

UNTOUCHABLE

Chapter 131: Kimberly Gold

Finn Taylor thought that he had become no better than a rat in this house. However, Diane Taylor entered and helped him clean up the room.

“Don’t you think I’m disgusting?”

Finn Taylor asked such a strange question that Diane Taylor couldn’t help but laugh. “Mr. Taylor, I’m sure that you’ve done nothing wrong. You probably have your own reasons that you can’t reveal.”

Finn Taylor simply smiled but didn’t explain himself.

While eating lunch, Linda James had been lambasting her son-in-law, saying that he was worthless.

Diane Taylor couldn’t stand it and had spoken up for him. In the end, she was scolded as well.

Linda James was mean with her words and was terribly unreasonable. She immediately called Diane Taylor shameless for staying in their house, even saying that the latter was trying to become Finn Taylor’s mistress.

Finn Taylor quickly stopped his mother-in-law, instructing Diane Taylor to return to her room.

“Mom, can you be more reasonable? I don’t mind you scolding me, but why do you have to drag her into the picture too? She’s so young and hasn’t even turned 20. Would you feel good about someone scolding Yvette like that at that age?”

Seeing that Finn Taylor was still rebuking her even after he had done something wrong, Linda James was fuming.

With a loud thud, she slammed her fork down on the table. “Isn’t she just a helper? I’m paying her, so why can’t I scold her? If you don’t want me to scold her, transfer the house to Yvette. Don’t you think that Yvette won’t get a divorce from you? Let’s see if you dare to transfer this house to Yvette then.”

At the mention of this, Diane Taylor rushed out of her room. “No, Mr. Taylor. I’m just hired help, so it’s fine for me to be scolded.”

But Finn Taylor questioned, “Are you sure that you won’t scold Diane Taylor from now on if I hand this house over to Yvette?”

“Fine, I can promise you that. As long as you transfer the house to Yvette, I won’t scold her anymore.”

“Alright, I can do that. You can decide on the date.”

Linda James was elated as soon as she heard those words. It was as though she had won a battle.

“Mr. Taylor, I’m sorry for bothering you.” Diane Taylor felt uneasy. Everyone else in the family treated her as a helper, and only Finn Taylor treated her as his own kin.

Nobody would ever let hired help eat at the same table during meals. Yet, Finn Taylor had allowed her to do so.

“It’s not your problem. She hates me and is just using you as an excuse.”

Diane Taylor knew that he was speaking the truth, but that didn’t ease the discomfort in her heart.

That afternoon, Finn Taylor received news from Wampus—the Third Master of Chicago’s Gold family had arrived in San Francisco.

The Gold family of Chicago wasn’t just any small family. They were a prestigious and well-known family.

Although Third Master Gold wasn’t the family head, he was still an elder in the family.

Upon receiving this piece of news, Finn Taylor rushed off to look for Wampus.

Then, he received another piece of news from the latter—the Gold family head wouldn’t live for much longer and was going to hand the family over to his son.

Based on the Gold family’s rules, all of the Old Master’s siblings would have to move out of Chicago and start new lives of their own. Otherwise, the Old Master’s son would never be able to cater to all of his elders’ wants.

Once the family head couldn’t have the final say, the family would be in grave danger.

It seemed like Third Master Gold was going to settle down in San Francisco to expand his territory.

Finn Taylor was rather interested in Third Master Gold and decided to pay him a visit.

With Wampus leading the way, Finn Taylor quickly arrived at San Francisco’s martial arts center.

San Francisco’s martial art center seemed to be a martial arts academy on the surface, but its basement housed an underground arena.

Of course, Finn Taylor wasn’t here to learn martial arts. As such, the pair headed straight for the underground arena.

However, they were stopped at the door.

But as soon as Wampus revealed his identity, the security officer stepped aside and let them in.

...

In the underground arena.

Beside Third Master Gold was a strange girl—his granddaughter, Kimberly Gold.

“Grandpa, will we not be able to stay in San Francisco if we lose this contest?”

Third Master Gold smiled. “It’s best not for little girls to ask about such things.”

In reality, Third Master Gold knew very well that his granddaughter was right.

Every place had its own rules. In every city, a few families kept each other in check, and none was able to rise up or fall.

The poor were still poor, while the rich were still rich.

To prominent families, this was the best situation possible. However, any new power trying to break into the circle would disturb this fragile ecosystem.

Hence, any family that wanted to break into San Francisco's business circle had to win this match in the underground arena.

Here, there were many fighters who were backed by the most prominent families in San Francisco. If Third Master Gold wanted to settle down in San Francisco, he would have to hire a fighter and win against the fighters here as well.

"Grandpa, listen to me. That fighter there—Prince—looks strong."

Prince—he was a prince amongst men! What arrogance!

Of course, Third Master Gold had heard of him. However, he couldn't back down from this fight.

The fighter he had hired wasn't bad either—he was a Muay Thai master.

He had paid the fighter ten-fold the normal price. Even if he were to die, he had to die in the arena.

Because he had been so generous, he was sure that this man would go all-out.

Third Master Gold was certain that his fighter would surely win.

Under such a tense atmosphere, Finn Taylor strolled in.

Only he walked in while Wampus stood at the door, stopping anyone else from entering.

'*Wait a minute!*' The little girl was a little curious as she looked at Finn Taylor. "Are you Prince? You look quite weak."

Finn Taylor was confused. '*What the heck? I'm Master Peregrine. Since when have I become a prince instead?*'

"No, I'm just here to watch the match."

The moment the girl heard that, her initial interest faded. To her, she simply wanted to see if that Prince her grandpa's fighter was going against was actually strong.

She had no interest in anyone else.

Very quickly, Prince appeared.

Just from his walk alone, Kimberly Gold felt a strong aura from him.

Prince was a true master. This was an aura he had gained from experiencing hundreds of battles.

An average person could never exude such a strong aura.

“Grandpa...” Kimberly Gold was slightly worried, but they had no choice but to go into battle.

The Gold family’s fighter entered the arena too.

The two fighters bowed to each other.

Fight!

The moment the match started, the Muay Thai fighter was struck down and flipped onto the ground.

In an instant, the air in the arena froze.

A chilling gaze flashed past Third Master Gold’s eyes.

Chapter 132: I Won’t Give Myself to Him

A chilling gaze flashed past Third Master Gold’s eyes. *‘I had come all the way from Chicago just to settle down in San Francisco. I’d definitely be made a joke if I can’t even pass this first round.’*

Of course, Third Master Gold had a backup plan. It was just that he didn’t want to reveal it so early on. *‘Do I really have to show my ace card now?’*

“What are you laughing at?” Just then, Kimberly Gold’s furious roar pulled Third Master Gold back from his thoughts.

He looked over to see Finn Taylor sitting there and in a fit of laughter.

“Is this really funny?”

The old man was clearly in a bad mood, yet Finn Taylor couldn’t stop laughing.

Third Master Gold couldn’t help but feel that this young man was mocking him.

“Not really. I just think that he’s rather useless.”

That last word infuriated Third Master Gold. He couldn’t tell whether the other was calling the Muay Thai fighter useless or calling him useless.

Perhaps it was both.

“I can settle this for you.” Just as Third Master Gold was about to flare up, Finn Taylor made an offer.

“You?” Kimberly Gold scanned Finn Taylor up and down, clear disbelief in her eyes.

“Alright, I’ll give you a chance to represent me. If you can survive three rounds, I’ll pay you 150,000 dollars.” Third Master Gold had already decided to show his ace card. He couldn’t afford to lose today’s battle, but it would take some time for his men to come. Thus, he needed someone to delay the rest for now. *‘Since this young man is willing to represent me, I’ll simply let him do so. After three rounds, my ace card will probably arrive by then.’*

“I don’t need three rounds. I’ll destroy him in just one round.”

‘Crazy! Ignorant! Arrogant!’ That was what Third Master Gold thought of Finn Taylor.

Although the Muay Thai master had been defeated, Third Master Gold had to admit that he was strong and skilled. Nonetheless, Prince had knocked him out with just one punch.

It was obvious just how strong Prince was—he was a prince amongst men!

‘How can this young man be so full of himself in front of Prince?’ Third Master Gold was worried that this man in front of him wouldn’t even survive one round.

Under Third Master Gold and Kimberly Gold’s disbelieving gazes, Finn Taylor walked into the ring.

“Do you have a death wish?” Prince’s eyes were filled with murderous intent. *‘I’ve already won the previous round with ease, but this man still thinks nothing of me and wants to go against me!’*

Prince felt humiliated. It was as though his skills were being doubted. *‘I must let this man know the price of provoking me.’*

The two men took their places, and the match started.

Although they didn’t have too much hope in Finn Taylor, Third Master Gold and Kimberly Gold still paid full attention to the match.

Prince rushed up and jumped to a height of nearly five meters. With his signature move, he came flying down with a punch.

Third Master Gold shook his head helplessly. *‘I had already thought highly of Prince, but it seems that he’s even more powerful and even stronger than I had expected.’*

Kimberly Gold’s face was sour too. *‘How could I have put any hope on that young man? It seems like everything is turning into ashes now.’*

Clank!

Finn Taylor stuck out his leg and kicked it into the air. Then, everyone watched as Prince was kicked out of the ring.

The latter fell onto the ground heavily, bleeding from all orifices.

As for Finn Taylor, he was still standing within the ring. He was perfectly fine.

At that moment, Third Master Gold and Kimberly Gold were still in a daze. *'Previously, that young man said that he would win the match in just one move. At that time, we had mocked him and told him not to be too full of himself. However, it seems like he hadn't been bragging—we are the ignorant ones.'*

Third Master Gold smiled and got up, welcoming Finn Taylor back. "Young man, what's your name? I'm Lincoln Gold, the Gold family's third son. Everyone calls me Third Master Gold. This is my granddaughter, Kimberly Gold."

Third Master Gold introduced himself seriously to Finn Taylor. It seemed like he was completely satisfied with the latter and wanted to get on good terms with him.

"I'm Finn Taylor." Finn Taylor naturally didn't conceal his identity either since he wanted to get in contact with the Gold family.

'Finn Taylor?' At the mention of this name, Third Master Gold and Kimberly Gold glanced at each other.

They could see the shock in each other's eyes when they heard it.

"Young man, that's not a very good name. There's someone in San Francisco with that same name—he's even a celebrity."

Finn Taylor rolled his eyes. "I think you're talking about me."

At that, the surprise on Third Master Gold and Kimberly Gold's faces intensified.

"You... You're the matrilocal son-in-law of the Larson family?" Kimberly Gold was slightly doubtful. *'Given Finn Taylor's skills, he can be a capable son-in-law of a prominent family in Chicago. But why is he nothing more than a useless matrilocal son-in-law here in San Francisco?'*

"Is something wrong?"

Third Master Gold narrowed his eyes. He was clearly curious about why Finn Taylor was hiding his true self.

"I have something on, so I'm leaving. Oh right, Third Master Gold. Don't forget that you still owe me a million dollars." With that, Finn Taylor turned to leave. *'Getting too close too quickly will backfire. It's enough for me to show off my skills and let them know of my name to spark their curiosity. Otherwise, it could very well work against me.'*

Once Finn Taylor left, Kimberly Gold turned to her grandfather. "Grandpa, it seems like there's more to this man."

"Oh? Why do you say so?"

"He's clearly capable, but he's fooled everyone so that they think that he's just a piece of trash. I don't think that he's so simple."

For some reason, Third Master Gold didn't have a good feeling about this. "You seem interested in him."

“Not really. I just think that we need someone powerful on our side now that we’re leaving the Gold family and given how hostile the other families in San Francisco are.”

As she went on, Third Master Gold thought that something was amiss. “Kimberly, what do you mean? He has a wife.”

“So what? He can always get a divorce. Since the Larson family doesn’t cherish him, they shouldn’t blame others for snatching him from them.”

Third Master Gold understood what his granddaughter meant. “But you’re only 18. You’re still so young and beautiful. Do you really want to get married to a divorcé?”

“I don’t mind.”

Third Master Gold knew that he wouldn’t be able to convince his granddaughter. “Alright. I won’t oppose it, but you must agree to something.”

“Are you going to tell me not to give myself to him before marriage? Don’t worry, Grandpa. I won’t do that.”

Chapter 133: Joyride

After walking out, Finn Taylor glanced at Wampus. Then, they headed in different directions.

Finn Taylor didn’t want to let Third Master Gold know of his background just yet.

As soon as he returned home, he saw the property deed of Number One Pacific Heights in Linda James’s hands.

Yvette Larson was simply sitting there, her face ashen.

“Finn Taylor, the property deed is here. Let’s go and transfer it to Yvette right now.” Linda James clearly couldn’t let this matter go. Even now, she still remembered how Finn Taylor had told her that he owned the house and how she should be the one leaving when they had gotten into an argument last time.

But if he transferred ownership of the house to Yvette Larson, Finn Taylor would be the one needing to leave when they got into an argument next time.

Yvette Larson picked up that property deed and looked at her husband. “I just want an explanation. As long as you give me a reason, I won’t go ahead with the transfer.”

She didn’t want to transfer the ownership of the house. She felt that this would simply cause their relationship to deteriorate even further. It would seem as though she didn’t trust her husband at all.

As a woman, she needed to know why her husband had gone to a place like La Feria Club. *'Even if you have to come up with a lie, you should give me an excuse.'*

Finn Taylor shook his head. "I don't have excuses. All I can say is that I didn't do anything wrong, but I can't tell you why I went to La Feria Club."

Yvette Larson's tears flowed down her face.

She hated Finn Taylor. In that instant, she felt nothing but hatred for him. *'Why couldn't you just come up with an excuse? Have you really grown tired over the past three years? Do you want a separation too?'*

"Let's go. We'll go get the transfer done."

Yvette Larson picked up her bag and suddenly dumped everything out of it before throwing the bag into the bin.

This was the 30,000-dollar bag that Finn Taylor had given her. But now, she didn't even want to look at it.

Finn Taylor couldn't help but feel a surge of emotions in his heart. He didn't know what to tell his wife, but he couldn't afford to tell her the truth.

Peregrine Hall was involved in way too many things. Donovan Taylor was still missing, and his grandma was still trying to kill him.

The Larson family was still living in peace right now because Peregrine Hall knew that they didn't know about his true identity yet.

Once everything was exposed, the Larson family might very well be vanquished.

Left with no other choice, Finn Taylor left with his wife. *'If getting the house will make you happier, I'll transfer Number One Pacific Heights to you.'*

Sigh.

Diane Taylor sighed. She had no idea why the relationship between the couple had suddenly deteriorated to this point when they had been so loving just days ago.

After a few hours, the couple returned—neither of them looked good.

To tell the truth, neither of them wanted this transfer of ownership. It seemed as though they had just split their matrimonial assets and were getting a divorce.

This created a conflict between the couple. However, Linda James was over the moon.

She rushed up. "Where's the property deed? Let me take a look at it!"

Linda James snatched it from her daughter and analyzed it.

When she saw her daughter's name clearly printed on the property deed, she leaped with joy. "Not bad, not bad. Finn Taylor, take a good look at this. This house is our family's now. If you dare to rebuke me in the future, you'll be the one who has to scam!"

Finn Taylor shrugged and asked Linda James, "Does this house have nothing to do with me in the future?"

"Of course not! Does your name even appear on the property deed?"

"Oh, then I won't need to pay for the property's management fees in the future?"

"Of course. Oh right, how much does it cost?" At the mention of money, the glint in Linda James's eyes suddenly disappeared.

"Not much. Just about 150,000 dollars a year."

"150,000?" Linda James jumped up. "Why is it so expensive? I can buy an apartment with that money. How's that possible?"

"Why not? Why don't you take a look around you and see where you are? This is Number One Pacific Heights."

"150,000? Why don't you rob a bank? If I don't pay up, will they chase me out? What can they do to me now that I have this property deed?"

"Oh, you can try your luck. It's the Taylor family of Chicago backing this house."

The Taylor family of Chicago was, of course, the Taylor family of Peregrine Hall.

They had dealings in all industries. Even the most luxurious villa on Pacific Heights in San Francisco was under their control.

Those words clearly scared Linda James. If it had been any other family, she would've lambasted them all the same. However, she dared not say a word about such a prominent family like the Taylor family.

All she could do was flare up at Finn Taylor while at home. When facing anyone else, she became no different from a coward.

"Alright, I'll be generous. Maybe I'll let you stay here in the future, but you have to pay for the management fees."

Finn Taylor rolled his eyes at her—he didn't even know what to say. However, he didn't object to it.

Anyway, nothing had changed. Although he had transferred ownership to his wife, he had bought this house for her anyway.

Besides, this was just a house that didn't cost much to him.

Finn Taylor could buy thousands more if he really wanted to.

For some reason, he couldn't get used to sleeping in the guest room once again after moving out of his wife's room.

He had slept in the guest room for three years, but it somehow felt as though he had slept beside his significant other for three years.

Yvette Larson lay on the bed, unable to go to sleep. She tossed and turned around, realizing that she was staying on one side of the red line. *'Why? I've been used to having the whole bed to myself, and it has only been a few days. Why have I already gotten used to sleeping on only one side of the bed?'*

The second day, Finn Taylor was awoken by the sounds of car honks.

The entire family—including Diane Taylor—walked out in annoyance. *'Who is making such a din this early in the morning?'*

They spotted a Ferrari parked in front of Number One Pacific Heights—it was worth at least 150,000 dollars.

"Which b*stard is making so much noise this early in the morning? They must be crazy!" Linda James didn't even try to understand the situation before lashing out.

Then, Finn Taylor spotted Kimberly Gold stomping out from the driver's seat. "You old hag, you'd better watch your words. I might just ask Finn Taylor to beat you up!"

'Finn Taylor?' Linda James was stunned. *'This young brat is Finn Taylor's friend?'*

The person in question glanced at Kimberly Gold and asked, "Why are you here?"

Kimberly Gold patted the Ferrari by her side. "150,000 dollars."

Finn Taylor was stunned for a moment before returning from his trance. *'Instead of giving me cash, the Gold family chose to give me a luxury car that's worth 150,000 dollars instead.'*

"What, I picked this out myself. Hurry up and get in the car. Bring me on a joyride."

Chapter 134: Shady Young Brat

Yvette Larson glared at Kimberly Gold, her eyes filled with murderous intent. She seemed to be saying with her deadly glare that she'd get a divorce from her husband if he dared to get into the car.

Finn Taylor couldn't help but feel helpless.

"Who are you? What's your relationship to Finn Taylor?" Linda James lashed out as she pointed at her son-in-law. "No wonder you've dared to rebuke me nowadays. You've gotten to know such a shady young brat."

Linda James had never held back with her words. She didn't care if that shady young brat she was talking about was right in front of her.

In an instant, Kimberly Gold exploded. "How dare you call me a shady young brat? I'm not done with you!"

Linda James wasn't the slightest bit shaken. "You know that Finn Taylor is married, but you're still trying to seduce him. What are you if not a shady young brat?"

"Good. I—Kimberly Gold— will remember your words. I'll make sure you'll regret them." Kimberly Gold was fuming. *'I'm the princess of the Gold family's third branch. How dare someone call me a shady young brat!'*

"What? What's your name?" Yvette Larson was stunned when she heard Kimberly Gold's name.

"I'm the eldest daughter of Grandpa's third branch, Kimberly Gold. Third Master Gold is my grandpa." Kimberly Gold didn't hide anything and boldly announced her identity.

In an instant, the entire Larson family was dumbfounded.

Linda James wanted to say something, but her daughter stopped her. "I'm sorry. My mother didn't recognize you. I'm sorry if she offended you with her words."

The Gold family of Chicago wasn't one to be trifled with. It was one of the top families in Chicago.

Even though the third branch wasn't the main branch of the family, their status was still much higher than the Larson family of San Francisco.

"Sure, I can let this go. I'll forgive her if you let him bring me on a joyride today." Kimberly Gold pointed at Finn Taylor, clearly threatening the other.

At that, Yvette Larson was infuriated. *'How dare this woman threaten to take my husband away?'*

'Yvette, just agree to her request. We can't afford to offend the Gold family.' Yet, Linda James spoke up just then. She tried to persuade her daughter to agree to Kimberly Gold's request.

Yvette Larson harrumphed and turned to leave. Although she hadn't said anything, she had given a silent agreement.

Linda James didn't dare to remain at the door for fear that Kimberly Gold would continue putting her on the spot.

Then, they left.

Only Finn Taylor and Kimberly Gold were left at the door.

"Is this fun?" Finn Taylor was speechless. *'I'm already treading on thin ice when it comes to my relationship with my wife, and Kimberly Gold is clearly fanning the flames. However, she's not doing this on purpose. After all, she doesn't know about what has happened between us.'*

“Hurry up and take me on a joyride.” Kimberly Gold didn’t care the slightest bit about what was going on with the other’s family. She simply took a seat in the front passenger seat.

Finn Taylor was helpless. *‘This brat would probably kick up a huge fuss if I don’t bring her out today.’*

As soon as Finn Taylor took his seat, Kimberly Gold put an address into the GPS. “Take me there.”

Finn Taylor glanced at the address—it was Crystal Restaurant. *‘It’s a well-known restaurant in San Francisco. What is this brat trying to do?’*

However, he didn’t refuse. Anyway, the most important thing was to chase this brat out of his house for now.

Very quickly, Finn Taylor and Kimberly Gold arrived at the restaurant.

She led him to the top floor, where there was a private kitchen.

While there wasn’t a chef here, many ingredients were prepared. Crystal Restaurant would get whatever one requested.

“Grandpa said that money is money. Our family still owes you a favor for what you did for us yesterday, so I’ve decided to cook a meal for you to repay your kindness.”

The moment Finn Taylor heard that, he couldn’t help but wonder if he was going to be poisoned to death.

But unexpectedly, Kimberly Gold seemed to be at home in the kitchen. It seemed like she hadn’t been joking when she said that she knew how to cook.

“You really know how to cook?”

“Of course. Do you feel honored? I bet you’ve never been treated like this in the Larson family. In a family, men should be breadwinners while women take care of the family. You’ll conquer the world outside, and I’ll cook for you at home. Don’t you think that I’m better than your wife?”

Finn Taylor rolled his eyes. “No, I think that my wife is better.”

Kimberly Gold was fuming. *‘He’s been bullied and humiliated in the Larson family, yet he’s still so willing to live there! How am I any worse than Yvette Larson?’*

“Oh right, my grandpa’s company is probably going to open soon. We’ll probably be quite a force to be reckoned with in San Francisco. This is the invitation from my grandpa. When the time comes, make sure you attend the grand opening.”

Finn Taylor glanced at the invitation. *‘There is much more to this invitation than what meets the eye. Although the Gold family wants to settle down in San Francisco, they have been met with quite a lot of opposition from the other families in the city. But those families haven’t succeeded, and it’ll only be a matter of time before the Gold family settles down in San Francisco.’*

'Under such circumstances, it's only natural for all the other families to suck up to the Gold family. After all, the latter is much more powerful than any of them—this includes even the Sanders family. However, I have received an invitation. Moreover, the invitation clearly states that I'd be seated at the host's table, which holds even more significance.'

Finn Taylor glanced at Kimberly Gold and nodded. "Thank Third Master Gold for me."

When Finn Taylor returned home, his wife was sitting on the sofa.

Seeing that he had entered, she said blandly, "There's a meeting in the office tomorrow."

With that, she turned to leave.

Finn Taylor watched his spouse's departing figure helplessly. *'I want to explain myself, but there are some things I don't know how to put into words. Once I tell her about these matters, all my previous efforts will have been in vain. In fact, I might even bring more trouble to the Larson family. But if I choose not to tell her, I'm afraid that Yvette will get impatient and divorce me one day.'*

'There's a meeting in the office tomorrow.' Finn Taylor was a little dazed. *'Yvette had waited for me in the living room just to tell me that. It seems like she still has feelings for me. It's just that she is too embarrassed to say so.'*

The next day, Finn Taylor's family headed to the office together.

That shocked Finn Taylor. After all, Francis Larson and Linda James rarely headed to the office.

It seemed like there was something important the family wanted to discuss.

Once everyone arrived, Joseph Larson jumped straight in. "In a few days' time, Third Master Gold will be opening his company in San Francisco. Many families have already gone to visit him to score an invitation. Of course, the Larson family should participate too. Which of you is confident in winning an invitation from the Gold family?"

Chapter 135: Divorce

Everyone in the Larson family glanced at each other when they heard the Old Master's question. However, not a single person dared to take up the challenge.

After all, they knew that even the most prominent family in San Francisco—the Sanders family—was nothing when compared to the Gold family.

What was the Larson family when compared to them? In the past, the Larson family had barely made the cut as a second-tier family in San Francisco. It was only because they had been associated with the Sullivan family of New York that they had gotten some recognition lately.

But that recognition didn't mean much when it came to dealing with the Gold family. Hence, it was possible that anyone who went to visit the Gold family would be chased away at the gate.

That would be humiliating. Who would agree to that?

Because no one had spoken up, they turned their eyes to Quince Larson. After all, he was the Larson family's eldest grandson.

In the past, he would've represented the Larson family on such occasions. But this time, it was obvious that Quince Larson didn't want to embarrass himself.

"Why are you all looking at me? Are you all from the Larson family too?" Quince Larson lashed out while turning to his cousin. "Oh right, Yvette. Aren't you the one in charge of the Larson Corporation's biggest project? Everyone out there knows you but not me. Why don't you go instead?"

Yvette Larson glared at her cousin.

She didn't want to go. On the one hand, she didn't have much confidence in succeeding. On the other hand, Finn Taylor was involved.

The thought of how Kimberly Gold had snatched her husband from right under her nose infuriated her.

"Quince Larson, don't drag me in just because you don't want to go."

Although Yvette Larson hadn't agreed to her cousin's suggestion, everyone in the Larson family turned to her. *'That's right. Yvette Larson is the one helming the most important project now. She's benefitting so much from the Larson family, so shouldn't she do something for the family?'*

"Yvette, you're on good terms with the Sullivan family. Can you see if Mr. Sullivan can help us out with this?" Joseph Larson spoke up and forced his granddaughter to take up this task.

"Grandpa, it's not that we can't ask for favors. But do you think I'm so important to the Sullivan family? We can't keep asking them for favors."

Finn Taylor cut in just then. "Grandpa, I might have a way of getting the Larson family an invitation. Without me, the Gold family probably won't invite our family."

Finn Taylor didn't want the Larson family to bully his wife, so he decided to step in.

"You?" Everyone couldn't help but sneer. *'We would believe it if anyone else in the Larson family said that they would score an invitation for the family, but there is no way Finn Taylor can. Think about your reputation in San Francisco. What will the Gold family think of us if we send you there? They'll definitely think that we look down on them!'*

"Stay out of this!" Unexpectedly, it was Yvette Larson who had said so.

'Wait a minute!' Everyone was stunned. *'Haven't Yvette Larson and Finn Taylor always been on good terms? Why does it seem like they're having a cold war now?'*

“I’ll get you an invitation.” Finn Taylor was suddenly prideful as though he wasn’t going to let his wife doubt him.

He knew that their relationship was slowly getting distant. If he didn’t step in to help his wife this time, their relationship would truly be over.

Yvette Larson wanted to say something, but there was a sudden knock on the door.

The Old Master’s secretary entered and said, “Chairman, Ms. Kimberly Gold of the Gold family is here.”

In an instant, the entire Larson family stood up in awe.

Kimberly Gold was the granddaughter Third Master Gold doted on the most.

‘Why is she here?’ This was Yvette Larson’s first reaction.

She glanced at Kimberly Gold menacingly, but the latter gave no thought to that.

With a thud, the latter slammed the invitation on the table. “Table number 11—there are ten seats. Give me the name list one day in advance. You’ll have to register before going in.”

Kimberly Gold spoke as though she was an elder speaking to her juniors. Yet, nobody in the Larson family dared to say a thing.

Even the Old Master—Joseph Larson—was terribly respectful. “Ms. Gold, we were intending on paying a visit. How could we trouble you to make this trip down?”

Kimberly Gold didn’t even spare the Old Master a glance and simply turned to Finn Taylor. However, she felt that it wasn’t the right time and place to say whatever she wanted, so she held herself back.

As soon as Kimberly Gold left the room, the entire family exploded.

The Larson family had gotten an invitation from the Gold family—an entire table, no less! Although they weren’t in the first ten tables, it didn’t matter.

Then, Quince Larson turned to Finn Taylor and sneered. “Finn Taylor, do you remember what you said? Didn’t you say that the Gold family wouldn’t give us an invitation if not for you? What was that?”

Finn Taylor was indifferent. “It’s true. Without me, the Gold family never would’ve given the Larson family an invitation.”

Finn Taylor wasn’t lying. The Gold family never would’ve taken notice of such an insignificant family like the Larson family, much less get Kimberly Gold to send the invitation here personally.

It was because of him this happened, but the Larson family was so arrogant that they thought so highly of themselves.

“Hehe! In a few days, we’ll be attending the grand opening. Of course, you won’t.”

“Oh right, didn’t you say that you’re very brilliant? I guess you should be able to attend it too, right? I expect to see you at the grand opening then.”

Finn Taylor shrugged. "Of course. I've already received my invitation."

'Pfft!' Quince Larson was bent over in laughter. "C-can you stop bragging? I almost believed you. Fine, let's see if you'll really turn up there. Why don't we make a bet? If you really show up there, I'll kneel down to you."

"Sure. If I don't go, I'll kneel down to you."

Quince Larson was confident in his own victory. 'It's the high and mighty Gold family we're talking about. Even I don't have any connections to the Gold family. How could a useless matriloal son-in-law be invited by the Gold family?'

He glanced at the invitation on the desk. The thought of Kimberly Gold's cold gaze earlier made Quince Larson rage.

'Yesterday, Finn went out with Kimberly Gold. What for? Besides, how did he buy Number One Pacific Heights? Why had Kimberly Gold given Finn a luxury car worth 150,000 dollars?'

Questions flooded Yvette Larson's mind. In the end, she came to a conclusion: a divorce.

Chapter 136: Grand Opening

Yvette Larson glanced at her husband, tears filling her eyes. She wanted to know if he still loved her. *'Why were we still fine in New York? Even while we were at the Larson family's ancestral shrine, everything had been fine. Yet, he had visited La Feria Club that very night. Fine. Even if you were forced to go to La Feria Club and didn't get involved in any shady dealings, what about Kimberly Gold? Why would the Gold family's young lady give you such an expensive car, and why would she send an invitation to the Larson Corporation just because of you?'*

'What is this? Is she trying to provoke me? Or do you mean that you're already in a relationship with her?' Yvette Larson held her grievances in and said nothing. *'It isn't the time to mention a divorce. If I were to do so now, the Gold family would definitely retract their invitation. Grandpa would definitely make me take the blame then.'*

Yvette Larson clenched her fists tightly, swearing to herself that she would never lose to Kimberly Gold.

The day of the Gold Corporation's grand opening was finally here.

In the end, the ten people chosen were: Joseph Larson, Francis Larson, Frederick Larson, Franklin Larson, Linda James, Hilary Stone, Yvette Larson, Quince Larson, Eleanor Larson, and Quinn Larson.

Of course, Finn Taylor had been excluded.

Each of them was dressed to the nines and walked in as though they were big shots. But to their surprise, they realized that they didn't know anyone inside.

To be honest, the Gold family hadn't invited many prominent families from San Francisco. Those who were here were families on the same level as the Sanders family.

In fact, most were friends of the family from Chicago. They were all prominent figures in the business world, unlike the Larson family—which never even had the chance to interact with the Gold family in the past.

Thankfully, they had a whole table to themselves and didn't need to squeeze in with others. Otherwise, it would've been much more awkward for the Larson family.

But Quince Larson was no longer humble once they sat down. He glanced around and asked, "Why don't I see Finn Taylor? That piece of trash made a bet with me, saying that he received an invitation too. I would love to see where he is."

'Pfft!' Eleanor Larson burst out into laughter. "Brother, you're so funny. Why don't you look around at where we are? Only respectable people like us can be here. What's Finn Taylor? Even if he kneels down and begs the Gold family, they wouldn't let him in."

"Haha, you're right. I can't wait for him to kneel down to me."

Finn Taylor and Quince Larson had made a bet. If the former didn't show up today, he would have to kneel down before the latter.

Now, Quince Larson had already taken in his surroundings. Finn Taylor was nowhere to be found.

He was sure of his victory.

The chairman's office of the Gold Corporation.

Finn Taylor looked at Third Master Gold. "Third Master, this is the last round. You've already lost all your cigarettes and wine to me. What are you going to place on the table this time?"

After waking up early that morning, Yvette Larson had headed to the Larson family's residence with her parents to meet the rest of the family.

Finn Taylor was the only one left, and Kimberly Gold had picked him up.

Quince Larson couldn't find Finn Taylor because the latter was still seated in the chairman's office on the top floor. It would be strange if anyone could find him.

When Finn Taylor arrived, Third Master Gold had been playing a game of chess. As such, he told the latter that he understood the game too.

Unexpectedly, the old man had dragged him into a game. He even said that he would reward Finn Taylor if the latter won. If the latter lost, he didn't expect Finn Taylor to give him anything since it was just a game.

That was how Finn Taylor had won Third Master Gold's valuables after just two rounds.

Third Master Gold was a competitive player and insisted on one last round.

Finn Taylor glanced at the clock. They still had half an hour left until the opening ceremony—it was enough for one last round. However, he was curious as to what Third Master Gold would bet this time.

“Half the shares of the Gold Corporation.”

Finn Taylor was stunned. *‘I never thought that the old man would stake half of his company!’*

Nonetheless, Finn Taylor didn't know what Third Master Gold was plotting.

‘So what if I give half of my company to Finn Taylor? He'll get married to Kimberly one day. Then, whatever I give him will be returned to me eventually.’

With that, the third round of the game began.

As soon as it started, Finn Taylor noticed something amiss. He realized that Third Master Gold's skills seemed very different from what he had shown in the previous two rounds.

He had clearly been hiding his true skills in the past two rounds. He was only showing off his true skills now.

As such, the two men went head-to-head as if their lives depended on it.

Kimberly Gold understood the game well. She stood by the side, observing the game carefully. Her emotions were tied to the game too.

This game could be said to be the match of the century—it was extremely intense.

Very quickly, half an hour passed.

Everyone sat in the banquet hall in confusion. “Hey, why isn't Third Master Gold here yet?”

“Yes, it's already time. Did something happen to him?”

“That's impossible—it's still peaceful here. Do you think it'd be so peaceful if something happened to him?”

The guests threw out their own guesses, but Third Master Gold still didn't show up.

At table number 11.

Quince Larson glanced at the time and grumbled, “Is that old man dead? Why is he taking so long to show up?”

No sooner had he finished his sentence than Joseph Larson shot him a death glare. “Quince Larson, you'd better watch your words. If you cause any trouble, I'll kick you out of the Larson family.”

The Old Master knew how important and powerful the Gold family was. If Third Master Gold were to learn of what Quince Larson had just said, he'd definitely make life difficult for the Larson family.

This was why Joseph Larson had given his grandson a stern warning.

“Third Master Gold is here.” Someone shouted just then, and the guests saw Third Master Gold walking into the hall.

To Third Master Gold’s surprise, he realized that he wasn’t the only one who had been hiding his true skills. Finn Taylor had been hiding his own skills too.

In the end, he had no choice but to surrender to the latter.

With that, half of the Gold Corporation now belonged to Finn Taylor.

When the Larson family saw Third Master Gold walking in, their faces were filled with disbelief. This was because they saw a man and a young lady on either side of Third Master Gold.

The young lady was Third Master Gold’s granddaughter—Kimberly Gold—while the man was none other than Finn Taylor!

Chapter 137: Kneel Down and Apologize

At table number 11.

The Larson family nearly jumped out of their seats; they were truly shell-shocked. *‘Apart from his granddaughter, there is someone else next to Third Master Gold—Finn Taylor!’*

‘This... How is that possible?’

The one who felt the worst was definitely Quince Larson.

He had made a bet with Finn Taylor. If Finn Taylor showed up at this ceremony, he would have to kneel before Finn Taylor.

It was obvious that he had lost, but Quince Larson couldn’t wrap his head around the situation. *‘What’s going on?’*

Under everyone’s watchful gazes, Third Master Gold, Finn Taylor, and Kimberly Gold took their seats at the host’s table.

This sight stunned the Larson family even more. *‘Perhaps Finn Taylor struck the lottery and managed to attend this ceremony. Perhaps he is even here to serve Third Master Gold as a servant. All this was plausible, but it’s impossible for him to have any right to sit at the host’s table!’*

“Who is that young man?” As expected, many guests started discussing Finn Taylor’s identity right as he took his seat.

“You’re all blind. The other person standing by Third Master Gold’s side is his granddaughter, so who do you think that man is?”

“Do you mean that he’s Third Master Gold’s grandson-in-law?”

“I’m afraid so.”

“No wonder. That man looks presentable and smart; he’s so suave.”

The Larson family heard all those praises of Finn Taylor. “Tch, presentable? He’s clearly ugly as hell.”

“That’s right! Smart? He’s nothing but a useless matrilocal son-in-law.”

“That person must be stupid. Suave? He’s probably never seen Finn Taylor cooking and cleaning.”

Quince Larson and Eleanor Larson continuously put Finn Taylor down to calm themselves.

But just then, Joseph Larson seemed to have realized something. “Yvette, what’s with Finn Taylor? How does he know Third Master Gold? You seem to have gotten into a conflict with him lately.”

Hearing all the other guests praising Finn Taylor and Kimberly Gold as a perfect couple made Yvette Larson feel all sorts of discomfort all over.

She didn’t want to answer her grandpa’s question. “Grandpa, wasn’t this what you guys wanted to see?”

Joseph Larson was thrown off-guard. *‘It’s true that the whole Larson family looks down on Finn Taylor. If not for the late Old Master’s arrangement, we would’ve chased him out of the family a long time ago. But now, Finn Taylor is standing right next to Third Master Gold! The Larson family can’t afford to ignore or look down on him anymore.’*

Just then, Kimberly Gold picked up a glass of wine and headed toward the Larson family.

Of course, her actions drew everyone’s attention.

They clearly saw Kimberly Gold stopping at table number 11.

Very quickly, everyone started asking each other who the guests seated there were. However, it seemed like nobody knew them.

It was only when they asked a family which was straddled between the top-tier and second-tier in San Francisco did they learn that it was just a second-tier family in San Francisco—the Larson family.

But none of them dared to underestimate the Larson family either. After all, they had received an invitation from the Gold family.

If the Gold family gave them a boost, they could very well become the top family in the whole of San Francisco.

“Which of you is Quince Larson? Come with me.”

In an instant, everyone present heard Quince Larson’s name. *‘Who’s Quince Larson? Why does he have the honor of being called?’*

However, the answer they got was: He is the Larson family's eldest grandson but is a good-for-nothing. He had never really done anything for the Larson Corporation, yet he had stirred up a whole lot of trouble in San Francisco.

The guests couldn't help but stare at Quince Larson in disdain.

Of course, Quince Larson knew exactly why Kimberly Gold was calling for him.

His gaze was filled with agony, but what could he do? He had no choice but to follow Kimberly Gold to the host's table.

"Please remain silent, everyone." Kimberly Gold clapped, and the whole hall fell into pin-drop silence.

This was what the Gold family's young lady was capable of.

"Today, we have guests from San Francisco and Chicago attending our grand opening today. Thank you. Today, we have prepared a performance."

As soon as they heard that, the guests all turned their eyes to the host's table. There weren't any celebrities there. *'Is Kimberly Gold going to perform?'*

Although everyone there was older than her, they weren't worthy of being her audience.

"Ms. Gold, you're being too kind. We're here to sincerely congratulate the Gold Corporation."

"Yes, we're just some old fogies. It's no trouble at all."

"Ms. Gold, are you going to perform for us? We can't let you do that."

"That's right, Ms. Gold. Why don't I perform a song for everyone instead?"

"No, I'll let my daughter dance for everyone."

"My son knows magic tricks." In an instant, all the guests were trying to show off their talents. They simply wanted to use this opportunity to get in Third Master Gold's good books.

If they caught his eye, it could very well become their family's golden ticket.

Kimberly Gold shook her head. "Thank you all for your kind intentions, but I'm not the one performing. We've already taken care of that."

As she said so, she looked toward Quince Larson. "Do you remember your bet? Are you going to go back on your word in front of everyone?"

Breaking a deal with Finn Taylor didn't mean much since he was just a good-for-nothing matrilocal son-in-law. However, it was a big deal doing so at Third Master Gold's party.

If he were to do so, Third Master Gold could very well kick him out of the business circle in San Francisco.

In the end, Quince Larson had no choice but to give in. He slowly bent his knees and dropped down onto the ground.

There were many guests who had whipped out their phones to film this scene.

Quince Larson only felt utter humiliation at this point in time.

Even Joseph Larson's expression looked awful. He had thought that the Larson family was now a top-tier family in San Francisco because they had received an invitation from the Gold family. That also meant that the Larson family's status and power would only rise after this banquet.

But the Larson family had now become a joke in the entire San Francisco because of a bet between Finn Taylor and Quince Larson.

This photo had completely ruined the Larson family's reputation. There was no way of ever coming back from this.

'It's all Finn Taylor's fault. If he hadn't said it, Kimberly Gold never would've known about the bet.' Joseph Larson clenched his fists and gave orders to Yvette Larson. "After this banquet, bring Finn Taylor to the Larson family's residence. I want him to kneel down and apologize to us."

Chapter 138: Getting Caught in the Act

Joseph Larson was too overbearing and too arrogant. He thought highly of the Larson family and looked down on Finn Taylor.

Currently, the whole world thought highly of Finn Taylor and thought of him as a legendary figure. Only the Larson family dared to boss him around.

It was true that Finn Taylor had truly tolerated a lot over the past three years, but had they not realized how much he had changed recently?

Perhaps the Larson family had realized that. It was just that they chose to ignore it because Finn Taylor had never rebuked them nor fought back whenever they bullied him.

After returning home from the banquet, Yvette Larson remembered her grandpa's words and was about to tell her husband about it.

However, she didn't know how to put it into words. After all, Quince Larson had brought this upon himself. *'In the past, I would've stood on my husband's side and rebuked Grandpa for him. However, I tacitly agreed to Grandpa's ridiculous request because of my current relationship with Finn...'*

What Yvette Larson couldn't accept was the realization that everything she had came from her spouse.

All her achievements were actually Finn Taylor's. Unexpectedly, she had already grown completely reliant on her husband.

"Do you have something to tell me?" Finn Taylor saw that his wife had already paced in front of him several times. He was sure that she was trying to tell him something.

“Did you purposely get Quince Larson to kneel before you in front of so many people?”

Finn Taylor nodded without making an excuse.

“Do you know that doing so won’t change Quince Larson’s position in the family? Grandpa will just think that you humiliated the Larson family. He’ll push all the blame to me! Grandpa said that he wants me to go to the Larson family’s residence with you. He wants you to apologize to the rest of the family.”

Finn Taylor met his wife’s gaze and asked, “So you also think that I was wrong?”

Yvette Larson chose to keep her silence.

In an instant, Finn Taylor felt his heart fall. *‘Forget it!’*

He turned and returned to the guest room without arguing with Yvette Larson.

Yvette Larson felt terrible too. *‘Does he think that I feel good about this? I’ll have to bear the brunt of Grandpa’s anger, but you’re still blaming me!’*

Yvette Larson was a little dejected as she headed out to meet her best friend. She wanted to get herself drunk.

Diane Taylor walked into Finn Taylor’s room, and she pointed at the bed. “Can I sit down?”

He nodded but was a little confused. *‘What does this little brat want?’*

After sitting down, Diane Taylor stared straight into her employer’s eyes. “Mr. Taylor, why didn’t you explain yourself?”

Finn Taylor was stunned. “You believe me?”

Finn Taylor thought that it was strange. All of the current evidence pointed to him going to La Feria Club to hook up with women and even being in an affair with Kimberly Gold.

Everyone in the family suspected him of this, but Diane Taylor believed that he was innocent and wanted him to explain himself.

“I believe in your character, Mr. Taylor. There must be some misunderstanding here. I don’t know what happened, but I’m sure that you’ll be able to clear your name as long as you’re willing to explain yourself, Mr. Taylor.”

Diane Taylor’s words moved him. *‘I never expected that a young brat—whom I had saved—would be the only one who believes in me now.’*

“Mr. Taylor, I’ll help you pack that bag.” As Diane Taylor said that, she stood up and wanted to pick that bag up.

But she felt her mind go blank as soon as she stood up. She then fell unconscious and fell to the ground.

Finn Taylor was shocked and quickly walked forward to check on her. To his surprise, she had no signs of life.

This scared him.

He quickly picked the girl up and placed her on his bed.

It was an emergency situation. Without giving it much thought, he started CPR on Diane Taylor.

Finn Taylor was exerting quite a lot of strength, and this had caught Linda James's attention.

She sneaked over, and the sight stunned her.

She clearly saw Finn Taylor's hand on Diane Taylor's chest.

She quickly whipped out her phone to take a photo, but what she took a photo of wasn't that scene. It was a photo of Finn Taylor kissing Diane Taylor on the lips.

"Ah, shameless!" Linda James's blood boiled as she looked at the photo.

Unfortunately, Diane Taylor woke up just then.

Finn Taylor picked her up and ran out.

Although she was now awake, she was weak because she had lost all signs of life earlier. He had to send Diane Taylor to the hospital right away.

But Linda James simply saw it as Finn Taylor trying to escape now that he had been caught. That annoyed her even more.

"Where are you b*tches going? I really didn't think that you'd dare to keep your sl*tty mistress under the same roof! See? Didn't I say that Diane Taylor was your mistress? Nobody believed me and even wanted me to apologize to her. I have solid evidence of you guys behaving intimately with each other. You're dead meat!" Linda James's words were terrible.

If not for the fact that he was in a hurry, Finn Taylor would've argued it out with her. However, Diane Taylor's life was on the line now.

Finn Taylor wasn't going to let this girl die. She was the only one who believed in him.

He slammed down on his accelerator and sped toward the city's best hospital.

After several hours, Yvette Larson finally returned home.

Unfortunately, she was dead drunk. It was her best friend who had sent her back.

When compared to Yvette Larson, Clarine Landon was still rather sober.

With Clarine Landon's help, Linda James brought her daughter back to her room.

Linda James tried to wake her daughter up, but the latter was already in a deep sleep.

With no choice, Linda James could only decide to leave this matter to the next day.

But after coming out of the room, Linda James couldn't hold herself back. She turned to Clarine Landon and said, "Clarine, I have something to tell you."

With that, Linda James showed Clarine Landon the photo of Finn Taylor kissing Diane Taylor. "Look at this. I took this photo just now, and I even saw Finn Taylor putting his hand on her chest. Then, that b*stard couple got afraid of me and left. They still haven't returned. Do you think we should tell Yvette about this?"

Clarine Landon stared at the photo in disbelief.

Finn Taylor had once been her idol, but after witnessing him walking into La Feria Club, she had lost all interest in this man. Now, she felt only disgust for this man.

"Auntie, send that photo to me. I'll find a good time to tell Yvette about this."

"Don't show it to her! I'm afraid that Yvette might do something silly out of shock!"

Chapter 139: Unreasonable

Under Clarine Landon's persuasion, Linda James sent the photo to the former before deleting it from her own phone.

However, Clarine Landon took this seriously. She decided that she was going to have a good chat with Finn Taylor.

She wanted to know why he had gone to La Feria Club while treating his wife so well. *'He never should've lied to everyone and brought his mistress into the family by hiring her as their helper. Do you know how deeply you've hurt Yvette?'*

Yvette Larson was so drunk that she slept in until the very next day.

Finn Taylor had gone out with his mistress and hadn't returned since. In an instant, it seemed like their family had fallen apart.

Just as Yvette Larson woke up the next day, her husband happened to return home.

The couple glanced at each other without speaking.

Linda James didn't know how to feel. *'I should be overjoyed to see my daughter's relationship with Finn Taylor breaking down. However, the latter found himself a mistress and is getting a divorce as a victor in the process. Thankfully, I had been smart enough to request for Finn Taylor to transfer ownership of the house to my daughter. Even if they are to get a divorce now, this house would be our family's.'*

Finn Taylor returned and was about to head out again with Diane Taylor's daily necessities.

Upon seeing that, Linda James gritted her teeth. She really wanted to ask if he had fallen out of love with her daughter. But she bit her tongue and held herself back at the thought of how crestfallen her daughter had been last night.

She was afraid that her words would trigger Yvette Larson.

In the end, Finn Taylor left.

What Yvette Larson hadn't expected was her grandpa paying them a personal visit not long after Finn Taylor left.

Joseph Larson looked around and asked, "Why don't I see Finn Taylor around?"

In the past three years, Joseph Larson had never thought much of his grandson-in-law.

Yvette Larson had already guessed why her grandfather had made a personal trip here and was even asking about her husband. *'This definitely has something to do with the Gold family's banquet. Finn Taylor embarrassed the entire Larson family by making Quince Larson kneel down before him in front of all the top families of San Francisco. That isn't all. The Gold family's attitude toward the Larson family has caused many other families to look down on them now.'*

The Larson family had been in great distress for the past few days. Otherwise, the Old Master never would've taken the initiative to make a trip to Number One Pacific Heights to look for Finn Taylor given his personality.

"He's not at home." In front of Finn Taylor, Linda James was like a tigress who wanted to swallow Finn Taylor whole. But in front of Joseph Larson, she was like a mouse.

Joseph Larson sneered.

He was annoyed that Finn Taylor wasn't around when he had already made an effort to come all the way here. However, that wasn't within his control.

"Forget it. Since he isn't here, I'll just talk to you guys. Yvette Larson, did you forget about what I told you that day? I told you to come to the Larson family's residence with Finn Taylor. I waited for you for an entire day yesterday. Why didn't you come? But since you guys didn't come, I decided to make the trip here. I'm giving you a week. If you guys don't mend the relationship between the Gold family and the Larson family, I'm chasing your whole family out of the Larson family. You're all traitors!"

Joseph Larson was vicious with his words, even calling them traitors.

Even after the Old Master left, the Larson family felt a stone weighing down on their hearts.

A week to mend their relationship with the Gold family—it was an impossible task, given these three family members' capabilities.

There was only one possibility: Finn Taylor had to do it.

But nobody was willing to say so.

After settling all of Diane Taylor's matters, Finn Taylor returned home that afternoon.

He felt that it was strange that his wife was still at home and not in the office. "Why haven't you gone to the office?"

Yvette Larson hesitated for a moment before finally saying, "Grandpa came today."

Finn Taylor gave it some thought. “Does he want me to mend the relationship with the Gold family?”

His spouse didn’t reply to him, but Finn Taylor could tell that he had hit the bullseye. “Do you really think that I was wrong? Don’t you think that the Larson family should be punished for treating you that way?”

Recently, Finn Taylor had been heartbroken because his wife had started having distrust toward him.

He felt that Yvette Larson should know him best. *‘No matter what outsiders say about me, you should be on my side. Do you know that your distrust in me hurts me the most?’*

“You weren’t wrong, but I’m in a tight spot too.”

“Alright. I’ll bring you to the Gold family, and I can get Third Master Gold to admit that the Gold family and Larson family are good friends...”

“Are you really on such good terms with the Gold family?”

Finn Taylor hadn’t finished his sentence before his wife cut in.

Yvette Larson thought that her husband only knew Kimberly Gold and that perhaps they were just friends. However, she had never expected him to be so close to the Gold family.

He could make a decision for Third Master Gold!

“Can you stop being unreasonable? What do you want me to do?”

“Do you think I’m being unreasonable? Right, right. I’m being terribly unreasonable now.”

“What do you want me to do? I can’t help you, but I can’t not help you. Don’t you think you’re being unreasonable now?”

“You’re right. I’m being unreasonable since you think so.”

There was no result from Finn Taylor and Yvette Larson’s conversation. The couple simply returned to their respective rooms with pent-up anger.

After returning to his room, Finn Taylor realized that he had received a message—it was from Diane Taylor.

“Mr. Taylor, I think there are some things I have to say as a woman. Even though I know that you’re innocent, I’m sure that your wife doesn’t feel good about you going to a place like La Feria Club. All women hope that their husbands will love them forever. Listen to me. Once you go home, have a good chat with Sister Yvette and apologize to her. Once you get past this misunderstanding, your relationship will get better. Couples always make up eventually. Conflicts get worse with time, and your relationship will deteriorate with time too.”

Finn Taylor put his phone down and sighed. Then, he headed to the kitchen and made a bowl of pasta.

He plated it and knocked on his wife’s door.

Seeing that it was her husband at the door, Yvette Larson tried to shut the door.

But Finn Taylor had already squeezed his way in. "Here, have some pasta."

"I'm not going to eat it."

"If you don't eat it, you won't have any energy to fight with me. Have some of it. We can continue with our argument after you're done."

Chapter 140

Although Yvette Larson was slightly reluctant, the bowl of pasta her husband had cooked smelled too fragrant.

As such, she decided to continue their conversation only after eating.

Finn Taylor couldn't help but find his wife adorable while she ate that bowl of pasta.

He realized that he had been too silly. *'Why am I even fighting with her? It's not like she really wants to be unreasonable. She just wants to be loved. If I listened to Diane Taylor, we might've made up a long time ago.'*

However, their relationship had indeed improved because of this bowl of pasta.

Finn Taylor didn't mention the Gold family to his spouse again.

Yvette Larson had already talked about it; he would simply have to get it done.

At the Larson family's ancestral shrine.

Joseph Larson paid his respects to his ancestors, while Quince Larson kneeled down before them.

"Do you know your mistake now?" Joseph Larson questioned his grandson.

"Grandpa, I didn't do anything wrong. Finn Taylor was the one who set me up." Even up until now, Quince Larson still didn't think he had done anything wrong.

It was exactly this personality of his that Joseph Larson hated.

A man who was primed for success could argue about his innocence in front of outsiders, but there were some mistakes he had to admit to in front of his own family.

While Joseph Larson had bossed Finn Taylor around at Number One Pacific Heights, he had admitted to his mistake in front of his ancestors. Unfortunately, he didn't see that in his grandson.

"If you had changed this personality of yours, I'd have handed the company over to you a long time ago. But look at you. How can I rest assured after handing it over to you? I'm afraid that you'll bring the whole Larson family down! Kneel here until you understand what you've done wrong."

Joseph Larson left dejectedly.

The next day, Finn Taylor was about to head to the Gold family's residence. However, he ran into Clarine Landon at the foot of Pacific Heights.

Without any hesitation, she hopped into Finn Taylor's car. "Let's go to a Starbucks in town. I have something to tell you."

Finn Taylor's expression turned dark. *'Does this lass think she knows me that well? How dare she order me around?'*

But Finn Taylor didn't pick a fight with her and simply drove her to a Starbucks. *'Let's see what this brat has to tell me.'*

"A cup of latte and another cup of green tea." Clarine Landon made an order for both of them.

When the drinks arrived, Clarine Landon placed the cup of green tea in front of her best friend's husband. "Come on. Drink some green tea and have a taste of how bitter it is."

'There is more to what Clarine is saying.' Finn Taylor frowned. "What do you mean?"

"What do I mean? That should be my question to you. Finn Taylor, could you get any more shameless? You even brought your lover into the house! What do you take Yvette for?" With that, Clarine Landon took out her phone and slammed it down on the table.

Finn Taylor picked it up and took a look. It was none other than the photo that Linda James had taken.

"Don't you dare delete it. I have 100 backup copies of it."

Finn Taylor was speechless. He had never expected the other to play such games with him. *'I had no intention of deleting the photo.'*

"Come with me." Finn Taylor threw a few 20-dollar bills on the table. Then, he dragged Clarine Landon out and threw her into the car.

After that, he slammed down on the accelerator and sped off.

Clarine Landon was still screaming in the car. "Finn Taylor, let me out. What are you trying to do? Are you trying to silence the only witness? I'm telling you that Yvette knows the password to my cloud account. If I die, she'll definitely go into my account. Then, she'll see everything. You won't be able to hide what you've done."

Clarine Landon struggled frantically, acting as though Finn Taylor had kidnapped her against her will.

Finn Taylor merely rolled his eyes at her.

The car rolled to a stop, and Clarine Landon glanced around, realizing that Finn Taylor had brought her to a hospital. "Why did you bring me to a hospital? Oh, I know. You want to cremate me here!"

Clarine Landon was really a fool. She thought that Finn Taylor was going to cremate her here after killing her.

That way, nobody would be able to find her.

But Finn Taylor ignored her and dragged her into the hospital.

Along the way, Clarine Landon kept screaming for help, saying that she had been kidnapped.

In the end, Finn Taylor merely allayed their fears by saying that Clarine Landon was mentally ill.

Seeing that nobody cared about her, she feared for her life. *'I'm done for.'*

With that, Finn Taylor forcefully dragged her to the hospital's third floor. Then, he pushed her into a ward.

She was about to lash out at Finn Taylor, but the sight stunned her.

She saw Diane Taylor lying on the bed, with all sorts of machines attached to her.

There were two doctors giving her a checkup by the side.

Seeing that someone had entered, the doctors glanced over and nodded at Finn Taylor. "Mr. Taylor, your CPR saved Ms. Taylor's life. She's now out of critical condition."

"Have you found the cause?"

"Yes, it was an allergic reaction. Ms. Taylor is deathly allergic to peanuts. We found some remnants of peanut butter in her stomach."

Finn Taylor nodded. "Thank you, Dr. Landon, Dr. James."

The two doctors left, and Finn Taylor turned to his wife's best friend. "Do you know why I kissed her now?"

Even up until now, Clarine Landon was in disbelief. "Do you mean that you were actually doing CPR? Oh right, Auntie Linda said that your hands were on her... Oh, that was CPR."

Clarine Landon blushed as she connected the dots.

She had already lashed out at Finn Taylor and Diane Taylor countless times in her heart since last night, but it turned out to be a misunderstanding.

They were innocent.

"Don't... tell me that all of this is just an act?"

"Why don't I put that IV drip on you?"

Clarine Landon shook her head and chose to trust Finn Taylor and Diane Taylor. *'There are so many machines and medications in front of me. Could this still be an act?'*

"Fine. Since you misunderstood me, you must make it up to me."

Clarine Landon hugged herself tightly. "What do you want to do?"

"Don't think too much. I have no interest in you. You must help me clear my misunderstanding with Yvette."

