

## **The Untouchable Son-In-Law: The Master Peregrine #Chapter 16 - Read The Untouchable Son-In-Law: The Master Peregrine Chapter 16 - 20**

### **Chapter 16: Screwing Up Again**

“Yvette, let’s go. Follow me backstage; I want to meet this violinist. I love him so much! I think I’m in love!” Clarine Landon was completely smitten.

Yvette Larson was dragged along to the backstage. But in the end, they were utterly disappointed.

Finn Taylor had already left a long time ago, and the other musicians told Clarine Landon that they didn’t even know the violinist.

After they left the backstage, Finn Taylor walked over with two cups of milk tea.

He handed one of the cups to Yvette Larson. Then, he started drinking from the second.

Clarine Landon watched on in disbelief. “Isn’t that cup of milk tea for me?”

“You’re not my wife. Why should I give it to you?”

Clarine Landon was stunned for a moment and didn’t know how to rebut him.

“Why don’t you drink from this cup?” Yvette Larson felt a little awkward and handed her cup to her friend.

“Forget it; it’s yours. Your husband bought it for you. When I find that violinist, I’ll make sure to get him to buy me a carton—No, a truck-load.” Clarine Landon was full of confidence and determination to find that violinist.

“It’s about time we head back.”

The party was drawing to a close.

As Finn Taylor turned back to walk out, Clarine Landon stared at his departing back, stunned. “Yvette, do you think that Finn Taylor looks like that violinist from the back?”

“Really? But Finn Taylor doesn’t play the violin.”

“Oh... Forget it. What was I thinking? How could Finn Taylor possibly be that violinist?” Clarine Landon wondered if she had gone crazy. *‘How could I have suspected that good-for-nothing Finn Taylor to be the same strong and brilliant violinist?’*

...

The next day.

Before going out the next day, Yvette Larson said something to her husband out of the blue. “Pick me up from the office later tonight.”

“Ah?” Finn Taylor was stunned.

Over the past three years, Yvette Larson had never once allowed him to pick her up from the office; she felt that he would embarrass her.

But ever since that incident involving the Xander Corporation, Yvette Larson’s attitude toward Finn Taylor had improved drastically.

Now, she had even asked him to pick her up from the office.

Unfortunately, Yvette Larson’s family held a low position in the Larson family.

Because Yvette Larson had only become the CEO a few days ago, the best vehicle their family owned was an electric scooter.

This made Finn Taylor feel a little awkward.

Throughout the day, Finn Taylor felt ill at ease because of his wife’s words. He repeatedly checked the navigation app to find the best route from their house to the office, as well as how long the journey would take.

In the end, he even took a shower and got a fresh change of clothes, only leaving the house ten minutes early after thinking he looked presentable.

Upon reaching the office, Finn Taylor spotted a sports car parked beside him. It was not a bad car—an Audi.

In the car sat a young man, who glanced at Finn Taylor and asked curiously, “Are you picking your girlfriend up?”

“No, my wife.”

“Wife? That’s amazing. If you can get married with an electric scooter nowadays, why can’t I get married with a sports car?”

Finn Taylor smiled.

“Oh right, guess whom I’m here to pick up.” That young man looked bored and tried to strike up a conversation with the other.

Finn Taylor shook his head. *‘How am I supposed to know who this guy is here to pick up?’*

“I’m here to pick up the CEO of Larson Corporation, Yvette Larson. I’m telling you that she’s really pretty. A friend of mine showed me her photo a few days ago, and I fell in love with her immediately. I’m going to make her mine!”

Finn Taylor’s expression turned dark. “I think she’s married.”

“That doesn’t matter. I’ve made my inquiries; she’s married to a good-for-nothing matrilocal son-in-law who can’t get anything right. That useless husband has never even touched Yvette Larson, so it doesn’t matter to me.”

As he said that, Yvette Larson happened to walk out of the office building.

The man got out of his car and walked toward Yvette Larson with a bouquet of blue roses.

When he reached Yvette Larson, he offered her the bouquet of flowers with outstretched hands. “Hello, Ms. Larson. Let me introduce myself; I’m Sean Fleming from the Fleming family of San Francisco. I’m here to announce my intention to pursue you. Please follow me into my car. I’ve prepared a huge surprise for you.”

Yvette Larson didn’t even accept the flowers and simply replied, “Lame.”

Then, she made a detour past Sean Fleming and stopped before Finn Taylor.

Sean Fleming witnessed all of this as he turned around.

He stared on in disbelief. “You... You aren’t that matrilocal son-in-law, are you?”

Finn Taylor shrugged. “If you’re talking about Yvette’s husband, that would be me.”

Sean Fleming flung the flowers onto the ground. “Yvette Larson, do you really want to be with this piece of trash for the rest of your life? The Larson family is a second-tier

family in San Francisco. You're clearer than I am about how difficult it is to move up the social ladder."

"As long as you get together with me, you'll be able to marry into the Fleming family. Then, you'll be in the true upper class of San Francisco. Are you sure you don't even want to consider it?" Sean Fleming was full of confidence as he said that.

He believed that Yvette Larson would definitely choose him as long as she wasn't a fool.

Yvette Larson had already been married and was from a second-tier family, while he was the young master of a top-tier family, the Fleming family.

*'What right does she have to look down on me if I don't even look down on her? If it's true that the late Old Master of the Larson family had set the marriage up, then all the more reason not to worry. At the very most, I will ask Grandpa to speak up for me. Grandpa has a much higher status than the Larson family's Old Master and can completely nullify this marriage.'*

Nonetheless, Yvette Larson remained indifferent and gave only a slight smile after hearing his speech. "Finn Taylor, let's go home."

Finn Taylor's face burst out into a wide smile. "Oh, ok."

He replied and sat down on the scooter, starting up the engine.

But just then, Finn Taylor's entire face flushed red.

Yvette Larson was confused. "What's wrong?"

"The scooter is out of battery."

Sean Fleming—who was standing by the side—nearly fell over laughing. "Hahaha, a useless matrilocal son-in-law. Those people weren't wrong calling you that. You're really useless and can't even get a single thing right. You can screw up by just driving an electric scooter to pick your wife up."

Yvette Larson felt embarrassed at that moment.

Finn Taylor was frantic. "I..."

Without even listening to his explanation, Yvette Larson turned to take her leave.

She had thought that Finn Taylor had truly changed this time. From finding New York's Sullivan family in Pacific Heights to forcing her grandpa to pick her up, Finn Taylor's actions had truly caused Yvette Larson to change her view toward him.

But today, Yvette Larson realized that she had been wrong about that, absolutely wrong. *'A piece of trash is still a piece of trash. A matrilocal son-in-law is still a matrilocal son-in-law. How could I have gotten such an absurd idea to let Finn Taylor come into my life, bring him to the party, and even let him pick me up from work?'*

Finn Taylor chased after his wife while pushing his electric scooter.

He used his clothes to wipe the seat clean. "Dear, hop on. I'll push you back."

*Slap!*

Yvette Larson slapped him in the face brutally. "Shut up. Do you think you're not embarrassing enough?"

## **Chapter 17: Secret to Signing The Contract**

Finn Taylor had come to pick his wife up with an electric scooter, but it had run out of battery. In the end, he had even wanted to push her home.

In the short span of a night, the entire Larson family learned of this situation.

The next day, after Yvette Larson returned to the office, Eleanor Larson walked into the CEO's office with a document. "Yvette Larson, you're a CEO. Why are you taking an electric scooter home? Hasn't the company provided you with a car?"

Yvette Larson was fuming. *'Of course, I could've taken the company car, but I had been trying to give Finn Taylor an opportunity. Who would've known that he would screw up such a small matter? That is why I have become the biggest joke in the whole company.'*

Yvette Larson was infuriated and swore never to believe in her husband ever again.

Naturally, Finn Taylor knew that he had caused a mess the previous day. *'It had been an amazing opportunity. Yvette Larson definitely would've hugged me from behind as I rode the scooter. In the end, I landed myself in this state.'*

*'Forget it. I will find a way to get Yvette Larson a present today to make it up to her.'* As such, Finn Taylor rode his electric scooter and set out to get a present.

He rode all the way to a boutique selling bags, parked his scooter, locked it securely, and even activated the alarm on his scooter.

His actions seemed low class, like a country bumpkin who had just entered the city for the first time. As such, the sales assistants glanced at each other without making a move while Finn Taylor walked into the boutique.

All of them felt that someone like Finn Taylor would never be able to afford the bags there and that they would simply be wasting their time on him.

Thus, Finn Taylor browsed through the boutique alone for more than ten minutes.

He made three whole rounds around the boutique. During every round, he analyzed each bag in the boutique meticulously.

In the end, he set his eyes on a red Gucci bag. It was in a vintage style, and his wife loved the color red.

Yvette Larson would definitely love this bag if he were to give it to her.

Finn Taylor stood in front of the bag for several minutes, but nobody showed any interest in walking over to assist him.

In the end, the youngest sales assistant could no longer stand the stifling atmosphere and walked over. "Hello Sir, do you like this bag?"

"Yes, this bag isn't bad. Please help me pack it."

"Sir, do you want to take a look at the price tag first?"

"Oh, oh. Yes, yes. I should take a look at the price tag." Finn Taylor checked the price tag. "30,000? That's expensive."

None of the sales assistants were surprised by Finn Taylor's cry. They had already known that Finn Taylor wouldn't be able to afford it to begin with.

"Can I get a discount?"

"This... this bag is a limited edition one. There are fewer than ten of them throughout the world, so the price..."

"Alright then, please pack it for me. I'll pay by credit card." As Finn Taylor said that, he whipped out a credit card and handed it over.

All of the sales assistants' jaws dropped at that moment. They wondered if their ears were playing tricks on them.

*'Pack it? Paying by credit card?'*

*'Is he serious?'*

*'How could someone who arrived on an electric scooter possibly afford this bag?'*

Even the sales assistant serving him was in slight disbelief.

She didn't wrap the bag up for Finn Taylor immediately. Instead, she received the card and walked toward the cashier counter.

She was going to test if Finn Taylor's card actually worked. Otherwise, they might just get fooled.

At that moment, all of the sales assistants made their way to the cashier counter. They wanted to see if this man could really fork out 30,000 dollars.

*Beep!*

Transaction successful!

Everyone read through the two words again and again. Then, they rubbed their eyes and looked at it once again.

Only then did they breathe out.

They were sure that their eyes were not fooling them; the transaction had indeed gone through.

This was an old-fashioned rich man, one who didn't show off his wealth. Because of this, all of the sales assistants got busy.

Some helped to wrap the bag up.

Some poured water for Finn Taylor.

Some brought snacks over.

And some even brought a stool over for him.

The remaining sales assistants hovered around Finn Taylor, asking him frivolous questions.

These women were all gold diggers.

Everything they said was an attempt to pry out information from Finn Taylor to see if they would have any chance of getting into a relationship with him.

Unfortunately, Finn Taylor already had an ethereal wife who was as pretty as a fairy. He had absolutely no interest in these plain and average women.

Once the bag was nicely packaged, Finn Taylor took it and hung it on the electric scooter before driving off.

As Finn Taylor left, the sales assistants watched his back ruminatively. Even after a long time, their conversations still revolved around him.

“Sigh, I wonder who he’s giving this bag to. I’m so envious.”

“Why are you envious? You’re so stuck up; you didn’t even get up to help him just now. It was May who assisted him.”

“What right do you have to criticize me? Aren’t you the same? May really struck it big this time. She managed to score a huge deal at once. She’ll definitely earn a fat commission.”

“Commission? You’re so short-sighted. If I can be the wife of that guy—no, even the mistress of that guy, I think I’d have more money than you could ever earn.”

...

After leaving the boutique, Finn Taylor made his way to the Larson Corporation on his electric scooter.

Upon arriving there, he walked straight in.

The security officer at the door didn’t try to stop him from doing so either. After all, it was a family business. Even though Finn Taylor was nothing more than a useless son-in-law, he was still part of the Larson family.

Finn Taylor walked into the office building and headed directly for CEO Yvette Larson’s office, but he met two people in the lift.

Quince Larson and Eleanor Larson, Yvette Larson’s cousins.

“Oh, what a rare guest we have here today. Isn’t this the famous good-for-nothing son-in-law in San Francisco, Finn Taylor?”



After returning from Yvette Larson's house, their grandpa had announced a manpower change in the company.

Yvette Larson had been promoted to the position of CEO, while the original CEO—Quince Larson—had become the Deputy CEO.

This had been a thorn in Quince Larson's heart.

Through his investigations, he had even discovered that Finn Taylor had something to do with this. That made him feel even more sour.

He had purposely said those words earlier so as to provoke Finn Taylor.

This was the office, not Yvette Larson's house.

As long as Finn Taylor stepped out of line, that meant that Yvette Larson was being unreasonable and demanding.

He could always use that as an excuse to drag Yvette Larson down.

Finn Taylor saw through Quince Larson's thoughts at once. As such, he simply ignored him.

"Finn Taylor, don't be so aloof. No matter what, we're relatives." Quince Larson was annoyed that Finn Taylor was ignoring him. But on the surface, he maintained a cheerful appearance.

"Oh right, I haven't congratulated you. Yvette Larson is impressive; she managed to score the deal with Xander Corporation. It seems like the head of Xander Corporation, who's the head of New York's Sullivan family, signed the contract personally."

"Beauties have that advantage. No matter how hard we tried, we couldn't even get past the door of Xander Corporation."

"Yvette Larson managed to sign the contract at once. Finn Taylor, do you think Yvette Larson has some kind of secret? Do you know about it? Why don't you tell me so I can learn too?"

Eleanor Larson chuckled. "Brother, I don't think you can learn that skill. Mr. Hunter Sullivan isn't interested in men."

## **Chapter 18: Thirty-Dollar Handbag**

There was a hidden meaning in between Eleanor Larson's words. She was clearly trying to insinuate that Yvette Larson had only managed to sign the contract because of her beauty.

Quince Larson burst out into laughter and looked at Finn Taylor, saying, "Finn Taylor, I'll give you a present. I wonder if you like being cheated on, but I guess you quite like it. Otherwise, why aren't you angry at all?"

Finn Taylor ignored the pair. The more he tried to retort them, the more they would try to provoke him.

It was meaningless.

But the more Finn Taylor tried to ignore them, the more they tried to annoy him by staying by his side.

Finn Taylor walked out of the lift and headed toward his wife's office.

And both of them followed him right into the office.

"What are you doing here in the office?" Obviously, Yvette Larson was still upset about what happened yesterday.

"I... I got you a present."

Hearing that Finn Taylor was gifting her something, Yvette Larson felt rather moved in her heart.

No matter what, she was his wife, after all. Which woman didn't like receiving gifts from their husbands?

But she glanced at Quince Larson and Eleanor Larson, and her temper flared up once more. "Who cares? You'd better scram! I don't want it."

Yvette Larson didn't think that her husband had the ability to give her anything decent anyway.

If it had been just the two of them around, she would've accepted his gift. However, Finn Taylor was known to screw everything up.

*'Why did he have to bring Quince Larson and Eleanor Larson in? Isn't he just digging his own grave?'*

"I-I bought it especially for you as an apology. You must accept it."

By this time, Quince Larson and Eleanor Larson had already taken their places on the sofa.

The sight before them was amusing. It was as though they were watching a movie.

*'How can there be such a piece of trash in this world? He can't even give his wife a present without being scolded.'*

"Sigh, Yvette Larson. I'm not trying to say anything. Although everyone always says that Finn Taylor is a piece of trash and is a matrilocal son-in-law, you're his wife. You can't think of him that way."

"Finn Taylor bought you something out of good intentions. Why can't you accept it? Come on, Finn Taylor. Open it up and let us see what you bought."

Quince Larson had transformed into a good old man today. He had even taken the initiative to 'advise' Yvette Larson to treat her husband well.

Unfortunately, it was clear that Quince Larson's concern was nothing more than a pretense.

While Quince Larson offered his advice, Eleanor Larson had already gone over to help Finn Taylor unwrap the present.

"What are you guys doing? I don't want it."

"Sigh, he's doing this out of the kindness of his heart. How could you reject it?"

Then, the gift was unwrapped as they argued back and forth.

"Hey, this looks familiar." As Eleanor Larson held the present in her hands, she felt that the bag looked terribly familiar.

She flipped it around and analyzed it. Suddenly, she let out a piercing scream. "This... Isn't this the 'Red Soulmate' that was presented at the Milan Fashion Show last week?"

'Red Soulmate' was the bag's actual name. It was just that Finn Taylor himself didn't know about it.

"Is it?"

Eleanor Larson was about to continue praising the bag when she heard Finn Taylor say that.

*Pfft!*

She nearly spat out her water. *'I nearly fainted upon seeing the bag, and who was the one who bought it? Finn Taylor no less. Could Finn Taylor have bought the real 'Red Soulmate?'*

"Finn Taylor, how much did you spend on this bag?"

Yvette Larson didn't recognize this bag either, but she became a little suspicious upon seeing Eleanor Larson's reaction to it. *'Is it truly something good?'*

Finn Taylor stuck out three fingers.

"Three hundred?" Yvette Larson asked hesitantly.

"Thirty..."

Before Finn Taylor could finish his sentence, Eleanor Larson burst out into laughter. "I must say, Yvette Larson, do you really think that a good-for-nothing like Finn Taylor would be able to buy you an authentic branded bag?"

"This is fake; it's just a replica."

"Thirty? That's about right."

"Finn Taylor, it's good enough that you had the heart to buy your wife a bag with 30 dollars. At least you didn't get a plastic bag from the market for 30 cents." Although Quince Larson knew nothing about bags, he was sure that Finn Taylor would definitely be unable to afford a branded bag.

With that, Quince Larson and Eleanor Larson left the office in laughter.

Now, only Finn Taylor and Yvette Larson were left in the office.

Yvette Larson glared at her husband coldly. "Finn Taylor, throughout the past three years, I've never mentioned a divorce no matter how incapable you've been. Because of the contract, I changed my mind about you and let you attend the party with me. I even let you pick me up from the company, but how have you repaid me?"

"Do you really think it wasn't embarrassing when you offered to push me back when the scooter ran out of battery? And this bag—Don't you think it's humiliating to carry a 30-dollar bag? How could you even give it to me?" Yvette Larson casually flung one of the mugs on her table at Finn Taylor.

Finn Taylor didn't try to dodge it and allowed the mug to smash on him.

"The bag is real." That was all Finn Taylor said before turning to leave the office.

Yvette Larson let out an ear-piercing scream within the office.

Outside, Quince Larson and Eleanor Larson glanced at each other, breaking out into yet another fit of laughter.

Yvette Larson picked up the bag, wanting to throw it in the bin.

The sight of the bag reminded her of Quince Larson and Eleanor Larson mocking her. But the moment that she held the bag in her hands, she was stunned.

Something felt wrong about this bag.

Although she had never carried a branded bag, she had always gravitated toward them. Every time she went out shopping with Clarine Landon, she would always test out different kinds of bags.

Even though she had never owned one, the feeling of holding a branded bag was deeply imprinted in her mind.

*'This bag... It isn't real, is it?' A crazy thought flashed through Yvette Larson's mind. 'Before Finn Taylor left, he had casually said that the bag was real. It can't be true, can it? I... Did I malign him?'*

Yvette Larson was in disbelief, but she didn't throw the bag away. She was determined to bring it to a boutique and get the bag checked to determine whether it was indeed an authentic one.

As Finn Taylor walked out of the office, everyone in the Larson Corporation was pointing at him and discussing him.

The news about the bag had already been spread by the nosy Quince Larson and Eleanor Larson a long time ago. That was why everyone in the company had found out about it.

However, Eleanor Larson had felt slightly uneasy about spreading this rumor. After all, the bag did look exactly like 'Red Soulmate.'

Finn Taylor had given Yvette Larson a thirty-dollar bag.

She was a CEO of a corporation; she would definitely become a joke in everyone's eyes if she carried it out.

Upon leaving the Larson Corporation, Finn Taylor whipped out his phone and sent a message. “See you at Starbucks.”

...

In the Starbucks outlet, Finn Taylor ordered himself a cup of coffee.

At this moment, a tall and well-built man—who looked like a rich young master—jogged over to his side.

He was trembling in fear and dared not even sit down.

## **Chapter 19: Volunteering Day**

The identity of the man who was trembling and didn’t dare to sit down would definitely stun anyone if they were to see him. That was because this man was the head of Chicago’s Yeats family, Logan Yeats.

“Master Peregrine, I...” Logan Yeats attempted to explain himself, but the coldness on Finn Taylor’s face scared him off.

“Logan Yeats, you should know exactly why I called you here today.”

“Yes, yes. Of course, I do.” Logan Yeats was clear that Finn Taylor and his wife—Yvette Larson—had attended a party at his All Stars Hotel a few days ago.

In the end, the Fleming family had even accused them of not having any invitations and having snuck into the party to get free food and drinks. Not only had the manager of the All Stars Hotel not stopped them from doing so, but he had even stood on the Fleming family’s side.

Thankfully, Christopher Yeats recognized Finn Taylor in time and had saved him from any embarrassment. Otherwise, he dared not even think of the consequences.

He didn’t even dare to think about whether the Yeats family would still be around.

“I’ll give you a chance to make up for it.” Finn Taylor placed a photo on the table.

Logan Yeats reached out to pick up the photo.

Sean Fleming.

Logan Yeats thought that Finn Taylor wanted to deal with the Fleming family's Young Master, Seth Fleming. However, it was the younger Young Master, Sean Fleming.

Logan Yeats didn't need to know the reasons behind it. All he had to do was follow suit. "Master Peregrine, you can count on me. I'll definitely give you a satisfactory answer."

Finn Taylor didn't say a word and simply turned to leave.

Even after he got up and exited the cafe, Logan Yeats remained in a deep bow, not daring to get up.

It was only after Finn Taylor walked a distance away from the Starbucks outlet that he finally breathed a sigh of relief.

Logan Yeats felt that he finally had control over his own life. Otherwise, he truly wouldn't even have any control over his own life.

...

The next day.

By the time dawn broke, the entire San Francisco was in chaos.

Yvette Larson was awoken by a call from Clarine Landon. "Yvette! Yvette, hurry up and get on Facebook. Something big has happened in San Francisco!"

"Huh? What? In San Francisco?" Yvette Larson quickly logged into her Facebook account.

Everyone was sharing the same photo.

She clicked on it to enlarge it.

F\*ck!

Sean Fleming had been stripped naked and hung on a tree with nothing more than underwear on him. There was a ring of sausages tied around his body, and below him were more than ten ravenous and ferocious dogs circling around him.

Yvette Larson nearly burst into laughter at this sight. She could imagine the pitiful state he was in.

*'But who has Sean Fleming offended? Why was he tied to a tree?' A certain someone flashed past her mind. 'Finn Taylor. It seems like Sean Fleming did offend Finn Taylor a few days earlier. Could Finn Taylor have done this? But how is that possible?'*

Yvette Larson got out of bed and saw her husband busy in the kitchen.

She sighed and smiled bitterly. *'What am I thinking about? Am I not clear about the kind of person Finn Taylor is? How could he be capable of doing that?'*

As she ate her breakfast, Yvette Larson stole a few glances at her spouse to check if he had sneaked out the previous night and whether he had any traces of a fight on his body.

But there were none.

"Something major happened in San Francisco last night. Do you know about it?"

Finn Taylor's expression was filled with curiosity. "What?"

"Don't you know? Sean Fleming was tied to a tree."

"Ah? You mean that guy who drove a sports car to your office? Why was he tied to a tree?"

Throughout the conversation, Yvette Larson observed Finn Taylor closely, but she found nothing amiss in his behavior. *'It seems like I was being overly cautious.'*

All of a sudden, she had no desire to check whether the bag was a fake.

She wasn't a materialistic woman, after all. It didn't matter whether it was fake or not since it was a gift from her husband.

"Are you done? If you're done, clean this up. I'll go put on some makeup. Send me to Spottingwood Kindergarten later."

"Spottingwood Kindergarten? Why are you going there?"

"It's the annual Volunteering Day here in San Francisco. All the important corporations and families will be going to Spottingwood Kindergarten to do their corporate social responsibility duties. We'll even have to compete to see which family the children like best. You'd better not cause any trouble for me."

Spottingwood Kindergarten was the most famous kindergarten that catered to orphans in San Francisco. Almost all the orphans of San Francisco studied there.



After putting on her makeup, Yvette Larson picked up her bag and tossed the key over to Finn Taylor. “Here.”

This time, the couple was no longer using their family’s electric scooter but the company car provided to the CEO.

Yvette Larson still had the urge to roll her eyes at her husband when she thought about the incident.

Under Yvette Larson’s directions, they quickly arrived at Spottingwood Kindergarten.

It wasn’t just the Larson family that had come to the kindergarten to volunteer.

The moment Yvette Larson and Finn Taylor got out of the car, countless gazes fell on them.

Amongst them, Finn Taylor spotted two familiar faces—Seth Fleming and Melissa Hans from the Fleming family.

“CEO Larson, everything has been prepared.” Several employees from the Larson Corporation trotted over and reported the situation to Yvette Larson.

Yvette Larson nodded without replying to them.

Then, two more irrelevant people appeared—Quince Larson and Eleanor Larson.

Quince Larson patted the car and smiled. “Yvette Larson, this car’s not bad, isn’t it. I loved this car while I was the CEO. I spent quite a lot on its upkeep. It’s a pity that a piece of trash drove it today; it’s really devaluing it.”

As Quince Larson said that, he tried to brush off the dust on the car meticulously.

“Quince Larson, there are outsiders here. You’d better not say such strange things and embarrass the Larson family.” Yvette Larson was pissed.

Quince Larson’s insults toward Finn Taylor were clearly a slap in her face.

“You’re the one embarrassing the Larson family. If you really cared about the Larson family’s dignity, you shouldn’t have brought this piece of trash here.” Quince Larson’s temper flared up as his gaze fell on the car.

This was his favorite car. At the time, he had used company funds to purchase this car, saying that it was for the CEO’s use.

He had never thought that he would ever fall from the position of CEO. That also meant that his car had fallen into the hands of Yvette Larson.

He vented all his anger on Finn Taylor.

“I must say, Yvette, Brother was right. Everyone in San Francisco knows Finn Taylor as the Larson family’s matrilocal son-in-law. It’s such a joke. It’s your business that you were willing to marry a good-for-nothing, but why did you have to bring him to such an important event? Aren’t you trying to humiliate the Larson family? What are you doing?”

Yvette Larson was fuming and wanted to rip their mouths apart. *‘There is no end to their nagging.’*

## Chapter 20: The Best Gift

Yvette Larson slammed her fist down on the car. “If you two continue with your nonsense, I’ll exercise the rights Grandpa gave me and kick both of you out of the company.”

Only then did Quince Larson and Eleanor Larson back down a little and stop mocking Finn Taylor.

“Finn Taylor, carry these things into the kindergarten. These are the things our company is going to give the children later. Say, CEO Larson, you aren’t going to fire me for asking your husband to work for the company, are you?”

Quince Larson was clearly getting his revenge privately. They had brought more than ten security officers, but he insisted on Finn Taylor doing the job.

Before Yvette Larson could say anything, her husband waved her off. “It’s alright; I’ll move them. If Grandpa knows that our family personally got involved in charitable work, he’ll definitely be happy.”

*‘Since Quince Larson wants to take revenge on me, I will just take it in stride.’*

Finn Taylor’s words caught Quince Larson slightly off-guard. This made it seem as though his family was less than Yvette Larson’s if he didn’t get involved either.

After giving it some thought, Quince Larson had no choice but to get involved too, but all he carried were balloons. Worse still, he held only one balloon in each hand.

Could he get any lazier?

After some time, all the families moved their gifts into the kindergarten.

As people streamed into the kindergarten, Yvette Larson and Finn Taylor happened to bump into Seth Fleming and Melissa Hans at the door.

“Oh, it’s the CEO of the Larson Corporation. I’m sorry for offending you at the party. You don’t hold it against me, do you?”

Nobody knew why Melissa Hans held such a deep grudge against Yvette Larson.

Even though they had only bumped into each other, Melissa Hans had made sure to provoke Yvette with her words.

“Don’t worry, Mrs. Fleming. It was just a misunderstanding.” Yvette Larson knew that the Larson family couldn’t match up to the Fleming family and didn’t want to offend them.

Seth Fleming’s gaze turned to Finn Taylor and remained there for a while.

After that party, he had gotten his employees to conduct an investigation on Finn Taylor to find out why Christopher Yeats had been so respectful toward him. In the end, the results baffled even himself.

Finn Taylor was the infamous matrilocal son-in-law of San Francisco’s Larson family.

Christopher Yeats had only been courteous toward him because of his good character.

*‘I had been too frightened then. How could I have apologized to such a piece of trash at that party?’* Seth Fleming was determined to find his place today.

Their gazes met, and they both knew that the other was plotting something. Yet, neither of them broke the silence as they simply walked into the kindergarten.

By then, all the children of Spottingwood Kindergarten had already arrived at the field under their teachers’ guidance.

Based on tradition, Volunteering Day was split into two sessions.

The first was for the companies and families to hand out presents to the children. These presents would be announced publicly, and this was one of the reasons many prominent families chose to attend this event.

It was a competition. If they donated more money and items, their reputations would improve. Then, they would earn even more from business deals in the future.

The second session was for each family to present the children with smaller gifts such as food or toys, and the children would be allowed to pick out whatever they liked.

The company chosen by the majority of children would then be named as the best charitable organization for that year.

It was a great deal to be granted that title.

“Children, it’s our annual Volunteering Day. Uncles and Aunties have brought us many gifts. Shall we welcome them with a round of applause?” As the principal—Hannah Sanders—finished her speech, the entire field erupted with cheers.

The children yelled in joy the moment they heard that they would be receiving presents.

“Hans Technology Limited has brought 30 boxes of bubble machines.”

“Dexter Design has brought 100 learning devices.”

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The gifts that each company brought were announced one by one.

Of course, these were all smaller companies and families. As such, their gifts were of lower monetary value.

“Now, let’s invite the Larson family and the Larson Corporation.”

Yvette Larson walked on stage amidst cheers and applause.

She smiled at the children. “On behalf of the Larson Corporation and the Larson family, I would like to present each and every child with a scarf.”

Yvette Larson’s words drew laughter from the audience.

The Larson Corporation had become rather well-known in San Francisco recently. Because of their collaboration with Xander Corporation, many corporations and families had started to notice the Larson Corporation.

They were also prepared to collaborate with the Larson family after this Volunteering Day event. However, the Larson Corporation’s gifts were jaw-dropping.

“A scarf? The Larson family is so stingy.”

“That’s right. Look at that woman; she’s dressed in branded goods from head to toe. Why is she only giving the children scarves?”

“Yes, I remember that she came in a nice car with a driver. I didn’t think that she was such a person.”

The crowd sighed.

Quince Larson and Eleanor Larson glared at Finn Taylor.

“It’s your fault, you piece of trash. You’ve brought so much trouble to the Larson family. Although Yvette Larson isn’t outstanding, she’s not stupid. I was wondering why she proposed giving the children scarves at the meeting. Thinking about it now, it must’ve been your idea.”

Eleanor Larson added, “That’s right; you’re a jinx! You killed the Old Master, and now, you’re planning to ruin the whole Larson family, aren’t you? Tell us, did you force Yvette Larson into giving them scarves?”

Finn Taylor gave it some thought but didn’t rebut them. “It’s true that I did mention it.”

“Great, it was you! Yvette Larson must be crazy to have listened to a piece of trash like you. When we go back later, I’ll make sure to tell Grandpa about this. I’ll make him fire Yvette Larson and chase your family out of the Larson family.”

Quince Larson seemed to have gotten the chance to make his comeback and was incredibly excited.

Finn Taylor shrugged. “Let’s wait and see.”

On the stage, Yvette Larson was not at all bothered by the commotion. “Children, Auntie knitted all these scarves herself. You can’t buy this anywhere. I’ll help all of you put them on later, alright?”

There were wide smiles plastered on all of the children’s faces. “Ok!”

Finn Taylor ignored Quince Larson and Eleanor Larson’s contempt and walked on stage to pick up a box of scarves.

Then, Yvette Larson took out scarves from the box and put them on each child.

After putting each one on, Yvette Larson would hug the children.

This hug caused all of the children to burst into tears.

These so-called entrepreneurs and successful people thought that they were doing charitable acts by donating expensive gifts. What they didn't know was that a mother's hug meant everything to an orphan.

These people might not have understood it, but Finn Taylor did. Although he wasn't an orphan, he had been rejected by his mother since a young age. That was why he perfectly understood just what these children needed.