

UNTOUCHABLE

Chapter 181: The Larson Family Declares Bankruptcy

Eleanor Larson had already been humiliated because of that incident with Alexander Scott, and that frustrated her deeply. Yet, she had chosen to push all blame to Finn Taylor and Yvette Larson instead of reflecting on her own actions.

Now that she spotted her cousin loitering at the building entrance instead of working, she saw her chance.

She immediately mocked her cousin, yet what she got as a response was only Yvette Larson's sneer.

"Just wait to declare your bankruptcy." With that said, Yvette Larson turned to leave.

Eleanor Larson was stumped. *'What does Yvette mean by that?'*

She headed up to Quince Larson's office, only to see his face plastered with a wide smile. "You look happy."

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"Let me tell you something—Yvette Larson is gone!"

Eleanor Larson was taken aback. "What do you mean?"

"Yvette Larson tendered her resignation." Quince Larson had always been thinking about how to kick his cousin out of the company, but he had never found a good excuse. Now that she had taken the initiative to quit, it had nothing to do with him.

"Our collaboration with the Sullivan family won't be affected, will it?" Eleanor Larson suddenly thought of what her cousin had said earlier, and she couldn't help but worry.

"We'll be fine. She was the one who quit, so what does that have to do with me? Besides, these things are the company's internal affairs. Do you think the Sullivan family can really have any say in it?"

Still, Eleanor Larson couldn't rest easy.

Finn Taylor spotted his wife's relaxed expression as soon as she walked into the house. He had never seen that on his wife before. *'What is going on with her? Why is she so happy?'*

"Did something good happen? Why don't you share it with me too?"

Yvette Larson replied, "I resigned from my job."

"Resigned?" Finn Taylor was stunned. "Why?"

'Why did she suddenly resign from her job?'

“That’s right; I quit.”

Just then, Finn Taylor suddenly remembered that his wife had told him about running into some problems at work just a few days earlier. *‘It now seems like there is much more than what meets the eye.’*

Finn Taylor noted down in his heart to deal with this matter. He wasn’t going to let anyone bully his wife.

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The next day, the Larson Corporation called for a board meeting.

Many people arrived at the meeting room—apart from Yvette Larson.

This intrigued them.

Quince Larson cut to the chase and quickly announced, “I have an announcement to make. Yesterday, Yvette Larson handed me her resignation because she was unable to resolve the matter with Stephen Turner. As the chairman, I deliberated for a long time and decided to accept her resignation. From today onward, Eleanor Larson will be the CEO of our company.”

This was huge news! Who would’ve thought that things would take such a turn?

Someone asked, “What will happen with the Sullivan family’s project? They were furious when we sent someone other than Yvette Larson last time. Will there be trouble now?”

Quince Larson waved that person off confidently. “The Sullivan family won’t be a problem. Yvette Larson tendered her resignation on her own accord, so it has nothing to do with us. These are our company’s internal affairs, and the Sullivan family has no right to interfere in them. Besides, the Sullivan family was just uneasy because we changed the person-in-charge of the project too quickly after starting the project.”

“Now that we’ve made so much progress, I’m sure the Sullivan family can see just how much importance we’ve placed on the project. Changing the person-in-charge doesn’t mean much as long as we earn money. We’re all businessmen—profits are the most important thing to us.”

Everyone nodded fervently at Quince Larson’s logical explanation.

Just then, someone pushed the door to the meeting room open.

Quince Larson’s assistant rushed in and whispered something to him.

The latter appeared agitated upon hearing this.

“What’s wrong, Quince?”

Quince Larson replied, “Mr. Hunter Sullivan is here.”

Whoosh!

The door to the meeting room was wide open, and Hunter Sullivan walked in with a group of people.

Everyone was stumped by the situation.

Quince Larson put on a smile and walked over. “Mr. Sullivan, what brings you here? You should’ve told my subordinates you were coming. I’d have gone to welcome you personally.”

Quince Larson knew just how crucial this project with the Sullivan family was to his family. As such, he didn’t dare to act too arrogantly in front of Hunter Sullivan. “Mr. Sullivan, why are you here?”

Hunter Sullivan pointed at the men in suits beside him. “Let me introduce you to some of my friends—Robin, Terry James, and Javier Tyson.”

As Hunter Sullivan pointed each of them out, Quince Larson greeted them respectfully. These were all friends of Hunter Sullivan; he couldn’t afford to offend any of them.

Only when Hunter Sullivan was done with his introductions did Quince Larson test his luck. “Mr. Sullivan, may I ask who they are?”

“Oh, they’re my company’s legal consultants. I thought I’d introduce them to you.”

Quince Larson was slightly confused, not understanding why the other had the need for legal consultants.

“Quince Larson, I’m terminating our collaboration with the Larson family. If you think it’s unfair, you can sue me. My legal consultants will handle it.” With that, Hunter Sullivan turned to leave.

Quince Larson was still in a daze. “Mr. Sullivan, what’s wrong? Did I do something that upset you? I’ll change. I’ll definitely change.”

Hunter Sullivan laughed. “Didn’t I warn your family a long time ago? I only decided to work with your family because I thought well of Yvette Larson. Since she’s resigned, I’m terminating the contract. If you’re unhappy with my decision, you can always sue me. Whether it’s a million dollars or ten million dollars in compensation that you want, my legal consultants will help you with that.”

With that, Hunter Sullivan left.

Only three words popped up in Quince Larson’s mind: *‘We’re done for.’*

It was true—the Larson family was doomed.

Everyone knew full well that the Larson family had invested all of their funds into this project. Once they broke even in three years’ time, the company could even be listed. But now that the contract was being terminated, their funds were locked up.

The Larson Corporation was in grave danger of going bankrupt.

As for suing Hunter Sullivan, Quince Larson had never once considered that.

The other was a prominent figure in New York, while the Larson family was merely a second-tier family in San Francisco.

They were worlds apart. Leaving aside whether they had any chance of winning the lawsuit, the Sullivan family could crush them at any time.

Just a moment ago, Quince Larson had triumphantly announced Yvette Larson's resignation. But now, his company was on the verge of toppling.

The entire Larson family glared at Quince Larson.

They were no fools, and they could all guess that Yvette Larson's resignation had something to do with Quince Larson. *'This time, he has really dragged all of us down with him!'*

Chapter 182: Who's the Father?

"Quince Larson, didn't you say that nothing would go wrong?"

"Look at the state we're in now. What are you going to do about this?"

The Larson family was like an ancient tree with many branches. If the Larson family were to declare bankruptcy, every branch on this tree would fall along with it.

As Larson family head, Quince Larson held absolute power. But great power came with great responsibility.

Everyone was now waiting for Quince Larson to make a decision.

The latter had never expected to be faced with such a huge problem from just Yvette Larson's resignation. *'This won't do. I can't let the Larson family fall.'*

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Just then, someone made a suggestion. "Quince Larson, since you were the cause of all this, you should solve it. I don't care how you do it, but you have to bring Yvette Larson back. Otherwise, you'd better forget about being the family head. I'm going to leave the Larson family, and you can do whatever you want then."

Others quickly nodded in agreement.

Quince Larson was truly in a panic now. *'What's the point in being family head if all family members leave the family?'*

Left with no other choice, Quince Larson could only promise them that he would visit Number One Pacific Heights to invite his cousin back.

Because Quince Larson didn't live in the Pacific Heights neighborhood, there was no way for him to enter. Upon reaching Pacific Heights, he could only wait at the foot of the hill.

At that very moment, Finn Taylor was looking at his wife up in Number One Pacific Heights. “Yvette, there are some things you don’t have to fight for but should have; otherwise, others may think that you’re easily bullied. They won’t be grateful to you. In fact, they’ll probably try to take advantage of you.”

Yvette Larson looked at her husband, not understanding why he was suddenly saying such profound words. “What do you want to tell me?”

“What I’m saying is that you’re a Larson. You’re not being bullied because you’re a girl; rather, it’s because you don’t have a status. Think about it. If you were the Larson family head, how would the rest of them treat you?”

Yvette Larson shut her eyes, contemplating that question carefully.

Very quickly, the image of the entire Larson family bowing respectfully to her appeared in her mind. Although this wasn’t what Yvette Larson truly wanted, she’d be delighted if it turned into reality.

After all, who didn’t want to be respected by others?

But Yvette Larson still didn’t understand why her husband would say such things out of the blue. *‘I’m not even the Larson Corporation’s CEO now, let alone the Larson family head. There’s no way that would happen!’*

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At the foot of Pacific Heights.

Quince Larson and Eleanor Larson had been waiting here for at least half an hour. Suddenly, the latter fell onto the ground with beads of sweat dripping down her forehead.

“What’s wrong with you, Eleanor?” Quince Larson was scared stiff. *‘What’s happening?’*

“Take me to the hospital.” That was all Eleanor Larson said before she lost consciousness.

“Nothing will happen, right?” Quince Larson was terrified, but he didn’t dare to dwell on it. He quickly picked his cousin up and drove to St. Cloud Hospital.

At the hospital, the doctor conducted a thorough examination on Eleanor Larson.

The result dumbfounded Quince Larson—pregnant!

That’s right! Eleanor Larson was pregnant!

An unwed young lady had gotten pregnant! Although society had gotten much more open-minded these days, the Larson family was still traditional and conservative.

If their grandpa were to find out about it, Eleanor Larson might be beaten to death. Thankfully, Quince Larson was the current family head.

But no matter who the family head was, this wasn’t a trivial matter.

Quince Larson looked at his cousin—who had just woken up—and asked, “Who’s the father?”

Eleanor Larson didn’t reply to him and simply burst into tears.

Because of her silence, Quince Larson could sort of guess the answer. He clenched his fist and swung it through the air. “Sigh, will we always be bullied by the rich? Hunter Sullivan is trying to make us go bankrupt, while Alexander Scott has destroyed your reputation and even got you pregnant!”

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Finn Taylor had arranged for everything that had happened to the Larson Corporation. Thus, he naturally knew about Quince Larson and Eleanor Larson arriving at Pacific Heights to apologize.

That was also why he knew about Quince Larson sending his cousin to the hospital. Similarly, Finn Taylor had received news of Eleanor Larson’s pregnancy.

When he received that piece of news, he, too, was stunned. *‘Why have things turned out this way? Given how she has humiliated my wife and me countless times in the past, it’s time to teach her a lesson. But if she’s pregnant with Alexander Scott’s child, things will be difficult to handle.’*

Alexander Scott’s villa on Pacific Heights.

Finn Taylor sat at the head of the table while the four guardians stood by the side, not daring to take so much as a deep breath.

Alexander Scott was kneeling down on the ground.

“Alexander Scott, I need an explanation from you.”

The man in question was in a daze too. *‘An explanation? What am I supposed to say? To ruin Eleanor Larson’s reputation, I did indeed sleep with her. But I can swear to the heavens that I took all necessary precautions. Even so, I couldn’t be sure that I wouldn’t get her pregnant.’*

Even Alexander Scott himself didn’t know if the baby in Eleanor Larson’s stomach was his.

Seeing that he remained silent, Finn Taylor raged. “Alexander Scott, do you know that my plans will be ruined if that child really is yours?”

Finn Taylor was a vicious man but only to his enemies. He’d never harm the innocent, much less an unborn child.

That child could even be Alexander Scott’s! If this child was ever born, Finn Taylor could never do anything to Eleanor Larson, and that would ruin all of his plans.

Alexander Scott slapped himself viciously. “I’m not human—it’s all my fault.”

Finn Taylor waved him off. “Forget it; stop hitting yourself. I’m to be blamed too since I was the one who asked you to do that. I have an important mission for you now: Find a way to conduct a DNA test and see if that child is really yours.”

Alexander Scott wanted to know that too. *‘Is that really my child? If it is, I don’t know how I’m supposed to face that woman anymore.’*

Chapter 183: Abort the Baby

With a fruit basket in hand, Alexander Scott arrived at St. Cloud Hospital. But no sooner had he walked into the ward than he was chased out by Quince Larson.

Usually, Quince Larson never would've dared to treat Alexander Scott in this manner, but it was true that the latter had made a mistake. Because he was filled with guilt, he wasn't going to deal with the former.

"Quince Larson, I heard that the Sullivan family wants to terminate your contract. I know Hunter Sullivan too. If you let me in, I'll talk to him for you."

Quince Larson shoved Alexander Scott out. "That's not going to work on me. The baby has nothing to do with you. Hurry up and scram!"

Alexander Scott was at a loss. If this had happened in the past, he would've exploded a long time ago. *'Who are you to order me around, Quince Larson? But it would be embarrassing if everything gets exposed.'*

"Alexander, I can help you. If you don't want this child, I'll ask Eleanor to abort it. However, you have to do me a favor."

"Go ahead." Alexander Scott didn't agree right away.

"It's simple. I think we're going to have to terminate our contract with the Sullivan family, so help me fight this lawsuit. As long as we win, Eleanor Larson will get an abortion. Of course, I have to remind you that you'd better hurry. I can't possibly strangle your child to death after they're born."

Alexander Scott left after hearing Quince Larson's request.

Everyone quickly rushed up upon seeing Alexander Scott return. "How did it go? Do you know who the father is? Is it you?"

Alexander Scott shook his head. "I didn't meet Eleanor Larson."

Everyone was confused. *'What's going on? Didn't he go to look for Eleanor Larson? If he didn't see Eleanor Larson, what has he done?'*

"I wanted to go in, but Quince Larson stood in the way and refused to let me in."

They glanced at each other, helplessness in their gazes. *'He had no choice. He couldn't possibly barge his way in with Quince Larson there.'*

“Did Quince Larson make a request?” Finn Taylor asked, his tone exceptionally dark.

It was evident that he was in a foul mood, and the reason for that was obvious. He had already guessed that Quince Larson’s request would be unfavorable to him.

“Yes, he wants me to represent the Larson family to sue the Sullivan family for compensation. Eleanor Larson will only get an abortion when they receive that compensation.”

Everyone’s faces soured the moment they heard Quince Larson’s request.

Finn Taylor had already been laying the foundation for his plans for a long time, and he had come to the last step.

Once the Larson family declared bankruptcy, Finn Taylor would’ve won. Unfortunately, Alexander Scott had gotten into trouble just then.

Nobody knew what to do.

“Don’t act rashly. Give me some time to think about it.” Finn Taylor’s head hurt, and he left after patting Alexander Scott on the shoulders.

As soon as he arrived home, Yvette Larson flew over, saying, “Eleanor is pregnant. Should we go over and visit her?”

Finn Taylor thought about it. He was intending to check on her too, so he nodded in agreement.

“Alright.”

The pair then bought some fruit before heading to St. Cloud Hospital.

Quince Larson could chase Alexander Scott away, but he had no reason to chase Finn Taylor and Yvette Larson away no matter how much he hated them.

Just an hour earlier, Quince Larson hoped to convince his cousin to return to the company, but that was no longer urgent to him now.

It didn’t even matter anymore. Perhaps this pregnancy would be an opportunity for the Larson family!

After all, the amount they could earn from that collaboration couldn’t even compare to the compensation the Sullivan family had to pay them.

“Why are you guys here?” Eleanor Larson was brusque. She lashed out the moment she saw the couple.

Of course, Finn Taylor wasn’t one to be trifled with, and he retorted, “To see if you’re dead.”

‘How I wish she was dead. I would have a lot less trouble to deal with now if Quince Larson had simply left his cousin to die.’

“Finn Taylor, what are you saying? Eleanor is pregnant, so we must watch our behavior around her.”

Finn Taylor rolled his eyes. *‘Think about our relationship. How dare you use that against me? But I won’t hold it against a pregnant lady; else, people might gossip about me if word gets out.’*

“Eleanor, who’s the father of the child?” Yvette Larson couldn’t hold it in. It was natural for her to be asking about that as an elder in the family.

“Why should I tell you? Would you believe me if I said that it was Finn Taylor?”

Yvette Larson was rendered speechless. *‘What’s wrong with her? Why is she so worked up?’*

They had only chatted briefly, but they left soon after. However, this hadn’t been a wasted trip for Finn Taylor—he could tell that Eleanor Larson was indeed pregnant.

Finn Taylor had impressive medical skills and could spot a pregnant lady with just one glance. Unfortunately, he didn’t have the skills to identify the child’s father.

“Go home. I have something to do,” Finn Taylor instructed his wife before leaving.

After leaving, Finn Taylor headed to Frederick Larson’s house. When he arrived, he spotted the latter looking out of the windows.

“Uncle, are you waiting for your daughter?”

Frederick Larson rolled his eyes. “Who’s your uncle? Don’t forget about what you did to my dad! I haven’t gone after you for that!”

The Larson family still thought that Finn Taylor was the culprit behind Joseph Larson’s condition. It was just that they were forced to stay silent about it normally, but that was what everyone thought too.

“Uncle, I’m here to discuss something important with you. Don’t be so fierce.” Finn Taylor took out a photo and handed it to Frederick Larson.

The latter took a look at it, realizing that it was a photo of Alexander Scott. He knew that this man was the one who had ruined his daughter.

Emotions surged in his heart as he glanced at the photo. “What are you trying to say, Finn Taylor?”

“Did you know that your daughter is pregnant?”

From Frederick Larson’s expression, Finn Taylor could tell that he didn’t, in fact, know.

This made everything simpler.

“Alexander Scott hired me to give your family 150,000 dollars. He wants Eleanor to abort the baby. I’m sure you know Alexander Scott’s status—he’ll never marry your daughter. Do you wish for Eleanor to have a child before getting married? Of course, he said that he’d consider giving you more if you think that 150,000 dollars is too little.”

Hearing Finn Taylor’s words, Frederick Larson stiffened.

Chapter 184: The Truth

At that moment, Frederick Larson sat as still as a statue. His heart broke upon thinking about the situation his daughter was in. Never would he have expected his daughter to have gotten pregnant.

Not only that, but the man wasn't even going to take responsibility for it! Instead, he had made Finn Taylor come over to ask him to make his daughter abort the baby.

'What a heartless man!' Frederick Larson shook his head in disappointment. "I won't agree to it. I'm going to sue Alexander Scott. I want him to understand that he can't have everything he wants just because he's rich!"

Finn Taylor wanted to go on, but Frederick Larson chased him away.

Finn Taylor felt helpless. *'I had intended to find a breakthrough point via Frederick Larson, but that seems impossible now. What am I going to do?'*

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He knew that it wasn't going to be easy to resolve this matter.

Finn Taylor thought the matter through for a whole night but couldn't think of a good solution. In the end, he asked Alexander Scott and made a request of him.

Following his boss's order, Alexander Scott headed to the hospital with several men in tow.

Just like the previous day, Quince Larson wasn't going to give Alexander Scott the chance to enter. However, the latter got his men to subdue Quince Larson as he walked into Eleanor Larson's ward alone.

The moment she spotted him, she couldn't help but sneer. "Are you scared now?"

Alexander Scott didn't reply to her and instead posed another question. "How many months along are you?"

Eleanor Larson chuckled. "You must be wondering if the child has anything to do with you. I'm telling you that it doesn't—the child is Finn Taylor's. Scram!"

Alexander Scott knew that the other was simply ranting, but her words evoked even more suspicion in him. *'If I ignore her and allow her to give birth to the child, we'll truly be doomed.'*

"Eleanor Larson, I know you love money. I'll give you 150,000 dollars to conduct a DNA test. If the child is mine, give birth to him, and I'll raise him."

Eleanor Larson chuckled. "Alexander Scott, do you think I'm as gullible as a three-year-old? You can just tell me if you don't want the child. Come on—there's a fruit knife here. You can kill me right now."

She took the fruit knife out and handed it to the other. To be honest, the latter was very tempted to stab her to end everything. As long as Eleanor Larson was dead, everything would end.

But he couldn't do that—he wasn't that vicious.

If he knew for sure that Eleanor Larson was just playing with him and that she wasn't carrying his child, he might very well have killed her right then. However, he couldn't bring himself to do that.

“Alexander Scott, what are you doing with that knife?” Quince Larson had finally struggled free from those men. Seeing the knife in Alexander Scott’s hands, he quickly whipped out his phone to take a photo.

Alexander Scott slammed the knife down on the bedhead frustratedly, saying to his men, “Teach him a lesson.”

Of course, Alexander Scott was talking about Quince Larson.

With their boss’s command, the men naturally didn’t hold back. They gave Quince Larson a vicious beating.

When Alexander Scott returned, Finn Taylor and the rest were waiting there for him.

Finn Taylor was drumming the table with his fingers as he wondered how to resolve the matter.

“Master Peregrine, do you think it’s possible to get the DNA of that child if we rope in a doctor?”

Finn Taylor waved him off, rejecting that suggestion. *‘While that is the simplest solution, it’s also the most foolish one. Quince Larson must’ve already thought of that and must’ve spoken to the doctor. We’d only be exposing ourselves if we do that now.’*

“Master Peregrine, I have something.” Just then, Zachary Kennedy—who was in the corner—spoke up. He was the most tech-savvy amongst them all.

Over the past two days, everyone had been busy with discussions. On the other hand, Zachary Kennedy had been busy on his computer.

Nobody knew what he was doing, but neither did they stop him from doing so.

Now that he had finally spoken, everyone shot their gazes over. They wanted to know exactly what he had found.

After everyone walked over, Alexander Scott pressed the spacebar on the keyboard. Then, a video started playing on the monitor.

It clearly showed Eleanor Larson stumbling out of a bar, dead-drunk, before collapsing at the door.

A few young men then walked out of the bar after her. Seeing no response from Eleanor Larson after kicking her several times, they dragged her into their car.

Alexander Scott fast-forwarded the video.

About half an hour later, Eleanor Larson was thrown out of the car. Her clothes were evidently in a disheveled state, and the car raced off.

Click!

Alexander Scott closed the video and turned to the rest.

Everyone looked at each other in confusion, not comprehending what they had just seen. *'This means that Eleanor Larson also did it with other men apart from Alexander Scott!'*

Alexander Scott was overwhelmed with emotions. "It wasn't me—it definitely wasn't me. I never would've made such a low-level mistake since I always take all precautions. Master Peregrine, I was framed. I was definitely framed."

Alexander Scott kneeled down and begged Finn Taylor for mercy.

The latter helped him up.

The truth was finally out. The only thing they had to do now was a paternity test.

"Don't worry; it wasn't you. I won't let anyone smear your name."

It wasn't just Alexander Scott who was raging—even Finn Taylor was fuming too.

He had nearly been tricked.

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St. Cloud Hospital.

Eleanor Larson had just finished cleaning Quince Larson's wound. Then, she said, "Quince, I heard everything you said to Alexander Scott. It's impossible for him to get that money back for you."

Quince Larson was still reveling in his daydream, so he frowned the moment he heard that.

"Don't frown. It's simple—I have no right to do that. Even if I give birth to the kid, they'll have no status. At the very most, I'll receive alimony to raise the kid. However, my life will be over if I give birth to the kid! Alexander Scott would never offend Hunter Sullivan for this child! This child's ending is already set, so I have to abort him. But if Alexander Scott wants us to abort this child, we'll extort a good sum of money from him. My suggestion is to invite him to the Larson family's residence along with the rest of the Larson family to extort some money from him."

Chapter 185: Congratulations

Quince Larson was stunned by his cousin's suggestion. *'What does she mean? Asking the Larson family members to come over and extort money from Alexander Scott?'*

"Eleanor, do you know what you're saying? Won't you be too ashamed to live from then on?"

Eleanor Larson smiled bitterly. "Do you think that I can still stay in the Larson family after this? I just want some money before leaving."

Hearing his cousin's words, Quince Larson couldn't help but feel upset. After all, she was the closest kin he had in the entire family.

No matter what they did in the past, they would always face it head-on together. Never would he have expected that they would land in such a state today.

Quince Larson thought that he had won the moment he was given the position of family head. From then on, nobody could stand in his way in the Larson family.

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It hadn't been long since then, yet it was all over for them.

"Listen to me—I'll help you organize it. Tell them that I'll only take half of the money from Alexander Scott and that they can split the other half."

Although Quince Larson's heart broke, he complied nonetheless. After all, he wanted a share of the loot too. *'Hasn't Eleanor Larson already said so? She'll only take half of the money, and the other half will be left to the rest of the Larson family. As the Larson family head, it's only natural for me to have a larger share.'*

Although it seemed as though he was drinking his cousin's blood, Quince Larson didn't feel bad for doing so. *'She took the initiative to make that offer. I didn't force her to do so. Besides, Eleanor got pregnant before marriage. To a certain extent, she has ruined the family's name. It's embarrassing for him as the family head and even more humiliating for Eleanor herself. I'm already respecting her by taking the largest share of the money.'*

In the name of the family head, Quince Larson gathered the entire family apart from Yvette Larson's family. He then announced what had happened to Eleanor Larson to them.

Initially, everyone had been infuriated and started criticizing Eleanor Larson. But when they heard that she was willing to split the money with them, they quickly shut up.

Now, they made Eleanor Larson out to be nothing more than an innocent girl. Naturally, they couldn't stand by and watch as relatives.

Quince Larson paid no heed to how fake these relatives of his were. *'What age are we living in? It's disgusting to think that we're still talking about familial ties. To be honest, we're just strangers who are bound by blood ties. We're all just making use of each other.'*

This was what Quince Larson thought. If possible, he'd even make use of everyone present to his own benefit!

St. Cloud Hospital.

Eleanor Larson dialed Alexander Scott's number.

At that moment, he was with Finn Taylor and the rest of the men. When he picked up the call, he put it on speaker.

"Come to the Larson family's residence tomorrow."

"Why?"

“I’ll get an abortion, but 150,000 dollars is too little. Let’s discuss the price.”

“Alright.” With that, they ended the call.

Alexander Scott glanced at Finn Taylor, not understanding what Eleanor Larson was up to.

But Finn Taylor smiled. “Smart aleck.”

“What do you mean, Master Peregrine?” Alexander Scott was still confused about what Eleanor Larson was up to. *‘She had just refused my offer the previous day and had even threatened me with death. Why is she suddenly changing her tone now?’*

“Don’t you understand? Isn’t it very normal? Would she dare to give birth to that child? Don’t you think she’s clear about whose child that is? I’m sure she doesn’t dare to give birth to that child because you’d definitely insist on getting a paternity test done once the child is born before you pay alimony. Then, everything will be exposed. Now, she’s trying to get as much as she can before aborting the baby.”

Finn Taylor laid it bare for Alexander Scott, and the latter finally understood what was going on. “What shall we do then, Master Peregrine?”

“Be a good father. Don’t they want to put on an act? We’ll play along till the end.”

Although Alexander Scott didn’t know what Finn Taylor was trying to do, he wasn’t going to go against Master Peregrine’s orders.

Upon reaching home, Finn Taylor immediately looked for his wife. “I’ll tell you something. I know who the father of Eleanor Larson’s child is.”

“Who?” Over the past few days, Yvette Larson had become rather interested in her cousin’s pregnancy as well. She wanted to know whose child it was.

“Alexander Scott.”

While she had already guessed so, Yvette Larson was still shocked after hearing the truth.

“What are you going to do now?” Yvette Larson knew Alexander Scott was very likely her husband’s subordinate. As such, she wanted to know just what he would do.

“It’s simple. Eleanor Larson will give birth to the child, and Alexander Scott will raise the child.”

“Huh?” Finn Taylor’s answer stunned his wife.

“Men should take responsibility for their actions. Oh right, there’s something else. Eleanor Larson and Alexander Scott will be discussing the alimony at the Larson family’s residence tomorrow. We should head over and speak up for Eleanor Larson. We can’t let that b*stard get away with this.”

Yvette Larson couldn’t help but feel that something was different about her husband today. She felt that he was keeping something from her.

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The next day arrived.

When Quince Larson saw Finn Taylor and his wife at the Larson family's residence, he rolled his eyes.

"Why are you here?"

Quince Larson had invited the entire Larson family, save for Yvette Larson's family. However, their family had still turned up in the end.

"Why not? We miss Grandpa, so can't we come to take a look around the Larson family's residence? Is something happening here today?"

Of course, Quince Larson wasn't going to believe Finn Taylor. *'The latter must've received some news and is here only to stir up trouble.'*

But this was the Larson family's residence after all. He wasn't in any place to chase them away.

Finn Taylor and Yvette Larson ignored Quince Larson and simply walked in.

The moment they walked in, the couple spotted Eleanor Larson.

The latter was annoyed that the couple had come, but just like Quince Larson, she had no other choice. All she could say was that she had chosen the wrong location.

"Why is everyone here today? Are we holding a family meeting today?"

Eleanor Larson sneered and looked at Finn Taylor. "Stop acting, Finn Taylor. Do you really not know what's going on today? Aren't you here because of that too?"

Finn Taylor chuckled and looked at her. "Should I congratulate you then?"



Chapter 186: I'll Raise the Kid

Finn Taylor's 'congratulations' infuriated Eleanor Larson.

How had this child been conceived? Others might not know about it, but was Eleanor Larson not clear about that? It was the biggest humiliation in her entire life, yet she had to use this humiliation in exchange for her glory.

However, she knew full well in her heart that this glory was nothing but shame. If others were to scold her or treat her indifferently, she might've felt better. But congratulating her like what Finn Taylor had just done only made her feel much worse.

"Finn Taylor, you can shut up if you have nothing better to say."

Finn Taylor sneered as he looked at Eleanor Larson. "How's the baby? When's it due?"

Eleanor Larson had never intended to give birth to the child, so the due date was very much non-existent.

She couldn't help but think that her cousin's husband was behaving strangely.. *'Hadn't he just asked me to abort the baby a few days ago? Why is he acting so concerned about me? It seems as though he wants me to give birth to the child. But no matter what happens, I will never agree to that.'*

"That's none of your business."

Finn Taylor was unperturbed by Eleanor Larson's rage. He was waiting for Alexander Scott's arrival, so he was just trying to waste some time with small talk since he was bored.

After a long while, Alexander Scott finally arrived. He had even brought four bodyguards with him.

Of course, the Larson family had already expected this.

If things went south, they might even get into a scuffle. He would be risking his life coming alone, so it was normal for him to bring bodyguards with him.

"You're finally here," Eleanor Larson said when she saw Alexander Scott.

But the latter was extremely cold toward her. "Let's have a chat."

It was a long desk, and Quince Larson sat on one end while Alexander Scott sat on the other.

Eleanor Larson chose to sit next to her cousin.

As for the rest of the Larson family, they simply sat wherever suited them.

"Well, have you thought about how much you're going to compensate me?" Eleanor Larson went straight to the point without beating around the bush.

Finn Taylor's gaze turned cold. He hadn't expected Eleanor Larson to be in such a hurry, but this only confirmed his guess—the child was not Alexander Scott's!

All eyes were glued to Alexander Scott as he drummed his fingers against the desk.

Every time they made a sound, the Larson family couldn't help but feel that their hearts were being pounded against.

"Give birth to the child." Finally, Alexander Scott spoke up after thinking for ten whole minutes.

His words stunned the entire family, especially Eleanor Larson.

"What did you say?"

"I said, give birth to the kid." Alexander Scott repeated himself.

The Larson family looked at each other, their eyes filled with confusion. *'What's going on?'*

“The child will have no status. What will they get even if they’re born?” Eleanor Larson refused. “I just want 1.5 million. If you give me 1.5 million, I’ll abort the baby.”

Eleanor Larson quoted a price, and it was already much lower than what she had expected previously. But now that things weren’t going her way, she didn’t dare to ask for anything more.

“Don’t abort it. I’m still unmarried. Since you’re pregnant with my child, I’ll naturally marry you in a grand ceremony and bring you home. I heard that the Larson family has run into some trouble recently and might even have to shut down the business. It’s no big deal. If you guys are fine with it, I can ask the Sullivan family to continue their collaboration with you. Otherwise, I’ll take over the project from them.”

The entire Larson family immediately agreed to his suggestion, but Eleanor Larson felt that things were spinning out of control way too quickly.

“Oh, right. Eleanor Larson, you mentioned 1.5 million. I’ll give you that much money as a gift. What else do you need? Will a villa on Pacific Heights and a Ferrari be enough? Why don’t all of you help us think about what else we’d need for a wedding?”

The Larson family went crazy like ravenous wolves. They were overwhelmed with emotions as soon as they heard Alexander Scott.

One said that he should receive a Rolls-Royce, while another said that she should receive a million-dollar villa.

Now, 1.5 million seemed much more like 150 dollars in their eyes. They were all fighting to get a share of the pie.

Eleanor Larson bit down on her lips. *‘There is no way something as good as this is true. Something must’ve gone wrong, but I can’t place my finger on it yet.’*

Very quickly, Alexander Scott’s subordinate had written down all of the relatives’ extravagant requests.

Alexander Scott took a good look at the list.

Everyone’s gazes stiffened, and they stared at him. They couldn’t wait to see if Alexander Scott would agree to their requests.

If he did, that would be crazy!

Eventually, Alexander Scott nodded after what seemed like an eternity. “Alright, I can fulfill all these requests.”

At that moment, the entire Larson family burst out into cheers. They all gazed at Eleanor Larson as though she was a saint, even calling her affectionately.

But just then, Alexander Scott spoke up. “Everyone, since Eleanor Larson and I are getting into a shotgun marriage, I think it’s only right for us to do a paternity test.”

The family elders didn’t give it much thought and simply agreed. *‘This is completely normal. How can she expect to marry into a rich family without doing a paternity test?’*

Now, Eleanor Larson finally knew what was wrong. She shook her head. "I'm not going to take a paternity test. You don't trust me. Either you give me 1.5 million for me to abort the baby, or you marry me without doing the paternity test."

At that, Alexander Scott—who had been polite all along—turned tough. "Eleanor Larson, that's not up to you. If you don't do a paternity test, I won't marry you, much less give you 1.5 million dollars to abort the baby. Please try to persuade Eleanor, everyone. I came full of sincerity today, but I never thought that it would end this way. How saddening."

Alexander Scott had just offered the entire Larson family such lavish gifts, yet it had gone up in the air just because of Eleanor Larson's decision.

Of course, the Larson family wasn't going to let it go just like that.

Chapter 187: The Innocent Larson Family Daydreaming

"Eleanor, what are you saying? Since you're pregnant with Mr. Scott's child and he's willing to marry you, it's only right that you marry him."

"That's right, Eleanor. It'll be the greatest honor of your life to marry Mr. Scott. It's just a paternity test. We haven't done anything wrong, so what are you afraid of?"

"Yes! After the paternity test, Eleanor will marry into the Scott family. Then, the whole family will enjoy the benefits!"

"They're all daughters of the Larson family, but some are able to bring us to such great heights while others are such disgraces to us."

"Forget that we've been humiliated because of her, but it's really bad luck that we nearly had to close down our company because of her too!"

'What are these people thinking? It's fine if they want to praise Eleanor Larson, but why do they have to bring Yvette into the picture?' However, Finn Taylor didn't say anything because he knew that these people were going to pay for their words very soon.

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"No, I'm not going to get a paternity test done."

Nobody in the Larson family understood why Eleanor Larson was so firm about not getting a paternity test done.

Such a bright future was awaiting all of them, and nobody was willing to give that up now.

"Eleanor Larson, that's not up to you to decide. As the family head, I demand that you get a paternity test done."

Earlier on, the Larson family had all made their requests.

Of course, Quince Larson was no exception since he was the family head. In fact, he had even used his status to make the most extravagant request. *'It now seems like everything is going down the drain. There's no way I'm going to let that happen.'*

He couldn't care less about his relationship with his cousin and simply made a decision for her.

"No, I'm never going to do it."

"Even if we have to tie you up to bring you there, we'll do it."

Seeing the scene playing out in front of him, Finn Taylor couldn't help but chuckle.

Yvette Larson was confused. "Finn, what's going on?"

"You don't understand, do you?" Finn Taylor knocked against the table.

Alexander Scott nodded. With that command, he could proceed to the last step. "Everyone must be curious as to why Eleanor Larson would rather not marry me than get a paternity test done, right?"

Hearing Alexander Scott's words, the entire Larson family put smiles on their faces. "That's not it. She's just throwing a tantrum—we'll teach her well."

Alexander Scott sneered. "A tantrum? I don't think so."

With that, he nodded.

His bodyguard then took out a projector and projected a video on the wall.

"This is why she'll never do a paternity test even if it means death."

Everyone turned their attention to the wall. They could clearly spot Eleanor Larson stumbling out of a bar, obviously drunk.

Then, she fell to the ground. At that very moment, several young men walked out of the bar too.

The Larson family clearly saw Eleanor Larson being dragged into the men's car. At that, everyone's eyes shot toward her.

A bad thought surfaced in their minds.

Then, the car shook.

Eleanor Larson was then thrown out of the car with disheveled clothes. After that, the men sped off in their car.

Alexander Scott's gaze was set on Eleanor Larson. "Were you afraid that I'd find out about this? You know very well just how many men you've slept with, so how dare a sl*t like you try to get into the Scott family? You can dream on! And all of you—Quince Larson, Frederick Larson, Franklin Larson... Who are

you? Did you think that you'd be able to extort money from me just because of that b*tch? You must be dreaming!"

Those words were like a slap in the face to the Larson family. Yet, none of them dared to utter a word as Alexander Scott lambasted them.

The truth was clear.

"Apart from the eldest branch, are any of your families really innocent? You guys even laugh at Finn Taylor for being a useless matrilocal son-in-law, but from what I see, he's the one supporting your entire family. Without their family, the Larson family would be on the verge of bankruptcy. Of course, I don't think it's strange that Eleanor Larson would do this. After all, it isn't even the first time you three families are doing something so shameless. Isn't that right, Franklin Larson? Isn't that right, Frederick Larson? Isn't that right, Hilary Stone?"

With that, Alexander Scott turned around and left, leaving only the second, third, and fourth branches of the Larson family there with terribly sour expressions.

Everyone glared at Eleanor Larson with piercing stares. *'It's all this woman's fault. If not for her shameless act, the ugly truth that the Larson family had kept under wraps for decades wouldn't have been revealed.'*

Finn Taylor stretched and chuckled. "The innocent Larson family daydreaming."

As soon as he finished his sentence, he picked up his wife's hand and strode out.

Typically, anyone would've started lashing out at Finn Taylor if he were to mock them. But now, nobody dared to say a thing.

It would be humiliating.

'The innocent Larson family daydreaming.' Yvette Larson muttered under her breath and then turned to her husband. "What a good day!"

After returning home, Yvette Larson told her parents about everything that had happened.

Hearing that, Linda James scoffed. "The second, third, and fourth branches have always been bullying us. Everyone knows that they're in cahoots just because of that scandal they caused back then. Who would've thought that the daughter would be as shameless as her father?"

Unlike Linda James, Francis Larson massaged his temples. Then, he said to his daughter, "Yvette, I heard that you resigned. Because of that, the Sullivan family ended their collaboration with us. Why? Do you really want the Larson family to go bankrupt?"

Yvette Larson was a Larson too. Although she would be able to get back at the family if they were to go bankrupt, there was one barrier she would never be able to overcome—showing her grandpa that she was better than Quince Larson and that the Larson Corporation would definitely do well in her hands.

But now, the company was on the verge of bankruptcy. It seemed like she wouldn't have that chance anymore.

“Dad, I know. Don’t force me—let me think about it.”

Finn Taylor looked at his wife meaningfully. *‘It seems like it’s time for me to deal with someone.’*

Chapter 188: Lashing

Finn Taylor made a call to Andre Cavill to catch someone for him—Stephen Turner.

Andre Cavill got to work right away. This was the first mission Finn Taylor ever gave him—he had to complete it perfectly.

Not long after, Andre Cavill made a call to say that he had caught the man. As such, Finn Taylor headed out to meet Stephen Turner.

However, he bumped into someone at the foot of Pacific Heights—Frank Lucas. The latter had a smile plastered on his face. “I’ve already done as you asked, Mr. Taylor.”

What Frank Lucas was referring to was naturally the matter of driving the Jensen family to their grave.

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Over the past few days, Frank Lucas had gone crazy and gone all out against the Jensen family. He couldn’t be bothered about how well-known and respected Aaron Jensen, Gregory Jensen, or Kelly Jensen were in San Francisco. He had beaten all of them up.

Then, he even beat up those who dared to work with the Jensen family.

Due to this, the Jensen family began to crumble.

Of course, the Gold family played a crucial role too. They made a sudden announcement that they were going to end their project with the Jensen family, and Third Master Gold even said that he’d never deal with Aaron Jensen ever again!

Although no one knew what had happened, anyone sharp or acute enough had chosen to protect themselves. One by one, they chose to end their projects with the Jensen family too.

Within a week’s time, the Jensen family had neither connections, money, nor projects. While they weren’t officially bankrupt, it wouldn’t be long before that happened.

But nobody was sure why this was happening.

“Mm, you did a good job.” Finn Taylor hadn’t paid too much attention to this matter, but Frank Lucas had already settled it, and he probably wouldn’t lie to him on that front.

“Mr. Taylor, I’m sorry that I failed to recognize you the previous time. Why don’t I treat you to a meal?”

Finn Taylor looked at Frank Lucas. *'The latter is terribly efficient. Although the Jensen family means nothing to me, they're still a prominent family. Yet, Frank Lucas took less than a week to take them down. 'It seems like this is someone I can train. Since Frank Lucas is already treating me to a meal and has already apologized, I will give him a chance.'*

As such, he agreed to it.

"This is the address for tonight, Mr. Taylor."

Finn Taylor glanced at the invitation and casually put it into his pocket. "Alright, I'll make a note."

Frank Lucas was sharp. Upon seeing that the other seemed busy, he quickly said that he'd arrange the meal before leaving.

After arriving at the bar, Finn Taylor headed into the innermost private room that wasn't usually open to the public.

Not just anyone was allowed into the room.

Stephen Turner was still sipping on his tea at home, waiting for Yvette Larson to show up. Once that happened, he wouldn't just have a beauty by his side, but he would even get his hands on much more money.

But just then, a group of men in black bundled him up and took him away.

By the time he awoke, he was already in a private room with Andre Cavill sitting right in front of him.

Stephen Turner knew of Andre Cavill.

Gentle Breeze Bar had recently earned a name for itself. Word had gotten around about the bar's boss—Andre Cavill—taking down dozens of men all by himself. Yet, Stephen Turner had never expected the bar's boss to look for him.

"Brother Andre, I haven't offended you, have I? Have you gotten the wrong person?" Stephen Turner gave it some thought. *'I've never gotten in the way of Andre Cavill. The latter probably has the wrong person. As such, I will probably be released once we talk things through. After all, we're all businessmen. There's no point in offending a rich and prominent figure.'*

What Stephen Turner had never expected was Andre Cavill ignoring him. All the latter did was sharpen his knife.

After a few hours, the knife in his hands had almost become the sharpest dagger in the world.

'What's he trying to do? Even if he wants to make trouble for me, he should say something. If that's not what he's after, then why did he bring me here?' Just as Stephen Turner was racking his brains for an explanation, the door opened.

Finn Taylor strolled over, and he scanned the room briefly.

Andre Cavill immediately put away his dagger and stood up.

Finn Taylor walked up to Stephen Turner. “You’re Stephen Turner, right?”

“Who are you?” Stephen Turner was confused. *‘Who’s this?’*

“Finn Taylor.”

Stephen Turner was stunned for a moment before he burst out into laughter. *‘This... What a joke! I thought I offended some prominent figure, but it turns out that it’s just this piece of trash—the most famous matrilocal son-in-law of San Francisco.’*

“What, are you trying to take revenge for your wife, Finn Taylor? Sigh, I didn’t even do anything. It’s just something we do in this industry. Isn’t it only right for her to give something up in exchange for money? Besides, she’s just a woman. I’ll never believe that she’s done nothing to get to her position today. I heard that Hunter Sullivan immediately went to the Larson family’s residence to terminate their contract the moment she resigned. Do you think there’s really nothing between your wife and Hunter Sullivan? Hahaha!”

Stephen Turner was bent over in laughter.

Andre Cavill, on the other hand, was clutching his temples. *‘There is no lack of fools in this world, but someone as stupid as Stephen Turner is really a first for me. If he had apologized and begged for his life, Finn Taylor might’ve spared him. But now, that is no longer an option.’*

Just as expected, Finn Taylor landed a vicious punch on Stephen Turner’s face.

A few teeth flew out of the latter’s mouth, and then Finn Taylor punched the other right in the chest.

A loud crackling sound of bones breaking could be heard.

Finn Taylor landed one punch after another on Stephen Turner’s eyes, nose, mouth, and ears. The latter was now bleeding from all orifices.

“I don’t want to see him on this earth ever again.” Finn Taylor rubbed his hands and patted the dust off his clothes before heading out.

Andre Cavill strolled up to Stephen Turner. By now, the latter was already terrified.

“Since you’re going to die, I might as well tell you everything. Finn Taylor might be a useless matrilocal son-in-law in your eyes, but he’s actually my boss. In fact, he has another identity that would probably scare you to death if I were to tell you about it. He’s Master Peregrine of Peregrine Hall!”

The moment those words were spoken, Stephen Turner’s heart started pounding even more rapidly. His knees then buckled, and he dropped to the ground.

He had died from shock!

Andre Cavill checked Stephen Turner’s breathing and couldn’t help but feel speechless when he realized that the latter was dead. *‘He died just like that—how lame! But since Master Peregrine has already given his orders, I can’t let this man remain comfortable even after death.’*

As such, he whipped the other’s corpse over and over again.

Chapter 189: Driving a Buick

Finn Taylor walked out of the bar and glanced at his watch. It was about time to attend the party that night, but something bothered him—he didn't have a car.

Frank Lucas had smashed his Ferrari. The BMW was with his wife, and it had been a long time since he had driven it.

Finn Taylor glanced at the manager of the bar. "Do you have a car?"

"Yes, but it isn't very good. It's just a Buick that costs about 10,000 dollars."

Finn Taylor had visited the bar many times. Although the manager didn't know the former's true identity, his boss always treated Finn Taylor with respect every time he came.

The manager took all that to heart.. As such, he immediately responded the moment Finn Taylor posed that question. However, he felt that his car wouldn't fit the latter.

"Can it be used?"

"Yes."

"Alright then. Hand me your key and get Frank Lucas to give you 150,000 dollars later. I'm buying the car from you."

The manager simply took that as a joke. Nonetheless, he handed the key to Finn Taylor.

He never gave that 150,000 dollars a thought.

Finn Taylor took the invitation out and glanced at it. *'Joya Hotel—what kind of stupid hotel is that? I've never heard of it.'*

But Finn Taylor wasn't picky. He could drive a 150,000-dollar Ferrari or a 10,000-dollar Buick all the same. He could also eat a 10,000-dollar feast or a 10-dollar meal at a roadside stall all the same.

'Since Frank Lucas is giving me a treat and has decided on Joya Hotel, I'm not going to say anything.'

Very quickly, he arrived at the entrance of Joya Hotel in the Buick.

Finn Taylor asked the security officer, "Where's the parking lot?"

The latter glanced at Finn Taylor and rolled his eyes immediately. "There isn't one."

'Er...' Finn Taylor was stunned. *'What is going on? At a hotel like this, valets would help guests park their cars. I had only asked where the parking lot was because I didn't want to trouble them, yet I've been met with such a terrible attitude!'*

“What’s with your attitude?”

“What, am I wrong? Look at the car you’re driving—it’s just a lousy Buick. How dare you enter? We’re a five-star hotel, so aren’t you embarrassed by driving a car that isn’t worth at least 100,000 dollars?”

Finn Taylor was stunned. *‘What’s he saying? Only a car that costs 100,000 dollars is worthy of being called a car? Is a 10,000-dollar car not a car? Is there really a need to make such distinctions between people? We’re all the same!’*

Honk!

Just then, a Cayenne started honking behind Finn Taylor.

“What’s going on? Why can’t I go in?” The Cayenne’s owner looked out of the window and started lashing out.

“Hello, Young Master James. I’ll chase him away immediately!” The security officer obviously recognized the Cayenne’s owner and was even especially polite toward him. Then, he walked up to Finn Taylor. “Do you see that? That Cayenne costs 700,000 dollars—that’s a car. You’re just driving a Buick. Hurry up and get lost.”

Finn Taylor thought that the whole situation was ridiculous. “I was asking where the parking lot is?”

‘I’ll drive over to the parking lot by myself. This guy is just a mere security officer, so how dare he look down on others?’

“I told you that there isn’t one. Can’t you understand English?”

Finn Taylor was speechless. He got out of the car and threw his key to the security officer. “Drive my car over.”

With that, he left.

Seeing that Finn Taylor hadn’t moved his car away and had even left, the Cayenne’s owner flared up.

Bang!

He switched on the engine and rammed into Finn Taylor’s Buick. Then, he simply strode off.

Even after witnessing the scene, the security officer didn’t think that Young Master James was in the wrong. That was just how the world was. *‘You’re just driving a Buick, and you didn’t even want to give way to a Cayenne. That’s on you. It’s not his fault for banging into you. In fact, you’ll even have to pay for the damages to his car. That’s reality for the poor.’*

Finn Taylor had heard the crash, yet he didn’t stop to look back.

Finn Taylor’s entrance attracted the attention of everyone in the lobby of Joya Hotel. After all, he was a well-known figure in San Francisco.

While the driver of the Cayenne hadn’t recognized him, that didn’t mean that nobody else did.

Very quickly, someone pointed at him and said, “That looks like Finn Taylor.”

But others were confused. “Which Finn Taylor?”

“Do we have another Finn Taylor in San Francisco? I’m talking about that useless matriloal son-in-law!”

Those words made everyone turn their gazes to the man strolling in. Then, everyone started chiming in. “That’s right—it’s him. I’ve been to the Larson family’s residence and saw his wife slapping him. He’s such a coward; how humiliating!”

Damien James patted off the dust on his clothes before walking in.

Seeing that, someone asked out of curiosity, “What happened, Damien?”

“Don’t mention it! I have such bad luck! I met an idiot driving a Buick at the entrance. He was blocking the way, and I was so annoyed that I rammed into him with my Cayenne.”

Hearing that, everyone couldn’t help but feel their blood boil. “Not bad, Damien. You’re a real man.”

“That’s right. Frank Lucas is the one holding this party. None of his guests would drive a Buick here.”

Damien James was confused too. “That’s right. I wonder which idiot drove that Buick.”

Just as Damien James was retelling his story, Finn Taylor walked over. “Was it you? Were you the one who rammed into my Buick? The car costs 20,000 dollars—cash or bank transfer?”

Damien James hadn’t recognized Finn Taylor earlier. But now the latter stood right in front of him, he couldn’t help but think that he looked familiar. “Don’t tell me that you’re that Finn Taylor.”

“Yes, you’re right—it’s me. Since you recognize me, you can send that money over to the Larson family’s residence.” Finn Taylor was about to leave after saying that.

“Ha, you’re just a piece of trash! Who are you to put on an act in front of me? Send it to the Larson family’s residence? Are you selling your wife to me with that 20,000 dollars? But to be honest, your wife isn’t bad. I met her once, and I think she looks good. I wonder if she’ll be as good in bed.”

Thud!

Before Damien James could finish his sentences, Finn Taylor had already punched him to the ground.

This was completely unexpected. After all, the two of them were worlds apart.

Finn Taylor was just a useless matriloal son-in-law of the Larson family, while Damien James was the only son of the James family—a top-tier family in San Francisco.

Chapter 190: Ruined Future

The James family was a top-tier family in San Francisco. It was like night and day when comparing the Larson family—a second-tier family—to them.

Even the Larson family head—Quince Larson—had to bow to Damien James respectfully and treat him with full respect.

Quince Larson would never even qualify to attend a party hosted by Frank Lucas or Damien James. Yet, that piece of trash—Finn Taylor—had beaten him up at their first meeting!

Of course, Damien James wasn't one to be trifled with either. He quickly fought back against Finn Taylor.

Naturally, he was no match for the latter. In the span of a few minutes, Damien James was beaten up into a pulp.

He lay on the ground, having no strength to even groan out in pain.

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This was an incredulous sight.

“H-how dare you hit Damien James? You've landed yourself in hot soup! The Larson family is done for!” Someone lashed out at Finn Taylor, not caring about what Damien James had done or said.

“Oh, is that so? Are you going to take revenge for him then?”

But of course, nobody dared to say a thing.

What a joke! Take revenge for Damien James?

While they all proclaimed to be brothers who valued loyalty, the truth was that they all cared most about their own self-interests! It was good enough that they didn't step on others when they were done.

There was no way they'd help each other.

Besides, how were they supposed to help him? By beating Finn Taylor up?

Everyone had clearly seen just how skilled and powerful Finn Taylor was. If they were to step up and challenge him, they would be the next ones lying on the ground.

Just then, Frank Lucas turned up. He had left to prepare for the party, and he was greeted by the sight of Damien James laying on the ground as soon as he returned. He didn't even know if the latter was dead or alive.

'This... What's going on?' Frank Lucas was confused.

Of course, someone quickly explained everything to him. “Frank Lucas, don't tell us that you invited this piece of trash! He drove a lousy Buick here and blocked the entrance. Damien James knocked into his car, and he tried to extort 20,000 from Damien! F*ck, it's just a wretched Buick! Damien didn't even ask him to pay for his Cayenne, but he beat Damien up! Frank Lucas, you have to handle this. If you don't settle this well, we won't attend your parties in the future.”

Frank Lucas was stunned. *'I had never left, but earlier on, the manager had come over to ask me to check on the dishes. I was away for less than ten minutes, but it was within this short span of time that such troubles cropped up!'*

Thinking about Finn Taylor's relationship with the Gold family, the Sullivan family, and Andre Cavill, he couldn't help but feel a chill run down his spine. Frank Lucas viciously punched the man who had still been yapping away moments earlier. Then, he walked up to Damien James and stomped on him.

He even kicked the latter's crotch!

Although Damien James was already on the verge of death, the crotch was a man's weakest spot.

That kick elicited piercing screams from him.

Frank Lucas immediately fell on his knees and kowtowed to Finn Taylor.

Every kowtow drew blood from his forehead. "Mr. Taylor, this has nothing to do with me! It really has nothing to do with me."

Frank Lucas was trembling in fear. *'I've already offended Finn Taylor once. I don't know what he'd do if I were to offend him yet again because of something as ridiculous as this!'*

Finn Taylor glanced at Frank Lucas before sighing. "I initially planned on training you. Within three years, everyone in San Francisco would have to respect you. Even Damien James's father would have to kowtow to you. Unfortunately, we're not fated."

Finn Taylor had given Frank Lucas a chance. It was a pity that the latter hadn't cherished it. "Fix that Buick and send it back. You should know where to send it."

With that, Finn Taylor left.

Frank Lucas was still kneeling on the ground as tears flowed freely down his cheeks. *'Finn Taylor had given me an opportunity—a once-in-a-lifetime one. Andre Cavill had even said that he looked forward to drinking with me. But now, Damien James has ruined everything.'*

"Go to hell!" Frank Lucas could no longer hold his emotions in and viciously kicked Damien James. He lashed out at the latter, not caring about if he would die if he went on or the consequences of Damien James dying.

He was intent on killing Damien James and letting this b*stard die a horrible death.

After beating the other into a pulp, Frank Lucas stumbled out of the hotel. Then, he arrived at the entrance.

The Buick was still there. It was toppled, and there were obvious scratches and dents on the car.

Seeing Frank Lucas, the security officer immediately tried to suck up to him. "Brother Frank, you must be here to see that wretched Buick too. I already told that guy not to drive in, but he refused to listen to me. He even threw me his key and asked me to drive his car to the parking lot. Look at what's

happened! He offended Young Master James, and he's definitely facing his retribution now! F*ck, it's just a Buick! I don't know..."

Whoosh!

Before that security officer could finish, Frank Lucas kicked him to the ground. "What's wrong with driving a Buick? Do you drive a very expensive car? You idiot, you're just a security officer! You're no different from a watchdog, so how dare you try to show off here? You should be welcoming all guests. F*ck, it's all your fault! If not for you, my future would've been unbridled! Mark my words! I'm going to kill you today!"

Frank Lucas had already lost all rationality. He started bashing up the security officer to vent his pent-up emotions.

After leaving the hotel, Finn Taylor made a call to his wife. "Dear, I'll send you an address. Can you come over to pick me up?"

Yvette Larson was currently getting a spa treatment done with her best friend.

Before the former could reply, Clarine Landon snatched the phone over. "We're not free. I'll send you an address—hurry over to pay for us."

With that, she hung up.

Finn Taylor was speechless, yet there was nothing he could do. He had no choice but to take a cab to the beauty salon.

He was about to head upstairs when the receptionist glanced at him and said, "Sir, you can't head upstairs without a membership card."