

UNTOUCHABLE

Chapter 151: Maximus Brugel

Chess had a long history in America, yet they were now being defeated by other countries.

Jessica Daimler had always been sore about this as the American Chess Association's president. Although she had beat all the other female chess players in the world, she still trailed behind the male players.

But now, there was someone in America who could win a match against her! While it was humiliating for her, she now saw a glimmer of hope for the country's chess community.

Jessica Daimler thought that this young man would definitely accede to her request since she was already humbling herself by bowing down to him as the American Chess Association's president.

Never in a million years would she have expected to see Finn Taylor wave her off. "I'm not part of your chess community, and I have no interest in participating in some chess competition."

Rejection! She had been rejected!

Everyone was shell-shocked. *'Jessica Daimler had gone as far as to bow before him, yet he had rejected her! This young man is too arrogant! Didn't he just win a match? What's the big deal?'*

But these indignant people had never once stopped to consider that in the chess world, winners were masters.

Since Finn Taylor had won against Jessica Daimler, he had the absolute right to be this arrogant. Besides, he wasn't even being cocky. He simply didn't want to expose himself nor participate in that competition.

Jessica Daimler spoke up once again. "Sir, the American chess community has fallen behind in recent years, and we've been constantly beaten by other countries. I hope that you'll be able to represent us."

Nonetheless, Finn Taylor waved her off once again, expressing his refusal.

Afraid of making a din, Finn Taylor simply left. Anyway, he had already accomplished his mission of the day.

Once he left, Jessica Daimler turned to her disciple. "You'd better stay and handle this guy. Don't even think of coming home if you don't manage to convince him to represent us in the competition."

Since Jessica Daimler had lost the match and taken a hit to her reputation, she naturally didn't want to remain in San Francisco any longer. However, she didn't want to lose such a talent like Finn Taylor either.

As such, she left her disciple here.

Megan Daimler was stunned, but she dared not go against her master's orders.

"Carl Gillies, you should be clear of the situation the chess community here is in. You seem familiar with that young man earlier. Don't hide him all to yourself. You must introduce him to me."

Of course, Carl Gillies didn't refuse. His feud with Jessica Daimler was a personal one, but against foreigners, both of them were in the same camp.

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As soon as Finn Taylor left the chess association, he bumped into someone who he had least expected to meet—Maximus Brugel.

'This person is an elder of Peregrine Hall. Why's he in San Francisco?'

"Come with me." Maximus Brugel said only three words, but Finn Taylor dared not disobey him.

Since he was young, Maximus Brugel had imparted a great deal of knowledge and skills to Finn Taylor. It was very much thanks to the former that the latter had gotten this far.

The former led Finn Taylor to a hotel.

On the top floor.

The pair stood by the floor-to-ceiling windows, looking down toward the whole San Francisco.

"San Francisco is big, but it's also small at the same time," Maximus Brugel said vaguely.

"Master."

"Do you really still acknowledge me as your master?"

"Master, my feud with the Taylor family has nothing to do with you."

"But I'm still part of Peregrine Hall."

"Master, did they send you here?"

"It was your grandma—Frida Cameron."

"No, I don't have a grandma. What does she want?"

"She wants you to return home to take over Peregrine Hall and become the next Master Peregrine under Donovan Taylor's name."

Finn Taylor's eyes were full of fiery hatred. *'Why? I have already left the Taylor family and Peregrine Hall. I have already told myself never to cross paths with them again. Why aren't they willing to let me go? Now, I'm not even allowed to have my own name. We are biological brothers—twins—yet our treatment in the Taylor family is like night and day. Was I born just to be that person's shadow?'*

Maximus Brugel pointed at the drawer by the bed. "There's a telescope in there."

Finn Taylor walked over and took it out.

“Look over there.”

He picked up the telescope and looked in the direction Maximus Brugel was pointing in.

Through the telescope, Finn Taylor could see Yvette Larson and Clarine Landon laughing while they sat by the window in a Starbucks outlet.

Just then, a chilling gaze flashed past Finn Taylor’s eyes.

That’s right. He had seen a man in black walk past his wife and her best friend, and on that man’s clothes was the clear embroidery of Peregrine Hall’s logo.

“Master?” Finn Taylor clenched his fists and gritted his teeth, his expression extremely sour.

“Don’t worry. Nothing will happen to them, but take this as a warning from your grandma. You have only a week to decide whether to return. Make your choice.”

The anger on Finn Taylor’s face gradually dissipated. He put the telescope down and chose to take his leave after bowing to Maximus Brugel. *‘Frida Cameron, why are you still so biased? Donovan Taylor is your grandson, but am I not? It’s obvious that he went missing because he offended too many people, thinking Peregrine Hall had his back. People are probably after him, so he has no choice but to go undercover and lie low. But why do you want me to live under his name? Do you really want me dead? As long as I’m dead, Donovan Taylor’s enemies will probably think that he’s dead and forget all about their feud.’*

‘Good plan—what a great plan. I’m his twin, and nobody can tell us apart. More importantly, you’ve never liked me, so I’ve never attended any of the Taylor family’s parties. Apart from those closest to us, nobody even knows about my existence. Great, it makes perfect sense. To achieve your goal, you’re going as far as using my wife to threaten me.’

Thoughts flooded Finn Taylor’s mind as he headed home. Eventually, he decided that he had to make the trip to Chicago to meet his so-called grandma, Frida Cameron.

Just as Finn Taylor arrived home, his wife did as well.

“Did you go to Starbucks?”

Yvette Larson stared at her husband. “Were you following me?”

“No, I’m asking if you went to Starbucks.”

“Yes, I did. So what if I did? At least it’s better than going to La Feria Club, right?”

“Was it peaceful in Starbucks? Was anyone fighting? Did you get hurt?”

“Finn Taylor, what do you mean by that? Do you hope that I was hurt?”

“I’ll be going to Chicago for the next few days. Before I come back, stay at home. Don’t go anywhere—not even the office.”

Yvette Larson smiled. “What are you trying to do? Are you trying to restrict my freedom?”

Finn Taylor knew that he wouldn't be able to convince her. *'Alright, I'll just have to get the four guardians to protect her 24/7.'*

Just then, he heard someone outside ask, "Is Mr. Taylor at home?"

Chapter 152: Leave Your Money Behind

Finn Taylor and Yvette Larson had already been in a fight. When the latter heard that yet another young lady was looking for her husband, she couldn't help feeling anger rise up within her. "Good, how amazing. Yet another young lady. Come on—invite her in. I want to see where you got another vixen."

The young lady pressing the doorbell outside was none other than Megan Daimler.

She glanced at Finn Taylor. Because he was dressed plainly, she had always thought that he was just an average person. Yet, she had found out that he lived at Number One Pacific Heights.

This wasn't somewhere just anyone could live in. But after asking around, she learned that Finn Taylor was the Larson family's useless matrilocal son-in-law!

In an instant, she was dumbstruck. *'How could a useless matrilocal son-in-law stay at Number One Pacific Heights?'*

"Where are you from? You're quite beautiful. Finn Taylor, your eye for women is getting better."

Megan Daimler was only here to invite Finn Taylor to represent the country on the international stage, but it now seemed like the other woman had misunderstood her intentions. "No, I think you've misunderstood me. I just want to..."

Yvette Larson had no intention of listening to the other's explanation. "There's no need to explain yourself. Alright, I think it isn't right for me to stay here. I'll leave the two of you to talk alone."

With that, she left.

Finn Taylor was terribly annoyed and wished he could kill his subordinate. *'Didn't I go to La Feria Club to save you? Look at what's happened! The misunderstanding is only growing.'*

Finn Taylor was afraid that he wouldn't even be able to clear his name anymore.

"Mr. Taylor, have I done something wrong?" Megan Daimler asked him a little fearfully.

Although Finn Taylor had his own troubles, he was a reasonable person. Besides, this had nothing to do with her.

"Come on in." Finn Taylor invited Megan Daimler in and even poured her a cup of tea.

“Mr. Taylor, I’m here for the same matter. Master instructed me to stay here until you agree to return to Chicago with me.”

Finn Taylor nodded. “Alright, I’ll follow you back to Chicago in a few days’ time.”

“Huh?” Megan Daimler had already expected the other to reject her ruthlessly. She had already been prepared to go all-out to persuade him, but she hadn’t even said anything before Finn Taylor agreed to her request.

What she didn’t know was that she was in luck. To be honest, Finn Taylor never would’ve agreed to her request no matter how hard she tried to persuade him otherwise.

But now, he had no choice but to return to Chicago. Since he had to return, he had to give his wife an excuse.

Of course, that excuse couldn’t have anything to do with the Taylor family. Going to Chicago for an international chess competition made for a great excuse.

“Although I’m agreeing to this, I won’t accept your invitation just like this. I want your master to send me an invitation from the American Chess Association.”

Megan Daimler didn’t think twice before nodding in agreement. *‘That’s no problem at all. It’s only right that I do that.’*

“Alright, you can leave.” After they finished their discussions, Finn Taylor sent her off. *‘I need to put my affairs in San Francisco in place. Before I leave the city, I will have to make the necessary arrangements.’*

As such, he headed for Hunter Sullivan’s house and gathered the four guardians.

He simply told them that he needed to return to Chicago. As for why he was doing so, Finn Taylor didn’t bother telling them. *‘You can investigate it if you’re capable enough.’*

Finn Taylor made himself very clear: He was leaving San Francisco in their hands for the time being. If anything happened, they would be brought to question.

The four guardians nodded fervently, swearing that they’d do their utmost to protect the city.

Following that, Finn Taylor visited some sentries in San Francisco.

Only after finishing all that did he return home.

The next day, Megan Daimler visited him once again. This time, she had come with an official invitation from the American Chess Association.

The entire family was around, and Finn Taylor handed the invitation to his wife. “I need to make a trip to Chicago.”

Yvette Larson took the invitation over and analyzed it. *‘It’s real.’*

She glanced at Megan Daimler, understanding that she had maligned her the previous day.

In an instant, she felt embarrassed. "About that. I'm so sorry about yesterday."

Megan Daimler didn't want to interfere in the couple's affairs and assured the other that it was fine. Then, the topic of their conversation veered toward chess. "Ms. Larson, Mr. Taylor is very talented in chess. We've always been suppressed by other countries, so we really need his help. Please agree to this."

Yvette Larson waved her off. "Don't bother asking me about that. He can decide for himself. Who am I to make that decision for him?"

Finn Taylor was frustrated, but he didn't want to let his relationship problems be known to outsiders. "Dad, Mom, please take care of Yvette while I'm in Chicago."

Francis Larson naturally had no problem with that, but his mother-in-law started throwing a tantrum. "Hold on. What do you mean? Do you mean you're running away? Diane Taylor is missing. If you leave, who'll do the household chores then?"

Ever since Diane Taylor had been hospitalized, Finn Taylor had been the one taking care of all the household chores.

But now that he was leaving as well, Linda James would have to take over that responsibility. Of course, she refused.

However, Finn Taylor ignored her. He didn't even try to answer her.

This annoyed Linda James even more.

"Hand your money over." Linda James walked up to Finn Taylor and demanded his money.

"What do you mean?" Finn Taylor felt that the situation was absurd. *'What's she trying to do this time?'*

"Aren't you leaving? All of your money belongs to our family. You're not allowed to take even a single cent away from our family. Leave all your money here."

Finn Taylor simply replied, "Lame."

It was Megan Daimler's first time experiencing Linda James's unreasonable behavior, and she was dumbfounded.

Even the latter's daughter couldn't hold it in anymore. "Mom, can you stop embarrassing yourself?"

"Embarrassing myself? What do you mean? He's trying to steal money from our family. Do you really think that he's right? Finn Taylor, why don't you tell us? For the past three years, you've been living on our family's accounts. Have you worked or earned a single cent for our family? Who knows if you'll return after leaving this time? You'd better leave all your money behind."

It wasn't just Yvette Larson who couldn't understand that logic—even her husband couldn't. *'How much could Finn Taylor possibly have eaten or drunk in the past three years? He has always been helping out around the house as well. Besides, could all that possibly be more expensive than Number One Pacific Heights?'*

Chapter 153: Queen Felicity

Yvette Larson and her father both knew that trying to reason with Linda James was futile. As such, neither of them wanted to speak to her, much less Finn Taylor.

This meant that Linda James went on a monologue for a long time while the others ignored her.

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Yvette Larson couldn't understand why she felt a sense of longing after her husband had left. *'I should be utterly disappointed in this man, but there's been only one thought in my mind since he disappeared from my sight: I miss him!'*

Finn Taylor had followed Megan Daimler back to Chicago, not Maximus Brugel. Naturally, this meant that he headed to the American Chess Association with the latter upon reaching Chicago.

There, he spotted Jessica Daimler, who was grateful that the former had agreed to represent their country in the competition.

Then, they exchanged their contact numbers, and Jessica Daimler told him that she would inform him of the details closer to the date.

Finn Taylor left the association and arrived in front of a company named 'Felicity.'

"Ask Felicity Rouge to come and meet me," Finn Taylor told the receptionist the moment he arrived.

In an instant, the whole lobby fell into silence.

Felicity Rouge was the company's boss and was known as Queen Felicity in Chicago.

'How dare this young man call Queen Felicity by her name and even ask her to meet him? He's so disrespectful. Does he have a death wish?'

"Kick him out." The receptionist could tell that Finn Taylor was dressed plainly. *'Someone like this is obviously a vagrant at the very lowest ranks of society. How can someone like him ask to meet Queen Felicity? If Queen Felicity finds out about this, we'll be dead! It's best to just kick him out now.'*

Seeing that they were about to get violent with him, Finn Taylor couldn't help but sneer. "Are you sure you want to beat me up?"

The receptionist laughed. "What, can't I? Are you Queen Felicity's husband or her boyfriend?"

Finn Taylor shook his head and answered earnestly, "I'm her father."

'Bullsh*t!'

Queen Felicity was idolized by everyone in the company. It naturally sounded as though Finn Taylor was insulting her, so nobody could hold themselves back anymore.

A few security officers quickly rushed up, wanting to beat Finn Taylor up.

“What’s all this fuss about?” The elevator doors opened just then, and they heard a voice.

When they heard that voice, their faces blushed, and they backed down in fear.

It was none other than Queen Felicity—she wasn’t someone to be trifled with. She was definitely a vicious character within Chicago’s business circle.

In the short span of three years, she had risen up from an insignificant character to being able to stand on the same level as the city’s top-tier families. Of course, she had used underhanded and vicious methods to get to where she was.

Nobody even knew how many people had died in her hands. Everyone knew only one thing: Don’t provoke Queen Felicity.

All they could do now was hope that she wouldn’t get mad.

“You’re such a big shot now. I’m about to get thrown out just for asking to meet you.” Finn Taylor—who was surrounded—finally spoke up.

The moment he did so, everyone’s hearts fell. *‘If he offends Queen Felicity, we might very well get dragged into it as well.’*

Yet, Queen Felicity didn’t flare up. Her face was filled with panic, and she rushed over, pushing everyone aside.

Then, she looked closely at Finn Taylor. “Mr. Taylor, you’re back?”

“Oh, am I not welcome here?”

Finn Taylor’s reply scared Queen Felicity stiff. “Of course not. You’re always welcome here.”

Three years ago, Queen Felicity had been nothing more than a hostess at a nightclub. It was then that Finn Taylor had spotted her. He told her that he was about to establish a company in Chicago and needed a spokesperson, and she was his top choice.

At that time, she had thought that Finn Taylor was mad. However, he had used only ten days to kill every single one of those who had once humiliated her.

Even after three years, those images were still fresh in her mind. From then on, she became Finn Taylor’s spokesperson.

Felicity Incorporated was now one of the largest companies in all of Chicago, but Queen Felicity knew full well that it was all thanks to Finn Taylor’s support that she had come so far.

‘Without him, I would’ve been dead a long time ago. How dare my subordinates offend him today?’ She was in a frenzy.

Thud!

Queen Felicity fell onto her knees in front of Finn Taylor, not caring about her own dignity. “Mr. Taylor, I’ve been loyal to you and have been protecting this company for you.”

“Good! Good! Good!” Finn Taylor seemingly praised her and continued, “Here! I’ll reward you with some burgers made from offal.”

With that, someone brought a box in.

Finn Taylor opened it—inside was a burger made from offal.

It was a revolting sight.

Everyone’s faces were tense as they looked at Queen Felicity, wondering if she would actually eat it. *‘Queen Felicity is a powerful lady who has the whole company under her command. Would she really be afraid of this young man?’*

‘Queen Felicity is going to explode. This young man is done for.’

Queen Felicity stared at that burger, caught in a dilemma as she wondered whether to eat it. She considered her options: *‘If I eat it, I might die. But if I don’t, I’ll surely die.’*

Without any hesitation, Queen Felicity picked up the burger and stuffed it into her mouth, clearing the entire box.

Finn Taylor was pleased with what he saw.

Three years ago, he had already predicted that the Taylor family would chase him out of Chicago. However, he was sure that he would eventually return. This was why he had set up a company and kept some of his men here.

But now that three long years had passed, he wasn’t sure if these people would still remain loyal to him. As such, he had to test them one by one.

Queen Felicity’s performance pleased Finn Taylor. “Not bad. It was a normal burger; you passed my test.”

“Ah!” Queen Felicity let out a huge sigh of relief as she collapsed onto the ground. *‘As expected, I made the right choice. Thank god I ate that burger; otherwise, I’d be a corpse by now.’*

Finn Taylor headed to Queen Felicity’s office, where she took out the company’s reports for him. However, he waved her off. “You don’t have to let me see them. I know all about the company’s financials, including whatever you’ve taken for yourself. You’re still alive because what you’ve taken is still within my permissible limits.”

In an instant, Queen Felicity’s back was drenched in sweat.

Chapter 154: Biased Old Lady

Queen Felicity was flabbergasted. *'I thought that Finn Taylor wouldn't know anything about the company's affairs since he hasn't been in Chicago for three years. Besides, I've always been very careful. Not a single person in the company knows about what I've done, but he knows everything! He really has everything under his control!'*

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Chicago, the Taylor family.

Frida Cameron's gaze was set on Maximus Brugel. "Mr. Brugel, didn't you say that you'd bring him back?"

Maximus Brugel's gaze was meaningful. "He's back. He just hasn't returned to the Taylor family's residence."

Frida Cameron was overwhelmed with emotions. *'He's back. Everything will be much easier to handle now.'*

At that moment, Wendy Jensen glanced at Frida Cameron. "Mom, do you really have to be so ruthless?"

That old lady pounded her walking stick on the ground. "Are you feeling remorseful? You'd better mind your own business."

Wendy Jensen was dejected because the old lady was about to do something she didn't want to see.

After everyone had fallen asleep that night, Finn Taylor took his first step into the Taylor family's residence in three years.

He pushed his room door open. As he switched on the lights, he saw everything covered in a thick layer of dust.

Nobody had entered his room in three years, much less cleaned it. It was as though he didn't even belong to the family.

Finn Taylor could only shake his head while cleaning the room up.

The second day, the old lady spotted her grandson in the living room as soon as she woke up.

"You unfilial thing, how dare you not come home immediately to greet me once you returned to Chicago? Where have you been?" The old lady was sure that Finn Taylor had crawled onto some woman's bed the previous day since he hadn't returned home.

And now, he wasn't even taking the initiative to greet her!

The old lady had grown up in Chicago and was extremely traditional. In her opinion, she was the Taylor family's eldest and the most senior member. That meant that everything she said was the law, even if it was wrong.

Finn Taylor was just a young man. He was wrong to go against her or rebuke her.

"Did you call me back just to pretend to be him?"

"It'd be an honor for you." The old lady's eyes were filled with viciousness.

"Should I thank you then?"

"Do you not want to do that? You should know what will happen to that woman in San Francisco if you refuse." The old lady was threatening Finn Taylor, and that was exactly what he hated the most.

Clank!

Finn Taylor slammed a dagger on the table. "You should very well know that I can kill you right here and now."

The old lady stumbled and took a few fearful steps back upon seeing that dagger. "Are you going to kill me? I'm your grandma!"

"Is that so? I think you previously said that I'm not worthy of being your grandson, so why have you suddenly become my grandma?"

In this tense atmosphere, Maximus Brugel walked over. "Finn Taylor, put away your dagger."

On Maximus Brugel's account, Finn Taylor finally picked up his dagger and put it away.

"Ma'am, do you still remember what you promised me?"

The old lady remained silent in contemplation.

Ten minutes later, she finally spoke again. "Ask them to return. Give the command: Nobody from Peregrine Hall is allowed to touch that woman."

Maximus Brugel nodded. *'I've finally managed to diffuse this tense situation.'*

"Give your dagger to me. I'll give the order right away." Maximus Brugel reached out toward Finn Taylor, who handed the dagger to the former without any hesitation.

He had only used it to scare the old lady. He wouldn't even need any weapons if he really intended on killing her.

However, he had never even considered doing so. He didn't want to bear that responsibility for the rest of his life.

Besides, that old lady hadn't apologized to him. She couldn't die just yet.

"Tomorrow, you'll officially take the title of Master Peregrine in Donovan's name. You'd better not mess up." The old lady was still a little hesitant. Initially, her plan had been to kidnap Yvette Larson and bring her to Chicago.

Once she had Yvette Larson, she wouldn't need to be afraid of Finn Taylor doing anything funny.

However, Maximus Brugel had argued with her for a long time. They eventually reached a compromise, which led to the current situation.

It was an unhappy reunion for Finn Taylor and the old lady. However, the former had already expected such an outcome.

The news of Donovan Taylor returning to the Taylor family and was going to be appointed as Master Peregrine spread throughout Chicago.

There were four most prominent families in Chicago: Ferguson, Crawford, Hamilton, and Mackenzie. These four families were also the four most powerful families in the city.

Now, these families' heads were in discussion.

Russell Ferguson: "That brat from the Taylor family is back!"

Elijah Crawford: "Yes, I thought he was dead."

Andrew Hamilton: "The Taylor family has probably committed too many sins that the heavens are punishing them now. Jacob Taylor died, and his son is a good-for-nothing. I think this is the end for Peregrine Hall."

Edward Mackenzie: "You shouldn't say that. We're part of Peregrine Hall after all."

Andrew Hamilton: "You're not wrong in saying that, but I've never sworn loyalty to the Taylor family."

Elijah Crawford: "We're no match for the Taylor family for now. We'll just have to wait for that old lady to die. Once she does, it'll be our chance to rise up and take our piece of the pie."

Russell Ferguson: "Since we're already talking about this, I'd better say my piece. When that time comes, we'll fight it out together. Don't you dare try to play any dirty tricks."

Edward Mackenzie: "Of course. The four of us were the most insignificant families out of all 100 families in Peregrine Hall. It was only because we formed an alliance that we're way above all of them today."

"Speaking of that, I don't understand why Jacob Taylor sent the Sullivan family to New York, the Scott family to Seattle, and the Kennedy family to Washington. He left only the Yeats family here in Chicago."

"The Yeats family—they're not even in Chicago anymore. I heard that they're in San Francisco now. I really don't understand what's in the Taylor family's minds."

"Who cares? If they were still here in Chicago, do you think we'd have the chance to have our day?"

"You're right. Without their help, the Taylor family could only rely on other families. I bet they don't even know that we're not loyal to them."

In reality, all four of Chicago's most prominent families had already started rebelling against the Taylor family.

Of course, the Taylor family was clear about this too. Yet, there was nothing they could do about it.

Jacob Taylor had been gravely ill, Donovan Taylor was incompetent, Wendy Jensen was powerless, and Frida Cameron was old and weak.

The Taylor family was at the end of their road and was no match for the four families. Now, they were only just barely holding onto Peregrine Hall as well.

A war was bound to break out between the four families and the Taylor family one day.

Chapter 155: Drink Some Urine, Finn Taylor

The succession ceremony of Master Peregrine proceeded as planned.

All the prestigious families of Chicago had practically fought each other for a place at the ceremony.

It was a flamboyant affair. After all, a starving camel was still bigger than a horse.

At the sight of such an awe-inspiring scene, the four families of Chicago put off the idea of fighting against the Taylor family for now. *'It seems like it isn't time yet. We don't have a high chance of winning the war.'*

Under the old lady's watchful gaze, Finn Taylor took his seat as Master Peregrine under the identity of Donovan Taylor.

Then, each family went forward to pledge their allegiance to Finn Taylor and Peregrine Hall. Naturally, Finn Taylor took their words with a huge pinch of salt.

At the end of the ceremony, Frida Cameron, Wendy Jensen, and Finn Taylor had a 'family' meal.

The old lady let out a kind smile, expressing her satisfaction with her grandson's performance today. She even said that she would definitely treat him well in the future as long as he kept up his performance.

Finn Taylor couldn't help but sneer inwardly. *'The old lady is obviously insincere with her words. Since when has she ever thought of me as her grandson ever since I was born? Her acting is terrible.'*

But Finn Taylor felt drowsiness overwhelm him just then, and he collapsed onto the table. Before he blacked out, his gaze was exceptionally vicious.

This family meal was the last chance he was giving the Taylor family, yet they had still let him down.

The old lady placed her finger under Finn Taylor's nose. Realizing that he was still breathing, she exploded. "What's going on? Didn't I tell you to put poison in it? Why did you swap it out for a drug instead?"

This was an important move to the old lady, but it was one Wendy Jensen hated to see.

The former wanted Finn Taylor dead. Since Finn Taylor had already accepted the title of Master Peregrine in Donovan Taylor's name, he had to die to keep this a secret. Only then would Donovan Taylor be able to live under Finn Taylor's identity once he returned.

Although she felt terrible getting Donovan Taylor to live under an assumed identity, he would still be able to live without any enemies. Besides, he would have the title of Master Peregrine in Peregrine Hall's history—if even just for a single day.

Yet, all her plans had been ruined by Wendy Jensen.

The latter fell onto the ground. “Mom, he’s my son. I can’t bear to do that. Besides, I think it’ll be more beneficial to keep him alive. Think about it, Mom. Donovan has just been crowned Master Peregrine. It’ll definitely spark suspicion if he suddenly dies. Why don’t we just lock Finn Taylor up in the dark pool for now? He must be useful to us in the future.”

The dark pool she spoke of was a private prison. Many who offended prominent figures in the business world would suddenly disappear.

It was possible that they were still alive, locked up in the dark pool.

There, they lived a life worse than death. They were neither fed nor clothed well.

One had to defeat those around them to survive—it was survival of the fittest.

Wendy Jensen’s heart ached to send Finn Taylor there too, but that was the only method she could think of to save her son.

The old lady was deep in thought and finally nodded in agreement after a long time.

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When Finn Taylor awoke, he found himself in a small room.

There were dozens of people there, and every single one of them had a revolting stench from not showering for a long period of time.

Seeing that Finn Taylor was finally awake, someone kicked him and pointed at a basin on the ground. “Drink it.”

Finn Taylor looked in the direction that man was pointing in and saw a basin of urine.

This was a rule of the dark pool: Newcomers had to drink urine in front of everyone else. This was because everyone here had been humiliated.

Nobody was sure when anyone would ever leave this place or whether the person who left would talk about what the others had been subjected to while there. However, they were sure that nobody would ever talk about drinking urine.

If anyone dared to say that they’d ever been to the dark pool, it would be no different from admitting to drinking urine.

These few dozen people had their eyes glued to Finn Taylor, with ridicule in their gazes. All of them here had drunk urine before. If Finn Taylor refused to do so, they’d simply swarm up, beat him up, and pour the entire basin of urine into his mouth.

“Scram!”

Nobody was surprised by Finn Taylor's refusal. In fact, they grew even more exhilarated.

"Ah..."

"Oh..."

"Hahaha..."

They let out piercing screams as they rushed up to surround Finn Taylor. Of course, the latter wasn't going to let them have their way. With just his fists, he beat the entire gang up into a pulp.

Within a minute, groans were all that could be heard in the room. The entire group was now lying on the ground.

Finn Taylor roared, "Hurry up and drink this basin of urine."

As he said that, he smashed his fist against the door.

It was a solid metal door, but Finn Taylor had left a deep dent in it.

Everyone was shivering in fear. If Finn Taylor had punched them with even a fraction of that strength earlier, their organs probably would've ruptured.

They crawled up and formed a line, obediently taking a sip of urine one by one.

With just his fists, Finn Taylor had established his position in the dark pool.

The next day, the old lady came to visit her grandson.

Bulletproof glass separated the pair. The old lady didn't spot any injuries on Finn Taylor, much less a sense of despair in him.

That confused the old lady. "Did you not drink any urine?"

Finn Taylor glared at her. "I'm sorry to disappoint."

"Are you so used to being a matrilocal son-in-law that you kneeled down to them the moment you went in?"

"Why don't you come in and ask them yourself?"

The moment Finn Taylor said that, the old lady took a few steps back. *'There is no way I'm heading in. The dark pool is filled with the most ruthless of criminals; these people lost all humanity a long time ago. They feel that they are free to do whatever they want since there is no chance of them getting out. Nobody cares about their statuses outside. Once they entered the dark pool, all of that meant nothing.'*

"You'd better not die in there. Otherwise, your mom would've begged me for nothing."

Finn Taylor didn't reply. He felt conflicted when it came to Wendy Jensen. Ever since he was young, he had been ill-treated. Yet, his mother had never once come to his rescue.

But it was also true that she had protected and stood up for him on several important occasions.

Finn Taylor wasn't sure if she was indeed biased.

As the old lady left the dark pool and returned to the Taylor family's residence, she spotted someone at the door.

Her whole body was frozen, her hand trembled, and her heart thumped. She was overwhelmed with emotions.

The person in front of her was none other than Donovan Taylor!

Chapter 156: Pretending to Be Finn Taylor

The old lady was overwhelmed with emotions, and her whole body shook. She couldn't help herself—her precious grandson was finally back.

"Grandma, I'm back. I'm sorry for making you worry."

"It's good that you're back. Come on in." The old lady quickly picked Donovan Taylor's hands up—this was something Finn Taylor had never experienced.

At the age of seven, Finn Taylor had tried to take her hand into his, but he had been scolded and slapped instead. The old lady even said that trying to hold her hand was no different from trying to drive her to her grave.

She was biased and unreasonable, yet nobody in the Taylor family dared to do anything about it. That was why her grandson—Donovan Taylor—was being pampered now.

There was a world of difference between how the brothers were treated.

"My precious grandson, where have you been? I've missed you so much."

Donovan Taylor kneeled down on the ground. "Grandma, it's my fault for making you worry."

He was a sweet-talker and knew how to charm Frida Cameron.

Seeing her grandson kneel down, Frida Cameron's heart ached. She quickly pulled him up. "Alright, it's all good now. Everyone knows that you're Master Peregrine now, but the Taylor family has sent you to the dark pool to train you. Even if anyone wants to take revenge on you, they'll go to the dark pool and make trouble for that piece of trash."

Donovan Taylor was anxious. "Grandma, it doesn't seem good for Finn to bear that responsibility for me."

Frida Cameron was heartened by his words. "I was right about you—you're too kind. However, you have to remember that you're different from him. Do you remember how I brought you both to a fortune

teller when you were six? The fortune teller told me that you're a saint who would bring the Taylor family to greater heights while he's a demon who's only here to bring our family down."

"All these years, you've been so outstanding. You're only being hunted down now because other people are jealous of you. Take a look at him. He's been called a piece of trash and a matrilocal son-in-law all these years. The Taylor family is so lucky to have you but also unlucky to have a jinx like him."

Frida Cameron had always taken that fortune teller's words to heart. It was the latter's words that had sparked the differential treatment of the Taylor brothers.

"Grandma, can I still stay in Chicago?" Everyone thought that Donovan Taylor was in the dark pool now. It would definitely throw them off if he were to appear in Chicago now.

"No, Grandma will think of a way to kill that jinx. We'll then organize a grand funeral for him. We won't shortchange him for coming here. Once everyone is sure that he's dead, you can make your appearance." The moment the old lady saw Donovan Taylor, she had already thought of an idea: She was going to use Finn Taylor's death to return Donovan Taylor his freedom.

"Grandma, I want to go to San Francisco."

"San Francisco?" Frida Cameron pondered the possible consequences of her grandson heading to San Francisco. "Alright. You can go to San Francisco, but try to use his identity. Try not to get caught."

Of course, Donovan Taylor was nothing but obedient in front of his grandma. He wouldn't rebuke her no matter what she said.

But just then, Wendy Jensen and Maximus Brugel walked in.

Upon seeing her son, Wendy Jensen asked in surprise, "Finn, why are you back?"

But Maximus Brugel shook his head. "I'm afraid he isn't Finn Taylor."

Donovan Taylor glared at him. *'He's still biased toward Finn; he can see through me with just one glance. It seems like I can't keep him around, but Maximus Brugel has a special position in Peregrine Hall. It won't be easy to get rid of him.'*

"Not Finn?" Wendy Jensen was a little confused, but she suddenly thought of a possibility. "You're Donovan?"

Donovan Taylor stood up. "Do you not care about me anymore, Mother? Why are you so shocked that I'm back?"

The entire Taylor family cared most about him, yet his mother had always chosen to take a neutral position.

This naturally annoyed Donovan Taylor, and that was why he had said that.

"Donovan, how can you speak to your mother like that?"

Maximus Brugel chided Donovan Taylor, but Frida Cameron came to his defense. “My grandson is right. You’re not even acting like a mother, so why should your son respect you? Wendy Jensen, you should understand that Donovan is the Taylor family’s only hope. Donovan is a gift from the heavens; the other one is just a jinx.”

Maximus Brugel simply shook his head. “It was just a quack who said that he’s a jinx. Why do you still hold onto that belief after so many years? It’s been so many years. Haven’t you seen all the good things Timothy has done and all the mistakes Donovan has committed?”

Frida Cameron hit her cane against the ground. “How dare you? Maximus Brugel, the Taylor family respects you, but that doesn’t mean that you can let your mouth run loose here. You’re in no place to scold my precious grandson.”

‘Precious grandson.’ Maximus Brugel could only shake his head helplessly. ‘There’s nothing that will ever convince someone who’s unwilling to see the truth.’

The next day, Donovan Taylor boarded a flight to San Francisco.

At that moment, Finn Taylor was still in the dark pool.

Today, they had received yet another newcomer in the room. His name was George Jones, nicknamed Batman.

Legend had it that he could fly. Of course, that was just a myth—there was no way humans could fly.

He was only here because of Finn Taylor.

“You’re here?” Finn Taylor glanced at George Jones, who quickly bowed to the former.

George Jones was the former’s subordinate as well. He was here to bring Finn Taylor out of this place.

It wasn’t exactly false that he could fly. He had advanced martial arts skills, but even that was enough to help Finn Taylor leave this place.

“Boss, I have some news.”

Finn Taylor nodded before waving his hand at the others in the room.

They all headed to the bathroom. They knew that Finn Taylor was discussing some confidential matters with the newcomer.

They would simply be asking for a beating if they were to remain there.

The bathroom in the dark pool was downright filthy, and the stench was unbearable when dozens of them stood there together. However, they had no other choice.

“Boss, Donovan Taylor is back.”

“Huh?”

‘That’s a shocking piece of news. He’s been in hiding for such a long time, and he’s finally back just because I’m in the dark pool now?’

“Boss, I saw him heading for the airport before I was caught, but I don’t know where he’s flying to.”

The moment he heard that, Finn Taylor felt his heart leap out of his chest. He thought of only one place—San Francisco!

Chapter 157: Clarine Landon and Donovan Taylor’s Meeting

‘Donovan Taylor is back, but he left Chicago. Where else would he go? There’s only one place—San Francisco! Since Frida Cameron’s plan was for me to act as my brother, it’s only natural for Donovan to take my place for his own safety.’ Finn Taylor could only hope that he was wrong. Otherwise, the consequences were unimaginable.

He couldn’t even imagine how Donovan Taylor would treat Yvette Larson once he reached San Francisco, given his personality and temperament.

...

Chicago, the Taylor family.

Wendy Jensen knelt before Frida Cameron. “Mom, I’m begging you—bring Donovan back. How can you let him go to San Francisco and pretend to be Finn Taylor?”

Wendy Jensen had known nothing about this plan until her second son went missing. She had only found out after asking Frida Cameron about it.

At that time, Wendy Jensen had been fuming. *‘How could such a thing happen?’*

“What, you seem upset about me letting him go to San Francisco. Wendy Jensen, although we let that person pretend to be Donovan, you should know that there are many in Chicago who know Donovan well. Do you want Donovan to die by showing up in Chicago now?” Frida Cameron made an excuse for her actions. She thought that she was absolutely right in doing so.

“Mom, there are many other ways we can keep Donovan safe, like keeping him at home or sending him abroad. Why did you have to send him to San Francisco and ask him to pretend to be Finn Taylor?”

“So what if I did? That jinx might be a piece of trash, but he knows a lot of people in San Francisco. They’ll naturally get suspicious if he goes missing for a long time.”

“Mom, given Donovan’s personality... If he goes to San Francisco, will something happen to Finn Taylor’s wife?”

“Humph, that jinx’s wife is just a countryside bumpkin! Do you think Donovan would fall for her? Even if they do anything, Donovan must’ve been forced into that situation to protect his identity. It’d be an honor for that country bumpkin!”

Wendy Jensen didn't even know how to reason with her mother-in-law anymore. *'It'd be an honor for her husband's brother to fall for her? Liking Donovan is one thing, but how can she have such warped world views too?'*

San Francisco, the airport.

Donovan Taylor walked out of the airport and casually dumped a stack of papers into the trash can. These were all documents on Finn Taylor's life in San Francisco; he had finished reading them on the plane.

He was just about to walk out when someone yelled out, "Finn Taylor, you're back?"

Donovan Taylor was still unused to that name. Hence, he continued walking without stopping.

Clarine Landon was confused. *'Why is he ignoring me?'*

As such, she ran up to Donovan Taylor. "Hey, are you deaf? Why didn't you hear me calling you?"

Donovan Taylor was stunned. It was only then that he realized that the other had been calling for him. *'But how dare she call me deaf? How bold!'*

Just as Donovan Taylor was about to flare up, Clarine Landon said, "Diane Taylor has been discharged. I've helped you clear the misunderstanding between you and Yvette, so shouldn't you treat me to a meal?"

'A meal?' Donovan Taylor laughed slyly. *'What good luck! After eating, shouldn't we head to a hotel? I never expected Finn Taylor to know such beautiful women in San Francisco! I thought he'd be living a pathetic life, but it seems like that isn't the case.'*

"Alright. Where to?"

Clarine Landon couldn't help but feel that something was strange about Finn Taylor today, but she couldn't put her finger on it. Then, she brought Finn Taylor to a place she frequented.

As soon as Clarine Landon finished ordering, she handed the menu to Donovan Taylor.

The latter didn't even glance at it and simply said, "Let's have a bottle of red wine."

"You want to drink wine?" Clarine Landon thought it was strange; she had never seen Finn Taylor drink.

Finn Taylor didn't like drinking alcohol. After all, he had been in dangerous and precarious situations too many times in his life. Thus, he had to remain sober at all times.

Of course, Donovan Taylor couldn't care less about that. Besides, he wanted to order wine so that it'd be easier for him to do what he wanted.

Only by getting Clarine Landon drunk would he get his chance.

"I'm just trying to thank you. Let's celebrate with some wine."

Clarine Landon didn't find anything wrong with this explanation. As such, she decided not to pursue the matter.

Very quickly, the dishes and the wine arrived.

Donovan Taylor was an experienced playboy and continuously picked food up for Clarine Landon.

That intrigued Clarine Landon even more. *'Finn Taylor really feels different today. Is it just me, or is he really acting differently today?'*

After the pair had drunk some wine, Donovan Taylor suddenly reached out to grab her hand.

Because Clarine Landon had already thought that her best friend's husband was behaving strangely today, she had kept her guard up.

Now that he was doing something like that, she sobered up immediately. "Finn Taylor, what are you trying to do?"

"What do I want to do? Sleep with you, of course."

"What did you say?"

"Stop pretending. We're all adults. Why are you drinking with me if you don't want to sleep with me?"

Clarine Landon picked up her glass of wine and splashed it on Donovan Taylor. "Finn Taylor, don't you feel bad for Yvette for saying something like that? I'm her best friend."

With that, Clarine Landon ran off in a frenzy.

Donovan Taylor looked at his drenched shirt, his blood boiling. *'F*ck, stop pretending! Best friend? There are tons of people who cheat with their best friends' partners! I'll let you go today, but just you wait and see how I'll deal with you once I catch you!'*

Donovan Taylor tidied his shirt up, paid, and headed toward Pacific Heights. *'If her best friend is already this beautiful, I can't wait to see just what Finn's wife looks like.'*

Clarine Landon ran all the way home, only letting out a sigh of relief when she finally arrived home.

She had truly been shocked earlier. She couldn't understand why Finn Taylor had suddenly changed so drastically that she couldn't even recognize him. *'I have to tell Yvette about this.'*

The moment the call got through, she asked, "Yvette, have you realized that Finn Taylor has been acting strangely recently?"

Yvette Larson paused. "Do you mean that he's gone to La FERIA Club again?"

"No, I'm talking about his personality and attitude. Has anything changed?"

Yvette Larson thought carefully about it. Although she had been suspicious of Finn Taylor, his attitude toward her had never changed. "No."

"Alright, but I'm reminding you to keep an eye on him. He's back, but he was really fierce to me just now."

Chapter 158: Finn Taylor Has Changed

Clarine Landon didn't dare to delve deeper into the matter and simply said that Finn Taylor had been fierce toward her.

However, Yvette Larson seemed not to have heard that. Her focus was on how her husband was back.

"He's back! That's great!"

She had fought with him for a long time before he had left. But after he left, Yvette Larson realized that she was feeling much lonelier.

She thought long and hard about how her husband had gone to La Feria Club. *'Did he really go there to do that? But if he's someone like that, why would he endure humiliation in the Larson family for three years? Besides, he had ample opportunity to do that with me if he really wanted to. Why did I have to doubt him? The matter with the Gold family is even easier to explain. I was blinded by my jealousy. It's obvious that Kimberly Gold likes Finn, but Finn only thinks of her as a friend.'*

This short separation had cleared Yvette Larson's mind of many things. She had decided to forgive him.

Their relationship couldn't stand up to much more testing.

She packed up her things and prepared to head home.

Donovan Taylor walked out of the restaurant and headed for Pacific Heights. When he was halfway up the hill, several security officers lined up and bowed respectfully to him.

Donovan Taylor was taken aback. He had never expected Finn Taylor to be treated like this in San Francisco. *'Didn't the rumors say that he's just a useless matrilocal son-in-law? Why would a piece of trash be treated like this?'*

When he arrived at Number One Pacific Heights, he was even more surprised. *'Why is it so luxurious? I had to live in hiding, and I couldn't even eat or sleep well. Why should that piece of trash be able to live in such a luxurious house, be treated so well, and even know such beautiful women? What right does he have?'*

In an instant, Donovan Taylor exploded with jealousy. *'I'm going to ruin this all.'*

He walked into Number One Pacific Heights and saw two old people sitting on the sofa. By their side, a young girl was cleaning up the place.

On the flight here, he had already seen the photos and knew that these three were Finn Taylor's father-in-law, mother-in-law, and the family's helper—Francis Larson, Linda James, and Diane Taylor.

“Oh, you know to come back. I thought you were dead.” Because of Finn Taylor’s departure and Diane Taylor’s absence, Linda James had been forced to do the household chores for a couple of days. As such, she was full of resentment and lashed out at her son-in-law the moment she saw him.

“Shut up.”

Yet, Linda James had never expected Finn Taylor to rebuke her like that.

Instantaneously, the air in the room froze. *‘Finn Taylor has never dared to rebuke me, yet he has done so today. What is going on?’*

“What did you say?” Linda James was still in disbelief and was about to reprimand him when Donovan Taylor strolled up.

Slap!

A thunderous sound echoed in the room.

Three pairs of eyes were glued to Donovan Taylor.

The atmosphere was stiff.

‘What’s going on? Finn Taylor hit someone—Linda James! But he’s acting like nothing has happened.’

Donovan Taylor lay on the sofa, turning to Francis Larson. “Get me a glass of water.”

Francis Larson was a coward, but he never backed down when others bullied his wife. “Finn Taylor, have you gone mad?”

Slap!

Yet another thunderous sound reverberated as the former’s hand landed on Francis Larson’s face.

Now, there was only fear in the air.

Francis Larson, Linda James, and Diane Taylor looked at him in terror.

“Didn’t you hear me? Get me a glass of water. I don’t want to repeat myself again.”

Diane Taylor rushed to the kitchen to get a glass of water.

Clank!

Donovan Taylor smashed the glass onto the ground, and the shards scattered all over the ground. “Are you stupid? Did I tell you to get me water? I told him to get me a glass of water. I don’t want to repeat myself a third time.”

By this point in time, they were all terrified.

Francis Larson was so fearful that he quickly poured a glass of water and respectfully placed it before Donovan Taylor.

However, the latter didn’t reach out for it. He simply said, “It’s too cold.”

Francis Larson was a little annoyed, but thinking about the two slaps earlier, he changed it for a glass of hot water.

Still, Donovan Taylor refused to drink it. "It's too hot."

Francis Larson got another glass of warm water. Nonetheless, Donovan Taylor refused to drink it.

He pointed at it and said, "I'm not thirsty. I just want to tell you that I'll have the final say in this house from now on. I don't want to hear any complaints once I've made my decision."

Donovan Taylor's words stunned everyone. They were all confused as to why Finn Taylor seemed like a different person after returning from Chicago.

Just as Diane Taylor finished picking up all the broken shards of glass, Yvette Larson returned.

Seeing a palm imprint on her parents' faces, she chuckled and asked, "Did you two get into a fight?"

They pointed at Donovan Taylor simultaneously. "He was the one who hit us."

Yvette Larson rolled her eyes in disbelief. *'If Finn Taylor dares to hit them, pigs will be able to fly.'*

Yet, Donovan Taylor admitted to it. "That's right; I was the one who slapped them. They refused to listen to me, so they deserved it. Also, I want you to remember that I'm the head of the house. If you don't listen to me in the future, I'll hit you too."

Yvette Larson had returned home with her heart full of love toward her husband, yet she had been greeted with this. She suddenly remembered her best friend telling her that Finn Taylor had returned as a different person. *'What's going on?'*

"Finn Taylor, what do you mean by that?"

"Nothing much. I just don't want to be a useless matriloal son-in-law anymore. I want everyone to know that I'm a man who can lead this family."

The moment Donovan Taylor set his eyes on Yvette Larson, his heart had leaped with joy. He couldn't wait to spend the night and sleep with the latter.

"Diane Taylor, clean up the room. I want to take a rest."

Diane Taylor glanced at Yvette Larson.

Finn Taylor had two rooms in this house. One was the room upstairs that he shared with his wife, and the other was the guest room downstairs.

She didn't know which one Finn Taylor was talking about, but Yvette Larson pointed at the one downstairs. Thus, Diane Taylor headed to clean that room up.

Yvette Larson had already decided to accept her husband, but this was no longer the same man she knew.

Yvette Larson was disheartened. *'There is no way I'm going to let him into my room.'*

As Donovan Taylor walked into the room, he was confused. *'What's going on? Why does this family sleep on the ground floor instead of the rooms upstairs?'*

Chapter 159: Who are You?

Only late into the night did Donovan Taylor finally understand what was going on. *'I've been tricked. This isn't the room Yvette Larson is staying in. I've waited for you for a whole night for nothing!'*

Donovan Taylor flared up. He started to look for Yvette Larson's room, and he heard someone sobbing just then. *'This must be Yvette Larson's voice. I guess this is her room.'*

Thinking about how beautiful she had been earlier in the day, Donovan Taylor subconsciously swallowed his saliva. *'Finn Taylor, that b*stard! I thought he'd been humiliated by marrying into the Larson family, but look at this! He's staying in a luxurious mansion and is respected by everyone. He even has such a beautiful wife, but I was living my life in hiding outside.'*

The stark difference made Donovan Taylor terribly jealous of his twin. *'Good, I'm going to ruin everything Finn Taylor has and brag to him about it. I wonder how he'll feel once he learns of it.'*

Donovan Taylor forced his way into the room and switched the lights on.

The sudden burst of light made Yvette Larson feel uneasy. She tried to shield herself from the light to adapt to it when someone suddenly pounced on her.

Yvette Larson dodged instinctively, only to realize that it was Finn Taylor.

"Why are you trying to hide? I want to let him know that I've slept with his wife."

Yvette Larson had been crying all night while thinking about how she had also been bullied over the past three years. It had been such a struggle for the couple to get to where they were, yet they had gotten into a huge fight over La Feria Club.

Now, she had finally thought it through and was going to forgive her husband, but he had undergone such a drastic change.

Yvette Larson had sobbed her eyes out. But now, Finn Taylor was trying to force her to sleep with him.

Thankfully, she had sharp ears and heard Donovan Taylor muttering to himself. *'Let him know? That 'him' he's talking about must be Finn. Then, this person must not be Finn.'*

"You're not Finn Taylor. Who are you?" Yvette Larson screamed and shoved all her things onto the ground.

The noise woke all three of the others in the house.

When they saw Donovan Taylor trying to rape Yvette, they quickly picked up the items and threw them at him.

Of course, Donovan Taylor was nowhere near as skilled as his twin. As the trio beat him up, he could no longer stand the pain and quickly escaped.

Only when Donovan Taylor left did the remaining four of them breathe a sigh of relief.

Linda James shouted, “Finn Taylor, that b*stard. How dare he hit me?”

Now that things had progressed to such a stage, Yvette Larson believed that her mother had been telling her the truth earlier in the day.

‘But if that person isn’t Finn, who is he? He looks identical to Finn. What’s he doing here trying to act as Finn? If he’s not Finn, where’s the real Finn?’ After deep contemplation, Yvette Larson finally thought of someone—Hunter Sullivan.

Finn Taylor had been humiliated for three years and had only started rising up because of Hunter Sullivan’s company. Besides, Hunter Sullivan always seemed to be present whenever something happened to them.

For some reason, Yvette Larson felt that there was something going on between them. *‘Once day breaks, I’d better ask Hunter Sullivan all about it.’*

Having been chased out of Number One Pacific Heights, Donovan Taylor was dejected. He quickly got into a sports car that was parked at the foot of Pacific Heights.

His grandma had gotten someone in San Francisco to prepare it for him the previous day.

Donovan Taylor slammed down on his accelerator, and the car flew off.

Thankfully, it was late at night, and there weren’t many cars on the road. Otherwise, he would’ve caused a major accident.

While there weren’t many cars, that didn’t mean that there were absolutely no cars.

As Donovan Taylor sped forward, a car was headed in his direction.

Both drivers slammed on their brakes.

Hiss!

They were both luxury cars and had stopped just in time.

Donovan Taylor got out of his car and knocked on the other car’s window.

The moment the driver got out, Donovan Taylor threw a punch to the other’s face.

“F*ck! Do you have a death wish?” Donovan Taylor shouted as he punched the other driver, and he even landed a kick on that man. Then, he sauntered off.

As Donovan Taylor walked off, that man wiped the blood from the corner of his lips. He narrowed his eyes, feeling extremely conflicted.

This man was Shawn Gold. His father was Third Master Gold, and his daughter was Kimberly Gold. He had met Finn Taylor at the banquet, but they had only brushed shoulders with each other and hadn't interacted much.

It was only because his daughter said that she liked this man that he had started paying more attention to him. However, he had never expected them to meet for the second time under such circumstances.

'He has such a hot temper. Is it because he was too pampered, or was he just born like that?' Suddenly, Shawn Gold didn't think it was such a good thing that his daughter liked this man.

After returning home, he sat in the living room, waiting for Third Master Gold to wake up.

Third Master Gold had the habit of waking up early to exercise.

"Dad, I have something to ask you."

Third Master Gold was quite pleased with his son. Although Shawn Gold was nowhere near as capable as himself when it came to handling company affairs, he was reliable and open to taking suggestions from others and ran the company well.

"What happened to your face?" In Third Master Gold's memories, his son was a good kid who had never fought with anyone.

"I nearly got into an accident last night. The other driver punched me."

"Was it your fault?"

"No, it was his. He was speeding and ran a red light."

Third Master Gold frowned. *'How unreasonable. He was speeding, ran a red light, almost caused an accident, and still punched the other driver?'*

"Dad, you know that man too."

"I know him? Who is it?" Third Master Gold was even more curious about that crazy man.

"Finn Taylor."

"Finn Taylor?"

"Yes, Finn Taylor."

"Finn Taylor!" Third Master Gold's expression was stiff. *'That can't be. Finn Taylor has always been very humble and respectful. If Shawn is right, I'd never have agreed to Kimberly wooing him.'*

But Third Master Gold understood his son well—he would never lie to his father. Besides, this would be easy to investigate.

'Could it be that Finn Taylor has been putting on an act in front of me?' Third Master Gold felt a sudden chill run down his back. *'If that's the case, Finn Taylor really is too scheming. My precious granddaughter will never have a blissful life if she were to marry him.'*

Chapter 160: Donovan Taylor's Barbaric Actions

"What are you guys talking about?" By then, Kimberly Gold had woken up too. Seeing that her grandpa and father both had awful expressions, she couldn't help but ask out of curiosity.

"Ask Finn Taylor out. I want to meet him."

"Oh, that's just as well. I haven't met him in a while."

"You don't have to go; I'll go meet him with your father."

Kimberly Gold wanted to refuse, but she realized that her father was trying to meet his son-in-law. Suddenly, she grew anxious. "Dad, Finn Taylor is a good person. Don't put him on the spot."

'Put him on the spot? It'll be good enough if he doesn't put me on the spot. Don't you see the injury on my face? It's all his fault!' However, Shawn Gold appeared to agree to his daughter's demand on the surface. "Alright, alright. I won't put him on the spot."

Donovan Taylor had never thought that this near-accident would lead to this series of events.

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Over at the Larson family, Yvette Larson had finally waited until the break of day. Then, she rushed out to look for Hunter Sullivan.

Thankfully, Hunter Sullivan lived at Pacific Heights too.

Although every property at Pacific Heights was private property and entering would be trespassing, Yvette Larson was the owner of Number One Pacific Heights.

The property managers of Pacific Heights knew her, so nobody dared to stop her. They simply thought of this as the rich having their usual meetings.

When Yvette Larson arrived at the Sullivan family's residence, Hunter Sullivan was still asleep. It was the helper who opened the door for her.

"Hello, I'm looking for Mr. Sullivan."

The helper was a little confused. "May I get your name?"

Usually, Hunter Sullivan would always let the helper know in advance if he was expecting a visitor. However, he hadn't told her anything this time.

“I’m the owner of Number One Pacific Heights—Yvette Larson.” Afraid that the other would chase her out, she quickly identified herself.

As expected, this identity was terribly useful.

Upon hearing this, the helper quickly invited Yvette Larson in and poured the latter a cup of tea.

There, Yvette Larson sat and waited for two hours before Hunter Sullivan finally woke up.

The moment he saw Yvette Larson, all drowsiness disappeared. It was Master Peregrine’s wife he was looking at after all.

“Why are you here, Ms. Larson?”

“I’m sorry for disturbing you, Mr. Sullivan. I have something to ask you.”

“Oh. Go ahead, Ms. Larson. I’ll help you as much as possible.”

‘Logically speaking, our positions should be reversed. Could this have something to do with Finn?’ Yvette Larson thought it was strange for Hunter Sullivan to be treating her so politely. “Mr. Sullivan, I want to ask you how much you know about Finn.”

“Isn’t Finn Taylor your husband?” Hunter Sullivan thought that this situation was incredulous. *‘Why is she asking a business partner about her own husband?’*

“Someone who looks identical to Finn appeared in our house yesterday, but his personality is nothing like Finn’s.”

When Hunter Sullivan heard that, he felt his heart thumping rapidly against his chest. He thought of only one person—Donovan Taylor.

“Please hold on, Ms. Larson.” He dared not make any decision regarding Donovan Taylor.

He made a call to Logan Yeats, Alexander Scott, and Zachary Kennedy. All three of them were visibly shaken when they heard that Donovan Taylor had shown up in San Francisco.

Very quickly, they arrived at the Sullivan family’s house.

At that, Yvette Larson couldn’t help realizing that her husband wasn’t just an average person. *‘The Yeats family of Chicago, the Sullivan family of New York, the Scott family of Seattle, and the Kennedy family of Washington—do they all know Finn?’*

“Ms. Larson, we suspect that that man is Finn Taylor’s twin brother.” After a short discussion, the four guardians eventually decided that they couldn’t tell Yvette Larson the full truth.

How could they reveal something that even Finn Taylor hadn’t? Yet, it didn’t seem right to keep her completely in the dark either.

“Twin brother?” Yvette Larson had never heard her husband mention a twin brother. But from what had happened yesterday, it did seem likely that her husband had a twin brother.

‘What is Finn’s family background? Why did the Old Master insist on me marrying him? Why did he even say that it’d be the best thing in my life marrying him when he was on his deathbed? And to think of

what Finn's done: buying Number One Pacific Heights and knowing prominent figures like Logan Yeats, Hunter Sullivan, Alexander Scott, and Zachary Kennedy. There's more than meets the eye. Was I really wrong about him?'

"Ms. Larson, we suggest you move out of Number One Pacific Heights in case that person returns." The four guardians remembered clearly what Master Peregrine had instructed them to do before leaving.

If anything happened to Yvette Larson, they'd be done for.

Yvette Larson gave it some thought and felt that they were right. As such, she quickly returned home to pack up her belongings.

When Clarine Landon opened her door to see her best friend with suitcases of all sizes at her door, she was stunned. "What, is your house on fire?"

"Tch, can you not curse me?"

"Why are you moving out of Number One Pacific Heights to stay with me?"

"I ran into some trouble." Yvette Larson moved her belongings into the house. Then, she told her best friend all about what had happened the day before.

After hearing about what Finn Taylor had done, Clarine Landon finally understood what had happened: The person she had met wasn't Finn Taylor.

'No wonder I thought that person didn't seem like Finn Taylor at all. It was all a beautiful misunderstanding.'

...

The dark pool.

Finn Taylor stepped out of the dark pool and stretched his bones. *'The old lady thought that I'd die here after she locked me up here. What does she know? I've trained so many people and started keeping so many people by my side since I turned six. The dark pool might seem like hell to others, but it's nothing to me.'*

Finn Taylor had to make a trip home. He had to find out where his twin brother had gone.

...

Chicago, the Taylor family.

A shadow kneeled before Frida Cameron.

She turned toward that shadow. "I'll send you to the dark pool. That person is very sly, so you'll only have one chance."

The shadow replied somberly, "I understand."

Of course, the person Frida Cameron was talking about was none other than Finn Taylor. This shadow was an assassin that Peregrine Hall had cultivated; he had never missed a single shot.

The shadow stood up and headed out.

But the old lady heard a blood-curdling scream just then, followed by blood spurting all over. *'What's going on?'*

Then, someone appeared before her.

When she caught sight of the bloodied man in front of her, she felt nothing but fear. "Why are you here? Shouldn't you be in the dark pool? How did you get out?"

Just a second ago, the old lady had sent someone to kill Finn Taylor. But the next moment, Finn Taylor had killed that person.

The former was even standing right in front of her!

This was a huge shock to the old lady.