

UNTOUCHABLE

Chapter 161: Proving Himself

Finn Taylor walked up to Frida Cameron.

This terrified the old lady, and her gaze was filled with terror.

She suddenly spotted someone in the room, and she calmed down right away.

This person was none other than Maximus Brugel. He walked into the room and glanced at Finn Taylor.
“You’re out.”

“Yes, Master.” Finn Taylor had to respect the brains of Peregrine Hall.

Maximus Brugel had taught Finn Taylor a lot. Without him, the latter never would’ve gotten to where he was today.

“Alright, do what you want then.”

Finn Taylor nodded and walked out. *‘With Master here, I won’t do anything to my grandmother. But if that old lady still doesn’t know her place, I will let her know what regret tastes like.’*

Seeing that her grandson was gone, Frida Cameron finally let out a sigh of relief.

“Do you still think that Finn Taylor is a piece of trash?”

The old lady put on a calm and composed face in the face of Maximus Brugel’s question. *‘It’s only because I had nobody to protect me earlier that I felt threatened by Finn Taylor. Otherwise, there would be no way I would’ve ever gotten afraid of that piece of trash.’*

“I said that he’s a jinx who’s here to ruin our family!”

“Just because of what that monk told you? Have you ever thought about it? Don’t you think someone bribed that monk to say that so that the two brothers would be pitted against each other and try to kill each other?”

“Are you joking with me? Do you really think that someone set this up? It would’ve taken decades for them to know if they’d even succeed in their attempt!”

Maximus Brugel sighed inwardly. *‘Peregrine Hall had been so powerful, and the Taylor family had been unrivaled. It isn’t impossible for someone to try to take the Taylor family down by setting up a trap that would play out over several decades. But by now, Frida Cameron is already clouded by her own irrationality. She isn’t going to listen no matter how much anyone else tries to convince her otherwise.’*

After leaving the Taylor family’s residence, Finn Taylor headed straight for the airport and flew back to San Francisco as quickly as possible.

As for the old lady of the Taylor family, she didn't remain idle either.

The next day, word got around that Donovan Taylor had disappeared from the dark pool. Very quickly, the people that Donovan Taylor had offended geared up once again.

Suddenly, Donovan Taylor's life was in danger. Of course, the old lady was never going to take that lying down.

She boarded her private plane for San Francisco. On the one hand, it was to warn that piece of trash—Finn Taylor—that he'd always be the Taylor family's jinx. On the other hand, it was also to pick Donovan Taylor up.

No matter how much those people hated Donovan Taylor, there was no way they'd dare to make trouble at the Taylor family's residence. After all, the Taylor family still helmed Peregrine Hall.

Upon landing in San Francisco, Finn Taylor rushed toward Number One Pacific Heights.

His heart was pounding in his chest. Although he hadn't said anything about this in the Taylor family's residence, he had already obtained his answer from his grandmother's expression.

Donovan Taylor had indeed come to San Francisco.

Finn Taylor was terrified that his wife would mistake his brother for him and that something would happen. But what greeted him at Number One Pacific Heights was Diane Taylor chasing him out with a broom.

He was stunned, but he instinctively caught the broom. "Diane, what are you doing?"

Because she hadn't struck him down, Diane Taylor was trembling in fear. After all, 'Finn Taylor' had sent chills down her spine just the day before.

"Diane, did someone who looks identical to me come over? What did he do to you guys?"

Although Diane Taylor didn't understand him, she backed away, not daring to say a word.

Hearing the commotion, Francis Larson and Linda James headed out as well. When they spotted Finn Taylor, fear was written all over their faces.

At that very moment, Finn Taylor was certain that his twin had visited their house. Otherwise, there was no way Linda James would be so afraid of him.

"Diane, come here. Tell me where Yvette is."

Of course, Diane Taylor wasn't going to reveal anything. She stood by Linda James and Francis Larson.

If Finn Taylor dared to do anything to them, they would charge forward together to beat him up.

The family's son-in-law was in despair. *'It seems like I'm not going to get anything out of them.'*

As such, he decided to look for Hunter Sullivan.

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At the same time, Yvette Larson—who was hiding at her best friend’s house—opened the fridge. She turned to Clarine Landon helplessly. “Is there nothing left to eat?”

Clarine Landon gave a sheepish smile. She wasn’t in the habit of cooking at home, so it was only natural for the fridge to be empty. At the very most, there were some drinks stocked up there.

Yvette Larson had turned up here in complete fear and had even told her best friend all about what the fake Finn Taylor had done to her.

This scared the two women so much that they dared not take a single step out of the house. Yet, they had eaten everything they could possibly eat at home.

Now, they had no choice but to go out. Thus, the two women put on their hats and masks, glancing around carefully before heading out.

But as soon as she opened the door, Clarine Landon let out a piercing scream, and Yvette Larson quickly shut the door.

That fake Finn Taylor was right at their doorstep!

‘Damn it! How did that guy find us?’

Finn Taylor rubbed his nose as he waited by the door. *‘It looks like Yvette was hit hard.’*

“About that, I’m real,” Finn Taylor said, not knowing if his wife would understand what he was saying.

But he had to clear the air—that previous Finn Taylor wasn’t him.

“I don’t understand what you’re saying.”

“His name is Donovan Taylor; he’s my younger brother. My real name is Timothy Taylor.”

Yvette Larson caught the general idea of what her husband was getting at. For some reason, the man outside felt familiar.

Her instincts told her that he was the real one. As such, she walked up and was about to open the door.

That was when Clarine Landon slapped her hand. “Don’t open it. Who knows if that person outside is the real Finn Taylor? What if he’s lying to you?”

Clarine Landon glanced outside and yelled out, “Prove yourself.”

Finn Taylor frowned. *‘Prove myself? How am I supposed to do that?’*

After giving it some thought, he finally spoke up. “As two become one, I take you with your faults and your strengths. I offer myself to you with my faults and my strengths. I will help you when you need help and turn to you when I need help. I choose you as the person I will spend my life with. Yvette, marry me!”

Upon hearing this, Yvette Larson stiffened. Those words were all too familiar to her—they were the words Finn Taylor had said to her when he had won the prize at the Larson family’s outing.

At the thought of that, Yvette Larson couldn't help but think of that fat sum of prize money. It was supposed to be theirs, but her grandpa—Joseph Larson—had said that it was only right for the money to go to the Larson family since they had gone on the outing together.

As such, the money was still at the Larson family's residence.

At that moment, Yvette Larson was sure of the identity of the person outside—he was the real Finn Taylor.

Yvette Larson pushed the door open, and her tears uncontrollably fell as her eyes met her husband's.

Chapter 162: Donovan Taylor's Been Caught

"You're back. What took you so long? Why are you only back now?" Yvette Larson rushed into her husband's arms as she pounded his chest.

In an instant, all of their previous misunderstandings melted away.

Finn Taylor stroked his wife's hair and comforted her. "Don't worry; I'm here. Nobody will dare to bully you anymore."

With her significant other's assurances, Yvette Larson finally put her heart at rest.

"Come on. Let's go home." Finn Taylor picked up his wife's hand, and they headed for Number One Pacific Heights.

When their car arrived at the foot of Pacific Heights, Finn Taylor received a message from Hunter Sullivan.

Previously, Finn Taylor had instructed Hunter Sullivan to look for Yvette Larson and Donovan Taylor.

He wasn't going to let the latter off.

He had already held it in for decades. Over the years, he had let the latter off on account of their blood relations. But this time, his brother had gone too far.

Hunter Sullivan's message was to inform him that Donovan Taylor had been caught.

Finn Taylor's gaze darkened as he read the message. *'How many years has it been? I've been humiliated in the Taylor family and have been treated so unfairly and badly all because of him. A saint and a jinx? I'll see how a saint—Donovan Taylor—goes down on his knees to beg me for mercy today.'*

"What's wrong?" Yvette Larson could sense that something was amiss. Her sixth sense told her that something major was going to happen.

"I'm going to deal with someone."

Yvette Larson didn't try to stop her husband and only said, "Be careful." Then, she got out of the car and walked toward Number One Pacific Heights.

Finn Taylor couldn't help but feel moved as he watched his wife walk off into the distance. No matter what happened, this woman had always chosen to stand on his side without fail.

He slammed on the accelerator, flying toward the address that Hunter Sullivan had sent him as rage pulsed through his veins.

Donovan Taylor was being locked up in a small, dilapidated hut. His whole body was trembling, and it was clear he was flustered. "Hunter Sullivan, do you have a death wish? Don't you know who I am?"

Hunter Sullivan stood before Donovan Taylor and landed a slap on his face. "Finn Taylor, when are you going to return the money that you owe me?"

Donovan Taylor felt his blood boil. *'Hunter Sullivan is nothing but a dog that Peregrine Hall owns. How dare he slap Master Peregrine?'*

"B*stard! How many times have I told you that I'm not Finn Taylor? I'm Donovan Taylor! Hunter Sullivan, you're from Peregrine Hall too. Can't you tell us apart?"

Hunter Sullivan landed another vicious slap on Donovan Taylor's face. "Stop bullsh*tting! Who in Peregrine Hall doesn't know that it's Finn Taylor who's in San Francisco? Donovan Taylor is in the dark pool!"

The latter was on the brink of tears when he heard that. He quickly explained, "No, no. I offended too many of my enemies, and they're after my life. Grandma got Finn Taylor to live under my name so that he could inherit the title of Master Peregrine. She even sent him to the dark pool and spread news about it to fool my enemies into thinking that I was in the dark pool. On the other hand, I secretly came to San Francisco to pretend to be that piece of trash."

Hunter Sullivan pretended to be shocked. "Are you really Donovan Taylor? But aren't you afraid that you'll kill Finn Taylor by doing this?"

Donovan Taylor rolled his eyes. "That piece of trash is a jinx. So what if he dies? To the Taylor family, it won't be any different from a dog dying. It's no big deal."

"Is that so?" Just then, a stern and domineering voice sounded throughout the room.

Upon hearing this, everyone in the room—including Hunter Sullivan—fell on their knees.

Finn Taylor strolled over.

Hunter Sullivan was still on the ground as he greeted, "Greetings, Eldest Young Master."

'Eldest Young Master?' Hunter Sullivan's words were a rude awakening for Donovan Taylor. *'Hunter Sullivan was toying with me this whole time. He knows exactly who I am. He was just pretending not to know so that I'd be scared.'*

"Hunter Sullivan, you b*stard!"

Finn Taylor helped Hunter Sullivan up as he nodded at the latter. Then, his gaze fell on his brother. "Long time no see, Saint."

His emphasis was on the word 'saint.'

It was full of sarcasm, but unfortunately, Donovan Taylor didn't pick up on that. "Humph! Since you know that I'm a saint to the Taylor family, you'd better hurry up and let me go. I'm going to tell Grandma about this. Let's wait and see how she deals with you!"

Hunter Sullivan simply shut his eyes the moment he heard those words. *'How could there be such stupid people in this world? Finn Taylor and Donovan Taylor may be twins, but they're worlds apart. One of them is a ferocious tiger stalking its prey, while the other is just a useless stray dog.'*

"Beat him up!" That was all Finn Taylor said.

The men behind Hunter Sullivan rushed forward and started kicking and punching Donovan Taylor fiercely.

Everyone knew perfectly well that this was their chance to prove themselves. As long as they made full use of this opportunity, they stood to gain a whole lot from Finn Taylor.

Naturally, nobody wanted to miss out on that.

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At the same time, Yvette Larson returned home.

A group had gathered at the foot of Pacific Heights. Of course, Frida Cameron was at the head of the group. "Does that piece of trash live here? I thought he was living in a pigpen, but it seems like he's enjoying his life here."

'Enjoying his life?' Wendy Jensen didn't even know how to respond to that. *'Finn Taylor married into the Larson family, became a joke to the whole of San Francisco, and had even been bullied and humiliated by the Taylor family for the past three years. But now, Frida Cameron is saying that he was enjoying his life here! Is this what a good life is in her eyes?'*

With Frida Cameron leading the way, the few dozen men headed up the hill.

Of course, the security officers rushed up as soon as they saw a group of strangers heading into the Pacific Heights neighborhood.

"Scram!" Frida Cameron shouted tyrannically.

This naturally infuriated the security officers. They were about to fight back when someone in black behind Frida Cameron took something out of his pocket.

One of the older security officers quickly stepped out of the way respectfully.

While the other security officers were still trying to block the group's path, they quickly stepped aside after being chided by the older security officer.

Frida Cameron stomped off arrogantly toward the top of the hill.

The senior security officer couldn't help but feel astounded as he watched the group disappear into the distance. *'People from Peregrine Hall are here. Why would they be here? The Taylor family of Peregrine Hall. Finn Taylor, the owner of Number One Pacific Heights. Could it be...'*

The senior security officer felt as though he had discovered a secret and quickly headed for the Gold family's residence.

The Gold family had already extended their reach to San Francisco a long time ago, but they had simply inserted some trivial characters there to keep it from others.

In fact, this old security officer was from the Gold family.

'I have to tell Third Master Gold all about this huge secret!'

Chapter 163: Frida Cameron Visits Number One Pacific Heights

Frida Cameron made her way into Number One Pacific Heights with her men. While this was nowhere near as grand or luxurious as the Taylor family's residence in Chicago, Frida Cameron was still taken aback.

She had always thought that the piece of trash would be staying in a dilapidated and rundown place. She had never expected him to be living in a villa!

As the old lady walked into Number One Pacific Heights, Yvette Larson was puzzled. "Who are you?"

Frida Cameron simply sat down as though she owned the house, and she took in her surroundings.

Finally, her gaze fell on Yvette Larson. "You must be Yvette Larson—that piece of trash's wife."

Yvette Larson felt her heart leap in her chest. For some reason, this old lady in front of her evoked a sense of fear in her.

The aura she exuded was something Yvette Larson had never felt in her life. Not from her grandpa—Joseph Larson—not from the Sanders family, and not from even the Gold family.

They had never given her such a strong sense of oppression as this old lady did.

"If you're talking about Finn Taylor, then you're right. I'm his wife, but I hope that you can respect him. He's not a piece of trash."

Frida Cameron's gaze chilled. "Other than him, you're the only one who dares to rebuke me. You guys make a good couple. Beat her up!"

A bodyguard dressed in black rushed up to Yvette Larson and landed a slap on her face without hesitation.

Crimson-red blood flowed down from the corners of her lips.

The resounding slap attracted the attention of the house's other three occupants. They were stunned by the sight before them.

Linda James was terribly protective of her daughter. "Who are you? What right do you have to hit my daughter?"

Frida Cameron's gaze shot over. "You must be the mother-in-law of that piece of trash. I heard that you always make things difficult for him. Not bad—I admire you."

Linda James was still in a daze about what was going on, but from what she was hearing, it seemed like this old lady had a grudge against Finn Taylor. In fact, she even thought that the old lady was going to reward her for bullying her son-in-law.

Unfortunately, Linda James had forgotten all about how the men in front of her had just slapped her daughter. How could she expect anything from them?

"Slap her." No sooner had Frida Cameron finished her sentence than Linda James got slapped.

Linda James was dumbfounded. *'Weren't they going to reward me? Why did I end up getting slapped?'*

She flared up instantly. "How dare you guys hit me?"

That man in black grabbed hold of Linda James and roared, "The Old Madam rewarded you. Aren't you going to thank her?"

Linda James's face was filled with fury. *'They hit me, yet they expect me to be grateful for that? How could there be such unreasonable people in this world?'*

Slap!

Yet another resounding slap landed on Linda James's cheek. This time, she felt as though her ears were ringing, and her whole body was trembling in discomfort.

"Aren't you going to thank her?"

Linda James naturally had no other choice since she was a weakling. She quickly uttered, "Thank you, Madam, for rewarding me."

The old lady was delighted. *'This is indeed that piece of trash's family. They're no different from him—they're pieces of trash too. Maximus Brugel said that I made a wrong call, but who am I? I'm Frida Cameron. Does he really think that I'd make a wrong judgment?'*

"Kneel down!" Frida Cameron glared at Yvette Larson condescendingly as though she was giving an imperial edict.

But Yvette Larson was not her mother. She was sure she had done nothing wrong, so she wasn't going to kneel just like that.

She didn't know who this old lady in front of her was, nor did she know about her grudge with her husband. However, she chose to trust him.

Seeing Yvette Larson's indifference, the old lady couldn't help furrowing her brows.

Two men in black then walked up to Yvette Larson and forcefully made her kneel by pressing her onto the ground.

"I thought that your bones were too stiff. It seems like you can kneel down too."

But Yvette Larson was unfazed by Frida Cameron's mockery. "I kneel to my parents and also to the dead. I respect the dead very much, so why don't I kneel and kowtow to you too?"

Frida Cameron flared up at Yvette Larson's words. *'The latter cursed me! How dare she curse me?'*

"Beat her up!" The old lady slammed her cane against the ground furiously.

The men in black rushed up and landed a few ferocious punches on Yvette Larson's stomach.

She lay on the ground limply, groaning in pain.

Frida Cameron was elated upon seeing Yvette Larson so lifeless. Her happiness was built on the latter's pain.

"Get that piece of trash here. I want him to see that his so-called power is nothing but a joke when compared to mine. I want him to know that he's nothing without the Taylor family. He won't be able to protect anyone without our family."

Frida Cameron had gotten a little bored. She wanted to humiliate this family in front of Finn Taylor. It felt a little unexciting because she couldn't witness the pain on Finn Taylor's face.

'Along the way home, Finn had suddenly gone off to attend to some matters. From his expression, it looked like an important matter.' Yvette Larson didn't want to bother him. *'I'm not going to make a call to Finn—definitely not. I'd rather be beaten up by this old lady than make that call.'*

Frida Cameron was fuming. *'Nobody has ever dared to go against me, but today, that piece of trash's wife has gone against me more than once. I'm going to make this woman die a pitiful death.'*

"Beat her up!" Frida Cameron ordered once again.

However, Wendy Jensen suddenly spoke up. "Stop."

Frida Cameron glared at her daughter-in-law. "What, do you want to go against me too?"

"Mom, have you ever thought about something? He's back in San Francisco, but why isn't he at home?"

Frida Cameron was no fool.

In fact, she was quite sharp and astute. Otherwise, she never would've been able to helm the entire Taylor family after her husband's death.

"Donovan—he must've gone to look for Donovan."

“Mom, if I’m not wrong, he probably has Donovan right now. If you kill his wife, Donovan will be in danger.”

The old lady naturally didn’t dare to fool around when it came to the safety of her precious grandson. Thus, she turned her gaze to Linda James. “Beat her up then. That woman always bullies that piece of trash, so he probably won’t kill my grandson just for her sake.”

Linda James was spineless. The minute she heard that they were going to beat her up, she immediately exclaimed, “Are you guys looking for Finn Taylor? I’ll call him for you. Don’t hit me!”

In an instant, both Frida Cameron and Wendy Jensen were stunned. Neither of them had ever seen such a weak-kneed person in their life.

Linda James picked up her phone and immediately made a call to her son-in-law. “You idiot, where are you? Who did you offend? Do you know I’m going to get beaten to death? You’d better hurry back!”

Feeling the rage on the other end of the call, Finn Taylor’s eyes were filled with fire too. He could already guess who was paying his family a visit. *‘Frida Cameron—that stupid b*tch came all the way to San Francisco for her precious grandson!’*



Chapter 164: Why Don’t You Die

Number One Pacific Heights

Linda James put down her phone and let out a saccharine smile. “I called him. He said that he’d be back right away.”

Frida Cameron was pleased as she glanced at Linda James’s expression. It was as though she was a victor looking down on her opponent. *‘Look at her. She’s that useless piece of trash’s mother-in-law but look at how she treats me! This whole family is a joke!’*

Less than ten minutes later, footsteps could be heard as a group strolled into Number One Pacific Heights.

Upon seeing his grandma, Donovan Taylor rushed up into her arms emotionally.

The sight of the injuries on Donovan Taylor’s face broke Frida Cameron’s heart, and she smacked her cane against the ground. “How dare you hit my precious son?”

Donovan Taylor pointed at Hunter Sullivan, who was behind Finn Taylor. “Grandma, that dog beat me up too.”

Frida Cameron’s face darkened as she commanded Hunter Sullivan, “Kneel down.”

The latter's heart was in a frenzy when he spotted the former. After all, he was part of Peregrine Hall. He knew very well what this old lady was capable of, but what was done was done. Between the two brothers of the Taylor family, he had already chosen to stand with Finn Taylor. This meant that there was no longer any need to listen to that old lady.

"I will only listen to Elder Young Master's commands."

Frida Cameron raised her eyebrow. "Elder Young Master? Our Taylor family has never had an Elder Young Master. We only have a precious grandson, as well as a jinx who's here to destroy our whole family."

The moment Donovan Taylor and Finn Taylor rushed in, Francis Larson, his wife, and Diane Taylor were all dumbfounded.

They had never expected two Finn Taylors. But now that Frida Cameron had said those words, they completely understood the situation.

The one who had shown up a couple of days earlier wasn't Finn Taylor but his identical twin brother.

Finn Taylor sneered inwardly. "Precious grandson, jinx. Great."

He walked up to his wife, and his heart ached when he saw the injuries on her. *'That old b*tch hit Yvette! I'll make her pay for this.'*

"My precious grandson, it's Grandma's fault for not protecting you well. What are you guys waiting for? Hurry and beat them up! Kill them!" By this point in time, Frida Cameron had already lost all rationality. She no longer cared about the blood ties between her and Finn Taylor.

She wanted him dead. She wanted Hunter Sullivan dead. She wanted everyone here dead!

With Frida Cameron's command, dozens of men in black swarmed up.

Finn Taylor hated their guts. *'These are the people who beat my wife up. I'm not going to let my grandmother off, nor am I going to let these people off.'*

Whoosh!

Before three minutes were up, the entire room fell into pin-drop silence.

The few dozen men in black were now lying on the ground, their limbs broken and their internal organs damaged. It would take three days at the longest for them to die from organ failure.

Frida Cameron's face was filled with inexplicable shock. *'That's impossible. To deal with Finn Taylor, I brought along the strongest fighters from the Shadow Troopers. But even then, they were no match for him! How is that even possible?'*

Previously, Finn Taylor had killed a Shadow Trooper back at the Taylor family's residence. However, Frida Cameron had always thought that it was Maximus Brugel who had done so.

She refused to believe that her grandson was capable of this. But today, she couldn't deny it any longer.

“It’s your turn now.” As Finn Taylor said that, he strolled toward his grandmother.

The latter’s heart clenched up in fear. “What are you trying to do? I’m your grandma—your biological grandma. Aren’t you afraid of being cursed out and ruining your reputation?”

Finn Taylor chuckled, and it only intensified the fear in Frida Cameron’s heart.

“I’m naturally not going to kill you. I’m not going to let everyone curse at me, but I’m sure that someone will be willing to do it.” Finn Taylor grabbed hold of his twin brother.

The latter was trembling in fear, and he grasped at his grandma’s elbow like a little child. Of course, his strength paled in comparison to his twin brother’s.

With a gentle fling, Finn Taylor threw his brother against the wall. The former then grabbed the Peregrine Cane quickly.

He couldn’t help but sneer as he gazed at it. *‘I’ve already lost count of how many times this cane has struck me since I was a child. Even when I started eating before my brother, I would always get scolded. And this is all because of what that old monk had said: I’m a jinx, while my brother is a saint.’*

Finn Taylor picked up the cane and whacked his brother with it.

The latter’s face immediately swelled up as blood and flesh got mixed together.

“Do you want to live?”

Donovan Taylor was initially still arrogant. But after being hit, he fell onto the ground and begged for mercy. “Finn—no, Brother. My dear brother, please let me off. I don’t want to die. I really don’t want to die.”

Finn Taylor pointed at his grandma and asked, “Do you see her?”

“Yes.”

“Both of you have bullied me, but I’m going to be magnanimous today on account of our blood ties. I’ll only kill one of you, so why don’t you tell me? Should I kill her or you?”

Shock!

The moment Finn Taylor finished his sentence, the entire room fell into silence. Nobody had expected Finn Taylor to make such a proposition.

Of course, nobody in the room was more afraid than Linda James. She had bullied Finn Taylor for three whole years, thinking that he was nothing but a piece of trash.

Who would’ve expected Finn Taylor to appear in front of her in this manner today? It turned out that he was no piece of trash. Once he made up his mind about things, he was so vicious that he could even kill his own grandma, let alone her.

Linda James felt a chill run down her spine.

“Finn Taylor, what do you mean?” Frida Cameron exploded. *‘How dare this piece of trash say such disrespectful things?’*

Thud!

The cane landed on Donovan Taylor yet again, and fresh blood flowed down onto the ground.

Thud!

As Donovan Taylor took another hit, he was on the verge of death.

Frida Cameron’s heart broke as she witnessed her precious grandson being beaten. “Stop! Don’t hit my precious grandson, you b*stard! Just you wait and see! I’ll get someone to kill you once we get out of here!”

Finn Taylor sneered. “I already said that one of you has to die today. If you leave, I’ll kill him.”

Thud!

He landed another blow on his twin brother’s ear, slicing it off.

Donovan Taylor groaned in extreme pain as he rolled around on the ground, begging for mercy.

Seeing her precious grandson being beaten up, Frida Cameron had the urge to fight it out with Finn Taylor.

Yet, at that very moment, Donovan Taylor glared at his grandmother with bloodshot eyes. “You stupid b*tch! You keep saying that I’m your precious grandson. Didn’t you hear him? Only one of us will survive. Why don’t you go and die? Hurry up and die, you stupid old b*tch!”

Chapter 165: Frida Cameron’s Dead

As Donovan Taylor finished his sentence, the entire Number One Pacific Heights fell into dead silence.

Frida Cameron wondered if her ears were playing tricks on her. The precious grandson who she had protected with her dear life was now asking her to die!

Ridiculous! How ridiculous!

This was the greatest irony.

Frida Cameron felt suffocated. *‘I don’t want to remain here any longer. I came all the way to San Francisco from Chicago for my grandson, but what I got in return was him asking me to die! What’s the point in staying here any longer?’*

“I’m leaving. Are you going to stop me?” Frida Cameron stood up and headed toward the door.

Everyone’s eyes shot toward Finn Taylor. They were curious to know if he would stop her.

Unexpectedly, he didn't. He was going to let Frida Cameron leave just like that.

Hunter Sullivan was the most confused. He understood more than anyone else just how powerful and terrifying this old lady could be.

If she managed to return to Chicago after all that had happened today, Finn Taylor wouldn't just be facing Frida Cameron alone. All the prominent figures of Chicago—Russell Ferguson, Elijah Crawford, Andrew Hamilton, and Edward Mackenzie—would show up as well.

They would naturally choose to oppose Finn Taylor without a moment of hesitation.

However, it would be easy to prevent that situation from happening. All he needed to do was kill that old lady right then and there.

Yet, Finn Taylor didn't. In fact, he would never do that.

He had already said that Frida Cameron was his biological grandmother. Although they were at loggerheads, they were still bound by blood ties.

If Finn Taylor were to kill his grandmother personally, he would definitely be lambasted for the rest of his life.

Finn Taylor glanced at his brother and said coolly, "Five steps, four steps, three steps..."

Initially, Donovan Taylor was still confused about what his brother meant. However, it suddenly dawned on him: The latter was counting the number of steps left until the old lady left the room.

He had already said that only one of them would walk out alive today. If Frida Cameron walked out, he would have to die.

Donovan Taylor's eyes reddened. *'I'm not going to let that happen.'*

Gritting his teeth and enduring the pain radiating throughout his body, he rushed forward and kicked his grandma viciously.

Her head hit the ground as she fell back.

Frida Cameron was already advanced in age, and such a blow had stripped her of the ability to speak.

Her breaths were getting shallower as her pupils were glued to Donovan Taylor. *'Ridiculous! How ridiculous! I've protected my precious grandson throughout my life, yet he's turning around to kill me! It seems like Maximus Brugel was right. The true saint of the Taylor family is Finn Taylor, not Donovan Taylor. Perhaps, I had indeed fallen into a trap. Someone had indeed bribed that monk and was trying to ruin the Taylor family and Peregrine Hall over the span of a few decades.'*

"Brother, that old lady is dead. Please let me off."

Donovan Taylor's actions and words stunned everyone present so much that they were all at a loss for words. It was as though they were looking at the devil.

Finn Taylor laughed. *'Frida Cameron is dead. The old lady—who had always called me a jinx and wanted me dead—is finally dead.'*

Finn Taylor strolled up to his grandmother. He then kneeled down and placed his finger at the latter's nose.

Only when he felt that she was no longer breathing did he feel at ease.

"Ah..." Finn Taylor's expression was filled with despair as he punched Frida Cameron's chest viciously. "Grandma, you can't die. I miss you! I'm going to do CPR for you."

Thud!

He landed yet another blow on Frida Cameron's chest.

Hunter Sullivan couldn't help but chuckle inwardly. He knew that the Elder Young Master was putting on an act, but that was right. *'Frida Cameron is the head of the Taylor family, as well as Peregrine Hall. Her death will definitely cause a stir. Elder Young Master can't afford to take the blame for this.'*

"My condolences, Young Master. Madam has already passed on." Hunter Sullivan kneeled on the ground beside Finn Taylor.

The latter appeared to be heartbroken as he cried out pitifully, yet his fists pounded on Frida Cameron's chest. "Grandma, my dear grandma. You can't abandon me and just leave me here alone!"

"My condolences, Elder Young Master." Hunter Sullivan crouched on the ground.

"Grandma, it was my fault for going against you and angering you. I'll definitely organize a grand funeral for you to send you off in glory." Finn Taylor turned to his younger brother with a painful expression.

"Send that unfilial son of the Taylor family—Donovan Taylor—to the dark pool. Lock him there forever for killing Grandma."

Snap!

Two of Finn Taylor's subordinates quickly subdued Donovan Taylor.

The former turned his gaze toward Wendy Jensen. "Mother, Father passed away from an illness, Grandma is gone, and my little brother is unfilial. I will do my best to bring the Taylor family back to glory."

Wendy Jensen stood there, stunned. Only one word came up: Abdication.

'Finn Taylor said that he's going to lead the family to glory. This clearly means that he wants me to hand over all power and authority.' Wendy Jensen sighed inwardly. *'Although I hadn't done much, I had contributed to the psychological trauma this child has faced. He isn't going to kill her, but neither is he going to leave me with any power. This is something all new emperors will do when they force the incumbent to abdicate.'*

Wendy Jensen stretched out her arm, a piece of jade in her hand.

There was a word carved into the piece of jade: Taylor.

This was a symbol of the Taylor family head, and Wendy Jensen handed it over to her son.

As he received it, he said, “Donovan killed Grandma, so you must be shocked. Please remain in the Taylor family’s residence from now on.”

‘Restricting my movements! Not only is he forcing me out of power, but he is even putting me under house arrest!’

Finn Taylor was surprising her over and over again.

It wasn’t just Frida Cameron who had judged the twins wrongly. Wendy Jensen realized that even she had judged her son wrongly. She simply felt that Finn Taylor was no piece of trash, yet she had never expected that he was such a high-flyer.

“I’ve gotten a little tired these days. I’ll stay in the Taylor family’s residence and not head out from now on.”

Very quickly, Frida Cameron was brought back to Chicago by the Taylor family.

The funeral was exceptionally extravagant, and there, Wendy Jensen also made an announcement: The title of Master Peregrine was stripped away from Donovan Taylor. Her elder son—Timothy Taylor—would take over the helm of Peregrine Hall.

Not many people in Chicago knew about the elder son of the Taylor family. As such, this announcement made waves in the city.

At the Gold family’s residence in San Francisco.

When Third Master Gold learned of Finn Taylor’s real identity, the shock on his face couldn’t be concealed. *‘The Taylor family?’*

Third Master Gold hated that family’s ostentatious Donovan Taylor, so he never put any effort into getting to know him. In fact, he didn’t even know what Donovan Taylor looked like. Otherwise, he never would’ve treated Finn Taylor that way when they first met.

“Kimberly, arrange a meeting with Finn Taylor for me.”

Chapter 166: Clarine Landon Stumbles into the Male Washroom

Chicago.

A storm was brewing in the city. Following the death of Jacob Taylor and Frida Cameron, it seemed like the Taylor family was on the brink of collapsing.

Donovan Taylor had already been imprisoned in the dark pool. Did that mean that a woman—Wendy Jensen—was going to helm the great Taylor family?

In fact, nobody even paid attention to Timothy Taylor, who seemed to have appeared out of nowhere.

Everyone knew full well that Timothy Taylor was the jinx of the Taylor family and had been despised by the family since he was a child. Thus, there was no way someone like that could take over the family's reins.

All of Chicago's prominent figures—Russell Ferguson, Elijah Crawford, Andrew Hamilton, and Edward Mackenzie—had already set their sights on having a piece of the Taylor family's pie. But just as they were getting ready to bring the Taylor family down, something happened.

Overnight, Jacob Taylor's cousins—Jefferson Taylor and Julian Taylor—entered the Taylor family to snatch power over the family from Wendy Jensen.

As Wendy Jensen returned from her daze and tried to fight back, someone walked in—Benjamin Taylor.

He was the Old Master of the Taylor family and Jacob Taylor's second uncle.

Benjamin Taylor was a centenarian and now held the highest position in the Taylor family. Naturally, nobody in the family dared to go against him.

Just like that, the Taylor family's power was clearly consolidated. It now seemed possible for the crumbling Taylor family to rebuild themselves again.

This meant that all of those people had made preparations in vain.

Russell Ferguson, Elijah Crawford, Andrew Hamilton, and Edward Mackenzie all turned up at the Taylor family's residence with lavish gifts to greet Benjamin Taylor.

Maximus Brugel silently took in the sight from afar, shaking his head as he stroked his beard. *'It seems like it won't be that easy for Finn to take over as the Taylor family head.'*

At that time, Finn Taylor's grandfather—Brian Taylor—had chased his younger brother, Benjamin Taylor, out of Chicago after taking over the family's helm.

Who would've expected Brian Taylor's descendants to land up in such a state? That was why Benjamin Taylor saw his chance.

As such, he took his sons—Jefferson Taylor and Julian Taylor—back. Right now, he had the highest position in the entire family. Of course, Finn Taylor meant nothing to him.

All that was going on in Chicago quickly reached Finn Taylor's ears, but he simply gave a chuckle without saying anything.

The Taylor family could do whatever they wanted to. If Finn Taylor really cared about the Taylor family, he would simply build up a strong and powerful Taylor family himself.

It was only on account of blood ties that he was allowing the Taylor family to survive and not fall.

Hunter Sullivan was slightly shaken as he glanced at Finn Taylor's expression.

A week had passed since that incident, yet Hunter Sullivan was still unable to calm himself down.

He had always thought that he knew just how vicious his boss was, but never in his life would he have expected the latter to be far more vicious than he had ever imagined.

Just then, Finn Taylor received a call—it was from Clarine Landon.

"Finn Taylor, hurry on over. I'm being humiliated here."

He was stunned. "What's going on?"

"Stop asking me so many questions. I'll give you the address; we'll talk when you're here."

Finn Taylor then received an address, and he was dumbfounded. *'What's going on with Clarine Landon? She's Yvette's best friend. I don't think it would be good for me to ignore her.'*

As such, he set off for that address.

...

"Babe, tell me. Did you rush into the male washroom to peep on me?" A short and chubby man had his eyes fixed on Clarine Landon as he shamelessly spat out those words.

Earlier on, Clarine Landon had bumped into a little kid in the mall. She had taken him around in hopes of finding his parents, but he suddenly needed to use the washroom.

Clarine Landon glanced at the kid helplessly and could only suggest bringing him to the female washroom. Unfortunately, that kid vehemently refused to enter it.

Left with no other choice, she could only bring the kid into the male washroom after ensuring that there was nobody else in there.

Just then, that plump man entered the washroom.

Seeing how beautiful Clarine Landon was, the man couldn't hold his thoughts in.

Of course, Clarine Landon wasn't one to tolerate such nonsense and simply rebuked him.

That was how the situation escalated, and now, there were almost a hundred bystanders around them.

That man was utterly shameless and refused to let the matter go, spouting all sorts of nasty words.

Clarine Landon felt downright humiliated as countless pairs of eyes were glued to her.

There were even some who were taking photos to send to their friends.

She had tried to explain herself, but it was to no avail. Everyone was simply standing by the sidelines, treating it as a free show.

Clarine Landon's eyes were brimming with tears, and she was on the verge of tears. However, she knew that it would be useless to cry.

At that very moment, the mall manager—Tom Hadley—arrived.

When Clarine Landon saw this, hope surged in her heart because Tom Hadley was her classmate. She narrated what had happened to the latter without missing out any details, but to her surprise, Tom Hadley ignored her completely!

In fact, he shoved her straight to the ground. “Are you done? No matter what or how much you say, you’re still a woman who barged into the men’s restroom.”

Clarine Landon glared at Tom Hadley as she lay on the ground. She couldn’t help but feel that the other felt terribly unfamiliar.

They were classmates, so why did Tom Hadley refuse to believe her?

It then suddenly struck her that Tom Hadley seemed to have tried to woo her while they were still in school, but she had rejected him.

They had been college students at that time, and dating was the last thing on her mind.

‘Do you mean that Tom Hadley still holds a grudge against me because of that?’

Seeing the dejected Clarine Landon on the ground, Tom Hadley’s heart leaped with joy. *‘Clarine, oh Clarine. Weren’t you so haughty and arrogant at that time? You’re just from a second-tier family, so how dare you look down on me? Look, you’re still at my mercy now. I’m going to blow this matter up! I’m going to let the whole of San Francisco know how much of a pervert Clarine Landon is!’*

Emotions surged in his heart as he saw hope in taking revenge. A sinister sneer appeared on his face as though he was cooking up a new ploy.

Suddenly, the door was pushed open from the outside.

Finn Taylor squeezed his way through the crowd. Upon seeing Clarine Landon on the ground and in tears, he knew that something was wrong. “What’s the matter?”

The aggrieved Clarine Landon burst into tears and hugged Finn Taylor the moment she spotted him.

The latter was bewildered. *‘What am I supposed to do? It doesn’t seem right to let her hug me so openly, yet it doesn’t seem right to push her away either. That would only add to her misery.’*

Thankfully, Clarine Landon knew her place. She let him go and wiped away her tears before telling Finn Taylor everything that had happened.

When she finished, the latter nodded. “Don’t worry; leave it to me.. It’s no big deal.”

Chapter 167: Greetings, Elder Young Master

Finn Taylor glanced at Tom Hadley before saying, "You're Tom Hadley, right? Are you the manager here? The mall should have CCTVs around, so we'll know if she's telling the truth once we check them."

Tom Hadley's lips curled up menacingly. "You piece of trash! Did you think I wouldn't recognize you? You're just the useless matrilocal son-in-law of the Larson family. Hey, Clarine Landon is your wife's best friend, isn't she? Are you cheating on your wife with her?"

His words were downright shameless and accusatory.

Initially, this hadn't been a big deal. After all, two guests had simply gotten into a small quarrel.

As the mall manager, Tom Hadley could've simply cleared Clarine Landon's name by checking the surveillance footage. Then, everything would be easy to resolve.

Yet, he was trying to take his personal revenge using his status and was even dragging Yvette Larson into the matter.

Finn Taylor naturally wasn't going to let him off just like that. "Gregory Mall—this mall should belong to Gregory Jensen, right?"

Finn Taylor picked up his phone and talked to the other. "Tom Hadley, I'll get your boss here to resolve the matter for me since you can't resolve it."

Tom Hadley nearly burst into laughter as he caught sight of the other's expression. He was sure that Finn Taylor was simply putting on an act. *'Who in San Francisco doesn't know who Finn Taylor is? He's just a matrilocal son-in-law of the Larson family. He has endured humiliation at the family's hands for three whole years and has never fought back nor rebuked them. Yet, he's acting as though he's a big shot here. You know Gregory Jensen? If you know him, I even know Master Peregrine of Peregrine Hall!'*

"Wow, Clarine. You're really funny. Of all people, you asked him for help? Aren't you clear about who he is? Do you really think that he'd know our boss—Gregory Jensen?"

As Tom Hadley spat those words out, Clarine Landon felt a little uneasy. She knew that her best friend's husband was slightly unordinary and was capable, but she didn't know if he knew Gregory Jensen.

When the bystanders learned of Finn Taylor's true identity, they couldn't help but chortle. *'Yes, he's just a matrilocal son-in-law of the Larson family. If he's really that capable, he wouldn't have been bullied by the Larson family for three whole years.'*

The Jensen family was by no means smaller than the Larson family.

Just then, someone rushed into the mall in a frenzy.

The security officers cleared a path through the crowd for that man to walk up to Finn Taylor. Of course, this person was none other than Gregory Jensen.

"Mr. Taylor, why didn't you let me know that you were gracing us with your presence? I sincerely apologize." Gregory Jensen had just been fooling around with his friends and some barmaids. It was then that Hunter Sullivan had made a call to him.

The former informed him that they had provoked someone they never should've trifled with. He even said that the Jensen family would go bankrupt if they didn't handle this matter well.

Just as Gregory Jensen's heart leaped and he thought that something was amiss, Logan Yeats, Alexander Scott, and Zachary Kennedy all made calls to him as well!

*'F*ck! Within a minute, I've offended prominent figures of New York, Chicago, Seattle, and Washington!' His heart pounded against his chest. Not daring to delay even by a minute, he rushed over.*

He knew that he was in deep trouble. The survival of his family hinged on this critical moment.

"Why are you here, Mr. Jensen?" The moment Tom Hadley spotted Gregory Jensen, he felt his heart leap out of his chest. *'Does Finn Taylor really know Gregory Jensen? But that doesn't seem right. It must be a coincidence.'*

As such, he tried to suck up to his boss.

"Yes. Tom, you're here too. What happened?" The moment Gregory Jensen arrived, he had spotted this huge crowd around. He knew that Hunter Sullivan had to be talking about this, but he didn't know what had actually gone on.

"It isn't a big deal, Mr. Jensen. This lady barged into the male washroom, making this gentleman feel very uncomfortable. They tried to reason it out with each other, but this lady refused to apologize to him."

Gregory Jensen eyed that plump man. *'Could Hunter Sullivan be talking about this man?'*

"Why couldn't you handle such a trivial matter well?" Gregory Jensen pretended to be angry as he lectured his subordinate. He then walked up to that plump man. "Hello, sir. I'm so sorry. We're at fault for not managing our mall well, so please forgive us."

Before this, even that plump man had thought that Gregory Jensen was only here because of Finn Taylor. After all, it was too much of a coincidence that he had suddenly turned up.

But the moment he heard Gregory Jensen's words, he came to a sudden understanding—it was purely a coincidence that Gregory Jensen was here. He had nothing to do with Finn Taylor.

The plump man nodded. "I can do that, but you have to pay for whatever I buy today."

Gregory Jensen naturally accepted that proposition, although he murmured inwardly. *'Someone who can make Hunter Sullivan and the other three call me has to have quite a prominent background. Yet, he's making such a low-level request.'*

However, Gregory Jensen definitely wasn't going to refuse the plump man now that he had already asked for it.

"Finn Taylor, didn't you say you knew Mr. Jensen? Look, you're being humiliated now!"

Hearing Tom Hadley's words, the crowd couldn't help but burst out into laughter.

Just moments earlier, Finn Taylor had been putting on an act as though he was a big shot, even saying that he could call Gregory Jensen over. But as it turned out, the latter didn't even know him and had even asked him to apologize to that plump man.

Wasn't that embarrassing?

In Gregory Jensen's heart, that plump man wasn't one to be trifled with. Since Finn Taylor and that woman had fought with this plump man, they were his enemies.

"Ma'am, what were you trying to do by barging into the men's washroom? I'll make sure that I announce whatever you've done so that everyone sees it. I'll also make sure that all malls ban people like you from entering." Gregory Jensen then pointed at Finn Taylor. "And you, sir. It's good to stand up for your friend, but you should persuade your friend to change her ways when she's done something wrong. We don't welcome people like you in our mall. Please scram!"

Gregory Jensen's words were full of spite. He had even asked them to scram!

He had pinned the pair as criminals! Just then, four Rolls-Royce Phantoms rolled to a stop in front of the mall.

Four figures who commanded presence got out of the cars.

The security officers were so shell-shocked that they didn't dare to stop any of them.

Even the crowd cleared a path for them.

The four figures walked up to Finn Taylor and bowed respectfully, "Greeting, Elder Young Master."

Chapter 168: Yvette Larson's Affair

Of course, the ones who had gotten out of the four Rolls-Royce Phantoms were none other than Logan Yeats, Hunter Sullivan, Alexander Scott, and Zachary Kennedy.

The four of them had just witnessed how vicious Finn Taylor could get a few days earlier. Naturally, not a single one of them dared to remain at home once they heard that their master had been angered.

They had all hurried here in fear. No matter what had happened and whether it had anything to do with them, the first thing they had to do was apologize to Finn Taylor.

And their apology left Gregory Jensen dumbfounded. Earlier, he had been sure that the one they had been talking about was the plump man.

But he was wrong! The one he couldn't afford to offend was Finn Taylor!

Things were getting awkward now.

Finn Taylor scoffed. "How early. I'm about to get chased out, and he has already asked me to scram!"

'That isn't right. We clearly told Gregory Jensen to treat him well, so how dare he offend Finn Taylor?'

Gregory Jensen was on the brink of tears. "I... Sirs, this is just a misunderstanding. A misunderstanding."

Gregory Jensen forced a smile out as he tried to defend himself. However, the four guardians refused to hear him out.

They picked up their phones, and each said something into their phones. Then, more than a hundred people arrived at Gregory Mall.

Of course, they packed the mall to full capacity.

Gregory Jensen's face fell as he watched the scene play out, but he was a vicious man. He wasn't going to give up just like that, so he fell on his knees before Finn Taylor. "I was wrong, sir. I'm begging you to please let me off. I was wrong. I was blind not to have recognized you. Please let me live."

Finn Taylor allowed Gregory Jensen to go on for more than half an hour before he finally spoke up. "It wasn't a big deal to begin with since it was only a misunderstanding, but your manager—Tom Hadley—had a grudge against this lady and was trying to take his revenge. Thus, he pushed all the blame to her. I asked him to get the surveillance footage so we could see what had happened, but he refused. That was why I had no choice but to get the four of them to get you here so that you could settle the matter. However, I never expected you to let me down too."

Finn Taylor sighed.

This sigh made Hunter Sullivan step up, and he landed a resounding slap on Gregory Jensen's face.

Hunter Sullivan's prowess was undeniable—that was how he had become a guardian of Peregrine Hall.

With just a single slap, Gregory Jensen's face had swelled up. Of course, the latter didn't dare to utter so much as a word.

He could only receive his punishment in silence, but he was naturally worlds apart from Finn Taylor.

The latter didn't even bother about him and simply took Clarine Landon and left.

While that was the case, this matter hadn't yet been resolved. There was no way the four guardians were going to let Gregory Jensen off so easily, but they eventually spared his life after the latter had begged for his life fervently.

"Tom Hadley, you b*stard! You ruined my life, so you'd better scram! You're fired, and you're not going to find another job in your life! If you ever do, I'll hang myself!"

Tom Hadley panicked as soon as he heard that. He fell on his knees and kowtowed as he begged for mercy.

Unfortunately, none of that was of any use.

His situation was different from Gregory Jensen. The latter had only misidentified Finn Taylor, while the former had purposely put him in a difficult spot.

There was no way Gregory Jensen would forgive someone as stupid as him.

In the end, everyone's gaze fell on that plump man.

He was the cause of the whole incident. If not for him, they never would've offended Finn Taylor, much less cause such a ruckus.

Hunter Sullivan waved his hand, and more than a hundred men in black turned up to drag that plump man away.

Of course, nobody in the crowd had any sympathy for the latter.

Without even needing anyone to remind them, they obediently deleted the recordings from their phones. This naturally included the videos they had sent to their friends.

If even Gregory Jensen couldn't afford to offend them, who were they to offend them?

...

Finn Taylor walked out of the mall with Clarine Landon.

The latter quickly thanked him awkwardly. "Thanks."

Finn Taylor smiled coolly. "Let's go to the hospital to visit Yvette."

Previously, Frida Cameron had gotten someone to beat Yvette Larson up. Although the latter had only suffered superficial injuries, her husband had insisted on her being warded and observed, and she was still in the hospital to this day.

"I'm going to get some fruit. I haven't been there in two days." The pair then bought some fruit before heading to St. Cloud Hospital.

And it was there that Finn Taylor bumped into two people—Quince Larson and Eleanor Larson.

They, too, had fruit in their hands.

Finn Taylor rolled his eyes. *'There's no way these two people are here to visit Yvette. They're here to make a mockery of her.'*

"Oh, it's good to see you here, Finn Taylor. Come on; lead the way. I heard that Yvette was hospitalized, so I'm here to visit her as the family head."

'Family head.' Finn Taylor rolled his eyes yet again. *'How shameless could Quince Larson get to use that title for himself?'*

Yet, he had no intention of paying any attention to Quince Larson. He simply walked off.

As for Quince Larson, he quickly stepped behind Finn Taylor as though the latter was leading the way for him.

Even such a lame and childish act satisfied him.

Very quickly, they arrived at Yvette Larson's ward.

When she spotted her husband with her cousins, she couldn't help but wonder what was going on.

"Yvette, I heard that you were hospitalized. As the family head, it's my duty to check on how you're doing."

Yvette Larson rolled her eyes at Quince Larson's concern too. She was rendered speechless by his behavior too.

"Yvette, why don't you tell us what happened? Did someone bully you? Why don't you tell the family head what happened?" Ever since he had earned the title of temporary family head, Quince Larson had started regarding himself as an important figure. However, everyone knew that he was useless and knew nothing in reality.

Yet, he still thought highly of himself and was even trying to dip his hands in everything. In fact, he could never go three sentences without mentioning the words 'family head' as though he was afraid others wouldn't know of his title.

Eleanor Larson's heart felt at ease as she glanced at the injuries on her cousin's face. *'How I wish that Yvette had been disfigured instead.'*

"Yvette Larson, don't tell me that you're having an affair! Who could've beaten you up like this?"

Chapter 169: Shameless

No sooner had Eleanor Larson said those words than Finn Taylor glared at her with a piercing gaze.

After her grandpa's accident, Eleanor Larson had actually grown a little frightened of the latter. She had this gnawing feeling that the latter could kill her at any time. As such, she subconsciously retreated when Finn Taylor set his gaze on her.

"Finn Taylor, what are you trying to do? Eleanor was just joking." Quince Larson put on a fierce front, wanting to scare Finn Taylor.

Unfortunately, the latter paid him no heed. He stomped up to Eleanor Larson and demanded, "Apologize!"

Eleanor Larson was terrified, but she was never going to bow down and apologize to her cousin, much less because of Finn Taylor. *'If I am to apologize today, it would simply show that I'm afraid of this useless piece of trash—Finn Taylor—and that I'm admitting defeat to my cousin.'*

"Finn Taylor, who are you? Why should I listen to you? Besides, I might very well be right. Look at how badly your wife was beaten up. Do you think she'd have been beaten up if she didn't do anything wrong?" Eleanor Larson thought she was being logical and rational, yet what she got in return was a fist from Finn Taylor that struck her straight in the nose.

Fresh blood oozed out.

She wiped away the blood from her nose, and she railed at him. “What’s wrong with you? You’re going to die for punching me!”

Finn Taylor sneered. “Didn’t you say so earlier? Proper women won’t get beaten. I don’t think you’re very proper, so I punched you.”

‘Pfft!’ Yvette Larson and her best friend were tickled by his words.

Eleanor Larson had wanted to humiliate her cousin, but she had never expected to fail in doing so and even be beaten up instead.

She had shot herself in the foot!

“Humph!” Not wanting to stay any longer, Eleanor Larson huffed and stomped out.

Just as she reached the door, she suddenly spoke up again. “Oh right, I forgot to tell you guys something. Do you remember the prizes that you guys won when our family went on our outing together? The family has made the decision to use that for Grandpa. Since Grandpa is in this state now and can’t use the money, we’ll be having a family meeting to decide what to do with that money. Yvette Larson, I hope that you’ll recover by then. Otherwise, I can’t be sure that the Larson family won’t think the same way as me when they see your face.”

Finn Taylor narrowed his eyes. *‘That prize money? It was compensation from the Taylor family because they couldn’t find a better way of giving it to me. These were all gifts from the Taylor family to Yvette, yet the Larson family is discussing how to use that money for themselves!’*

Although Finn Taylor didn’t care for all those gifts, they were the only things the Taylor family had ever given to his wife. Thus, he was never going to let them land in someone else’s hands.

“Finn Taylor, since Eleanor already talked about it, I’m officially letting you know that we’re going to be meeting next Tuesday to discuss this matter. Remember to turn up. Yvette, you can come along if you’re feeling better too.” With that, Quince Larson stood up and walked out with his cousin.

Finn Taylor couldn’t help but sneer as he watched them leave. *‘I knew that they couldn’t have come just to visit my wife. It turns out that they had come just to inform us about this matter. Just as I had expected—they didn’t bear good intentions.’*

“Finn, are my injuries very serious? Will I have to miss the meeting next Tuesday?”

Finn Taylor grabbed hold of his wife’s hand. “No, you’ll definitely get to go.”

‘Of course, I’m going to let her go. Those gifts belong to her, so who would I give those gifts to if she isn’t there? Besides, how am I to know what kind of lies Eleanor Larson would cook up to hurt my wife if she didn’t show up?’

Finn Taylor headed out to get his wife a cup of milk tea. Of course, he added a little something in it.

With that, Finn Taylor was sure that his spouse would definitely be able to attend the family meeting next Tuesday.

...

Initially, Yvette Larson had been worried that the injuries would leave scars on her face. However, she found that her injuries were healing at an incredible rate.

In fact, her face had completely healed by Monday. It was as though nothing had even happened.

'Wait a minute!' Yvette Larson couldn't help but marvel at her reflection in the mirror. *'That was fast! Logically speaking, it should take a month at the very least for my injuries to heal.'*

However, she didn't give it much thought since it was a good thing that she had recovered.

In the blink of an eye, Tuesday came.

Finn Taylor drove toward the Larson family's residence with his wife.

Naturally, the key to the residence now lay in Quince Larson's possession. After all, he was the temporary family head.

He had arrived at the residence way ahead of time, standing by the door as he imagined how everyone from the family would have to bow respectfully to him and address him as the family head as they walked in. *'In another few years' time, they will even have to kneel down before me in reverence once Grandpa dies and I hold the position of family head!'*

"Are you daydreaming again?" Just as Quince Larson was dreaming about all that, a sultry voice entered his consciousness.

He frowned and opened his eyes, only to see Hilary Stone. "Hilary Stone, believe it or not, but I have the power to chase you out of the Larson family now."

Of course, Hilary Stone wasn't at all afraid of that threat. She merely chuckled. "Why don't you go ahead and try it then?"

But Quince Larson was just saying so. He'd never have the guts to actually go through with it.

This woman was capable of anything. She had even gotten into affairs with her own brothers-in-law, so he would just be creating more trouble for himself by chasing her out of the family.

"What are you guys talking about?" Following that, Eleanor Larson and the other family members arrived too.

With almost everyone present, it was about time for the meeting to start.

Quince Larson glanced at the clock. "Why isn't Finn Taylor here yet?"

In fact, Quince Larson had invited everyone else through phone calls. But for Finn Taylor, he had paid him a special visit.

This wasn't because Quince Larson respected the latter but because he wanted to let him know that he was the family head. *'They'd better watch their behavior in the future because I'm the one in charge now.'*

But what annoyed him was that Finn Taylor and Yvette Larson were late for his very first meeting as the family head! *'They have to be doing so on purpose!'*

"Why should we wait for them? That woman is so shameless! She probably doesn't dare to show up after getting beat up!"

Chapter 170: Unspeakable Secrets

"I see that you're spouting rubbish again. Do you not care for your nose?" As soon as Eleanor Larson had finished her sentence, she heard Finn Taylor's voice.

Thinking about how viciously the latter had punched her the other day, Eleanor Larson quickly ran to hide in the house. Of course, that was useless.

She couldn't possibly hide forever. Was she going to disappear from this earth?

Nonetheless, what shocked Eleanor Larson even more was that Finn Taylor had only threatened her but hadn't done anything more.

She couldn't wrap her head around it and eventually decided that it was simply because this was her grandpa's residence. *'Finn Taylor personally killed Grandpa, so he's probably feeling guilty and doesn't want to go any further here.'*

Unfortunately, she knew nothing about the drama awaiting her.

"Since we're all here, please have a seat. It's my first time hosting a meeting as the family head, so please forgive me if I make any blunders." The moment Quince Larson opened his mouth, he made sure to emphasize his status as family head.

This meant that he had the greatest authority in the entire Larson family.

This meeting was different because all past meetings had been hosted by his grandpa. Even though his grandfather was biased toward him, he had had no choice but to let Yvette Larson speak up at times as well.

But now that Quince Larson was the family head, he could do as he pleased.

After everyone took their seats, he finally began: "This is my plan—we'll split the money into three portions. The first will be for our family's use; I'll safekeep it for now. The second will be for me. I'm the

family head after all, and I need to host our guests and entertain others. I'm not greedy, so I'll leave the last portion for you guys to split amongst yourselves."

Everyone couldn't help but roll their eyes when they heard Quince Larson talk about his 'selfless' plan. *'How could there be such shameless people in this world? He's taking two-thirds of the entire sum for himself, yet he dares to proclaim that he isn't greedy! Would he only be greedy if he took the entire sum for himself?'*

Of course, everyone had something to say about Quince Larson's proposal.

Hilary Stone was the first. "I think we should let each family have an equal share."

By the side, Eleanor Larson smiled. "Why should we split it based on families? Shouldn't we split it based on the number of people we have? This belongs to the Larson family, so it's only right that anyone who's not a Larson shouldn't get anything."

Hilary Stone sneered. "You brat, who are you to fight with me? If I'm not a Larson, why is my name in the ancestral books then?"

Everyone's expressions stiffened at that.

Hilary Stone's name had been entered into their ancestral books twice. She had been kicked out once because of certain matters that were taboo in the family. But every time she encountered any problems, she would always bring it up shamelessly.

"Alright, stop arguing." Quince Larson stepped forward to try to prevent a fight from breaking out.

This was his first time holding a family meeting. It would definitely be recorded in the ancestral books, and he didn't wish for the Larson family's descendants to think of him as a joke.

"Yvette Larson, I'm sure your family wants to have a say. Why don't you guys say something?" Quince Larson was sure that the key lay in Yvette Larson's family. As long as they didn't have any objections, he could suppress everyone else.

Finn Taylor sneered. "Quince Larson, do you really want me to say what I think?"

Quince Larson frowned. *'I asked Yvette Larson, not Finn Taylor. In fact, the latter never should've spoken up at the first family meeting I'm hosting. It's already degrading me by doing so. It'd be an absolute disgrace to me for a hundred years.'*

But Finn Taylor had already started, and Quince Larson had no choice but to let the former continue.

"Alright. As the family head, I'm willing to accept opinions from anyone in the family."

Finn Taylor continued, "It's simple. Our family was the one who won all these gifts, so what do they have to do with you? I'm going to take them all with me later. What will you do about that?"

As expected, his words drew ire from everyone.

"What do you mean, Finn Taylor? You're making it sound as though everyone here is snatching what belongs to your family."

He rebuked, "Am I wrong?"

Frederick Larson was rendered speechless by Finn Taylor's rebuttal.

"Finn Taylor, you're being ridiculous. Why don't you think about how you managed to win? It's all because we went out on an outing together! Since that's the case, the prize naturally belongs to the Larson family."

Frederick Larson looked at the self-righteous Franklin Larson. "Do you mean that you'd hand over the prizes if you'd won too?"

The latter nodded seriously. "Of course."

Finn Taylor nodded too. "Alright. We'll go to your house later and see what you've bought under the Larson family's name. You'd better hand them all over too."

"You..." Franklin Larson was at a loss for words. *'I've taken too much from the family. Am I supposed to hand them all over?'*

In fact, he had bought his house under the family's name. There was no way he was going to split it with the rest of the family.

"Finn Taylor, we're all adults. Don't be so childish. Why don't we invite the boss of that place over and ask him about it? The ticket was bought under the Larson family's name, but you were the one who won. In that case, should the prize belong to you or the Larson family?" Just then, Eleanor Larson proposed an interesting solution.

"Let me think about it. I think the boss of that place is Alexander Scott—the head of Seattle's Scott family. I'm sure he won't be biased since we're nobody to him. What do you think about that, Finn Taylor?" After giving it some thought, Quince Larson agreed to it too. He had even asked his cousin's husband a question.

Quince Larson knew Alexander Scott, and he was the one who had introduced the latter to Eleanor Larson.

He was confident of his victory, and so was Eleanor Larson. *'I've already climbed into Alexander Scott's bed. There is no way Alexander Scott would shortchange me.'*

Yet, if the Larson family knew of Finn Taylor's relationship with Alexander Scott, they'd probably never dare to offend him in the future.

They each had their own secrets.

Finn Taylor was sneering inwardly. *'How could there be such stupid people in this world? I'm going to invite Alexander Scott here and use him to expose an even more shocking secret!'*