

UNTOUCHABLE

### Chapter 141: Where's the Gift?

Clarine Landon was a good kid. While she was vengeful, she was willing to admit to her mistakes as well. *'I'd have kicked up a fuss if you had really found yourself a mistress. But now that it's all a misunderstanding, I'll clear the air for you.'*

"Can I ask you another question? What happened at La Feria Club?"

At the mention of this, Finn Taylor flared up. "Clarine, don't tell me that you were the one who took that photo on Yvette's phone?"

Clarine Landon felt a little embarrassed now that she had been exposed.

Seeing how she was behaving, Finn Taylor knew he was right. "It seems like I was right! Clarine, oh Clarine. Why don't you think about who saved you when you nearly committed suicide? Is this how you repay your savior?"

Seeing his attitude, Clarine Landon guessed that she had probably maligned him again. However, she was confused as to why he wasn't willing to explain what had taken place that night to his wife.

"Forget it. It's alright even if you don't explain yourself. I'll try my best to salvage your relationship." With that, Clarine Landon left.

After chatting with Diane Taylor for a while and confirming that she was alright, Finn Taylor left as well.

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The Gold family's residence in San Francisco.

Third Master Gold was watering the plants. His granddaughter shook her legs in annoyance while sitting by the side, sadness written all over her face.

"Who provoked our young lady this time? Why are you so unhappy?" Although Third Master Gold had already guessed the answer, he still asked that question.

"Grandpa, when do you think Finn Taylor will get divorced?"

"Kimberly, do you really want to get married to him? He's been married."

"So what? Grandpa, think about all the elders in the Gold family. They all abandoned their wives to marry younger women. Finn Taylor is a thousand times better than them. Besides, if it's a sin to remarry, then those people should've been executed a long time ago."

Kimberly Gold had grown up in the prestigious Gold family and had seen all her uncles getting divorced after making a name for themselves. As such, remarriage didn't mean anything to her.

“I’m not objecting to you marrying Finn Taylor. I’m just afraid that you won’t be able to handle him.”

Kimberly Gold huffed. “That’s impossible. I’m the Gold family’s young lady. Do you really think I won’t be able to handle him?”

Just then, her phone rang—it was Finn Taylor.

She leaped up immediately and pointed at her phone. “Grandpa! Grandpa, look! Finn Taylor is calling me.”

Third Master Gold could only shake his head helplessly. *‘Just a second ago, Kimberly said that she could handle Finn Taylor. Just look at you now. Do you really think you’ll be able to handle him?’*

“Is your grandpa home?”

Kimberly Gold was over the moon as she picked up the phone, yet Finn Taylor’s first words were asking about her grandpa, Third Master Gold.

In an instant, she flared up. “You haven’t met this cutie in a few days. Aren’t you going to ask about me?”

“Oh, how have you been doing? Is your grandpa at home?”

Kimberly Gold had the urge to rage at him, but she was afraid that Finn Taylor would ignore her from then on if she were to do so. “Grandpa is at home. Are you looking for him?”

“I’ll go over now then.”

“Ok...” Kimberly Gold wanted to ask him to bring a gift over for her, but Finn Taylor hung up before she could even complete her sentence.

*Ding-dong!*

Just then, someone rang the doorbell of the Gold family’s residence.

Kimberly Gold was stunned. *‘That can’t be. That was so quick. Do you mean that Finn Taylor has been waiting here for a long time?’*

She bounced over to open the door, but displeasure clouded her face the moment she opened it.

“Hey, Kimberly. Are you that upset to see Grandpa Carl?”

“Hello, Grandpa Carl. Grandpa is in the garden.”

The visitor was Carl Gillies, a good friend of Third Master Gold. He had another identity—the president of San Francisco’s Chess Club.

Carl Gillies had no idea why Kimberly Gold was upset, but he didn’t want to provoke her any further. As such, he headed to look for Third Master Gold. “Old b\*stard, why are you in San Francisco?”

“Jerk, how dare you not attend my grand opening when it was right here in San Francisco?”

“Tch, I was on vacation with my granddaughter. How can you compare yourself with my granddaughter?”

Carl Gillies and Third Master Gold were obviously close friends, and they had started ‘scolding’ each other the moment they met.

“Oh right, it’s just as well that you’re here today. I’ll introduce you to someone. I played a few rounds of chess with him recently but lost terribly. Why don’t you have a go and see if you’re able to win.”

Carl Gillies’s interest was piqued. Although he didn’t really think much of Third Master Gold’s chess abilities, the latter was still a master. Anyone who could stun him would definitely be well-trained too. “Tell me where you found him. What awards has he won?”

Third Master Gold waved him off. “He’s a celebrity in San Francisco, but he hasn’t won any awards.”

“He hasn’t won any awards?” Carl Gillies was slightly disappointed. *‘Don’t tell me that he’s just a cheat who won against Third Master Gold with some underhanded tricks. Otherwise, he should’ve won some awards with his abilities.’*

“Why don’t you tell me who he is? Why don’t I know about such an impressive figure in San Francisco? And you said that he’s a celebrity no less!”

“Finn Taylor. Have you heard of him?”

Carl Gillies thought for a long while but couldn’t think of anyone in the chess circle with that name. However, he soon thought of someone with the exact same name. “I’ve heard of this name before, but I don’t think you’re talking about him.”

Third Master Gold chortled. “We must be talking about the same person then.”

“The matrilocal son-in-law of the Larson family?” Carl Gillies spat those words out in disbelief.

Third Master Gold chuckled before nodding. “It seems like you’ve really been duped.”

Perhaps Carl Gillies would’ve believed him if it had simply been another man with the same name. But if it was the matrilocal son-in-law of the Larson family, Carl Gillies was sure that it wasn’t the case.

As president of the chess association, he had seen countless chess geniuses. All of them were arrogant and boastful.

He was sure that a matrilocal son-in-law like Finn Taylor—who never fought back nor rebuked anyone—couldn’t possibly be a chess master.

However, Third Master Gold simply chuckled inwardly without rebuking his friend. *‘I can’t wait to see the expression on Carl’s face when Finn Taylor beats him in a game of chess later on.’*

*Ding-dong!*

The doorbell rang once again. This time, Kimberly Gold opened the door to see the one she wanted to see most.

She pouted and crossed her arms, asking, “Did you come empty-handed? Shouldn’t you have brought a gift?”

## Chapter 142: Final Say

‘A gift?’ Finn Taylor was stumped. *‘Did I ever say that I was going to bring you a gift?’*

He ignored the young lady and walked straight past her.

“Humph!” Kimberly Gold huffed when she couldn’t get what she wanted. Nonetheless, she didn’t dare to throw a tantrum at Finn Taylor for fear that he would leave.

She brought him to the garden.

Seeing that Finn Taylor had arrived, Third Master Gold took the initiative to introduce him. “Finn Taylor, let me introduce you to Carl Gillies—the president of San Francisco’s chess association.”

“Carl, this is the man I was talking about.”

Carl Gillies sized Finn Taylor up. *‘The latter is indeed a young man. At his age, I had thought that I was unbeatable in chess. However, I had learned its nuances as I spent more time analyzing the game. Even now that I’m the chess association’s president, I still feel that I haven’t mastered the game.’*

“So you’re the one who duped Third Master Gold. How good could you possibly be at chess? Come and play one round with me so I can see just how good you are.”

Finn Taylor could tell that the other didn’t have good intentions, but that didn’t matter. “It’d be my honor.”

The chess pieces were laid out properly on the board.

Thinking that he had the high ground, Carl Gillies allowed Finn Taylor to make the first move.

Finn Taylor didn’t try to hide his skills and went ahead with his first move.

When Carl Gillies saw this, he couldn’t help but sneer. *‘He’s indeed a novice. I’m certain that Third Master Gold got duped.’*

But less than five minutes into the game, Carl Gillies was sweating buckets of cold sweat.

He realized that he was on the losing end of the game because he had been too careless at the start of the game. *‘However, I’ll surely be able to turn the tides of the game as long as I pay close attention now.’*

But talk was cheap. It wouldn’t be so easy to turn the tables now.

In the end, Carl Gillies finally surrendered in less than half an hour. Still, he was reluctant to admit defeat.

He felt that he had simply been too careless. *'This man is a fraud, and I know it! That's why I couldn't live up to my potential.'*

"This game doesn't count. Let's have another round," said Carl Gillies as he set up the board again.

Third Master Gold stared at his friend. "You b\*stard. You're such a sore loser."

Finn Taylor waved his hand. "That's fine—best of three."

The second round between Finn Taylor and Carl Gillies then began.

Just like before, Carl Gillies allowed his opponent to make the first move. But this time, he was paying much closer attention to the board.

The game was intense right from the very start. Even Third Master Gold—who was only watching on from the sidelines—was dumbfounded.

It had been years since he had watched such an exciting game of chess.

But before long, beads of sweat started to fall from Carl Gillies's forehead. He had tried his best, yet he had still fallen on the losing end.

He decided to take a guarded risk—he sent his pieces toward Finn Taylor's.

However, he had no regrets. All of this was just a set-up for his final move.

Once he made his final move, that would seal his victory.

As expected, he saw Finn Taylor falling into his trap.

Carl Gillies made his last move and sighed. "You lost."

He was delighted. Although he had been suppressed by Finn Taylor from the very beginning, he had managed to win the victory and turn the tides through this set-up.

It was like the fable of a tiger chasing a young man but was eventually trapped in a cave by the latter. Eventually, that tiger had sent itself to death.

Seeing Carl Gillies's last move, Third Master Gold was at a loss for words. *'The former is indeed a talent. He sacrificed all his other pieces just to earn that eventual victory. Although Finn Taylor is skilled, he is still too young. It seems like he has lost after all.'*

But what confused the two old men was that Finn Taylor didn't feel disappointed about losing at all.

*'Could it be...'* They thought of only one possibility.

Finn Taylor looked up at Carl Gillies and said, "You lost."

With that, the former made his last move.

This move turned the tables once again.

Carl Gillies had lost his advantage. He was the young man who had set up the trap, but he hadn't trapped a tiger. Instead, he trapped a massive dragon!

To a dragon, this trap was nothing but a joke.

Carl Gillies had been setting up a trap, but so had Finn Taylor. *'It looked like you successfully tricked me, but you were the one who fell for my ploy.'*

Carl Gillies dropped the chess pieces in his hands. It was as though he aged by several years at that moment.

It wasn't scary to lose a game. What scared him was how he had told his opponent that the latter had lost.

It seemed like a joke now.

"You won." Carl Gillies wasn't a sore loser. He admitted that Finn Taylor had indeed won.

"Third Master Gold, was it interesting enough? There's no free lunch in this world. Since you watched me play chess, you owe me a favor. There's something I need help with."

Third Master Gold glanced at Finn Taylor and said blandly, "The Larson family must've sent you here."

"That's right. The Gold family humiliated the Larson family at the banquet, and now, many other families think badly of us. The Larson family wants me to make amends with you."

Third Master Gold narrowed his eyes. To be honest, he didn't want to help Finn Taylor out because his granddaughter liked him. That meant that the Larson family was her rival in love.

*'Why should I help my granddaughter's rivals?'*

"Third Master Gold, if I remember correctly, you promised me that I'd have half the shares of Gold Corporation. I'm sure you won't refuse my request for the Gold Corporation to collaborate with the Larson Corporation, right?"

Third Master Gold never expected that he had fallen into Finn Taylor's trap as well! In normal circumstances, he could've denied it. *'The company is so big. Do you think I'd really give half of the shares to you just because I said so?'*

However, Carl Gillies was right there.

They had been friends for a long time, and he couldn't afford to let his friend find out just how dishonest and untrustworthy he was.

Third Master Gold had no choice but to nod. "Fine. I'll find a project the Larson family can collaborate on."

With his mission completed, Finn Taylor was ready to leave.

However, Kimberly Gold refused to let him do so. "You're a jerk. You came to ask for a favor, yet you're leaving right away? Do you think you'd get off so easily? The kitchen is there. Go make me a meal."

Otherwise, I'll reject the proposal for the collaboration with the Larson family. Even though you and Grandpa each have 50% of the shares, don't you know that I have the final say in the company?"



### Chapter 143: Joseph Larson's Dead

"Huh?" Finn Taylor's face fell. He couldn't help but feel as though Third Master Gold had duped him.

He looked at the latter, who merely nodded at him. "That's right. I agreed to give you half of the company's shares, but I also promised my granddaughter that she'd have the final say in the company. That also means that my granddaughter has the final say as to whether the Gold family will collaborate with the Larson family. She even has the final say over whether you receive half of the company's shares."

Finn Taylor was certain that he had been duped.

"What, it's not like I've never cooked for you. You've been cooking in the Larson family for three years. Can't you even cook a meal for me?" Kimberly Gold was displeased and grumbled with her arms akimbo.

With no other choice, Finn Taylor could only agree to her demands.

"What a coincidence. Finn Taylor, why don't you make an extra meal? I'll eat my lunch here too."

Carl Gillies was terribly annoyed. *'As the president of San Francisco's chess association, I actually lost to a matrilocal son-in-law! It seems like I'll be able to get back at the latter by making him cook a meal for me.'*

Kimberly Gold felt pleased upon seeing Finn Taylor cook. *'Yvette Larson, you can make Finn Taylor cook for you, but so can I! Humph, you're no better than me!'*

In the end, Finn Taylor's meal won the Larson family a collaboration with the Gold family.

After leaving the Gold family's residence, he headed straight to the Larson family's residence. He wanted to personally inform Joseph Larson about this.

More than that, he wanted to warn that old man not to threaten Yvette in the future. If he needed anything, he'd better just look for him instead.

At the Larson family's residence.

Joseph Larson glanced at his grandson. "You've been kneeling for an entire day. Do you know what mistake you made now?"

“Grandpa, I did nothing wrong. Why do you keep insisting that I did something wrong? Do you mean that you’re going to give that piece of trash a status now just because he’s on good terms with the Gold family?” Quince Larson was aggrieved. *‘Grandpa is so biased!’*

“You still don’t want to admit to your mistake! I judged you wrongly, Quince. Although I told everyone that I’d hand the family over to whoever was the most outstanding, you’ve always been the most suitable choice in my heart. But now, it seems like I’ll have to reconsider my decision.” Joseph Larson was serious.

The only reason Quince Larson dared to act so rashly in the family was all due to his grandpa’s protection. But now, the latter was thinking of choosing another successor!

There was no way Quince Larson was going to let that happen. His gaze was cold as he muttered in his heart, *‘Grandpa, it looks like you’re abandoning me. Since you’re so heartless, don’t blame me for being ruthless.’*

He brought his grandpa a glass of water to calm him down.

The moment he saw his grandpa finish the glass of water, he strode off.

It was all too abrupt.

Joseph Larson wanted to stop his grandson and ask him what he was trying to do, but he suddenly felt his whole world shaking. Then, he fainted.

Just then, Finn Taylor arrived.

Finn Taylor and Quince Larson had barely missed each other.

No sooner had Quince Larson left than Finn Taylor arrived. The latter hadn’t seen the former, but Quince Larson had noticed the latter walk into the residence.

As the latter walked in, what greeted him was the sight of Joseph Larson lying on the ground, gasping for air.

Without much thought, Finn Taylor picked the Old Master up and headed for the hospital.

After a thorough checkup, it was revealed that the old man had been poisoned. There was no cure because he had consumed too much poison.

Along the way, Finn Taylor had tried saving him. Unfortunately, he had already found out about Joseph Larson being poisoned for a long time.

This wasn’t the first time. Although Joseph Larson survived because his grandson-in-law had sent him to the hospital in time, he remained in a coma.

He was now in a vegetative state.

Finn Taylor made a call to his wife.

Seeing that it was her husband, Yvette Larson thought nothing about it before rejecting the call.



Finn Taylor was at a loss.

He knew that she was still mad at him. As such, he made a second call to her.

She rejected it.

Then, a third call—another rejection.

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The tenth call.

Yvette Larson finally picked up the call. Before she tried to hang up the call once again, she said, “Finn Taylor, I know you have a lot of time on hand, but that doesn’t mean everyone has that much free time too. Can you stop calling me?”

“Yvette, something has happened to Grandpa.”

Yvette Larson nearly ended the call, but she had her husband’s words. “What did you say?”

“I’m at St. Cloud Hospital. Grandpa is gravely ill, so you must be mentally prepared.”

Yvette Larson felt her heart thumping rapidly against her chest. For some reason, she didn’t have a good feeling about this.

She rushed down to the hospital, and with her husband’s guidance, she arrived at the door to the ICU.

“What happened to Grandpa?”

“I went to the Gold family’s residence today...”

Yvette Larson flared up. *‘I want to know what happened to Grandpa and why he’s in the ICU. Why is Finn talking about the Gold family? Is he still talking about the Gold family and Kimberly Gold even now?’*

“I went to the Grandpa and scored a collaboration with the Gold family for the Larson family. Then, I wanted to look for Grandpa to tell him about this. But by the time I arrived, Grandpa had already fainted. I took him here, and they said that he was poisoned. Although he’s now out of danger, it’s unlikely that he’ll wake up from his coma. He’ll probably remain in a vegetative state for the rest of his life.”

As Yvette Larson listened to her husband, the fury in her heart gradually turned into shock and then disbelief. *‘Grandpa? Grandpa is in a vegetative state? How can that be?’*

Her grandpa—who had always looked down on her and was biased toward Quince Larson—was now in a vegetative state!

It was unbelievable!

Yvette Larson didn’t dare to make a decision and quickly made a call to her father.

Number One Pacific Heights.

The moment Francis Larson heard his daughter's words, his phone fell right out of his hand. In an instant, he seemed like a deflated balloon and crumpled onto the ground.

Linda James couldn't help but lash out at him. "Francis Larson, what are you doing? You'll have to spend more money to get yourself a new phone now that you've broken yours!"

For a mere phone, Linda James had yelled at her husband for more than ten minutes.

In the end, Francis Larson could no longer take it. "Can you shut up?"

"Francis Larson, how dare you rebuke me? You were the one who broke your phone. Do you think you're right?"

"Linda James, do you know that Dad is in a coma now and is in a vegetative state?"

"A vegetative state?" Linda James was taken aback. Then, she quickly notified the rest of the Larson family.

However, she simply sent them all a voice message, informing them that the Old Master was in a vegetative state. She also requested for them to rush to the ICU of St. Cloud Hospital immediately.



## **Chapter 144: New Family Head**

The news of Joseph Larson being in a vegetative state quickly took the entire family by storm.

Yvette Larson's phone was nearly blowing up from their calls. However, she chose not to pick a single one of them up and simply switched her phone off.

On the other hand, Quince Larson rejoiced when he received that call. *'Initially, I would've been the main suspect in this incident. But Finn Taylor, you're so unlucky to have visited Grandpa then. More importantly, you were the one who sent Grandpa to the hospital. Great! You'll have to take the blame for it now.'*

Very quickly, the Larson family assembled at the hospital.

"Yvette, what happened to Grandpa? Who brought him here? Tell us!" Quince Larson was enthusiastic and didn't even bother asking about his grandpa. He simply wanted to know who had found his grandpa.

However, nobody noticed that detail.

Yvette Larson glanced at her husband, who immediately stood up. "I was the one who found Grandpa and brought him here."

This was exactly what Quince Larson was waiting for.

He grabbed the other's collar. "Finn Taylor, Grandpa is just a little curt when he speaks to you, but he's still your elder. Couldn't you just give in to him? How could you think of killing Grandpa?"

With that, everyone glared at Finn Taylor.

The latter shoved Quince Larson aside. "Grandpa fainted from being poisoned. By the time I arrived, he was already unconscious. If not for me, Grandpa wouldn't even be in a vegetative state. You'd be looking at his corpse."

But nobody was convinced. Instead, they came to a conclusion: Finn Taylor had poisoned their grandpa! Then, he pretended to bring Grandpa to the hospital.

Now, he was even putting on an act in front of everyone!

"Get out!" Francis Larson was furious. This time, he was truly infuriated.

Finn Taylor looked at his father-in-law. "You don't believe me either?"

"Get out!" Those were the only words Francis Larson said to his son-in-law.

However, the latter didn't want to explain himself when everyone had already been brainwashed by Quince Larson. Now, they were convinced that it was Finn Taylor who had poisoned the Old Master.

Outside the hospital, Finn Taylor lit a cigarette for himself.

Just then, his wife walked over.

He quickly threw the cigarette onto the ground and extinguished it.

Yvette Larson was stunned. She didn't know how to describe her husband's actions.

It looked like he had done so subconsciously without giving it any thought. However, it was extremely difficult for a smoker to train themselves to have such muscle memory. *'Did Finn do that because I told him that I don't like people smoking in front of me? Did he really cheat on me? La Feria Club! Kimberly Gold! What's the truth behind them all? Did I really misunderstand him?'*

"Do you trust me?" When his wife walked up to him, Finn Taylor finally posed her this question.

After contemplating for a moment, she finally said, "I believe in you."

"Why?" Finn Taylor pointed at the hospital. "Those people all think that I poisoned Grandpa. Besides, all the evidence points toward me now."

"I believe that you're not someone like that. All that evidence is just a smokescreen." Yvette Larson believed that her husband wouldn't kill others. She felt that she had already gotten a good understanding of him over the past three years.

"What about La Feria Club and Kimberly Gold? What if I told you that those are smokescreens too? Will you believe me then?"

Yvette Larson was stunned and at a loss for words. *'Is what I believe to be the truth really the truth, or does Finn really have his own reasons for hiding it from me?'*

But Yvette Larson didn't answer her husband.

Joseph Larson lay in the hospital for half a month with no sign of awakening.

The doctor told the Larson family that he could be transferred to a normal ward and that he only needed a nurse to take care of him. Whether he would wake up from this coma would depend on fate.

The Larson family had no choice but to accept the situation.

But just then, Quince Larson spoke up. "Wait a minute. Don't they say that a kingdom can't go without a ruler? Although the Larson family isn't exactly big, we can't go without a family head. With Grandpa in this state, shouldn't we select a temporary family head? Based on what Grandpa said last time, we should choose the next family head from the third generation. That leaves me, Yvette, Eleanor, and Quinn. Uncles and brothers, who do you think is the most suitable?"

Quince Larson's father—Franklin Larson—looked at Francis Larson. "Eldest Brother, I definitely wouldn't fight with you if you had a son. Unfortunately, you have a daughter. Besides, it's because of your son-in-law that Dad is in this state. Do you really think your daughter deserves to be the temporary family head?"

Francis Larson didn't have any right to have a say. His daughter was the one who had to make her own decision about whether she wanted to be the family head.

As such, he remained silent.

Yvette Larson looked at her cousin. "Don't you just want me to give up fighting for the position? I can do that, but I have one request."

Quince Larson replied, "Fine."

"Without having any solid evidence, you can't accuse Finn of poisoning Grandpa. If I give up fighting for the position, you guys have to promise that you won't accuse Finn of poisoning Grandpa unless you guys have solid evidence."

Quince Larson was fuming. "Yvette Larson, are you trying to get your husband off the hook?"

"Fine, if you're going to be so stubborn, let's not do it this way. If you want to choose a temporary family head, we should go by what Grandpa said: Whoever has better achievements in the company gets to be the family head. I think I should've earned quite a lot for the company with our project with the Sullivan family. Just today, Finn Taylor scored a deal with the Gold family as well. Why don't we go back to the office and do our sums?"

Quince Larson glared at his cousin. There was no way he would surpass his cousin if they were to compare their results.

Eventually, he chose to compromise. “Alright. From now on, I won’t say that Finn Taylor poisoned Grandpa. Will that do?”

“Fine, I’ll give up fighting then. But if I find out that you’re saying anything behind my back, I’ll get back into the race.”

Quince Larson harrumphed and turned to Eleanor Larson.

“Don’t look at me. I’m not interested in it at all—you can be the head.”

Finally, he turned to Quinn Larson. “What about you?”

The latter didn’t say anything, but his mother did. “The eldest branch has their terms, and so do we—add my name into the family records.”

Hilary Stone was a disgrace to the entire Larson family. Ever since that incident, the Old Master had removed her name from all of their family records.

But now, she made such a ridiculous request.

“If you refuse, I’ll get my son to fight for the position of family head. Don’t you think the mother of a family head deserves to have her name in the family records?”

In an instant, Hilary Stone and Quince Larson were going head-to-head.

## **Chapter 145: My Father’s Gone**

Quince Larson and Hilary Stone locked eyes for a good ten minutes. Eventually, the former backed down.

He decided to take the position of family head first. After the dust settled, he would take his time to deal with all of these people.

“Fine, I’ll add your name into the family records.”

Everyone was shocked by Quince Larson’s decision—including Frederick Larson and Franklin Larson—but they chose not to say anything. This was because they were the reasons for this scandal in the first place.

Just then, Francis Larson—who had remained silent this whole time—spoke up. “Do you think Dad would agree to this?”

Unfortunately, his words didn’t hold any weight.

“Eldest Uncle, I’m the family head now. I don’t need you to teach me what to do.”

Francis Larson didn’t want to speak to his family anymore. *‘How can they try to put that scandal behind them now that Dad is in a coma? This can only mean that many more scandals are bound to happen.’*

After Quince Larson got what he wanted most, the family dispersed.

The pitiful Old Master was still lying in the hospital, unconscious. However, it was true that he had brought this upon himself.

He had never cared about those who cared the most about him. On the other hand, he was biased toward those who didn't care about him at all.

He had to bear some responsibility for the state the Larson family was in today.

That day, Third Master Gold invited Finn Taylor to the Gold family's residence for a game of chess. However, the latter saw no chessboard prepared after arriving.

Third Master Gold gestured for the latter to take a seat before saying, "Take a seat. I have something to tell you."

Finn Taylor didn't know what Third Master Gold wanted but sat down nonetheless.

"I heard about what happened in the Larson family. You were maligned, weren't you?"

Finn Taylor shrugged. *'As expected, bad news has wings.'*

"Here's 1.5 million dollars. Divorce Yvette Larson and leave the Larson family." Third Master Gold placed a cheque in front of the other arrogantly.

Yet, Finn Taylor ripped that cheque into shreds right in front of him.

Although 1.5 million dollars was an astronomical sum to an average person, it was just spare change to Finn Taylor.

Finn Taylor then took out his black card and slammed it on the table.

In an instant, Third Master Gold was at a loss for words. *'The black card is worth much more than 1.5 million dollars. No wonder he wasn't tempted by this sum of money.'*

"I heard that you haven't been on good terms with Yvette Larson lately." Third Master Gold laughed awkwardly before changing the topic.

"Since when has Third Master Gold started caring about the relationship between married couples?"

Third Master Gold felt a little embarrassed when Finn Taylor called him out. It was obvious that these questions were from Kimberly Gold, but they seemed weird coming out of his mouth.

"Since you asked, I'll answer you. The entire Larson family suspects me of poisoning Joseph Larson. My wife was the only one who stood up for me; she told me that she trusts me. She even gave up the position of the family head to make a request: Nobody in the Larson family can accuse me of poisoning the Old Master before they have solid proof."

Kimberly Gold—who had been hiding in a corner—was eavesdropping on her grandpa's conversation with Finn Taylor. Of course, her heart sank the moment she heard that.

“Hey! Finn Taylor, you’re here. That’s good—I have something to ask you.” Just then, Carl Gillies arrived. That brought Third Master Gold’s conversation with Finn Taylor to an end.

The latter quickly put away his black card and asked, “President Gillies, what do you need?”

“I need a favor from you. I’m participating in a chess match in a few days’ time, but I think I’ll lose badly. I was thinking of getting you to play in my place. Go ahead and state your demands. I’ll try to fulfill them as much as possible.”

“Alright, I’ll keep that request for another time. I’ll let you know when I think of what I want.”

His curiosity was piqued. “Who are you playing against?”

“Jessica Daimler.”

Finn Taylor had to resist the urge to kick Carl Gillies to death right then and there. *‘If I had known that I needed to play against Jessica Daimler, I would’ve definitely refused the offer.’*

Jessica Daimler was the American Chess Association’s president. She was also the top female chess player in the world.

*‘F\*ck! How could you ask me to play against Jessica Daimler? I might very well lose to her.’*

“What, it’s just Jessica Daimler, isn’t it? Young man, you should be full of fighting spirit!”

Seeing how Carl Gillies was rubbing it in, Finn Taylor really wanted to punch him right in the face.

“Don’t look at me like that. Let me tell you something—Jessica Daimler is going to bring her disciple as well. Finn Taylor, I heard that you’re not doing too well in the Larson family. What do you think about this girl?”

As he said that, he even took a photo out. “Her name is Megan Daimler. She’s the adopted daughter of Jessica Daimler and her disciple.”

“Grandpa Carl, aren’t you afraid that Jessica Daimler will kill you for introducing her daughter to a married man?”

Kimberly Gold could no longer hold it in. *‘I haven’t even won him over. Why am I getting another rival?’*

As such, she rushed out and interrupted her Grandpa Carl.

The latter was stunned. *‘That’s right. If Jessica Daimler learns about it, she might very well break all my bones!’*

“When’s the match?”

“In a week’s time at the Chess Association.”

Finn Taylor nodded and noted the details down. He had no interest in that disciple; he had a wife.

Upon returning home, Finn Taylor heard sobs coming from the washroom.

As he carefully pushed the door open, he spotted Francis Larson on the ground, his face full of tears and snot.

As soon as he spotted Finn Taylor, he rushed up to hug the latter. “Finn Taylor, my dad is in a vegetative state. If he doesn’t wake up, I’ll have no father. I’ll be an orphan. My dad is gone...”

Over the past few days, the Larson family had received quite a few visitors.

Francis Larson had welcomed all these guests very warmly. He had even comforted the visitors, saying that his father was lucky that he had been found and sent to the hospital in time.

Even if he were to pass away now, he had lived a long and fulfilling life. He had told his friends and family not to be too upset over this.

To that, many guests had said that Francis Larson was heartless. How could he remain so indifferent when his own father was in this state?

But today, Finn Taylor had seen his father-in-law in his rawest state.

*‘My dad is gone...’* Francis Larson’s words replayed again and again in Finn Taylor’s mind.

Eventually, the pair dried their tears and walked out of the washroom.

Finn Taylor brought a carton of beer over, and they drank to their hearts’ content. Neither said a word, and they simply sat in silence as they downed one can of beer after another.

There was no need to say anything. Everything was expressed in their drinking.

All their emotions went down along with the alcohol.

Francis Larson’s words replayed in Finn Taylor’s mind. *‘My dad is gone...’*

Finn Taylor couldn’t help but feel like he was seeing someone else in his father-in-law—Jacob Taylor!

## **Chapter 146: Something’s Happened at the Hospital**

Jacob Taylor was the previous head of Peregrine Hall—the previous Master Peregrine. That is, Finn Taylor’s father.

As Finn Taylor got drunk with Francis Larson, he couldn’t help but think of the man he called his father.

...

Chicago, the Taylor family.

Wendy Jensen was kneeling on the ground. In front of her was an old lady on the matriarch’s chair.

The old lady exuded a formidable aura. She was none other than Finn Taylor’s grandma—Frida Cameron.



“That person has been away from our family for three years, right?” Frida Cameron’s words broke Wendy Jensen’s heart.

She knew that the former was speaking of Finn Taylor.

The old lady was extremely biased. While they were both her grandsons, there was a huge difference between the way she treated Finn Taylor and Donovan Taylor.

It was so different that Finn Taylor didn’t even deserve to be called by his name in this house.

The old lady simply addressed him as ‘that person.’

In reality, Wendy Jensen was nowhere near as biased as Finn Taylor made her out to be. However, she had no other choice. She didn’t have much of a say in this family either.

“It’s been more than three years.”

“Oh, you were the one who promised me that he’d make a name for himself within three years. But look at what he’s become now. The whole of San Francisco calls him a piece of trash.” The old lady had never liked Finn Taylor and preferred his brother, Donovan Taylor.

But Finn Taylor was the elder brother. Based on the rules of inheritance, Peregrine Hall would end up in Finn Taylor’s hands.

This was why she had always been finding ways to deal with Finn Taylor.

It had been her idea to chase Finn Taylor out of Chicago by marrying him into the Larson family. She had thought that the title of Master Peregrine would naturally belong to Donovan Taylor in that situation.

What she had never expected was for her son—Jacob Taylor—to pass on and Donovan Taylor to go missing in the short span of three years.

Ultimately, the old lady’s plans had fallen through, and the title of Master Peregrine had still ended up in Finn Taylor’s hands.

However, she was still adamant and believed that Finn Taylor wasn’t fit to be Master Peregrine.

“Did you tell him everything when you were in San Francisco last time?”

Hearing that question, Wendy Jensen felt her heart skip a beat. This was because she had only done half of what the old lady had instructed her to do.

The old lady had instructed her to go to San Francisco and let Finn Taylor know that he was Master Peregrine, but she had one condition: He had to change his name to Donovan Taylor and pretend that Donovan Taylor had become Master Peregrine.

Once Donovan Taylor was back, Finn Taylor would naturally have to hand over the title of Master Peregrine to his younger brother.

However, Wendy Jensen had simply told her son that he was now Master Peregrine. She hadn’t said anything about him needing to act as Donovan Taylor.

“What, did you not follow my instructions?” Frida Cameron was an acute woman. From just Wendy Jensen’s expression, she had managed to guess what had happened. “I’ll give you one last week to explain it to that person. If he wants to live, he’d better live as Donovan. If you don’t clear the air within this week, I’ll get someone to kidnap him.”

The old lady’s commands were no different from an emperor’s edict.

Tears flowed down Wendy Jensen’s eyes. *‘They are both my children, and I’ve always been fair toward both of them. But I’m helpless sometimes, and this makes me seem biased too.’*

But today, the old lady was insistent on stripping Finn Taylor of his own identity. Wendy Jensen couldn’t help but feel sorry for her son.

...

Finn Taylor—who was miles away in San Francisco—knew nothing about this.

Perhaps, Yvette Larson had started doubting whether her husband had indeed cheated on her and had started talking to him again. “We’ve run into some problems with Grandpa’s ward.”

“What happened?” Finn Taylor remembered that he had arranged for the best ward in the hospital for the Old Master.

The Larson family cared a lot about their reputation, and it was only normal for them to do this.

“The doctor called yesterday, saying that an important figure from Chicago is coming and has reserved that ward. They need Grandpa to move out.”

Finn Taylor frowned. *‘That’s ridiculous. You can give any other ward to that person once others are discharged. But now that he’s still hospitalized, how can you just chase him out?’*

“Everyone will be at the hospital later in the afternoon.”

Finn Taylor nodded. “Alright, I’ll follow you there.”

That afternoon, Finn Taylor accompanied his wife to the hospital.

As expected, all of the Larson family members were unwelcoming to the former. However, nobody dared to say a word because of Yvette Larson’s condition.

“Quince Larson, what are we going to do about Grandpa’s ward?” Since Quince Larson was now the temporary family head, he had the responsibility to lead the family. Now, he had to deal with whatever problems the family faced.

“Wait here. I’ll go talk to the director.” Quince Larson was helpless too. In fact, he really didn’t want to meddle in this matter.

In fact, he even hoped that his grandpa would die as soon as possible. Only then would he have a firm hold on the position of family head.

Besides, he'd be able to make Finn Taylor take the blame for him forever. *'If Grandpa wakes up from his coma, I will be done for.'*

Yet, he had no other choice. As the temporary family head, he had to do something.

After Quince Larson headed to the director's office, Finn Taylor told his wife that he was going to the washroom and left as well.

Quince Larson knocked on the door of the director's office before entering.

As soon as he walked in, he presented the director with a name card. "Hello, Director. I'm Quince Larson. I'm the chairman of Larson Corporation and the head of San Francisco's Larson family. My grandpa—Joseph Larson—is currently being warded in your hospital."

The director didn't even spare the name card a glance. "It's good that you're here. I was just about to look for you. Your grandpa's ward has been given to someone else. You guys have to move out."

Quince Larson put on a fake smile. "Director, don't do that. My grandpa is already there, and we shouldn't move him out so suddenly. I'm quite a well-known figure in San Francisco, so why don't you let him stay on my account? You can let me know if you need any help in the future."

*'The whole Larson family knows that I'm here. It'd be humiliating if I can't settle this.'* Quince Larson had no choice but to try to convince the director.

Yet, the director merely sneered. "Who are you? Do you think the Larson family is so impressive? Your family was nothing more than a joke at the Gold family's banquet. Besides, you were the one who kneeled down, weren't you? Don't think that I don't know who you are. Get out now!"

Quince Larson had been exposed, and he couldn't help but feel humiliated.

Just then, Finn Taylor walked in. "Director, what's going on? Why are you so worked up?"

Seeing that it was Finn Taylor, Quince Larson flared up. "What are you doing here?"

## **Chapter 147: On Whose Account?**

Quince Larson hadn't even managed to settle the matter before Finn Taylor barged in. Naturally, the former felt that the latter was here to make a joke out of him.

Of course, Finn Taylor didn't even spare Quince Larson a glance. He looked at the director and asked, "Is there a patient by the name of Joseph Larson who needs to move out of his ward?"

The director rolled his eyes. "What's wrong with your family? Didn't I just tell you that you need to move out? Why are you guys coming to look for me one after another?"

Finn Taylor looked at the director. "A call."

He passed the director his phone.

The latter was about to refuse, but he stole a glance at the contact info. It was Carl Gillies—the president of San Francisco’s chess association!

*‘Could it really be him?’* Because he had no clue whether it was really him, the director chose to pick up the call.

“Director Kleine, please do me a favor. The young man who passed you the phone is a good friend of mine.”

Director Kleine’s face drained of all color, and he said, “Mr. Gillies, I’m in a tough spot. The person from Chicago is an important client—he requested for that ward.”

“Director Kleine, can you tell who I am?”

“Third Master Gold?”

“That’s right. This young man is my friend too.”

By then, the director had already stood up from his chair. Perhaps he could still consider himself to be of the same generation as Carl Gillies, but Third Master Gold of Chicago was a senior to him. “Third Master Gold, it’s really difficult for me to do this. But since you’re the one asking, I’ll do it for your sake.”

After hanging up the phone, the director handed the phone back to Finn Taylor. “I’m so sorry, sir. I didn’t know that you were friends with Third Master Gold. You don’t have to move out of the ward. The Old Master is old, and I’ll arrange for the best doctors here to treat him.”

Finn Taylor nodded and thanked the director. He then left the director’s office.

Quince Larson—who was still in the office—felt terribly awkward. *‘Finn Taylor resolved what I couldn’t with just a phone call. Doesn’t that mean that I can’t even compare to Finn Taylor?’*

When Quince Larson returned to the rest of the family, everyone was curious about what had happened.

The temporary family head simply told everyone that he had settled the matter.

Everyone was overwhelmed with emotions. “As expected of Quince—he really deserves to be the head of our family. Look at how capable he is; he managed to solve the matter so easily.”

“That’s right. Just look at the Larson family’s status—even the Sullivan family of New York and the Gold family of Chicago can’t wait to work with us.”

The collaboration between the Gold family and Larson family had begun. It was clearly because the Larson family was afraid of San Francisco’s other prominent families targeting them that they had begged the Gold family for a collaboration.

But now, they had flipped the entire situation around. It sounded as though the Gold family couldn’t wait to work with them.

The Larson family thought the best of themselves, and that was why they were still so unsuccessful to this day.

“You’re all too kind with your words. It wasn’t Quince’s credit alone—it’s because of all our efforts in making the Larson family a top-tier family in San Francisco that the director agreed to our request.”

Just like that, the Larson family continued praising and hyping each other up.

The director walked over just then, wanting to let them know that they wouldn’t need to move out of the ward.

What he heard was the Larson family putting down the Gold family.

In an instant, the director lost his cool. “Do you think I allowed you to stay in this ward because of your family’s name? Who are you? Do you think you deserve my respect?”

The director’s fierce stance stunned the entire Larson family. *‘What’s going on? Do you mean that the director didn’t give in to us because he was afraid of our family?’*

“Who are you? What do you mean?”

“I’m the director of this hospital. What I’m saying is that your Larson family doesn’t have any right to bargain with me. If not for Third Master Gold, do you think I’d let you have this ward?”

*‘Third Master Gold?’* The Larson family glanced at each other. *‘There is only one person in the entire Larson family who can use Third Master Gold’s name—the useless matrilocal son-in-law, Finn Taylor.’*

However, nobody in the Larson family was willing to admit to that.

Just then, Finn Taylor walked over with a basket of fruits. He placed it in the ward, instructing the caretaker to cut them up for any visitors. He even told the caretaker to give Yvette Larson a call if anything happened.

With that, he walked out of the ward and up to the director. “Mr. Kleine, I’m sorry for causing you trouble.”

“It’s no trouble at all. You’re the Third Master’s friend, so you’re my friend too. You don’t have to thank me for such a trivial matter.”

Finn Taylor nodded and said to his wife, “It’s settled. Let’s go home.”

He didn’t say a word to the Larson family.

That infuriated them. *‘Since when did this piece of trash start ignoring us? We have to reason it out with him, but it’ll be embarrassing if that director puts us down again.’*

As Finn Taylor drove home, his spouse looked at him. “Your relationship with the Gold family seems to be improving. They’re even interfering in our family’s private matters now.”

Yvette Larson had thought long and hard about this over the past few days. As a woman, she was sure that Kimberly Gold liked her husband, but she didn't know whether her husband liked Kimberly Gold too.

What she was afraid of was the Gold family slowly interfering in the Larson family's private matters.

"Come on. I'll bring you for a meal." Instead of answering her question, he changed the topic of their conversation.

Yvette Larson was stumped. "What are we eating?"

"I recently found a restaurant that makes mean barbecued ribs. Unfortunately, their recipe is a little strange."

"What do you mean?"

"Forget that there aren't any bones in their ribs, but they don't add any sugar to their ribs either."

Yvette Larson was confused for a moment, but she finally understood what her husband meant. He was trying to say that she was being jealous for nothing.

"Yvette, it's just business between the Gold family and me. As for Kimberly Gold, she's just a young brat. You don't have to worry about her."

Yvette Larson huffed but remained silent. However, her mood had obviously improved compared to the previous week.

Still, Finn Taylor brought his wife to that restaurant and ordered vinegared ribs without any sugar.

...

"Master, is that person we're going against talented at chess?"

Two women had just touched down at San Francisco's airport, and they caught the attention of everyone.

It wasn't just the men who were staring at them. Even women had their eyes fixed on these two women.

They were none other than Jessica Daimler and Megan Daimler.

## **Chapter 148: I'd Appreciate Your Guidance**

Jessica Daimler was the American Chess Association's president and the top female chess player in the world. She had arrived in San Francisco because of the match with Carl Gillies.

Faced with her disciple's question, Jessica Daimler merely shook her head. "No. Maybe I'll put it in another way—there's nobody in this whole country that is my match."

Jessica Daimler dared to say so.

If anyone else had said so, they definitely would've been lambasted by all other chess players.

But Jessica Daimler wasn't bragging. It was true that she could beat every single other player in this country.

If anyone didn't want to admit to that, they could have a round against her.

Jessica Daimler was confident of thrashing her opponents.

"Master, since he isn't talented, why did you want to have a match against him?"

In recent years, Jessica Daimler no longer played as many games as she had in the past. On the one hand, she had toned down with age and no longer enjoyed the fierce competition. On the other hand, she couldn't find anyone who was capable enough to go against her.

"Because of you."

"Because of me?" Megan Daimler was curious about what this had to do with her.

"All these years, you've been building up your own reputation. But every time anyone talks about you, they always add that you're my disciple. While they're not wrong, it's limiting your growth. You have to overcome this barrier, so I've chosen ten people for you. Each of these ten people is a top player in the country and is known for different things. The one I've chosen for today is the president of San Francisco's chess association."

"I'll help you defeat him—completely. I'll then bring you to more tournaments, and you'll have to win every single one of them. Wait and see if I'll chop your hand off if you dare to lose even one of them."

Megan Daimler held her head up high, her expression full of confidence. "Master, don't worry. I won't lose."

Megan Daimler wasn't being boastful; she was simply confident in herself because she was Jessica Daimler's disciple.

...

San Francisco's chess association.

A crowd had already gathered because everyone knew that Jessica Daimler was going to appear.

Of course, some young men were even waiting for Megan Daimler's appearance.

"Mr. Gillies, when will Ms. Daimler come?" Everyone in the association was especially respectful toward Jessica Daimler.

It was all because she had once said that none of them even had the right to enter the American Chess Association, so they had no right to address her as 'president.' They could only address her as 'Ms. Daimler.'

At that time, Jessica Daimler had been terribly arrogant while saying that, and many had been offended. Yet, these people simply felt that it was her right to do so.

After all, it was Jessica Daimler they were talking about. If she wasn't this arrogant, she never would've become the top female chess player in the world.

"What's the hurry? She's already landed, and she'll be here soon."

"Mr. Gillies, is Megan Daimler really coming with her?" It was obvious that there were many who cared about the young and beautiful Megan Daimler.

"Look at all of you. Can't you be more mature? You should be thinking about how to play against her. All of you are such idiots! Do you think she'd fall for any of you?" Carl Gillies was easy-going and was just trying to make a joke.

Of course, the others weren't angered by his joke either. "Mr. Gillies, you make it sound so easy. Does that mean you can defeat Ms. Daimler so that she'll respect you too?"

Carl Gillies's expression darkened. *'Why do they have to bring this up? If I could beat Jessica Daimler, I'd be the American Chess Association's president! Thankfully, I've already invited Finn Taylor. Given his skills, he won't lose too badly to Jessica Daimler even if he does lose. In that case, Jessica Daimler would see that I'm not any worse in raising disciples than her. This would mean that I would be able to preserve my dignity at the very least.'*

"Carl Gillies, are you ready to lose?" Just then, someone strolled over while chuckling.

Of course, it was Third Master Gold. Following closely behind him was Kimberly Gold.

"Oh, you're finally here, you old b\*stard. Don't worry. I'm not going to lose." Although he said so, Carl Gillies understood that he wasn't going to win either.

However, Third Master Gold didn't harp on the topic because even he knew that Carl Gillies had no chance of winning.

He was only here to see whether Finn Taylor or Jessica Daimler would take the victory.

*Bang! Bang! Bang!*

Just then, a loud noise could be heard outside.

Two beautiful women strolled into San Francisco's chess association while surrounded by throngs of people.

*'They're here!'* Everyone could clearly see that the two women were finally here.

"Ms. Daimler." Even with his status, Carl Gillies had to address Jessica Daimler respectfully.

However, the latter just nodded blandly. It was obvious just how vastly different their statuses were.



“You’re finally here, Jessica Daimler.” On the other hand, Third Master Gold was much more casual. Since he wasn’t part of the chess circle, there was no need for any talk of seniority between him and Jessica Daimler.

Given the Gold family’s resources, the chess association would even ask them for sponsorship sometimes. This was why he dared to address Jessica Daimler by her full name.

“Oh, you’re here too, Third Master Gold.” As expected, Jessica Daimler replied to him.

“I’m here to watch you play.”

But a cold glance flashed past Jessica Daimler’s eyes. She was a little curious. *‘It’s clear that Carl Gillies will definitely lose the match. Why did he bother telling Third Master Gold about this? Isn’t he afraid of being embarrassed?’*

“Carl Gillies, I don’t have much time. Why don’t we start now?” Jessica Daimler didn’t like to waste any time and got straight to the point.

As for Carl Gillies, he had already set a chessboard up and was just waiting for Jessica Daimler’s arrival.

The latter glanced at the chessboard but didn’t sit down. She turned to her disciple. “Sit. Let Mr. Gillies give you some guidance. Otherwise, you might get too cocky about yourself.”

Jessica Daimler seemed to be chiding her disciple, but Carl Gillies’s expression fell. *‘What does she mean? Didn’t we agree to have a match with each other? How can she suddenly get her disciple to play against me instead? Seniority is of priority in this circle. I’m the president of San Francisco’s chess association, so why should I have to play against Jessica Daimler’s disciple?’*

“Ms. Daimler, I think that’s not right. Won’t I be at fault if I defeat your disciple?” Carl Gillies was fuming. He hadn’t understood the situation earlier, but he did now.

Jessica Daimler was trying to use him to raise her disciple up.

*‘How can you do that? We had a deal, but you’re going back on your word. This is ridiculous.’*

“That doesn’t matter. If she loses, you don’t have to take it to heart either. She’s not that skilled anyway.”

Carl Gillies roared, “Since that’s the case, why don’t you give my disciple some guidance as the American Chess Association’s president, Ms. Daimler?”

## **Chapter 149: I’d Appreciate Your Guidance**

Carl Gillies was clearly targeting Jessica Daimler with his words.

As expected, the latter fumed as soon as she heard that. *'He expects me to go against his disciple? He's clearly looking down on me. Does he think that he's too good for me and that I'm only worthy of a match against his disciple?'*

Yet, she never once stopped to think that she was the one who had made this proposition first. "Carl Gillies, are you saying that your disciple is worthy of playing against me?"

"What do you mean by that, Ms. Daimler? It's just guiding our juniors. Don't you think you're going too far with your words?"

Although all of San Francisco Chess Association's members respected Jessica Daimler, they had spent much more time with Carl Gillies. Naturally, they felt disgruntled that he was being bullied.

"Ms. Daimler, if you're unwilling to teach Mr. Gillies's disciple, why should he teach yours? Don't you think you're having double standards?"

Jessica Daimler was furious. *'I'm the most powerful person in the whole country when it comes to chess. All chess players ought to listen to me. How dare they all rebuke me today?'*

She was terribly displeased, but she had no choice but to give in when facing the angry crowd. "Fine. Since that's the case, let's have our disciples play against each other first. The one who loses will be replaced by his or her master. How's that?"

Although Jessica Daimler's suggestion still put Carl Gillies at a disadvantage, he didn't seem to be in any place to refuse.

"Fine." Left with no other choice, Carl Gillies could only agree to it.

But now, there was a huge question: Who was the disciple that Carl Gillies was talking about?

Everyone in San Francisco's chess association could be considered as Carl Gillies's disciple, but not a single one of them would be a match for Megan Daimler.

This would mean that Carl Gillies would still have to play against the latter eventually. Then, his reputation would still be tarnished.

It would be fine if he won. But if he lost, he might even have to resign from his position as the chess association's president.

"Who's the disciple he's talking about?"

"It's not me, for sure. I'll definitely lose to Megan Daimler."

"You're making it seem as though I'd be able to win against her."

The members were all discussing the matter, but even after scanning through all their members, they didn't see anyone who had even the slightest chance of winning.

Just then, Finn Taylor seemed to stroll in without knowing what had happened.

Carl Gillies finally relaxed when he saw Finn Taylor. “Ms. Daimler, my disciple is finally here. Tell your disciple to get ready to be wrecked.”

Jessica Daimler’s gaze narrowed. She had to resist the urge to slap Carl Gillies. *‘I’m not one to be trifled with.’*

“You must be Mr. Gillies’s disciple. Come on; let’s have a round.” No sooner had Finn Taylor arrived than a beautiful girl named him as Carl Gillies’s disciple.

*‘This... What’s going on? I don’t think we agreed on this. Forget it. I’ll ask Carl Gillies about this after this person leaves. I’ll just go with the flow for now.’*

“Er... I guess so.”

Finn Taylor’s appearance had caught the attention of everyone, especially those from San Francisco’s chess association. They couldn’t help but wonder where this man had come from. *‘Why have we never met him?’*

“Who is he?”

“I don’t know. I’ve never seen him in my life.”

“Is he Mr. Gillies’s new disciple?”

“That can’t be. This is such an important match, and he’s letting his newest disciple represent him?”

Through their words, it seemed like Finn Taylor was a nobody to everyone.

This made Jessica Daimler understand one thing: Carl Gillies could never beat her.

He was disgusting her with a new disciple.

*‘How despicable!’* Of course, Jessica Daimler had never thought that her actions were despicable as well.

Finn Taylor and Megan Daimler took their respective seats.

Although Megan Daimler was a young girl, she was arrogant and haughty. Seeing that she had the advantage, she allowed Finn Taylor to make the first move.

While others always gave in because of their own advantage, Finn Taylor would never. He made his first move and declared war on his opponent.

Everyone’s eyes were glued to the board. Even Third Master Gold and Carl Gillies couldn’t tear their eyes away from the board.

Only Jessica Daimler couldn’t be bothered to spare the chessboard even one glance. *‘Finn Taylor doesn’t deserve my attention. They’re insulting me!’*

The game went on, and Megan Daimler was gradually taking longer to make every move.

Her expression of disdain had turned into a serious one. She had thought nothing of Finn Taylor just moments earlier, but now, she had been proven wrong.

In less than ten minutes, she was already on the losing end.

She had given her all, but she knew in her heart that the result was already set. All her efforts only served to delay the end of the game.

Eventually, Megan Daimler made her move with a loud thud.

She shook her head. "It's over—it's finally over."

"Yes, it's game over."

Jessica Daimler harrumphed and sneered. "It's normal to lose. Like master, like disciple. Carl Gillies, since your disciple lost, don't you think it's time for you to give Megan some guidance?"

Nobody agreed with her.

She was greeted with only silence. *'What's going on?'*

But she heard Carl Gillies say, "Ms. Daimler, it's your disciple who lost."

"What?" Jessica Daimler was in complete disbelief. *'Did I hear that wrongly?'*

She turned to the chessboard but clearly saw that her disciple had lost—the latter had been completely defeated.

At that moment, Jessica Daimler felt so embarrassed that she was at a loss for words.

Just then, Finn Taylor pointed at the chessboard. "I'd appreciate your guidance, Ms. Daimler."

Finn Taylor had been exceptionally respectful with his words, but it sounded nothing more than ridicule to Jessica Daimler.

She had set the rules. Now that her disciple had lost, she would be going back on her word if she didn't play against the other. Yet, it would be no different from losing even if she were to win this match once she sat down.

Given her position as the American Chess Association's president, she had to play against the disciple of San Francisco Chess Association's president instead of the president himself.

That would be a huge stain on her reputation.

Jessica Daimler couldn't help but feel as though she had just shot herself in the foot, yet she couldn't say that.

After giving it much thought, Jessica Daimler eventually took her seat.

## **Chapter 150: Representing America**

After giving it much thought, Jessica Daimler eventually took her seat. *'I can't be a sore loser. Even if it means embarrassing myself, I can't earn a reputation of being one to go back on my words. Otherwise, my reputation in the circle will be ruined.'*

The chessboard was set.

Of course, given Jessica Daimler's status, she wouldn't make the first move.

She handed a notebook over to Megan Daimler. "Keep count of my moves. If I don't win the game within 50 moves, I'll admit defeat."

This was the only method Jessica Daimler had thought of to salvage the situation. Given her status, it would be no different from a defeat if she needed more than 50 moves to win against this novice.

Jessica Daimler had full confidence in herself, but nobody thought that she was wrong in doing so. Of course, if she had boasted about her abilities in front of her mentor, they definitely would've reprimanded her.

But it was Finn Taylor she was going against. He was a stranger that nobody knew.

They had no feelings for Finn Taylor. In fact, they even felt that he wasn't deserving of playing a match against Jessica Daimler.

It was just a feud between Jessica Daimler and Carl Gillies. Nonetheless, neither of them was willing to give in to the other.

*'You should've known to back off after beating Megan Daimler. If not for your words, everyone would've been able to leave just fine. But because you asked for Jessica Daimler's guidance, you angered her. She's not going to let you off just like that.'*

Megan Daimler did a quick count of the notebook's number of lines.

Then, the game between Finn Taylor and Jessica Daimler started.

As expected of the American Chess Association's president, Jessica Daimler didn't even hesitate before making her moves.

The audience couldn't even keep up with her speed. Often, they were still thinking about why she had made a certain move even after she had done so.

Just like that, they progressed to the 25th move.

By then, the two players had already set the stage and were starting to reel in their nets.

Everyone could clearly see that Jessica Daimler held the absolute advantage.

Third Master Gold and Carl Gillies glanced at each other, helplessness in their eyes. *'There's nothing we can do. Finn Taylor is already an excellent player. Even if we are to play together against him, we won't be his match. However, Jessica Daimler really is too talented. She's indeed the top female chess player in the world and the American Chess Association's president.'*

With every move, she conquered more of the board and vanquished even more of Finn Taylor's chess pieces.

Everyone couldn't help but sigh. *'There is no way out of this. It seems like our chess association is destined to be crushed today.'*

Yet, Jessica Daimler hesitated for a long while when she reached her 40th move. It was obvious that her hand was trembling.

In fact, her whole body was trembling.

*'What's going on?'*

"W-what?" Jessica Daimler was in slight disbelief as she uttered that word. She hesitantly made her 40th move.

Finn Taylor quickly made his move yet again. With this, he wiped out almost all of his opponent's chess pieces.

Then, the 41st move.

Finn Taylor quickly made his move yet again. Once again, many of Jessica Daimler's pieces were swept off the board.

The 42nd move.

The 43rd move.

The 44th move.

The 45th move.

With every move, Finn Taylor swept even more of Jessica Daimler's pieces off the board.

On the 49th move, it was obvious that she had lost all of her advantages.

She made her 49th move, but she had nearly no pieces left on the chessboard.

In the end, she couldn't even make her 50th move.

"I lost." Jessica Daimler's words left the audience dumbstruck.

Everyone's eyes looked as though they were about to fly out of their socket.

They stared at the chessboard, overwhelmed with emotions. *'Jessica Daimler lost—to a young man no less! If word about this gets out, it will surely shake the whole chess community!'*

But just then, Finn Taylor made the move for Jessica Daimler.

With that one move, Finn Taylor turned the tides of the game.

Jessica Daimler was now on the winning side.

She couldn't believe her eyes—her eyes were glued to the chessboard. Only after a long while did she ask, "You mean that I didn't lose?"

Jessica Daimler didn't even seem like a top player now. She looked much more like a novice who was seeking guidance from Finn Taylor.

Jessica Daimler hadn't lost, yet she hadn't recognized that. She had even admitted defeat to Finn Taylor!

This was even more humiliating than losing the game! As the American Chess Association's president, she hadn't even been able to tell whether she had won the game.

Finn Taylor didn't reply to Jessica Daimler and simply made his move.

With that, the tides turned once again.

Jessica Daimler had lost her advantage.

Finn Taylor was once again in control of the game. "No, you lost."

Yet again, Jessica Daimler couldn't even tell whether she had won or lost the game.

*'I'm in full control of the game.'* With his actions, Finn Taylor proved to Jessica Daimler that there was always someone better no matter how good one was.

This time, Jessica Daimler was convinced of her loss. "I lost."

They were the same words she had said earlier, but the tone was completely different.

The previous time, Jessica Daimler had been a little reluctant, thinking that she had been too careless. If she had played well, Finn Taylor never would've had the chance to win.

But this time, she understood full well that she never would've been able to win against him.

This had been an exhilarating match, especially toward the end—where Finn Taylor had been in full control of the whole game.

Even Carl Gillies and Third Master Gold—who were watching on by the side—were dumbfounded.

Jessica Daimler looked at Carl Gillies. "I lost, but you didn't win either. This young man can't possibly be your disciple."

Of course, there was nothing Carl Gillies had to say. It was true that Finn Taylor's chess abilities were out of this world.

He had never ever witnessed such a chess formation in his life. There was no way he could've raised a disciple like this.

"We may be old, but it looks like there's hope for the chess community here in America." Jessica Daimler stood up and bowed to Finn Taylor, giving no care to her status. "As the American Chess Association's president, I have a shameless request. Will you represent America in the International Chess Competition?"

In recent years, the American chess team had been on the decline and was no longer respected in the international community.

Now that such a talent had appeared, Jessica Daimler naturally wanted him to represent their country.