrown downstairs.

“What’s the matter?” He glanced at Diane Taylor and asked in a small voice.

This had happened in the past, but it had always been the work of Linda James.

‘Since I’ve been staying under Linda James’s roof, there was nothing much I could do. However, I’m the one who paid for Number One Pacific Heights. Do I have to be bullied by Linda James in my own home as well?’

“Ms. Larson is angry.” Diane Taylor was terrified, and she revealed that to her employer in a whisper.

“Ms. Larson?” Finn Taylor was in a daze. *‘It wasn’t Linda James but Yvette who did this? But why? I didn’t even get into a fight with her? There’s no reason for her to be angry.’*

“Oh, you know to come back.” Yvette Larson walked out of her room and glared at her husband while standing at the top of the staircase.

Finn Taylor had thought that Diane Taylor was just joking with him, but now, it looked like his wife was truly furious.

‘Is it because I stayed out?’ Finn Taylor put on a smile. “Haha, I’m back.”

“Why did you bother coming back? You might as well just die there!”

Finn Taylor was stunned. *‘She is truly infuriated.’*

“Haha, this is my home. I naturally have to come home.” Finn Taylor knew that it was wrong for him to have stayed out overnight.

“Home? You know that this is your home? Tell me, where did you go last night?”

Finn Taylor could tell that his wife was fuming. "My friend ran into some trouble last night, and I went to save him."

Clank!

The mug in Yvette Larson's hand dropped on the ground and smashed into hundreds of pieces. "Finn Taylor, I even chose to believe you for the last time. I told myself to believe that you weren't doing anything wrong if you told the truth, but I never thought that you'd still lie to me even now. Didn't you go to La Feria Club last night? Why would you go to a place like that? If you're really innocent, why did you lie to me?"

Yvette Larson's string of questions threw Finn Taylor into what seemed like hell.

Earlier on, Linda James and her husband had walked out of their room as well, and they had heard their daughter screaming.

"Finn Taylor, oh Finn Taylor. How dare you go to a place like La Feria Club? You're really disgusting, Finn Taylor. You'd better get out of my sight!" He could tell that Linda James was trying to use this to chase him out.

Of course, he wasn't going to agree to it. "This is my house. Why should I leave?"

Tears fell from the corners of Yvette Larson's eyes. "You're right; you were the one who bought this house. It's only right that you shouldn't leave. We're the ones who should leave; what right do we have to remain here?"

Finn Taylor's heart broke as he saw his wife tearing up. "No, Yvette. It's not like what you think. I did go to La Feria Club, but I didn't go to..."

"Alright, don't say anything else; I find it disgusting. You can sleep in the guest room downstairs. I'll think about whether to continue with this marriage." With that, Yvette Larson headed to the office.

Only Finn Taylor was left rooted to the ground, making tons of excuses for himself. *'I really can't tell them about what happened last night. I can't possibly tell them about how I had killed Siberian Wolf, much less reveal Andre Cavill's identity. If I do so, I would immediately be exposing my own identity as Master Peregrine.'*

Finn Taylor was very distressed. He picked up his belongings and headed to the guest room.