

UNTOUCHABLE

Chapter 171: Unworthy

Everyone's eyes shot toward Finn Taylor. They all wanted to know what he would choose to do. *'Will he agree to let Alexander Scott make the decision, or will he refuse? If that happens, it's unlikely for us to come to a decision by today.'*

In the end, Finn Taylor finally nodded in agreement under everyone's watchful gazes.

It overwhelmed Quince Larson and the rest that Finn Taylor had agreed to this. *'That fool actually agreed to it! Has he never suspected why we would be willing to invite Alexander Scott? It's obvious that we are already related and know that we would stand to gain from his appearance.'*

Very quickly, Alexander Scott arrived at the Larson family's residence.

Quince Larson even went out to invite him in as a sign of respect. "Mr. Scott, I'm the Larson family head. Please don't stand on ceremony. Please come on in."

As Finn Taylor listened to Quince Larson, he couldn't help but wonder if the other was stupid. *'It's one thing to say that to the Larson family, but how can he act high and mighty as the Larson family head in front of Alexander Scott? To put it bluntly, the Larson family is nothing when compared to Alexander Scott—Thunderbird, special envoy of Peregrine Hall.'*

'If not for me, the Larson family might never have gotten to know Alexander Scott at all! However, he was retarded enough to announce his identity to the other as though they are on the same level!'

"Mr. Scott, I invited you here because I have a favor to ask of you. Our entire family previously went out on an outing at your park, and we won a prize. Do you think that the prize belongs to the whole family or just to one person?" As Quince Larson said so, Alexander Scott had already walked into the house.

Eleanor Larson quickly rushed up and pulled him over to her side. It was obvious that they were already close and knew each other.

Everyone knew the result in their hearts. *'They've invited their own friend! It's obvious how this will turn out.'*

"Oh, I see. Mr. Larson, how do you think it should be split then?"

"Mr. Larson? Oh, oh. That's me." Quince Larson was delighted that Alexander Scott had been so respectful toward him. He felt as though his status as the family head had been affirmed by Alexander Scott himself, and Alexander Scott was a prominent figure from Seattle!

'Alexander Scott's approval means approval from high society all over the country! In that case, I—Quince Larson—won't just be well-known in San Francisco but the entire country as well!' He was overwhelmed with emotions.

“Mr. Larson?” Alexander Scott couldn’t help but nudge Quince Larson when he saw the other giggling.

“Oh... Oh!” It was only then that Quince Larson realized how rude he had been.

“Mr. Scott, although it’s true that he won the prize, it’s only because we went on a family outing that he managed to win it. Besides, the money for the ticket came from the family, so it’s only natural that the prize should be split within the family.” Quince Larson thought he was being logical and rational.

He looked toward Alexander Scott, waiting for the latter to affirm his words.

However, the other merely shook his head. “No, an individual prize is an individual prize. It has nothing to do with anyone else. Since he filled in his own name when he won, all prizes belong to him alone.”

Quince Larson had been full of confidence. Never in a million years would he have expected Alexander Scott to give him such a reply.

Eleanor Larson—who was standing next to Alexander Scott—was equally taken aback. In fact, she felt much more dumbfounded than her cousin. *‘I’ve even given myself to Alexander Scott, yet he’s chosen not to speak up for me in such a situation! Alexander Scott wouldn’t even have needed to lift a finger to help me, and that was why I had been sure that the other would’ve been on my side. But what is going on?’*

Finn Taylor glanced at Quince Larson. “Mr. Larson, where are the prizes? I’ll bring them home later.”

Quince Larson was devastated. *‘According to the bet we made earlier, these prizes do indeed belong to Finn Taylor’s family now. However, those prizes are worth too much to let go of.’*

Yet, Quince Larson didn’t dare to act as a sore loser in front of Alexander Scott. He simply tested the waters once again. “Mr. Scott, why don’t you think again? Is there no other way to resolve this matter?”

Unlike her cousin, Eleanor Larson flew into a rage straight away. *‘I’ve already sacrificed so much—including my own body—but I haven’t gotten anything in return! Quince Larson has become the family head, while Yvette Larson got the prizes. Only I’m left with nothing—it’s such a joke.’*

She naturally felt indignant. “What do you mean by this, Alexander Scott?”

Eleanor Larson leaped up and yelled at Alexander Scott by his full name, startling the entire Larson family.

Alexander Scott was a prominent figure—not someone the Larson family could look down on. It was clear that Eleanor Larson was dragging the entire family down with her actions.

All the Larson family members glared at Eleanor Larson with hatred in their eyes—including Quince Larson. He cared the most about his cousin’s relationship with Alexander Scott.

The way he saw it, Yvette Larson had been so successful lately all because of her good relationship with the Sullivan family. If he could use Eleanor Larson and get on good terms with the Scott family, he wouldn’t need to fear his eldest cousin.

But now, Eleanor Larson had ruined everything.

“Eleanor Larson, shut up! As the family head, I demand that you apologize to Mr. Scott.”

Eleanor Larson shot her cousin a deadly glance. “Bullsh*t! Family head? Do you think that everyone should be afraid of you just because you’re a temporary family head now? Do you think that we have to listen to you at all times? No wonder Grandpa has delayed handing over the position to you for so long. Quince Larson, you’re such a disgrace to the family! Who are you? How dare you question my authority? Have you made any contributions to the family? If you can say even one thing, I’ll kowtow to you today!”

Quince Larson was fuming. *‘How dare Eleanor Larson say that of me? I’m being humiliated and embarrassed. I’m the head of the Larson family, yet someone has denigrated me like this! I’m going to make Eleanor Larson kneel down and apologize to me!’*

He racked his brains, thinking about the contributions he had made to the Larson family. However, he couldn’t even think of one after a long time. *‘Impossible! That is impossible! I’m the head of the Larson family, so how could I not have made any contributions at all?’*

All of the Larson family members’ gazes were glued to Quince Larson as they waited for him to reply. Yet, they were met with disappointment.

Alexander Scott stood up and looked at Eleanor Larson. “How dare you talk to me like that, you b*tch!”

Chapter 172: Carrying her Bags

Alexander Scott stood up and slapped Eleanor Larson right in the face. “Are you threatening me? Who are you to do that?”

At that moment, the entire room fell into dead silence. *‘What just happened?’*

Yet, Alexander Scott’s strong aura frightened everyone so much that they dared not even let out a breath. It was Alexander Scott they were talking about, and he was raging!

“You hit me? How dare you hit me?” Eleanor Larson clutched her face, her eyes filled with disbelief. *‘How dare Alexander Scott hit me? Doesn’t he know that I gave my most precious body to him? Yet, he dared to hit me!’*

“I... Alexander Scott, are you mad? Are you going to go against me? Don’t you know that I have evidence against you?”

Alexander Scott chuckled in the face of Eleanor Larson’s threat. He stretched his hand into his pocket and took out a stack of photos. “Are you talking about this?”

Alexander Scott spread the photos out for Eleanor Larson, whose face immediately drained of all color. In those photos, Eleanor Larson was stripped naked.

Alexander Scott flung those photos into the air.

As they fell, the other Larson family members quickly picked them up out of curiosity. The sight of those photos soured all their expressions in an instant.

Quince Larson quickly collected all the photos before placing them face down on the table. He then slammed the table and roared, "Eleanor Larson, look at what you've done! You've utterly embarrassed the Larson family!"

Eleanor Larson was in despair as her cousin lambasted her. *'The only reason I had fallen into Alexander Scott's trap was that Quince Larson had taken me to visit the latter again and again. Every time, Quince Larson would find an excuse to leave, leaving me alone in Alexander Scott's house. That was how I had eventually managed to crawl into his bed. Quince Larson had clearly planned for all that to happen, yet he's now pushing all blame and responsibility to me!'*

Eleanor Larson tried to defend herself but couldn't find a good argument. Eventually, she gave up.

They had lost in this meeting—they had all lost. The only winners were Yvette Larson and Finn Taylor.

Eleanor Larson felt terribly indignant. *'My reputation in the Larson family has already been ruined. There is no way of salvaging it.'*

Finn Taylor left with his wife, along with all the prizes. He glanced at the latter, saying, "All these belong to you. I won't let anyone else have them."

She shot her husband a meaningful glance.

She had gone to look for Hunter Sullivan that day, wanting to find out about her husband's whereabouts. Unexpectedly, Alexander Scott had shown up too.

Although they hadn't said anything, Yvette Larson's instincts told her that they were all related. However, she chose not to dwell on it. *'Since my husband hasn't told me about it, it means that it isn't time for me to learn about it yet.'*

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The Gold family's residence in San Francisco.

Third Master Gold had just instructed his granddaughter to bring Finn Taylor over for a good chat, yet he paused. *'Something seems amiss. The reason I didn't know about Finn Taylor's true identity was that the latter didn't want it exposed. Since that's the case, I'm simply bringing trouble upon myself by exposing him now. No, that won't do. Since Finn Taylor wants to put an on act, I'll have to go along with him. I can't get in his bad books.'*

"Grandpa, are you looking for me?" Just then, Kimberly Gold arrived.

Third Master Gold decided to tweak his plans. "Kimberly, you haven't met Finn Taylor in a long time. Aren't you going to look for him?"

Kimberly Gold was frustrated. "I want to, but I don't have a good reason to look for him."

“What do you mean? If you’re interested in him, I’ll surely support you all the way. Oh right, Aaron Jensen’s granddaughter is back. Why don’t you take Kelly Jensen out shopping and call Finn Taylor to carry your things for you?”

“It doesn’t seem very nice to make Finn Taylor carry my things, don’t you think?” Kimberly Gold was thinking about how cold Finn Taylor was to her even when she treated him so well. If she got any fiercer toward him, he might very well just ignore her.

“You brat, you’ve never been in a relationship! Look at how you’re on the losing end now. Let me give you some advice: He has to make a move too. Otherwise, there’s no way you guys will get anywhere. Do you think Finn Taylor will fall for you just because you’re nice to him? You have to make him work for you. Only then will he cherish you. Once he has invested too much in this relationship, he’ll have no choice but to stay with you.”

Although Kimberly Gold was in quite a daze, she still thought that her grandpa made sense. As such, she made a call to Kelly Jensen to ask her out on a date.

Third Master Gold and Aaron Jensen were good friends, but that didn’t mean that they were equals.

Aaron Jensen liked playing chess, but he needed to put food on the table too. As such, their family needed to suck up to the Gold family.

In fact, the Jensen family had gotten a lot out of Kelly Jensen’s relationship with Kimberly Gold. Of course, the former wasn’t going to refuse her best friend’s offer.

Very quickly, Kelly Jensen arrived at the Gold family’s residence.

Not long after they began shopping, Kimberly Gold started grumbling about how tired she was.

Although Kelly Jensen had some complaints in her heart, she didn’t know what was up with her best friend. In the past, the latter had never groaned even after a five or six-hour-long shopping trip.

It had only been an hour, yet Kimberly gold was already looking for a cafe to rest in.

While Kelly Jensen didn’t understand her best friend, she understood something—there were some things best left unsaid.

It would be her fault if she were to delve into something the other didn’t want to talk about. As such, Kelly Jensen took the initiative to look for a cafe.

Then, they each ordered a glass of milk tea.

As soon as Kimberly Gold sat down, she dialed for Finn Taylor. “Finn Taylor, I’ve sent you the address. I bought a lot of things. Hurry over and help me carry them.”

Finn Taylor felt that the whole situation was incredulous. *‘Kimberly Gold is the precious young lady of the Gold family. It’s impossible that there’s nobody to help her with her shopping bags. Even if that’s so, she could’ve simply called for a hundred luxurious cars over. Why did she have to call me over?’*

But on account of that luxurious car she had given him, Finn Taylor had no choice but to head over.

“Who did you call?” Kelly Jensen asked out of curiosity.

“Finn Taylor.”

Upon hearing that name, Kelly Jensen couldn't help but frown.

Chapter 173: Sharp-Tongued Brat

Kelly Jensen frowned. “Kimberly, you just came over from Chicago, so you might not know that we have someone called Finn Taylor here. He doesn't have that great of a reputation.”

Kimberly Gold frowned as she listened to her best friend, feeling ill at ease.

However, Kelly Jensen hadn't noticed that. She went on about how she was trying to help Kimberly Gold avoid falling into a pit. This way, she would be able to claim some credit.

“We have a family called the Larson family in San Francisco. The eldest daughter of that family is Yvette Larson. Three years ago, she married a useless man—Finn Taylor. Over the past three years, he has never retaliated nor rebuked the Larson family even when they beat him or lashed out at him. In fact, he's just a servant who helps with household chores. Sigh, I'm glad he isn't my husband. If I had a husband like that, I'd have killed him a long time ago.”

The displeasure on Kimberly Gold's face only intensified.

Although Kelly Jensen had noticed it, she hadn't thought much about it. She simply thought that her best friend was infuriated at being friends with someone who shared the same name as that piece of trash. It had never once crossed her mind that the friend Kimberly Gold talked about was none other than that piece of trash—Finn Taylor.

How was that possible? The two were worlds apart.

One was the high and mighty young lady of the Gold family, while the other was just a useless matrilocal son-in-law.

If they were friends, pigs could fly!

Just as that thought crossed Kelly Jensen's mind, someone pushed open the door to the cafe.

He walked up to their table and took a seat; then, he flung his car key onto the table casually. “Where are your things?”

Kelly Jensen was shell-shocked.

The person who had sat down was the legendary piece of trash—Finn Taylor!

“You're Finn Taylor?” Kelly Jensen asked.

“Yes.” Not understanding what was going on, Finn Taylor answered honestly.

“You’re that useless matrilocal son-in-law of the Larson family?” Although she already knew the answer, Kelly Jensen still posed that question.

“Er... It seems like I’m quite famous.” Finn Taylor’s expression darkened. *‘That b*stard—Quince Larson—has ruined my reputation. Now, there are few who don’t know of San Francisco’s useless matrilocal son-in-law.’*

Seeing that she was right, Kelly Jensen’s expression soured immediately. “Stay away from me. I have OCD.”

Kelly Jensen was from San Francisco, and she had heard rumors about Finn Taylor for the past three years. Each rumor was enough to sentence him to death in her heart, but now, that piece of trash was sitting right in front of her!

Nothing disgusted her more.

“Kelly Jensen, stop it. Finn Taylor is my friend.”

To Kimberly Gold, Kelly Jensen was just a playing piece with absolutely no significance, yet the latter went on to badmouth Finn Taylor in front of her. This made Kimberly Gold very uncomfortable.

Just as Kimberly Gold was about to say something, her best friend’s phone rang.

The latter stood up to pick up the phone.

“I’m out. I’ll send you my location.”

Kelly Jensen returned with a smile on her face.

By then, Kimberly Gold had already started chatting with Finn Taylor. The former had no more time to bother about her best friend, but Kelly Jensen was delighted because the one who had called her was none other than her cousin—Gregory Jensen.

Kelly Jensen was from San Francisco but had gotten to know Kimberly Gold at school in Chicago.

Initially, she had been working in Chicago too. But when the Gold family moved to San Francisco, the Jensen family had asked her to move back as well.

Kelly Jensen shared a good relationship with her cousin.

Since Gregory Jensen hadn’t seen his cousin since her return, he was coming to find her now.

Knowing that her cousin was coming, she was naturally elated.

About ten minutes later, Kelly Jensen received a message from her cousin saying that he had arrived. She then rushed out of the cafe cheerfully, afraid that her cousin wouldn’t be able to find the cafe.

Because the cousins hadn’t met in a long time, they greeted each other warmly.

As Kelly Jensen brought her cousin in, she then added, “Brother, there’s someone inside who is Kimberly Gold’s friend. I’m not related to him in any way, so you’d better not think that I came into contact with bad company.”

The Jensen family was strict, and Kelly Jensen despised how Finn Taylor was so useless and lazy and how he was a matrilocal son-in-law who waited to be fed by his wife’s family. As such, she wanted to clear the air with her cousin and mentally prepare him.

Gregory Jensen was curious about who his cousin was talking about. *‘Why does she sound so serious?’*

As the pair entered the cafe, Kelly Jensen pointed at Finn Taylor. “It’s that guy—Finn Taylor—the Larson family’s useless matrilocal son-in-law. I don’t know how he managed to marry Yvette Larson, but he’s even become friends with Kimberly Gold now! But a piece of trash is a piece of trash. No matter what kind of friends he has, he’s nothing but a piece of trash in San Francisco! I hate this sort of people the most!”

Kelly Jensen went off on a rant, not realizing that her cousin’s face had gone pale.

Gregory Jensen knew full well just how vicious Finn Taylor could get. Just a few days ago, the latter had gathered Logan Yeats, Hunter Sullivan, Alexander Scott, and Zachary Kennedy just because he had suffered a little humiliation at his mall.

‘How could someone who garnered the respect of the four guardians be a piece of trash?’ Gregory Jensen was sure that the other was simply laying low. Although he didn’t know why the other was doing so, he wouldn’t be so foolish as to expose him. He turned to his cousin and lectured her. “Stop it; you’d better keep it to yourself. When did you become so sharp-tongued?”

With that, Gregory Jensen headed toward Finn Taylor, leaving his cousin rooted to the spot.

At that moment, she nearly exploded in fury.

‘My cousin called me sharp-tongued just because of a piece of trash! I’m his favorite cousin! What good is that piece of trash? Why is everyone speaking up for him?’ Kelly Jensen hated Finn Taylor to the guts! *‘I’m the young lady of the Jensen family. Why can’t she look down on that piece of trash?’*

With anger bubbling in her stomach, she stomped toward Finn Taylor. *‘I’m definitely going to find a chance to teach him a lesson so that he’ll know just how different we are!’*

Chapter 174: Accusation

Kelly Jensen walked over and sat down quietly. She didn’t immediately start speaking ill of Finn Taylor; she merely listened to their conversation—carefully.

She wanted to pick out faults in his speech. Once she did, she’d definitely put him in his place.

But what annoyed Kelly Jensen was that Finn Taylor had made no mistakes. Try as she might, she couldn't pick out any faults in him.

By now, Finn Taylor, Kimberly Gold, and Gregory Jensen seemed to be getting along like old friends.

Kelly Jensen felt totally out of place. What irritated her the most was that she had tried to join the conversation when they had started talking about something that interested her too.

However, the trio had simply ignored her.

In fact, Kimberly Gold and Gregory Jensen had explicitly told her to keep quiet and simply listen if she didn't understand what they were talking about.

She was rendered speechless, and words failed to describe her emotions.

Finally, the trio's conversation came to an end.

Finn Taylor said that he was going to go to the washroom, and Kelly Jensen spotted her chance.

As such, she tagged along, saying that she needed to use the washroom too.

There, she spotted a beautiful young lady who was very well-dressed.

This young lady was wearing a mini-skirt and a sweater, with a red cap on her head.

From her appearance, Kelly Jensen was sure that the other was a student—the kind that was a little rebellious and thought she understood the world.

Kelly Jensen whipped out a wad of cash and placed it in front of that student. "Do me a favor, and all this money will be yours."

The young lady glanced at Kelly Jensen as though she was crazy. The latter then took out yet another wad of cash and stacked it on top of the other. "Is this enough?"

This young student's name was Hailey Miller. She was rebellious and insisted on wearing what she thought looked cool instead of her uniform.

These clothes were naturally terribly expensive, but the price was steep for a student.

Seeing so much money in front of her, Hailey Miller finally relented. "You'd better tell me what you want me to do first. I'm not going to break the law for you."

Being rebellious didn't mean that she didn't have morals. Although she refused to listen to her parents and teachers' nagging, she was never going to go against the law.

"There's someone in the men's washroom. When you go out later, bump into him and say that he molested you, okay?" Kelly Jensen took out a photo of Finn Taylor, and she told Hailey Miller her plan.

The latter contemplated just how much of an impact this would have on her. But in the end, the temptation of money was too great.

That huge stack of bills would be enough to buy her several outfits, so she finally relented.

She picked up the money and put it into her bag. Then, she walked out of the washroom and waited for Finn Taylor to come out from the men's washroom.

On the other hand, Kelly Jensen simply waited in the women's washroom. She put on her lipstick, thinking about her victory.

The moment she heard a blood-curdling scream, she knew she had won.

She rushed out of the women's washroom in confusion, her expression filled with bewilderment. It was as though she didn't know anything.

"You're so shameless! Why did you touch me?" Hailey Miller began her performance and painted Finn Taylor into the bad guy with just a few words.

The man in question was stunned. *'As soon as I stepped out of the washroom, this woman had purposely bumped into me. Yet, she is now accusing me of touching her inappropriately.'*

Finn Taylor was one who dared to own up to his actions. If he had truly done so, he'd never deny it.

However, this was clearly a set-up. This was an insult to him.

"Young lady, don't spout nonsense without any proof."

"Proof? This is the washroom, so there's obviously no cameras. That's why you dared to mess around with me! I'm just a student. What am I going to do for the rest of my life?" By now, Hailey Miller had already collapsed on the ground, sobbing pitifully.

Emotions surged in Kelly Jensen's heart. She had never expected the random girl she had found to have such great acting skills.

Word got out about this very quickly, and Hailey Miller's cries attracted a crowd. Amongst them were Gregory Jensen and Kimberly Gold.

The pair had only come out of curiosity, yet they had heard that young lady sobbing, saying that Finn Taylor had molested her.

Kimberly Gold and Gregory Jensen had full faith in Finn Taylor's character. *'Given his status, he can have any kind of lady he wants without even lifting his finger.'*

In fact, the precious gem of the Gold family—Kimberly Gold—would even give herself up as long as he asked. But Finn Taylor had never done so.

He'd never do something so shameless.

Gregory Jensen walked up to the young lady and said, "I have a few questions—you'd better answer me truthfully."

Hailey Miller was a young girl, and she was naturally terrified in the face of someone like Gregory Jensen, who had such a strong aura.

"Firstly, where did he touch you?"

Hailey Miller was a little fearful as she pointed at her thigh.

“Alright. Here’s the question then: Was his hand warm or cold?”

“Huh?” Hailey Miller was stumped by that question. *‘We’ve never even touched each other, so how am I to know whether his hand is warm or cold?’*

But now that things had already progressed to this stage, she had no choice but to answer him.

After giving it some thought, she decided that his hand had to be cold. After all, he had just washed his hands after using the washroom. “It was cold. It was ice-cold, so I remember it well.”

The moment Finn Taylor heard that, he finally let out a relieved smile. *‘I’ve been trained since I was young, so my body temperature has always been on the high side. At times, some even think that I’m running a fever.’*

Finn Taylor reached out and grabbed a man who was watching the scene unfold.

“His hand is really warm.”

Finn Taylor stretched out his other hand to another man, who agreed as well.

An old lady—who didn’t want the young lady to be maligned—stepped up. “Who knows if you’re all in cahoots? Let me test it out. If I lie, I’ll be struck by lightning and die a pitiful death.”

Finn Taylor didn’t know whether to laugh or cry when he heard that, but he didn’t refuse.

The old lady grabbed hold of Finn Taylor’s hand and felt only warmth from it, so she nodded. “They’re right—his hands are warm. You brat. I wanted to prove your innocence, but it looks like you were the one trying to kick up a fuss out of nothing.”

At that, everyone’s eyes landed on Hailey Miller. They all wanted to know why she had done so.

Just then, Kelly Jensen cut in.. “Maybe she remembered it wrongly.”

Chapter 175: A Forced Apology

Nobody would’ve thought much of Kelly Jensen if she had remained silent, yet she had chosen to speak up. Right then, Gregory Jensen, Kimberly Gold, and Finn Taylor seemed to have understood the situation.

Kelly Jensen felt a chill run down her spine as the trio glared at her. *‘Could they have seen through my ploy? But that’s impossible.’*

Gregory Jensen turned to Hailey Miller and lectured her. “Young lady, this isn’t a big deal, but it’s no small matter either. If I find out that you were maligning him, I’ll strip you naked and throw you out on

the streets. You won't even be able to do anything about that. Of course, I'm fair and just. If you tell me who instigated you, I won't make things difficult for you either."

Hailey Miller was just a young and gullible student who had never faced such threats in her life. She was so shaken that her whole body was trembling in fear.

She glanced cautiously at Gregory Jensen. She then quickly pointed at Kelly Jensen and dumped all of the money out of her bag. "It was her—she put me up to this. I don't know anything. Please, I'm begging you. Let me off! I'm just a student."

Gregory Jensen glanced at Finn Taylor, waiting for the latter to instruct him on how to handle the young lady.

Thankfully, Finn Taylor didn't intend on punishing her. He simply waved her off as Gregory Jensen said, "Scram! Remember not to do such things in the future!"

After thanking Finn Taylor profusely, she sped off. She didn't dare to stay there for a second longer; it wasn't out of embarrassment but terror.

The one who had been threatening her didn't seem that frightening. In fact, his threats sounded like empty words to her.

It was the man she had wrongfully accused that felt extraordinary.

Finn Taylor, Kimberly Gold, and Gregory Jensen glared at Kelly Jensen.

At that moment, Kelly Jensen was terrified. *'Did I do something wrong? I just don't like that piece of trash! Am I wrong for that? What right does that piece of trash have to stand beside me?'*

She felt that she had done nothing wrong, but Kimberly Gold coldly set her in her place. "Gregory Jensen, I'll ask Grandpa to reconsider our family's collaboration with the Jensen family."

With that, she turned to leave with Finn Taylor.

To be honest, Gregory Jensen didn't really care about that. What he cared about was Finn Taylor's earlier gaze.

That cool gaze was something he had only seen in the most successful elites—all of whom wielded great power.

Upon thinking back on the incident at the mall, a chill ran down Gregory Jensen's spine. He knew that the Jensen family's days were over, and the culprit was none other than Kelly Jensen.

Although he had previously offended Finn Taylor, he had not done so on purpose. The latter had also been magnanimous enough to forgive him.

Besides, he had had a good chat with the other earlier, and they had already gotten past their hatred. But Kelly Jensen had now ruined everything.

Gregory Jensen didn't want to say anything more. *'What's done is done. Even if I kill Kelly, I won't be able to turn back time. Now, I can only rush back home and discuss with Grandpa about what to do.'*

Gregory Jensen forcefully dragged his cousin home.

Along the way, the latter said nothing. She didn't think that she had done anything wrong, so she tried to make her cousin talk. *'Doesn't he love me the most? Is he going to sentence me to death just because I made a small mistake and played a prank? That can't be true.'*

Yet, Kelly Jensen flew into a frenzy as her cousin refused to speak to her.

Very quickly, the pair returned home.

Seeing that the cousins had returned home together, Aaron Jensen's curiosity was piqued. "Hey, what's going on?"

Gregory Jensen simply flung his cousin onto the ground before saying, "Grandpa, she set Finn Taylor up and was exposed. Because of that, she angered the Gold family and provoked Finn Taylor too."

Aaron Jensen couldn't help but flare up when he heard that. He was good chess buddies with Third Master Gold and Carl Gillies, so the other two had naturally told him all about Finn Taylor's exceptional talent and extraordinary background.

However, he had never expected that his family would get into such trouble while the other families were trying so hard to get in Finn Taylor's good books.

"We're done for." That was all Aaron Jensen said as he plopped onto the ground, his gaze empty.

Kelly Jensen had never seen that look in her grandpa, and even she was stunned. *'That can't be. Isn't he just a useless matrilocal son-in-law? It's not like I provoked some extraordinary figure. Why are they all acting like this?'*

"Grandpa, Finn Taylor is... He's just a piece of trash!"

Slap!

Before she could finish her sentence, Gregory Jensen slapped her viciously in the face.

Although Gregory Jensen loved his cousin, he wasn't going to spoil her. Kelly Jensen had made a mistake—one that was about to destroy the entire Jensen family.

He wasn't going to tolerate it.

"Grandpa, I have an idea. When Finn Taylor left, he didn't say anything. That means that he hasn't sentenced our family to death yet. Grandpa, we still have Grandpa Carl and Third Master Gold on our side, so we can probably appease him if we show up with lavish gifts to apologize."

After giving it some thought, it seemed like this was the only solution.

"Kelly Jensen, you have to come with me and personally apologize to Mr. Taylor."

Kelly Jensen grew even more confused. *'I've simply offended a useless matrilocal son-in-law. Why did my best friend abandon me? Why did my most beloved cousin abandon me too? And now, it seems like even Grandpa is going to abandon me.'*

Eventually, Kelly Jensen was dragged along against her will. However, the Pacific Heights neighborhood wasn't accessible to just anyone.

Even Aaron Jensen had to wait at the bottom of the hill.

The trio was frustrated that they couldn't head up to the peak, much less Number One Pacific Heights.

In the end, Gregory Jensen suggested, "Why don't we go to the Larson family's residence? Rumor has it that Finn Taylor treats his wife especially well, so it'd probably be the same if we go to the Larson family's residence to apologize."

Aaron Jensen sighed. *'We have no other choice, and it would be better than nothing.'*

As such, the trio headed toward the Larson family's residence.

Chapter 176: Car Crash

The trio—Aaron Jensen, Gregory Jensen, and Kelly Jensen—waited in front of the Larson family's residence for a long time.

Still, they hadn't managed to meet anyone.

Upon returning home, Kelly Jensen was severely lectured by her grandpa and was even grounded for a whole week.

Cooped up at home, Kelly Jensen was utterly bored. She couldn't help but scold Finn Taylor a thousand times over in her heart. *'He's just a useless matrilocal son-in-law, so why did Grandpa and Gregory have to scold me? Am I not even better than that piece of trash?'*

After only the first day of being grounded, Kelly Jensen was so bored that she decided to go out of her house.

She was going to have some fun.

That very day, Linda James had taken the initiative to approach Finn Taylor at home. In fact, she even appeared a little fearful of him.

This would've been an impossible sight in the past. Of course, the only reason for this change was the incident with Frida Cameron.

The old lady had been killed right in front of Linda James's eyes. Even though some time had passed since then, Linda James couldn't help but shiver in fear when she thought about it.

Never in her life would she have expected Finn Taylor—the one whom she had bullied for three years—to be someone like that.

“What’s up, Mom?”

“My mom is celebrating her birthday next month, and I’m going back to my hometown. I hope that you’ll go with me.” In the past, Linda James would always attend her mother’s birthday celebrations along with her husband and daughter. However, she had never brought Finn Taylor along.

She simply felt that it would be an embarrassment to bring a piece of trash along previously, but things were different now.

“Next month? Alright.” Finn Taylor readily agreed.

There had been many feuds and grudges between Finn Taylor and Linda James in the past, but the former hadn’t gone after the latter when he revealed his identity.

He was ready to put the past behind him. That was just how he was.

Soon after that, Finn Taylor headed out.

Recently, Andre Cavill had opened a new bar in San Francisco and had invited Finn Taylor.

Thinking about Andre Cavill, the latter had the urge to punch him in the face. *‘If not for the fact that I was trying to save him, I never would’ve gone to La Feria Club. If I had never gone to La Feria Club, I never would’ve gotten into a cold war with my wife. Thankfully, we’ve made up, and our relationship is as good as it can be now. Otherwise, it’s very likely I would’ve killed Andre Cavill.’*

When he arrived at the bar, he realized that it had been named ‘Gentle Breeze.’

Finn Taylor nearly vomited blood. *‘Why would you give such a name to somewhere as messy as this? Are you sure you’ll get any customers?’*

Finn Taylor stopped his car and headed in.

This car was none other than the Ferrari that Kimberly Gold had given him some time ago. It wasn’t especially expensive—costing only slightly over 100,000 dollars. But given where he was, it was already considered a high-end car.

After all, the cars around here usually cost just a couple thousand. It was quite unusual to spot a luxurious car in the area.

On Kelly Jensen’s side, she was frustrated because she realized that her grandpa had confiscated her key!

In fact, her grandpa had even frozen all her assets and bank accounts.

This was the way Aaron Jensen was warning and punishing his granddaughter.

Kelly Jensen had been pampered and spoiled since a young age. Nobody ever stopped her from doing whatever she wanted, but she had gotten into deep trouble this time. Aaron Jensen wanted to punish her so that she would realize just how huge of a mistake she had made.

'How am I supposed to go out to have fun without a car or any money?' Kelly Jensen huffed as she flipped through the contacts on her phone. A name popped up—Frank Lucas.

'Wait a minute!' Kelly Jensen sent a short message to him: "Are you there?"

It didn't even take seconds before she received her reply: "Of course! What's up, babe? Are you feeling unwell? Why are you looking for me, babe?"

Kelly Jensen rolled her eyes when she saw the messages he had sent. *'How disgusting! I only asked if he was there, but he said so much! He'd probably even be willing to eat my sh*t!'*

"Let's go out and have some fun!" She sent him her location.

This thrilled Frank Lucas. He was the young master of the Lucas family. Although they were a second-tier family in San Francisco, they were still less prominent than the Jensen family. As such, he hadn't made any progress even after chasing Kelly Jensen for months.

He had never expected her to take the initiative to look for him.

His heart leaped, and his hands trembled. He quickly hopped into his Audi and drove all the way to Kelly Jensen's house.

When he arrived, he even personally handed the milk tea that he had bought for her and opened the passenger's seat door too.

Although Kelly Jensen faked a smile, she was cursing at Frank Lucas in her heart. *'You're such a bootlicker. Do you think you're worthy of me? Why don't you look in the mirror and think about whether you're good enough for me?'*

"Where are we going?" After hopping into the car, Kelly Jensen pretended to be gentle and caring, even asking for the other's opinion.

It was as though she would let him take the lead. Of course, that excited Frank Lucas even more.

"Let me think. Oh right, a new bar just opened in San Francisco. I think it's called 'Gentle Breeze.' Do you want to check it out?"

Kelly Jensen rolled her eyes inwardly. *'What kind of stupid name is that?'*

Yet, her face was plastered with a smile.

Seeing her nod in agreement, Frank Lucas was on cloud nine. *'As long as I bring her for a drink and get her drunk, I will have my chance!'*

Very quickly, the pair arrived at the bar.

Frank Lucas had initially been rather excited, but Kelly Jensen's gaze had been glued to the Ferrari beside his car as soon as she got out of his.

Any man would feel uneasy when the woman he was with paid more attention to other men.

"It's just a Ferrari. What's there to see?" Frank Lucas uttered out of frustration.

But that was met with Kelly Jensen's ridicule. "Just a Ferrari? Where's your Ferrari then?"

After being mocked by Kelly Jensen, Frank Lucas was annoyed.

He kicked the Ferrari viciously.

"Oh. You're so incapable, but you have quite a fiery temper. Frank Lucas, smash this Ferrari if you're capable. Otherwise, you're not even a man to me!"

Because she had already gone so far, Frank Lucas was in a frenzy. *'If I don't do anything today, Kelly Jensen will mock me for the rest of my life!'*

He picked up a piece of cement and smashed it against the Ferrari's side mirrors.

"Don't just smash that mirror. What about the windscreen?" Kelly Jensen fanned the flames, not afraid of kicking up a huge fuss. Not only did she not stop her friend from smashing the car, but she was even egging him on!

In for a penny, in for a pound.

Frank Lucas was frantic, and he quickly got himself a fire extinguisher and viciously threw it against the Ferrari's windscreen

Chapter 177: Self-Punishment

At the very same time, Finn Taylor was drinking in his private room along with Andre Cavill.

Just then, a young boy shoved the door open.

Andre Cavill frowned. *'How could this kid be so insensible? This is the first time I'm drinking with Master Peregrine, yet my subordinate has done such a thing! It will surely leave a bad impression on Master Peregrine!'*

"Get out!" Andre Cavill didn't even spare that boy a glance before roaring those words out.

However, Finn Taylor stopped him. "What's the matter?"

The young boy was slightly nervous but still spilled the beans. "Mr. Taylor, someone smashed your car."

'Huh?!' Everyone in the room—including Finn Taylor and Andre Cavill—were taken aback. *'What is going on?'*

'I've come just to have a drink. I haven't offended anyone, so who would smash my car?'

"I'll have a look." Andre Cavill stood up and was about to head out.

However, Finn Taylor waved him off. *'Andre Cavill has just started his business. If we allow someone to stir trouble up now, others will only follow suit in the future. It would simply be better to resolve everything right there and then.'*

"Bring him here."

His subordinates nodded and headed out immediately.

Andre Cavill glanced at Finn Taylor awkwardly, not knowing whether to laugh or to cry. "Master Peregrine, I really..."

Finn Taylor waved him off. "Call me Finn. Don't expose my identity."

Andre Cavill slapped himself viciously, realizing that he seemed to have done something wrong.

At the bar entrance, Kelly Jensen had also joined in on smashing the car with her friend. *'Anyway, I'm not the one who started it all. If anything happens, Frank Lucas has to bear the responsibility.'*

Right at that very moment, 40 to 50 men rushed out of the bar and surrounded the pair. "Come with us. Our boss wants to meet you."

Frank Lucas was shell-shocked. At that moment, even he felt slightly anxious. *'Ordinary folk wouldn't be able to afford a hundred-thousand-dollar luxury car. One has to have a background like Father's.'*

This had completely slipped his mind earlier. The concept of needing to pay for the consequences seemed rather frightening to him now.

But what was done was done. He had no other choice but to trudge along and follow the men into the bar.

However, Frank Lucas wasn't really that terrified. *'It's just a hundred-thousand-dollar car. That person is probably on the same level as my father. At the very worst, I could simply ask Father to save me from this situation. That person will probably let me go on Father's account.'*

Of course, that was only Frank Lucas's own wishful thinking.

Very quickly, Frank Lucas and Kelly Jensen entered the private room together.

When Kelly Jensen saw that it was Finn Taylor sitting in the private room, she took a second glance.

However, an idea suddenly ran through her mind. *'I can use Frank Lucas to my benefit!'*

"Hey, Finn Taylor, it's you. Shouldn't you be in the Larson family's house? It wouldn't be good if Yvette Larson finds out that you're here, don't you think?"

Finn Taylor was well-known in San Francisco. He was the useless matrilocal son-in-law of San Francisco that everyone knew.

Now that Kelly Jensen had even mentioned Yvette Larson, Frank Lucas was certain that the man in front of him was that very same piece of trash.

The anxiety in Frank Lucas's heart now disappeared. *'Perhaps I would've been slightly afraid while facing someone else, but you're just a useless matrilocal son-in-law. Why should I be afraid of you?'*

Frank Lucas walked over and picked up a glass of wine before saying, "Your car was in my way. My hand slipped and accidentally hit your car, so I'll punish myself by drinking this. We'll leave it at that then."

With that, Frank Lucas downed the wine. He felt that this matter would be resolved just like that.

Everyone present in the room was rather stunned by his shamelessness.

After all, he had destroyed the Ferrari. How could he still say that he had merely hit it by accident?

If it was so, would Finn Taylor have bothered about it at all?

"Oh? You hit it accidentally? Will it be a misunderstanding if I accidentally hit you now?" Finn Taylor rubbed his fist, and 40 to 50 men rushed up in unison.

Frank Lucas wasn't afraid of Finn Taylor, but he was overpowered. He was no match for the few dozen men.

"Finn Taylor, you'd better know your place. Who are you? Try hitting me and see what'll happen to you!" Because he couldn't beat the other up, he tried to use his status. He thought that the other would definitely be afraid of him.

"Who are you to say that?" The door opened just then, and Hunter Sullivan strolled in. He then poured three shots of liquor for himself before downing them all. "Mr. Taylor, I'm sorry I was held up with something. I'll punish myself by drinking these three shots."

Looking at how Hunter Sullivan had downed three consecutive shots while he only drank one, Frank Lucas felt a little stunned. *'Hunter Sullivan of New York. Finn Taylor knows Hunter Sullivan! Besides, it seems as though they share a close relationship!'*

"Mr. Taylor, the car outside is yours, isn't it? It was this rascal who smashed it. Throw him into the sea as fish food!"

The moment Hunter Sullivan spoke up, Frank Lucas nearly wet his pants.

If Finn Taylor had been the one who had said it, he simply would've scoffed and ignored the other. But it was Hunter Sullivan who had said it, and that meant much more.

Hunter Sullivan was a man of his words.

Frank Lucas immediately dropped down onto his knees. "Mr. Sullivan, I was wrong. I'll pay you. I'll pay for a brand-new car. Will that do?"

Hunter Sullivan rolled his eyes. "You're begging the wrong person—the car isn't even mine. Besides, even I can't make decisions for Mr. Taylor."

'Besides, even I can't make decisions for Mr. Taylor. There's much more to it than what meets the eye. Doesn't that mean that Finn Taylor has a higher status than Hunter Sullivan? But that's ridiculous!' However, Frank Lucas had to admit that Finn Taylor wasn't one to be trifled with now.

The former kowtowed on the ground repeatedly. "Mr. Taylor, I was wrong. I'm sorry."

Finn Taylor shrugged. "You're begging the wrong person too. I didn't buy the car—Kimberly Gold gave me that car. Why don't you call Kimberly Gold and ask what the Gold family wants to do with you?"

Frank Lucas was about to vomit blood. *'All I did was smash a Ferrari. It's already incredulous that Hunter Sullivan has been brought into the picture, so why is the Gold family being involved too?'*

Yet, Finn Taylor's attention wasn't on Frank Lucas but Kelly Jensen. "Kelly Jensen, I think I just warned you a few days ago. Why are you provoking me again? Andre, get in touch with Aaron Jensen. I want the Jensen family to give me a satisfactory answer."

As soon as he finished his sentence, Andre Cavill immediately went off to make the call.

Chapter 178: Looking Forward to Drinking with You

The one sitting next to Finn Taylor looked rather old, but Frank Lucas paid that man no heed. He had just learned of that man's name—Andre Cavill.

This wasn't just any other man; he was getting popular in San Francisco too.

'Gentle Breeze' was located in a prime location. Opening in such a prime location would definitely draw the ire of others.

In fact, over a hundred people had come to stir up trouble over the past few days. Rumor had it that the bar's boss—Andre Cavill—had dealt with those hundreds of people alone!

From then on, nobody dared to kick up a fuss at 'Gentle Breeze' anymore. But never had it crossed Frank Lucas's mind that even Andre Cavill knew Finn Taylor.

In fact, they were even drinking together! This could only mean that they shared a close relationship.

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Finn Taylor's tone sounded much more like he was giving a command.

'It seems like the matter regarding Finn Taylor's identity is getting more complex.' Frank Lucas hated Kelly Jensen's guts now. *'You b*tch! You've ruined my life! If Finn Taylor pursues this matter, my family might very well be dragged down too!'*

At the same time, Aaron Jensen was in his office. It had been a long time since he'd been back, but he had decided to return because of his granddaughter's incident.

The first thing he did upon returning was to remove Kelly Jensen from all of her positions.

Although she had never worked a single day in her life, she still had titles and positions in the company. This was simply for Aaron Jensen to give his precious granddaughter some pocket money. But his granddaughter had now committed such a grave mistake, so Aaron Jensen had to let her know just how serious this mistake was.

Just then, his phone rang—it was an unknown caller.

He was slightly annoyed and didn't mean to pick it up, but the stress had gotten to him, and he accidentally picked up the call instead.

"Aaron Jensen, right? Come over to Gentle Breeze Bar. Your granddaughter is here."

'Bar? Granddaughter?' Aaron Jensen was stumped. *'Has this guy dialed the wrong number?'*

But just then, the caller on the other end added, "Mr. Taylor is only giving you ten minutes."

'Mr. Taylor?' Aaron Jensen's first thought was Finn Taylor. *'Why is Kelly Jensen getting involved with him again? Is Finn Taylor trying to get back at her now?'*

Aaron Jensen was about to ask more, but the other had already hung up.

He was left with no other choice. Because he had only ten minutes, Aaron Jensen dared not waste any more time and quickly rushed over.

Within the private room, Kelly Jensen was still indifferent. "Finn Taylor, why are you looking at me? I wasn't the one who smashed your car, so what's the point in saying that to me?"

Finn Taylor chuckled. *'It's true that Kelly Jensen isn't the culprit. At the very most, she is an accomplice. Nothing will happen to her even if I want to pursue the matter, but her mistake was in trying to go against me.'*

'She had purposely said those words upon entering the room to misdirect Frank Lucas so that he would think that I'm nothing but a piece of trash. This had led to the situation intensifying. To be honest, she's the root of this whole problem.'

"Oh, I remember now. You're the b*tch who deliberately misled me. Do you really think that you won't have to take any responsibility at all for the car? F*ck! If you weren't there egging me on, I wouldn't have smashed the car. It's all your fault!" Frank Lucas had offended Finn Taylor because of Kelly Jensen. Along with that, he had offended Andre Cavill, the Sullivan family of New York, and the Gold family all at once.

There was no way he could bear such a huge responsibility.

He hated Kelly Jensen to the core and how he wished he could kill her right there and then.

The moment Aaron Jensen walked into the private room, he spotted Frank Lucas landing a blow on his granddaughter's face. Although he knew that his granddaughter had committed a grave mistake, she was still his granddaughter after all.

His heart ached for her, and he shoved Frank Lucas away. “What are you doing? Why are you hitting my granddaughter?”

“Hitting your granddaughter? I’m going to kill her! Your granddaughter is really impressive. She offended Mr. Taylor, the Sullivan family of New York, the Gold family, Andre Cavill...”

Hearing the long list of people his granddaughter had offended, Aaron Jensen was filled with regret. *‘I clearly grounded her for an entire week, so why couldn’t she reflect on her mistakes? Great! She has completely ruined the entire Jensen family now! If I had known that this was going to happen, I would’ve grounded her forever.’*

Aaron Jensen couldn’t help but feel mentally exhausted. “Mr. Taylor, I’ll kowtow as my apology to you.”

Finn Taylor stood up without sparing him a glance. He wasn’t at all interested in receiving kowtows.

“Frank Lucas, if you want to live, I’ll give you a week’s time to make the Jensen family bankrupt.” Finn Taylor spoke coolly as he walked toward the door.

Frank Lucas was overwhelmed with emotions. He had thought that he was doomed, yet he had gotten another chance at life at the very last minute.

Frank Lucas kowtowed repeatedly, swearing allegiance to Finn Taylor and promising that he would definitely do as the latter said.

As Hunter Sullivan followed his boss out, he asked, “Do you need me to step in?”

Finn Taylor shook his head. “No need. It’s time to train some subordinates; you can’t always do things yourself.”

Finn Taylor had said that to Hunter Sullivan in front of everyone else.

Before walking out, Andre Cavill even patted Frank Lucas on the shoulder. “Do your best. I hope that we’ll have another chance to drink together in a week’s time.”

Frank Lucas was still in a daze. *‘What does Andre Cavill mean by that?’*

That could only mean that Andre Cavill was already part of Peregrine Hall—he held an extraordinary status now.

Of course, there was nobody who felt more despair than Aaron Jensen at that moment. He could already see how everything was going to play out. *‘The Jensen family is done for, and the cause of this was my own indecisiveness in regards to restraining my granddaughter.’*

With no car, Finn Taylor decided to walk home.

He hadn’t walked far before someone appeared beside him—Tania Kennedy. She was the niece of his mother and also his cousin.

“Long time no see, Finn.”

Finn Taylor wasn't very close to Tania Kennedy. Every time she visited his family, she would only play with Donovan Taylor.

Never once had she ever bothered about him, but she had now taken the initiative to approach him!

Of course, Finn Taylor was no longer going to bear grudges over past events. He had already put the past behind him.

"Why are you ignoring me? I came all the way here to look for you!"

Finn Taylor pointed at a cafe. "I'll treat you to a cup of coffee."

Chapter 179: Who?

Tania Kennedy blinked flirtatiously. "This is your first time treating me to a drink!"

Finn Taylor rolled his eyes. *'I really want her to scam. There was no way she would've bothered with me in the past, but things are different now.'*

His father—Jacob Taylor—was dead, and so was his grandma, Frida Cameron. His mother—Wendy Jensen—was under house arrest, while his younger brother, Donovan Taylor, was imprisoned in the dark pool.

He was the only one in the Taylor family that Tania Kennedy could look for. As such, she finally thought of the cousin that she had never even interacted with before.

Finn Taylor and Tania Kennedy sat across from each other, and the latter started asking about his current life. "You seem to be living well after leaving Chicago and coming to San Francisco."

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Finn Taylor shook his head. "Not at all. Ask any random person on the street if they know Finn Taylor. They'll be sure to tell you that he's the Larson family's useless matrilocal son-in-law."

In the past, Tania Kennedy had had her doubts about that. It was only when the Taylor family underwent such a drastic change that she realized that her cousin—who she had always looked down on—had simply been holding it in.

"Tania Kennedy, stop beating around the bush. I'm sure you're here because my mom has something to tell me."

Tania Kennedy was Wendy Jensen's niece, and she shared the closest relationship with the latter amongst the entire family. Now that his mother was under house arrest, he was sure that his cousin had made the trip here only because of his mother's request.

"You're sharp. I won't keep it from you then." Tania Kennedy then took out a photo and placed it in front of her cousin.

The latter picked it up—it was a photo of an old monk.

“He’s that monk from the Temple of Great Compassion. He was the one who told your grandmother about how she’d have a saint and a jinx as grandsons, but he’s suddenly disappeared.”

Finn Taylor’s eyes reddened as he glanced at the man in the photo. *‘It’s all because of something this man said that I had to endure all that humiliation throughout the years.’*

Revenge had once crossed Finn Taylor’s mind, but he had never expected this man to vanish!

“Mr. Brugel said that this had to be a plot and that someone must’ve tried to turn you two against each other. Auntie hopes that you’ll be able to find the old monk and the culprit behind this whole incident.”

‘My mother is indeed not just an ordinary figure. There’s no way to keep her restrained, and her ambition is still there.’ Finn Taylor sneered. “I’m afraid my mother has more to say, doesn’t she?”

“Yes, Auntie said that the Taylor family is your family, Jacob Taylor’s family, as well as Brian Taylor’s family. But now, Benjamin Taylor has brought his two sons—Julian Taylor and Jefferson Taylor—into the Taylor family’s residence. If you don’t return home and fight for power over the family, you’ll let your dad and grandpa down!”

Finn Taylor’s eyes turned bloodshot as he exuded a murderous aura.

Tania Kennedy had expected all of this. It was all because of one name she had said—Brian Taylor.

The Taylor family had always held him in great esteem.

Before the age of six, Finn Taylor had been treated rather fairly in the family. On the one hand, it was because that old monk had made the proclamation when he turned six. On the other hand, it had more to do with Brian Taylor’s death when Finn Taylor was six.

Perhaps if Brian Taylor hadn’t passed on, that old monk never would’ve dared to make such a preposterous claim.

Brian Taylor was the one who treated Finn Taylor the best in the entire family—he loved the latter more than his parents! However, that had all disappeared the year he turned six.

“You’d better watch your words,” Finn Taylor warned his cousin.

“Finn Taylor, I know what’s your taboo. You don’t want me to mention Brian Taylor, right?”

Snap!

Finn Taylor reached out and grabbed his cousin’s neck, not caring about the other’s dignity or status.

It didn’t matter that she was his cousin. He was vicious enough to kill his own grandma, so what was a mere cousin to him?

“Finn Taylor, kill me now. You’d better kill me now. Once you kill me, you’ll never know if your grandpa—Brian Taylor—is really dead.”

Snap!

Tania Kennedy's words saved her, and Finn Taylor let go immediately. "What do you mean?"

"Finn Taylor, what makes you so sure that your grandpa is dead?"

'What does she mean?' Finn Taylor was confused. "Do you mean that Grandpa isn't dead?"

"Do you have any memory of the Taylor family holding a funeral for your grandpa?"

Finn Taylor's eyes were glued to the other. His breathing hastened, but he remained silent.

"In your mind, your father—Jacob Taylor—was probably crowned Master Peregrine all of a sudden one day, while your grandma, Frida Cameron, gained the real power in the family. Am I wrong?"

Finn Taylor didn't tear his eyes away from Tania Kennedy. *'What is she trying to tell me? Could it be true that my grandpa is still alive?'*

"Finn Taylor, that's all I'm going to say. You'd better think it through—does the Taylor family really mean nothing to you? What if the Taylor family crumbles one day? What if someone else takes over the Taylor family? How will you face your grandpa when he comes back then?" With that said, Tania Kennedy stood up and left.

Finn Taylor was left there in a daze.

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Chicago, the Taylor family.

Maximus Brugel glanced at Wendy Jensen. "Did you ask Tania to meet him in the end?"

"Why can't I? He's part of the Taylor family, so it's his responsibility."

"But you know very well that the Taylor family has never given him anything. He shouldn't have to bear this responsibility."

"The Taylor family gave him life. Isn't that enough?"

Maximus Brugel didn't want to argue with Wendy Jensen. In fact, he had never argued with a woman in his entire life since there was no point in doing so.

As Maximus Brugel walked out, he said blandly, "You're another Frida Cameron."

Wendy Jensen smiled. *'I'm indeed another Frida Cameron.'*

That's right. She had always thought of herself as different from Frida Cameron, but it now seemed like she was equally obsessed with power as Frida Cameron was.

Once their power was being threatened, they had to find a way to get it back immediately.

She was no different from Frida Cameron.

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Finn Taylor stood up, heading home with thoughts circling in his mind.

When he arrived home, he spotted his wife, who looked very down.

“What’s wrong?” Finn Taylor was curious. *‘What’s happened to Yvette? Why does she look so sullen?’*

“It’s nothing much. I’m just stressed out over some matters in the company.”

“Do you need my help?”

“No need. I’m not completely useless.”

If this had happened in the past, Linda James would’ve lashed out at Finn Taylor a long time ago. But now that she knew of Finn Taylor’s true identity, she didn’t dare to make a peep.

When Finn Taylor returned to his room, his mind was filled with all sorts of possibilities as he gazed at the photo of the old monk. *‘Who is he?’*

Chapter 180: I Quit

The next day.

Winsdale Cafe in San Francisco.

Yvette Larson had been waiting here for more than half an hour. The four men she was waiting for were business partners of the Larson Corporation.

Because they had seen how the Larson family had started earning more due to their collaboration with the Sullivan family, their greed had gotten the better of them.

They wanted a piece of the pie too. Of course, they never would’ve dared to do this in the past when Joseph Larson was still healthy and around.

But now, Joseph Larson was in a coma. In fact, nobody knew if he would ever wake up.

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This emboldened the four families.

Yvette Larson glanced at the time. *‘It’s been half an hour past the meeting time we had agreed on. It seems like they’re deliberately putting me in a difficult spot, but that doesn’t matter. As long as I can sign a contract with them, waiting even two hours won’t be a problem for me.’*

Eventually, the four old men finally arrived after more than ten minutes.

“Yvette, we’re old fogies now, so walking is quite inconvenient for us. Sorry for making you wait. You won’t blame us for that, will you?”

Although Yvette Larson was annoyed inwardly, there was no way she could let that show. “You must be joking, Grandpa Stephen. It’s only right for me to wait for my elders.”

The man who had spoken was Stephen Turner, who held the highest status amongst the four.

As long as she could convince him, she’d have convinced all four families. He was the one who had stirred up trouble to begin with.

“Grandpa Stephen, we’ve considered your request on profit-sharing. Unfortunately, we can’t agree to it at this moment. I’m sure you know that our family has just started our collaboration with the Sullivan family and has invested all our money in that project. We’re really living from hand to mouth now. Why don’t we do this? Three years from now, when we break even and start making profits, we’ll share the profits with the four of you. How’s that?”

Yvette Larson’s proposition was as good as nothing. Three years could be extended into another three years, and another three—it could be endless.

To put it bluntly, the Larson family didn’t want to let them have a single cent.

“Yvette, you’re wrong there. I have to say something. When the Larson family needed help, our four families never abandoned you guys. Don’t you think you guys aren’t being very nice by leaving us behind now that you’re making good money?”

Yvette Larson was clear that this was a black hole. *‘I can’t afford to give in this time. If I do, they’ll only make even more ridiculous demands in the future again and again. Eventually, the Larson family will crumble at their hands.’*

“How about this, Grandpa Stephen? I’ll give each of you a sum of money from my own pockets. I hope that you’ll all be healthy, but I really have no say over the profit-sharing.”

Stephen Turner waved her off. “Yvette Larson, how could you be so insensible? When your grandpa fell ill, we rushed down to the hospital immediately. Our families have such long histories with each other. Now that the Larson family is making money yet leaving us behind, what will your grandpa think if he learns of it?”

Yvette Larson rolled her eyes inwardly. *‘Would you guys dare to do this if Grandpa was still healthy? You guys are just striking now that you see an opportunity.’*

“Sigh, it looks like we’re old and don’t matter anymore,” Stephen Turner grumbled. He then turned to Yvette Larson. “Yvette Larson, let’s cancel our contracts since you don’t care about us. Of course, you can try to keep us in other ways.”

With that, Stephen Turner slid his hand over to her.

Feeling something amiss, Yvette Larson quickly retracted her hand. “What do you mean, Grandpa Stephen?”

“Nothing much. Don’t you know the rules of our industry?”

Yvette Larson backed away as she glared at the other. "Stephen Turner, you'd better watch your behavior. You claim that you're brothers with my grandpa, yet you dare to do such a thing now?"

Stephen Turner sneered. "Why are you getting so worked up? Since I'm brothers with your grandpa, why don't you get your grandpa to stand up for you now? Yvette Larson, I'll be honest with you. I'm already prepared to forfeit all the money I threw into this project, but how much has the Larson family invested in it? Can you afford to lose that?"

Stephen Turner was right. The Larson family had invested all of their assets into the project with the Sullivan family, and it would take three years before they would break even. This meant that the Larson family would have to declare bankruptcy.

It would be no big deal for Stephen Turner to stir up trouble by delaying the project.

"Have you thought it through? It's something everyone does, so you won't be the only one. Why are you so scared?"

No sooner had Stephen Turner finished his sentence than a glass of water was splashed on him.

Yvette Larson was fuming, and she stomped off. *'I'm a decent lady, and I'm never going to stoop down to that level.'*

She returned to the Larson Corporation, enraged.

Just then, Quince Larson walked into her office. "Yvette Larson, what do you mean by this? Grandpa Stephen just called me to say that you splashed a glass of water on him."

Yvette Larson had already been infuriated, and Quince Larson's words only added to her displeasure. "What? It's good enough that I didn't splash him with boiling water."

"Yvette Larson, watch your words. I'm the chairman in the office and at home. I'm the family head, so is this how you should be talking to me?"

"What's wrong with my attitude? Do you know what that b*stard wanted to do to me?"

Quince Larson asked, "What?"

Then, he thought of it. "Oh, so that's why you're so angry. But why should you be so angry? That piece of trash at home doesn't even touch you, so shouldn't you be happy that someone else is willing to do it while benefiting the company?"

Splash!

Yvette Larson picked up the glass of water on her desk and splashed it on Quince Larson.

"Yvette Larson, you're crazy."

"You're the crazy one, Quince. I quit." She shoved everything on her desk onto the ground. Then, she let out a deep breath before leaving.

Quince Larson was still in a daze as he watched his cousin leave. *'What does she mean by this? Did she just quit? That woman has such a fiery temper. I just lectured her, and she quit! Besides, I didn't even say much. This happens in every industry! Why can't she do it if others can?'*

The moment Yvette Larson walked out of the office building, she couldn't help but think that the air outside felt exceptionally fresh.

Just then, she spotted Eleanor Larson walking toward her. "Why are you here? Have you settled it with Stephen Turner? If you can't even deal with that, why don't you just resign?"