

UNTOUCHABLE

Chapter 191: Be the Chairman Then

Finn Taylor rolled his eyes. *'Did I wake up on the wrong side of the bed this morning? Why is everyone going against me today? Why does everyone think so highly of themselves?'*

Finn Taylor could hardly be bothered with that receptionist and headed upstairs.

Seeing that he was about to barge in, the receptionist quickly tried to prevent him from doing so. "Sir, why don't you sign up for our membership card? We really can't allow you upstairs without one."

"You'd better get out of my way," Finn Taylor said before walking up the stairs.

Because she was unable to stop Finn Taylor, the receptionist quickly called for security.

As soon as Finn Taylor walked up the stairs, he spotted his wife.

At the same time, four security officers rushed up as well. "You're quite fast.. You can't be up here if you don't have a membership card."

"It costs 500 dollars to sign up, but it must be too much for you. Why would you even come to a beauty salon if you're so poor?" The security officers lashed out as they walked over, and hostility was evident in their eyes.

"What's the matter?" Yvette Larson was confused. *'All I had asked my husband to do was come over to pay for us. Why does it seem like he's gotten into a fight?'*

"Nothing much. Some people are just blind."

Hearing that he was insulting them, the security officers immediately flared up. They charged at Finn Taylor with their batons.

The latter couldn't help but feel speechless. *'How dare you act up with your pathetic skills?'*

With just one punch, all four security officers flew backward.

Crash!

The four security officers caused everything in the room to topple over and fall to the ground.

Because it had created such a din, the manager of the beauty salon quickly emerged.

Seeing the mess on the floor, the manager turned hostile. "What's the matter?"

"Mr. James, he refused to sign up for a membership, barged in, and even started hitting us."

After hearing the explanation from the security officers, that man glared coldly at Finn Taylor. "How interesting. Who dares to kick up such a fuss in the James family's territory?"

'The James family?' Finn Taylor asked after hearing that. "Don't tell me that Damien James is from your family."

"Oh, so you know our family. Since that's the case, you'd better kneel down at once and apologize!"

'*Bullsh*t!*' Finn Taylor was feeling annoyed exactly because of Damien James. Now, another person from the James family was trying to boss him around! '*The James family really is too bold.*'

Finn Taylor struck that manager down with a punch, making the latter's face swell up at once. "F*ck, how dare you look down on others?!"

Finn Taylor's actions scared everyone in the beauty salon stiff.

"You, how dare you hit Gordon James!? He's the most powerful amongst the branch families of the James family! You're done for!"

"That's right! The James family is well-known and powerful in San Francisco. You're playing with fire!"

'*Playing with fire?*' Finn Taylor sneered. '*I have never even cared about the James family. They are nothing to me. Knocking the James family down is playing with fire? It won't mean much to me even if I destroy the whole family!*'

As Gordon James climbed up from the ground, he started calling out for someone. He wanted to call his uncle—the family head—over. '*There is someone here who has absolutely no respect for our family.*'

Of course, Finn Taylor had no intention of dealing with such trivial matters, so he made a call to Frank Lucas. "I'll give you one last chance. I'm at the James family's beauty salon. Deal with them for me, and I'll give you a pass."

Frank Lucas was initially on the brink of tears. He had been like a rabid dog and had finally been able to quash the Jensen family. He had gone all out to get on Finn Taylor's good side, but Damien James had unexpectedly gotten in his way.

Damien James had ruined his bright future, yet Finn Taylor had given him a glimpse of hope when he was in great despair. As long as he destroyed the James family, his future would be unbridled.

Frank Lucas already hated that family to his core. Now that Finn Taylor had given his order, he naturally wasn't going to let them off.

It wasn't long before the James family head—Dylan James—arrived at the beauty salon. Looking at Gordon James—who was lying on the ground—he couldn't help but feel frustrated.

Along the way here, he had also received news that his son had been beaten up. In fact, his son seemed to be severely injured.

Dylan James wondered why two members of his family had faced the same fate on the very same day!

"You're the one who beat my nephew up!" Dylan James glared at Finn Taylor, his gaze filled with rage. '*The latter has not only beaten Gordon up, but he has also disrespected our family openly.*'

“I’m here, Mr. Taylor.” Just then, Frank Lucas entered. He immediately bowed respectfully toward Finn Taylor.

Then, he turned to Dylan James. “Dylan James, you don’t have to ask Mr. Taylor anything. I’ll answer for it.”

Dylan James didn’t recognize Finn Taylor, but he did recognize Frank Lucas. He remembered that Frank Lucas was on good terms with his other son—Damien James. “Frank, I remember that my son headed out to attend your party today. Now that he’s injured, don’t you think you owe me an explanation?”

Frank Lucas sneered. “Explanation? Sure, what do you want? Name your requests. I’ll make sure to destroy your entire family so that you’ll never have any descendants to continue your family line!”

‘*Why is Frank suddenly spouting such nonsense?*’ Dylan James was taken aback. “Frank Lucas, what’s wrong with you? Is this how you should speak to your elders?”

Gordon James—who was still on the ground—bust in. “Scram! You’re in no place to be speaking now!”

Frank Lucas viciously kicked him in the face. Then, he started his revenge against the James family.

As for Finn Taylor, he had already left a long time ago with his wife and her best friend.

“Why did you come out for a spa today?” Finn Taylor asked as he glanced at the beauty salon.

“You still have to cheek to ask about that? Did you know that Yvette resigned from her job because of how much Quince Larson bullied her?” Before Yvette Larson could say anything, Clarine Landon spoke up, lashing out at Finn Taylor right away.

Although he was rendered speechless, Clarine Landon’s words served as a reminder to him. ‘*She’s right. Yvette isn’t a pampered princess—she’s a career woman. She must be out of place without a job.*’

As such, Finn Taylor decided to acquire the Larson Corporation and make his wife the company’s chairman. However, he couldn’t afford to let her know of his plans as of yet.

He had to settle everything before that.

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The next day, Yvette Larson and her family started packing their things.

Her grandma’s birthday was coming up, and the whole family would be heading for San Diego for her birthday celebrations.

Finn Taylor had already told his wife that he’d be busy and that he’d only join them two days later.

Yvette Larson didn’t think much of that. After all, she knew that he had many things to deal with, given his status. But never in a million years would she have guessed that he was working to acquire the Larson Corporation.

Chapter 192: The Absurd James Family

Before Yvette Larson's family set off for San Diego, she received a call from her cousin—Karine James. "Yvette, make sure to bring Finn Taylor along for Grandma's birthday celebrations. Although he's a piece of trash, he's still your husband. We must celebrate as a family. Oh right, I got myself a new boyfriend. His name is Nathan Yeats; he's an entrepreneur and earns about half a million a year. Yvette, you must help me evaluate him and see if he's suitable for marriage."

Karine James acted as though she cared a lot for her cousin and went on a long monologue. However, Yvette Larson could tell that the other had only said so much simply because she wanted to boast that she'd found herself a rich boyfriend.

"Alright, alright. I won't talk to you any longer, Yvette. I'm going out shopping with Nathan. Remember to bring Finn Taylor along.. Maybe I'll get Nathan to recommend a good job to him." With that, she ended the call.

Yvette Larson felt especially pleased every time she received a call from Karine James. *'Without fail, the latter will always boast about herself. She is always trying to one-up me, but I can understand why she would do so. After all, I've always done better than my cousin in every way while growing up. From our heights to our looks and even our studies, I've always beaten Karine James.'*

Of course, Yvette Larson hadn't done so on purpose. She was simply a natural at everything, but that had evoked jealousy in Karine James, who was now looking to show off her superiority.

Upon hanging up the call, Yvette Larson immediately told her mother about it.

Linda James was slightly annoyed once she heard what had happened. "I treated Karine James so well when she was younger. I didn't expect her to be such an ingrate!"

Just then, Francis Larson spoke up. "Isn't everyone from your family an ingrate?"

Linda James knew exactly who her husband was talking about—it was none other than Karen James's family.

When Karen James had visited with her family previously, she had even borrowed 30,000 dollars! Yet, they hadn't even made so much as a call after returning home.

It seemed as though nothing had even happened. Such relatives were truly absurd.

Of course, Karen James's husband and son were equally absurd.

Her husband—Larry Shaw—was an alcoholic. He was sure to get drunk and kick up a huge fuss at every family gathering.

As for her son—Weston Shaw—he was a grown man, yet he was still a mommy's boy. Forget that he was incapable of doing anything on his own, but he could never go three sentences without mentioning his mom. It was bizarre!

"Mom, let's not talk about that. Pack up your things, and we'll leave in the afternoon. Finn will join us in a few days' time."

The moment Linda James heard that her son-in-law wouldn't be joining them right away, she panicked. "No, how could Finn Taylor not go with us? Isn't your grandma his grandma too? It makes no sense that he's not going to celebrate her birthday!"

Yvette Larson and her father looked at her with strange gazes. It seemed as though pigs could fly.

In the past, Linda James had always refused to bring Finn Taylor along to San Diego even when he had asked. But now, she had taken the initiative to invite him!

"Why are you looking at me like that? I think of Finn Taylor as part of our family now. Do you have any problems with that?"

Yvette Larson would be a fool if she believed her mom. It was obvious that it wasn't because the latter now thought of Finn Taylor as her family.

It was only because her husband now had an extraordinary status that her mom wanted to show him off, but that wasn't a bad thing either.

The James family had always looked down on Finn Taylor, thinking of him as a piece of trash. This time, it'd be good to show those arrogant people just how outstanding and brilliant Finn Taylor truly was.

"Mom, don't overthink it. It's not that Finn isn't going, but he's just a little busy. He'll join us in a bit."

Even though her daughter had said so, Linda James still felt uneasy. As such, she approached her son-in-law and asked, "Finn Taylor, are you really going to San Diego?"

"Of course. What's the matter?" Finn Taylor was confused. *'In the past, Linda James had never allowed me to tag along even when I asked. But this year, she had come to look for me when I'm simply going to join them a few days later.'*

"Oh, that's a promise. You have to turn up."

"Alright, I promise you."

Only after getting a promise from her son-in-law did Linda James leave in satisfaction.

That afternoon, Yvette Larson's family left for San Diego. As for Finn Taylor, he headed to Logan Yeats's residence.

He was going to acquire the Larson Corporation under Logan Yeats's name this time.

Hunter Sullivan had ended his collaboration with the Larson family, while Alexander Scott's relationship with Eleanor Larson had ended on a bad note.

As for Zachary Kennedy, his forte lay in technology. As such, it seemed like Logan Yeats was the best man for the job.

"Acquire the Larson family's company within a month. Get someone to head the company and then hire Yvette Larson. Let her handle all of the company's projects; don't expose yourself."

Logan Yeats took every word to heart.

At that very moment, Quince Larson was at the entrance of Xander Corporation. Because the Sullivan family had ended their collaboration with them, the Larson family was on the brink of bankruptcy.

He had seen a glimpse of hope because of Eleanor Larson, but he had never expected his cousin to do such a shameless thing. Left with no other choice, he could only try his luck at Xander Corporation in hopes that he could salvage their collaboration.

The moment Hunter Sullivan walked out of the office building, Quince Larson fell on his knees. Even so, the former didn't pay him any heed and simply walked off.

As he watched Hunter Sullivan walking off into the distance, Quince Larson felt indignant. *'What's so good about Yvette Larson? Why does Hunter Sullivan insist on terminating the contract without her around?'*

Quince Larson thought of a possibility. *'It seems very likely that Yvette has already crawled into Hunter Sullivan's bed. To be honest, my cousin is beautiful. Someone like Hunter Sullivan has no lack for anything, but men like that usually have wives at home that are usually old and haggard. That's why he would be tempted by women like Yvette. However, Yvette isn't the only woman on this planet. Eleanor isn't much worse off than Yvette.'*

As such, Quince Larson came up with a crazy idea.

He drove all the way to Eleanor Larson's house and then dumped some things in front of his cousin.

As the latter looked through them, she was dumbfounded.

Chapter 193: A Casual 15 Million Dollars

Eleanor Larson opened the box and was stunned.

Cat ears, a nurse uniform, a leather whip, black stockings, and candles.

"What are you trying to do?" Eleanor Larson was rendered speechless. *'Quince has to be crazy! Is he planning on doing something to me? We are cousins!'*

"Don't overthink it. I want you to wear these and look for Hunter Sullivan!"

"Why would I look for him?" Eleanor Larson was still confused about what her cousin had in mind.

"What do you think?"

"F*ck! I'm not going." Eleanor Larson was resolute. *'Who does Quince think I am?'*

"Fine, you can choose not to go.. Without the Sullivan family's collaboration, the Larson family really will be done for. Someone is trying to acquire the Larson Corporation, and I'm already in talks with them. What you did is enough for me to kick you out of the family. If you're really kicked out of the family, don't even dream of getting a cent of that money."

Eleanor Larson had been fierce just moments earlier, but her cousin's words broke her. "Fine. I'll go, but I have my requests too. Don't you dare say a word about this. Also, I want one-third of the proceeds if you really do sell the company."

"A quarter."

"Fine, a quarter."

Just like that, Quince Larson and Eleanor Larson came to a consensus.

That night, Eleanor Larson put on the nurse uniform and cat ears and waited furtively at the foot of Pacific Heights for Hunter Sullivan with a leather whip in her hand.

Hunter Sullivan's car was stopped, and he rolled down the window.

"Mr. Sullivan, do you have some time for a drink together?"

He looked at Eleanor Larson absurdly. "What are you trying to do?"

"Mr. Sullivan, can't you tell what I'm trying to do when I'm already dressed up like this?"

Hunter Sullivan was stunned. "I know why Quince Larson came to look for me today, and I know he wants to continue our collaboration. I already said that it's never going to happen. Of course, I know that Quince Larson must've asked you to come here too. The only reason he's doing that is that he thinks that Yvette Larson's my mistress. I'm telling you right now that this isn't the case. You'll never be able to imagine how frightening Yvette Larson truly is. Please scram! You disgust me! You're just a wh*re who got an abortion!"

Hunter Sullivan had been too straightforward with his words—so much so that he had utterly humiliated Eleanor Larson.

Hunter Sullivan rolled his window up and prepared to leave.

But Eleanor Larson was indignant. *'My dignity has just been trampled on, yet Hunter Sullivan wants to leave just like that! There is no way I'm going to let that happen.'*

"Hunter Sullivan, what do you mean? You'd better tell me!" Eleanor Larson banged on the window, refusing to let the other leave.

Hunter Sullivan rolled his window down yet again. He glared at the other and spat at her. "Scram, you b*tch! Now that you've touched my car, I have to get it washed tomorrow. Who are you to demand that of me? Do you really want me to call for security and get reporters here to expose you?"

Hearing that, Eleanor Larson was horrified. *'No way! If the reporters come here, I'd be tomorrow's headlines in this get-up! I'd be humiliated!'*

Eleanor Larson was scared stiff, and she quickly ran off.

She rushed to Quince Larson's house in a rage. Without saying a word, she slapped her cousin. *'I was downright humiliated today! It doesn't matter what status Quince holds. He's going down with me!'*

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San Diego.

Seeing that Yvette Larson's family had arrived, Karine James gave them a warm welcome. Yet, she didn't see any signs of Finn Taylor. *'Er...'*

"Yvette, didn't you agree to bring Finn Taylor along?"

"Oh, he's busy. He'll be here in a few days' time."

'A few days' time.' Karine James was speechless. *'That's what the Larson family has said over the past few years, but Finn Taylor has never once shown up. This time is probably going to be no different.'*

Karine James was naturally annoyed that Finn Taylor hadn't turned up. It wasn't because she liked the latter but because she wanted to compare her boyfriend to the other.

Finn Taylor wasn't outstanding at all. In other words, he was a piece of trash.

'Aren't you very amazing, Yvette Larson? Aren't you very outstanding? So why did you get married to a piece of trash like that?' Perhaps this was the only way Karine James would ever beat her cousin, and that was why she always tried to find ways to show off.

"Hello, Yvette Larson, right? I'm Nathan Yeats—Karine James's boyfriend." A mature-looking man beside Karine James introduced himself.

"Oh right, I haven't introduced you. He's my boyfriend—Nathan Yeats. He's an entrepreneur, so he doesn't earn much—only about half a million every year." It was obvious that Karine James was boasting.

To that, Yvette Larson was speechless.

"Oh, that's little. You'd better work hard, Nathan." Now that Linda James was living in a multi-million-dollar mansion, half a million seemed like peanuts to her. That was why she dared to say that.

But that infuriated Karine James. "Auntie, how could you say that? Half a million might not be much, but it's more than what Finn Taylor earns at the very least. How much does that useless matrilocal son-in-law earn? Nothing!"

"That's not true. Finn Taylor can easily earn 15 million dollars."

'15 million dollars?' When Karine James heard that, she nearly burst out into laughter. *'This family isn't afraid of telling such ridiculous lies! Their family would probably never be able to earn 15 million in their whole lives, yet they dare to say that Finn Taylor can easily earn 15 million dollars? What a joke!'*

But Linda James couldn't do anything if others didn't want to believe her. Sometimes, even the truth seemed absurd when it exceeded others' expectations.

"Where are Uncle and Auntie?" Yvette Larson didn't want to continue with this topic. As such, she purposely steered the conversation away from it.

“My parents went on a holiday—Nathan booked a tour to Sanya for my parents. I don’t know how much it cost exactly, but I think it was about 3,000 dollars. I think they’re staying in a five-star hotel. Oh right, Auntie. Since Finn Taylor can easily earn 15 million dollars, has he ever brought you to a five-star hotel?”

Linda James was honest. “No.”

Hearing that, Karine James started boasting yet again. “What? Didn’t I say that Finn Taylor is a piece of trash? He can easily earn 15 million dollars, but he’s never brought you to a five-star hotel?”

Chapter 194: The Beautiful Chloe Yeats

Earlier on, Karine James had been annoyed when her aunt suddenly said that Finn Taylor could easily earn 15 million dollars. She couldn’t help but feel that her aunt was making things up just to put herself on a pedestal. *‘It’s obvious that Auntie can’t beat me. What is the point of making up such lies? Look, she’s been exposed right away.’*

“Oh right, Karine James. Does a five-star villa cost 15 million dollars? The house we’re living in right now is worth at least 15 million dollars.” Just as Karine James was celebrating her victory, Linda James shot back.

This nearly choked the former. *‘Even an entire five-star hotel building would probably cost less than 15 million dollars. A house would definitely cost much less than that, yet she’s saying that her house is worth 15 million dollars!’*

“Auntie, stop lying! I’m going to die from laughter!”

Linda James was slightly stumped as she looked at her niece. “I’m not making things up.. Why don’t I show you photos of our house?”

Linda James had many photos of their house on her phone.

She was about to take it out when her daughter stopped her from doing so. Yvette Larson whispered to her mother, “Do you want Karine James to borrow money from you too?”

At the mention of money, Linda James’s heart ached. She knew that she’d never get her money back.

To avoid such a situation, it’d be best for her not to reveal those photos.

“Well, where are the photos you were talking about, Auntie? Why don’t you let me see them?” There was no way Karine James was going to believe that Yvette Larson’s family lived in a mansion. That was why she made such a comment.

But Linda James waved her off. “I don’t have any; I forgot to take them.”

Karine James chuckled. *‘How childish!’*

Before long, it was time for dinner.

Karine James went on and on, introducing each dish to her cousin. “This is caviar from Australia. This is swordfish from the Pacific Ocean. This is cod from the Atlantic Ocean.”

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As she introduced each dish, she picked some up and placed them on Yvette Larson's plate. She even told the latter to have her fill since she had already gotten sick of eating such rich food.

But Karine James's heart naturally bled as she said so. There was no way she'd ever get sick of eating such food.

Even she had only eaten such a spread once or twice in her entire life, yet she acted as though she ate such luxurious dishes all the time and no longer took a fancy to them.

Just then, Yvette Larson's phone rang.

Before she could pick it up, Karine James snatched it away from her. "Oh, it's Finn Taylor. Don't say anything—I'll take the call for you."

With that, she accepted the call. "Finn Taylor, Grandma is celebrating her birthday! How dare you not show up?"

Finn Taylor was stunned. *'Why isn't the person on the line my wife? But hearing the other's words, she has to be from the James family? But who is it?'*

Finn Taylor racked his brains and finally thought of someone—Karine James.

"Oh, oh. It's Karine James. Am I interrupting something?"

"Who doesn't know that you're just a useless matrilineal son-in-law who freeloads off your wife's family? What could you possibly be busy with? Are you negotiating a multi-million-dollar project or buying a 15-million-dollar villa?"

'What is she trying to say?' Finn Taylor was dumbfounded. "What do you mean?"

"Nothing much. I'm just trying to tell you to hurry on over."

"Alright, I'm almost done with whatever I have to do. I should be able to get there by tomorrow."

"Alright, that's a promise." With that, Karine James took the liberty to end the call for her cousin.

Yvette Larson was at a loss for words at the other's bossiness.

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San Francisco.

Finn Taylor looked into the distance. It seemed like he could even spot Los Angeles in the distance.

He spotted a beautiful woman—Chloe Yeats.

He made a call—one he hadn't made in almost a decade. It had been such a long time that even Finn Taylor wondered if the other still remembered him.

In fact, he didn't even know if she still used the same number.

The call got through, and he heard a gentle and soothing voice on the other end. “Hello, I’m Chloe Yeats. Are you looking for me?”

Finn Taylor was stunned as he said, “I thought you changed your number.”

The woman on the other end of the call seemed overwhelmed with emotions. “A-are you Mr. Taylor?”

“Yes, it’s me.”

“Mr. Taylor, you still remember me. You didn’t forget about me.”

Finn Taylor felt embarrassed. *‘If not for the fact that I have to go to Los Angeles, I might’ve forgotten all about her.’*

More than a decade ago, he had spotted Chloe Yeats in Los Angeles. At that time, she had been busking. Beside her was a board that said—busking to grieve.

At that time, Finn Taylor had given whatever he had on him to her. He even told her that he hoped she would live well.

It was important for her to have some self-respect.

Busking wasn’t a long-term solution. One day, she might very well fall into a trap.

At that time, Chloe Yeats had thanked Finn Taylor and had given him her phone number. She even told him that she’d give him a surprise when he visited Los Angeles again.

Now that a decade had passed, Chloe Yeats had become somewhat of a legend in Los Angeles. With the money that Finn Taylor had given her, she had started an embroidery business.

Women knew other women best. Someone as beautiful as Chloe Yeats knew exactly how to dress to accentuate women’s figures.

That was how she successfully made her name in the industry.

As years went by, Chloe Yeats gradually expanded her business into other industries as well. She had both capability and luck on her side, and she was successful in each and every one of her endeavors.

Now, she could hold her own among the business circle of Los Angeles. If anyone dared to go against her, she had enough power to destroy their family within three days!

Yet, something that nobody understood was why she was still single even though she was so beautiful and successful.

The reason was simple: She was waiting for Finn Taylor.

She had waited over ten years for him.

“Mr. Taylor, why are you looking for me?” Chloe Yeats asked emotionally.

No matter what Finn Taylor asked for, she would go to all lengths to fulfill his requests—even if it meant giving herself up.

“I’ll be going to Los Angeles tomorrow.”

“Can I pick you up?”

It was a question.

Chloe Yeats said so as though she was making a request. Nobody in Los Angeles was deserving of that attitude.

“Yes.” Finn Taylor wasn’t very familiar with Los Angeles, so it wouldn’t be bad if someone were to pick him up.

“That’s great!” Chloe Yeats was overwhelmed with emotions and started picking out her clothes the moment she ended the call.

Every piece looked good, but not a single of them satisfied her. In the end, she picked out a piece of clothing that she had worn more than ten years ago—a red dress.

Chapter 195: A Warm Welcome

The next day.

Dressed in a red dress, Chloe Yeats patiently waited for Finn Taylor just as she had ten years earlier.

Chloe Yeats had already established herself in Los Angeles. As such, her every move caught the attention of others.

They couldn’t help but wonder whom she was waiting for. *‘Logically speaking, nobody in Los Angeles deserves to be picked up by Chloe Yeats personally. This can only mean that she’s picking up a big boss from somewhere else. But where would that be? New York? Chicago?’*

Amidst the frenzied discussions, Finn Taylor appeared.

The moment Chloe Yeats saw the other, she was overwhelmed with emotions.

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More than a decade had passed since she had seen him. Besides, Finn Taylor had been a kid at that time. Now that so many years had gone by, it was only natural that he had undergone some changes.

Nonetheless, Chloe Yeats had successfully recognized Finn Taylor.

Chloe Yeats rushed over emotionally, reaching out to hug the latter.

“Er... I’m married,” Finn Taylor said blandly. He had never expected Chloe Yeats to be so unreserved, so he hadn’t prepared himself for her to rush over and hug him.

Chloe Yeats was dumbfounded. *‘I’ve waited for him for more than ten years, yet this is what I’ve gotten in return.’*

However, she didn't dare to blame him for that either. She knew full well that she had only gotten to where she was today because of Finn Taylor.

Chloe Yeats let go and pointed to her car. "Mr. Taylor, I'll take you for a meal."

The other nodded. After getting in, he said, "Call me Finn Taylor."

"Alright, Mr. Taylor." Chloe Yeats would always tell her subordinates to address her by her name, yet she would be terribly displeased if they were to do so.

Someone had filmed everything that happened at the Los Angeles train station.

Very quickly, someone posted the photo of Chloe Yeats hugging Finn Taylor, and it was circulated amongst the business circle.

Everyone was in a heated discussion over who that man was.

No matter who he was, they were sure he wasn't an ordinary figure, given his relationship with Chloe Yeats.

As a newbie entrepreneur in Los Angeles, it was only natural that Nathan Yeats kept abreast of such news and tried to gain connections amongst the business circle. It wasn't long before he spotted that picture too.

He was overwhelmed with emotions. In reality, he had fallen for Chloe Yeats before.

It was rare for men not to like such a gorgeous and successful woman.

While everyone was still chatting, only Nathan Yeats's eyes were glued to his phone, his gaze even a little dark.

This attracted everyone's attention.

"What's with you, Nathan? Did something happen to your company? Are you guys going bankrupt?" Linda James's words provoked Karine James, but even the latter was curious about what was going on with her boyfriend.

She snatched the phone over, only to see the photo her boyfriend had been staring at.

"Who's this?" Karine James saw a beautiful lady—one that was a thousand times more beautiful than her—and couldn't help but feel jealous.

"Chloe Yeats—the president of Los Angeles Business Association. She picked someone up at the train station today and even hugged him."

"Oh, oh. Chloe Yeats—no wonder I thought she looked familiar." With that, Karine James handed the phone over to her cousin. "Yvette, Chloe Yeats is beautiful, isn't she? She's Nathan's cousin! We must get together for a meal someday."

Nathan Yeats was taken aback when he heard his girlfriend's words.

Chloe Yeats was an impressive figure in the business circle of Los Angeles. As for him, he was only a newbie entrepreneur.

They had nothing to do with each other, yet Karine James had claimed that they were cousins! If Chloe Yeats found out about it, that might very well be the end of him.

Although Nathan Yeats had snatched his phone back, Yvette Larson had clearly seen the photo.

Chloe Yeats's face had been clearly shown. Although outsiders couldn't tell who that man was from the side profile alone, she knew full well who it was—Finn Taylor.

While she did feel a little jealous, she chose to believe in her husband. If he had intended on cheating on her, he would've divorced her a long time ago. Besides, why was he putting up with being called a piece of trash?

It was all for her sake.

To be honest, Yvette Larson was slightly curious about how her husband had gotten to know Chloe Yeats. *'Why do I have the feeling that Finn knows all the most prominent figures around town?'*

When Frida Cameron barged into Number One Pacific Heights and her husband fought back, Yvette Larson had already understood that her spouse wasn't just an ordinary person. However, she didn't know of his true power or skills.

Karine James was bragging about her life, so much so that it seemed a little absurd at times.

"Yvette, when is Finn Taylor coming?" Without Finn Taylor around, Karine James felt as though her boasting was useless. That was why she had asked this question.

Yvette Larson simply answered, "Don't worry; he's in Los Angeles. He'll be here soon."

Chloe Yeats brought Finn Taylor back home—it was a villa built in an antique style.

As he walked along the path, Finn Taylor couldn't help but nod. "Not bad; how interesting."

Finn Taylor truly felt that this place felt good.

Of course, Chloe Yeats's heart leaped with joy upon hearing the other's praises. "Oh right, Mr. Taylor. Why are you in Los Angeles? Do you need my help? I do have some influence here in Los Angeles."

Chloe Yeats didn't dare to say that she had the entire business circle of Los Angeles in her hands. That would simply be embarrassing herself in front of Finn Taylor.

"Not for now. However, it seems like you're not fully using your talent here in Los Angeles. If you need any help, you can always look for me in San Francisco. Of course, if you want to expand your business even further to New York, Chicago, Seattle, or Washington, you just have to let me know. I'll introduce you to someone."

Chloe Yeats had been certain that the other had an extraordinary status, but she had never expected it to be that extraordinary. Yet, it seemed logical if she were to think about the aura he had exuded even ten years ago.

After having his meal, Finn Taylor headed to the James family's residence.

As soon as he arrived, Karine James leaped up from her seat and gave him a warm welcome. “You’re finally here, Finn Taylor. I thought that something happened to you in San Francisco, and I almost got my boyfriend to drive his Bentley over to look for you.”

When she said the word ‘Bentley,’ Karine James purposely raised her voice.

However, the Bentley wasn’t theirs—they had only rented it. There was no way they’d be able to afford a Bentley on an annual salary of half a million.

They had really gone all out to put up this show.

Chapter 196: Multi-million-dollar Mansion

“Finn Taylor, come on in. Let me introduce you to my boyfriend. His name is Nathan, and he runs his own company. He isn’t very impressive and only earns about half a million a year. Of course, you still can’t compare to Nathan. You must work hard because you can’t possibly remain a useless matrilocal son-in-law and let Yvette support you for the rest of your life.”

Finn Taylor had already known that he’d be subjected to such awful words if he were to show up at the James family’s residence. However, he had never thought that it’d come so quickly.

But half a million was nothing but spare change to him. As such, he merely acknowledged her coldly.

Seeing Finn Taylor’s indifference and no jealousy on her cousin’s face, Karine James was annoyed. Thus, she pouted.. “Yvette, aren’t you jealous of my life at all?”

Yvette Larson didn’t know whether to laugh or flare up. “Why should I be jealous of your life?”

“I live such a comfortable and luxurious lifestyle, and my boyfriend earns half a million a year. Don’t you think you should be jealous of all that?”

Karine James thought that she had found something she could brag about, yet Linda James cut in. “But half a million a year won’t buy you a multi-million-dollar mansion.”

Karine James was on the verge of exploding. *‘I’ve found myself such an outstanding boyfriend. Shouldn’t Yvette Larson’s family look at me in awe and envy? Why are they behaving like this?’*

“Auntie, do you really think that you’re living in a multi-million-dollar mansion? Stop lying!”

“Oh.” Afraid that Karine James would borrow money from her too, she quickly kept quiet.

But keeping quiet made Karine James rage even more. *‘What kind of people are they? Are they really not embarrassed from having a useless matrilocal son-in-law? Do they have no shame at all?’*

Karine James returned to her room and flung her pillow on the ground in anger.

“Why should you get angry? They said that on purpose to make you upset. You fell for their tricks.” Nathan Yeats picked up the pillow and comforted his girlfriend.

'That makes sense.'

That afternoon, Karine James received a call saying that her father and her mother—Henry James and Serene Edwards—were back. They had bought bags and bags of things and wanted their daughter to pick them up.

After hanging up, she quickly announced that Nathan Yeats was going to pick her parents up. She didn't waste a chance to start bragging once more. "Yvette, we're going to the train station to pick my parents up. Do you want to come along? It's a Bentley, and I guess you've never sat in one."

Yvette Larson wasn't Karine James and wouldn't do something just for the sake of looking good. Since it was true she had never been in a Bentley, she very simply replied, "No, I haven't."

Because of that reply, Karine James felt as though she had achieved victory and was on cloud nine. "I knew it. You definitely haven't sat in a luxury car before. After all, there's no way you'd have the chance for that after getting married to a piece of trash like Finn Taylor."

Yvette Larson was speechless. "But I've driven my own car here."

"Your car? What kind of car could your family possibly own?"

No sooner had Karine James finished her sentence than Yvette Larson took out her car key.

The logo was obviously BMW's.

Karine James felt as though she had been slapped in the face. *'But how can that be? I know of their family's conditions, so how could they possibly afford a BMW?'*

But after thinking about how she had rented a Bentley, she was sure that the other had rented their car too. "Yvette Larson, that's so lame! It's not like we don't have a car to pick you up. Are you trying to make me look bad by renting a BMW to drive here?"

'Renting?' Yvette Larson wondered what went through her cousin's mind. *'Why would she suddenly think of that?'*

"No, this is our family's car."

"Forget it. Do you really think that I don't know about your family's financial situation? Forget it. I'm going to pick my parents up." Karine James had intended on bringing her cousin along, but she now gave up on that idea.

The latter was perfectly fine with that. She didn't even want to go anyway.

Not long after, Karine James returned with her parents.

Their daughter had told them all about how Yvette Larson's family had rented a BMW for the sake of looking good. As such, Henry James started saying, "Yvette, I'm not trying to scold you, but you're too insensible. Coming to our house is like coming home. If you need a ride, you could've just let us know. Nathan would've driven the Bentley to fetch you guys, so why did you have to rent a BMW?"

“You could’ve saved that money to buy your mom some make-up products. Look, your mom is only a year older than your auntie, but she looks so haggard. Your auntie has such a good life, and Nathan always sends your auntie make-up products from time to time. That’s how she maintained her beauty. Sigh, but I guess your family has no choice either. After all, you’re married to a piece of trash. We all know just how useless he is. It’s been hard on all of you.”

Like father, like daughter.

Karine James boasted non-stop, and her father was naturally no better. His sense of superiority was evident in every sentence.

“Actually, Finn Taylor is quite good. Our family is doing quite well, Uncle.”

“You silly child, there’s no need to hide anything from me. I know full well what kind of person Finn Taylor is.”

Yvette Larson hated her cousin’s family looking down on her husband, so she tried to speak up for him. But Henry James was so sure that Finn Taylor was nothing but a piece of trash.

“Dad, did you know that Auntie even said that they live in a multi-million-dollar mansion?” Disdain was evident in Karine James’s eyes as she said that.

Henry James’s face darkened immediately. “Linda, how old are you? Why are you still lying like a kid? A multi-million-dollar mansion? Given your family’s situation, it’d be difficult to even buy a second-hand property. But our family is different. Nathan earns so much a year, so I’m sure he’ll buy us a villa when the time comes.”

Linda James was never one to be trifled with. The moment she heard her brother say that, she flared up. “What do you mean, Henry James? Why do you make it sound as though our family is worse off than yours? Come, let me show you my house!”

Chapter 197: Cousins

Linda James was going all out. Anyway, their family didn’t owe her brother’s family anything.

Why should they act so arrogantly and even look down on them?

She whipped out her phone—the photos clearly showed Linda James in a mansion.

Everything in the photos was luxurious and expensive.

Henry James’s face distorted, and his expression soured as he browsed the photos.

Karine James, unwilling to lose out, said, “Auntie, I didn’t expect your family to go so far. Not only did you guys rent a BMW, but you even found a way to get into a mansion to take such photos! Well, do you have such photos in your phone too, Yvette? Why don’t you let me see them?”

“But so what if I see them? Will that change your family’s circumstances? Anyone can tell how different your family is from ours. Just look at Nathan—he’s wearing a Submariner. What about you, Finn Taylor?”

Finn Taylor's wrists were empty.

Karine James went on: "You said that your family lives in a multi-million-dollar mansion, but why does everything you guys use look so ordinary? There's not even a branded good in sight!"

Seeming to have found solid evidence, Karine James got more excited as she went on.

To that, Finn Taylor was slightly speechless. *'Before coming for this gathering, I got Hunter Sullivan to get in touch with designers in Milan. These clothes are custom-made. Every piece is unique and can't be found anywhere else, yet they have become so worthless in Karine James's eyes.'*

However, even Yvette Larson didn't know anything about this. She wasn't a spoiled princess, and she had believed her husband when he said that he had gotten the tailor next door to make these clothes for them.

Henry James shook his head before leaving.

Karine James burst out into laughter, knowing that she had claimed the victory.

But Yvette Larson wasn't the slightest bit bothered because she knew in her heart just how well she lived. It didn't matter what others thought about her.

Only Linda James still felt disgruntled. But since Finn Taylor hadn't said anything, she was too afraid to speak up too.

At lunch, Karine James suddenly said, "Yvette, I might've been a little brusque in the morning. I reflected on my actions. You're my cousin, so how could I speak to you like that?"

Misunderstanding that her cousin had repented, Yvette Larson assured the other that it was fine. It was normal for relatives to quibble sometimes.

"Oh right, Yvette. We're going to the mall later. Your clothes do look a little shabby. You should get a few new outfits so that Grandma will be happy when she sees you." Of course, Karine James was going to attend her grandma's birthday celebrations in a new outfit. It was just that she hadn't bought any.

It wasn't because she couldn't afford it but because she was waiting for her cousin. She wanted to take the latter along shopping. Then, she would purchase some expensive outfits to evoke some jealousy in Yvette Larson.

Yvette Larson waved her off. "There's no need. My clothes are perfectly fine."

"What about a few bags? I think your bag looks quite old."

Talking about that, Yvette Larson suddenly thought of the 30,000-dollar bag that her husband had given her. Because of the misunderstanding between them, she had thrown that bag away.

Now, she regretted it tremendously.

“Let’s go have a look then.” Yvette Larson had wanted to refuse, but her husband cut in. *‘It’s true that Yvette’s bag is a little shabby. Since she has already thrown away the previous one, I’ll simply buy a new one for her.’*

Karine James felt annoyed that her cousin’s spouse had suddenly interrupted the conversation. *‘Who are you to speak? You’re just a useless matrilocal son-in-law! Forget it. I’ll let you off this time because you helped me.’*

After lunch, the James family sat there without moving. Not a single person was prepared to wash the dishes.

Henry James turned straight to Finn Taylor. “Hey! Finn Taylor, why aren’t you doing anything? Aren’t you used to washing and cooking at home? Why are you still here? Hurry up and put away the dishes.”

Yvette Larson could no longer hold it in. *‘Since when are guests supposed to work while the hosts rest? It would be fine if the hosts worked and the guests helped out, but the James family is going too far. They feel that it’s only right for them to bully my family.’*

“Uncle, don’t test your luck.”

“Yvette, how can you say that? I’m just asking him to wash the dishes. What’s wrong with that?”

“Wash my car then.” The moment Yvette Larson took out her car key, Henry James’s expression darkened.

“Yvette, look at what you’re saying. My dad is your uncle. How can you get your elders to work for you?”

“You wash it then.” She handed the key to Karine James.

Ever since the latter had gotten together with Nathan Yeats, she had never done any household chores. Asking her to wash a car was like asking for her life now!

“Yvette Larson, don’t push it!”

“Oh, it’s only natural for you to get Finn Taylor to wash the dishes, but I’m asking for too much to get your family to wash my car? Your family really is going overboard.”

Just like that, the meal ended on a sour note.

Yvette Larson had thought that her shopping trip in the afternoon would probably be canceled since things had progressed to this point, yet her cousin took the initiative to look for her that very afternoon.

Yvette Larson was speechless. *‘What’s going on in her mind?’*

She then saw the entire James family dressed to the nines, ready to leave.

Yvette Larson was at a loss for words. *‘What is their entire family up to?’*

However, they were relatives after all. It was good enough that they were able to put on an act and not fight with each other.

As such, Yvette Larson's family headed out too.

The car drove along and headed for Chloe Mall.

Karine James pointed at the mall. "Isn't it huge and gorgeous? The mall's boss is Chloe Yeats—my boyfriend's cousin."

Karine James had said so much just to brag about that, but Nathan Yeats couldn't help but feel awkward whenever he heard that. *'No matter how hard I work in this life or the next, I'd never match up to Chloe Yeats. In fact, we have no relation at all. If Chloe Yeats learns of this, I'd be done for. Thankfully, Yvette Larson's family is from San Francisco, so they surely don't know anything about that.'*

Chapter 198: Blacklisted

It was true that Yvette Larson's family didn't know anything about that, but Finn Taylor was different.

He knew full well who Chloe Yeats was—she was an orphan with no relatives.

Karine James's lie was downright ridiculous, but it was so trivial that Finn Taylor couldn't even be bothered to expose her lies.

The group walked into the mall. Since Karine James was familiar with the place, she led her cousin to a boutique selling bags. "Yvette, look at this bag. What do you think of it? It's meant for sisters. Let's each get one."

Yvette Larson glanced at the price—1,000 dollars.

She quickly shook her head..

Yvette Larson didn't like the bag's design, much less carrying one that matched her cousin's. It would be a waste of money to buy a bag like this. "No, I don't like it."

Karine James wanted to sneer when she heard that excuse. *'Do you really not like it, pr can you not afford it? Which woman doesn't like branded bags?'*

"Yvette, you shouldn't do that. When women buy bags, we shouldn't look at whether we like the bag. We should only look at the prices. Although it isn't a top-range one, it's still decent. Every woman must have one like this."

With that, she turned to Nathan Yeats. "Don't you think so, Nathan?"

Nathan Yeats nodded and smiled. "That's right; it's just 1,000 dollars. You can buy it if you like it."

His words pleased Karine James. "Did you hear that, Yvette? You should've married someone like Nathan. He'd buy you anything you like. Finn Taylor, hurry up and buy Yvette one."

Finn Taylor picked up the bag and turned to his wife. "Do you like it?"

Before Yvette Larson could say anything, Karine James cut in. "Why are you asking so many questions? Just buy it. Look, Nathan didn't even ask any questions."

By this time, Nathan Yeats had already swiped his card and bought the bag.

Karine James swung the bag over her shoulder in a victorious manner. "See, men should be generous like him."

"But I really don't like this bag." Without her cousin around, Yvette Larson might've considered getting the bag. But now that Karine James had mocked and ridiculed her, she had grown disdainful of that bag.

There was no way she was going to buy it.

"Yvette, do you not like it, or can you not afford it? If you can't afford it, just admit to it. I won't laugh at you for it. Why don't you pick something you like? I'll ask Nathan to buy it for you."

As she said that, Karine James's heart bled. *'It's too good a deal for Yvette Larson, but I have no other choice since I'm putting on an act.'*

"Oh, alright then. I admit that our family can't afford this bag. Can I really choose a bag and get Nathan Yeats to pay for me?"

'I've already given my word. Besides, Yvette Larson has even admitted that their family can't afford a bag. Could I possibly go back on my word?'

"Of course. Take your pick—Nathan will buy it for you." Karine James gritted her teeth and forced those words out.

She then saw Yvette Larson walking toward the premium section of the boutique.

*'F*ck! Why's she going there?'*

This boutique sold more affordable bags, as well as more premium ones. A normal bag would cost a few thousand at the very most, but the premium ones cost at least tens of thousands.

'Is Yvette Larson going to be so shameless to ask for one from the premium collection?'

"How about this?" Yvette Larson pointed at one of the bags.

This bag looked similar to the one Finn Taylor had given her, but it was of better quality. They were obviously from the same series, but this was simply the more premium version.

Karine James flared up and immediately lashed out at her cousin. "Yvette Larson, can you get any more shameless? I said that I was going to give you a bag, and you chose a 50,000 dollar one? Why don't you rob a bank instead?!"

Yvette Larson sighed. "Oh, you can't afford it? Never mind then. I said I didn't need you to give me one, but you insisted. Isn't it awkward now that you can't afford it?"

Karine James was at a loss for words. "It's not that I can't afford it, but who are you for Nathan to give you a 50,000-dollar bag?"

Karine James was on the verge of exploding. *'Is she really too poor? Greed probably got the better of my cousin earlier when I said that I would give her a bag. Otherwise, there's no way she would've asked for that 50,000-dollar bag.'*

But Finn Taylor walked up to the display and picked the bag up. He looked at his wife and asked seriously, "Do you like it?"

"Yes." Yvette Larson didn't try to hide it, and she had always been honest toward her spouse.

Finn Taylor nodded and was about to pay for it when a beautiful lady walked up. "Hello, you two look very familiar. Take this bag as my gift to you."

It was none other than Chloe Yeats. It was by chance that she had bumped into Finn Taylor and the rest.

Because Finn Taylor was in town, she wanted to get herself a new outfit and had decided to come to the mall. It was purely by coincidence that she had run into Finn Taylor here.

"That's alright." Finn Taylor shook his head and refused the offer.

"Oh, what a pity. However, I won't go back on my words. Hey, when they buy a bag later, give them another for free."

As Chloe Yeats said those words, Nathan Yeats was scared stiff as he stood by the side.

He didn't dare to make a peep—he clearly remembered the lies that Karine James had spoken earlier. *'If Chloe Yeats were to learn of those lies, I'd be done for.'*

But just then, Linda James spoke up. "Oh, you're Chloe Yeats. Nice to meet you. I'm Nathan Yeats's elder aunt. I heard that you're his cousin—we're family then."

Chloe Yeats's gaze hardened. "Nathan Yeats? Who is he? I don't have a cousin like that. Is someone trying to use my name to get business in Los Angeles? It seems like I'll have to get my people to kick that Nathan Yeats out of the business circle here."

At that moment, Nathan Yeats was on the brink of tears. It was completely possible for his company to be blacklisted with Chloe Yeats's command.

Then, his future would be ruined.

Linda James knew her niece all too well, and that was why she hadn't believed the latter when she had first said so. *'Now, I'm going to use this opportunity to crush Karine James and Nathan Yeats all at once!'*

Chapter 199: A Bet

Nathan Yeats was on the verge of bursting into tears.

He didn't want to be blacklisted by Chloe Yeats. As such, he stood forward. "Ms. Yeats, I'm Nathan Yeats. I didn't use your name to try to score business deals. My girlfriend was a fool and tried to boast about me in front of her relatives. I'm very sorry; we didn't do it on purpose."

Chloe Yeats raised her eyebrow and asked, “So this is why you were trying to puff yourselves up by using my name?”

Nathan Yeats knew all too well just how Chloe Yeats was as a person. If he didn’t give her a satisfactory answer today, he’d truly be done for.

“Hurry up and apologize to Ms.. Yeats,” Nathan Yeats roared at his girlfriend.

The latter looked up, only to see Finn Taylor, Yvette Larson, and Linda James looking at her with mockery in their eyes.

They were rejoicing at her misfortune!

Karine James—who had initially intended to apologize—threw a tantrum. “No, all I did was tell a white lie. I didn’t do anything against the law! Why should I have to apologize? Besides, you’re both Yeats. Who knows if you’re really related? Perhaps, you’re even her elder!”

It was truly a frightening thing when women lost all rationality.

It had been no big deal to begin with, but now that Karine James had said such a thing, there was no going back.

Nathan Yeats had truly offended Chloe Yeats.

Slap!

A resounding slap landed on Karine James’s cheek.

Nathan Yeats could no longer hold it in. *‘I have to resolve this matter here and now. Otherwise, I would be sentenced to death.’*

Nathan Yeats’s slap woke Karine James from her trance.

“Kneel down and apologize to Ms. Yeats.”

Karine James was reluctant, but she had no other choice. Anyway, she had already humiliated herself in front of Yvette Larson’s family whether or not she kneeled.

As such, she chose to compromise.

Thud!

Karine James fell to the ground. Before she could say a word, Chloe Yeats strode off.

Disdain!

That was how disdainful she was! She didn’t even want to hear an apology.

If someone else had done that, Karine James probably would’ve thrown a tantrum. However, she didn’t dare to do so toward Chloe Yeats.

In the end, she kneeled for a good five minutes until her knees swelled up before she hobbled away.

She had wanted to show off to Yvette Larson during this shopping trip. However, not only had she not been able to do that, but she had even embarrassed herself completely.

Karine James was no longer in the mood for shopping. She picked up her 1,000-dollar bag and left.

Of course, Yvette Larson didn't rub salt in her cousin's wound and merely followed behind her.

Not long after, Finn Taylor caught up with them. In his hand was a large shopping bag.

"What's that?" Yvette Larson asked out of curiosity.

"The bag I bought for you."

Karine James was still fuming, and her blood boiled when she heard her cousin's husband say that. "Finn Taylor, don't tell me you bought that 50,000-dollar bag."

"No, it only cost me 25,000 dollars."

Karine James sneered. "I knew you wouldn't be able to afford that 50,000-dollar bag. Yvette, stop pretending. Didn't you say that you live in a mansion worth tens of millions? Why can't you afford a 50,000-dollar bag?"

But Karine James had never stopped to consider that her bag had cost only 1,000 dollars. It was like night and day when compared to a 25,000-dollar bag.

"Take it out and show us what kind of bag it is." Karine James snatched the bag over from Finn Taylor as she said so.

That stunned Yvette Larson. *'How could there be such shameless people in this world? Why does she have to snatch someone else's things?'*

Karine James opened the shopping bag, and the sight stunned her.

The 25,000-dollar bag that Finn Taylor was talking about was actually that 50,000-dollar bag!

She was at a loss for words, and then she seemed to have thought of something. She laughed. "Finn Taylor, oh Finn Taylor. You're such a fool. You must've bought a 25,000-dollar bag and switched it for this when the shop assistant wasn't paying attention. Do you know just how powerful Chloe Yeats is? Aren't you afraid of getting your limbs broken when she finds out about this?"

Finn Taylor was speechless. *'What is she talking about?'*

"I bought this. Didn't Chloe Yeats say that she'd give me a free bag earlier? I didn't want a free bag, so they gave me a 50% discount instead."

Karine James had heard Chloe Yeats's words too, but she still refused to believe him. "That's impossible; Chloe Yeats was just joking. Do you really think she was being serious? I really wonder if you stole the money you're spending today. Come, let's bring this bag back. If Chloe Yeats finds out about it, she'll push the blame to Nathan. Can you bear that responsibility when the time comes?"

Karine James was really a fool, but Nathan Yeats was sure of what she had just said. *'She's right. No good ending will come out of stealing from Chloe Yeats. Finn Taylor is just trying to drag us down with them.'*

"No, take this back." Even Nathan Yeats tried to drag Finn Taylor back.

Finn Taylor flung the couple away. "Do you really think that I stole this bag?"

Karine James sneered. "Isn't that the truth?"

"Fine. I can go back and verify it with you, but what would you do if I really bought this bag?"

"You bought the bag? That's impossible. If you really bought the bag, I'll kowtow to everyone in your family and treat all of you with full respect. What do you think of that?"

Linda James was older than Henry James, and Yvette Larson was older than Karine James too. Logically speaking, it was only right for them to be respectful to their family. Yet, Karine James had always thought herself better than her cousin and had never treated the latter respectfully.

Now, she was willing to put this on the line.

"Fine." Finn Taylor glared at Karine James. He had already gotten annoyed by the latter's attitude toward his wife, so he naturally wasn't going to let it go now that he had a chance.

With that, the two families strode back to the boutique.

Seeing that Chloe Yeats was no longer around, Karine James was emboldened. She slammed the counter and shouted, "What are you guys doing? Don't you know that you've been robbed?"

'We've been robbed?' The shop assistants were stunned.

This was no small matter. If it were true, they'd have to take full responsibility for it!

Karine James pointed at Finn Taylor and then at the bag in his hand. "Someone stole a 50,000-dollar bag from your store, but none of you are doing anything! What do you think Ms. Yeats will do to you?"

Chapter 200: Severing Ties

The shop assistants shot each other confused looks. *'What's going on? Didn't they just buy that bag? Why are they now saying that he's stolen it? Have they lost their minds?'*

A shop assistant couldn't help but say in confusion, "But he bought that bag."

The moment Karine James heard those words, she was stumped. "You must be joking. He can't possibly afford that bag!"

The shop assistant pointed at the records and said, "Our records are still here."

Disgruntled, Karine James marched up to the cashier. In the end, she clearly saw a 25,000-dollar transaction as solid evidence staring right back at her.

Finn Taylor had bought that bag!

“Ok, you’d better kneel down now.” Finn Taylor waved and pointed to the ground..

It was only then that Karine James thought of the bet she had made earlier. “Good job, Yvette. You must’ve arranged everything. Did you give him money to do this? I’m your cousin. Are you very happy to embarrass me? Why do you have to embarrass your own relatives? I can treat you respectfully if you want—it doesn’t matter. But have you thought about how you’ve destroyed our relationship by doing this?”

Karine James went off on her rant, clearly not wanting to keep to her word.

“Karine James, I didn’t give Finn any money, nor did I arrange for this. Besides, you were the one who dragged him over, and you were the one who offered to bet with him. Did I ever force you to do anything?”

Karine James knew that her cousin was speaking the truth, but she was never going to admit defeat.

Just then, Henry James spoke up. “Yvette, what do you mean? You make it sound as though our family has been very stingy toward you. You’ve been staying at our house ever since coming to Los Angeles. Why? Our family has treated you so well, but we’ve now become the bad guys! Besides, it’s obvious what’s happened. Do you think that piece of trash would’ve been able to afford such an expensive bag if you didn’t give him any money? We’re family, so shouldn’t we get along harmoniously?”

“Your family rented a BMW and a villa, and you’re even buying such an expensive bag now. Why must you put on a show in front of us? Since you’re so rich, why don’t you just buy all the bags in this boutique?”

Henry James’s logic was even stranger. He clearly absolved their family of all responsibility and made it sound as though it was Yvette Larson’s family that had started this whole mess.

“Oh, pack them up then. Wrap all the bags here up.” Finn Taylor placed his credit card on the counter as he casually said that.

Henry James had only been trying to force his niece to admit to her mistake. Never in his life would he have expected her family not to admit to their mistake but take it even further. “What do you mean by this, Yvette Larson? Are you trying to flaunt your wealth to us? Are you trying to humiliate your uncle?”

Karine James was fuming too. “Dad, don’t bother about him. I’ve never seen such a disrespectful person. Let them flaunt their wealth if they want to. These bags will cost two to three million dollars at the very least. Do you think they’ll be able to afford it? If they can really afford it, I’ll kill myself right here. This day next year, you can all celebrate my death anniversary.”

For the sake of her dignity, Karine James wasn’t holding back.

The shop assistants worked tirelessly to wrap up all the bags and calculate the final cost.

Yvette Larson couldn’t help but frown as she watched the shop assistants doing so. *‘It’s such a waste that Finn is buying me so many bags at once.’*

Seeing her cousin's expression, Karine James mistook it for fear and guilt that they couldn't afford it. The latter couldn't help but rejoice.

Finally, a shop assistant walked over an hour later. "Hello, sir. The total is 2.98 million. Do you really want to buy everything?"

The shop assistant was taken aback. Even she hadn't expected the total to be so high.

"By card!" Hearing the number, Finn Taylor was even slightly disappointed. *'It's too low to truly stun the James family.'*

The shop assistant picked up his card and walked over to the cashier.

At that moment, the Larson family and James family stared at the cashier expectantly, unblinking. They were all anticipating the final result.

Beep!

Transaction of 2.98 million successful!

When that beep sounded, Karine James was dumbfounded. *'F-Finn Taylor actually bought an entire boutique's worth of bags!'*

Finn Taylor put away his card and asked the shop assistant, "Oh right, do you know if anyone sells coffins around here? She said that she'd kill herself right here. I don't have anything for her, so I thought I'd give her a coffin."

Finn Taylor provoked Karine James.

The latter glared at the former and lashed out. "You're the one who should go to hell!"

She then turned to her cousin, her words filled with spite. "Yvette Larson, do you really think you'll be able to get me down just like that? Do you think that you'll be respected just because Finn Taylor did that? Everyone in the James family—from Grandma to a three-year-old toddler—knows that Finn Taylor is nothing but a piece of trash! You must've taken that money from your company!"

"I heard Weston Shaw say that you became the CEO of your company. I never thought that you'd be so bold. I'll definitely report you to the Larson family. Just wait and see—I'll make sure you go to jail!"

Henry James's expression was sour too. "Linda James, look at your daughter. She just had to flaunt her wealth to show off her sense of superiority over my daughter. We're family, so why do you have to do that? But since you don't think of us as your relatives, you can scam from our family! We don't have relatives like you!"

Henry James was full of self-righteousness. He had never considered whether Yvette Larson was truly the one trying to one-up her cousin or whether it was his own daughter—Karine James.

With that, Henry James's family stomped off. It felt like their entire family had been humiliated a hundred times over.

