

## **The Untouchable Son-In-Law: The Master Peregrine #Chapter 21 - A Bet - Read The Untouchable Son-In-Law: The Master Peregrine Chapter 21 - 25**

### **Chapter 21: A Bet**

Initially, this had been a competition for all the prominent corporations and families in the name of charity. But with Finn Taylor and Yvette Larson's actions, the event had returned to its original intentions.

The children were all sobbing in the field.

Some children hugged Yvette Larson, pouring their souls out about how frightened they were when sleeping at night without their mothers.

When Yvette Larson finished putting all the scarves on the children, everyone else understood the situation.

They had lost. No matter how many gifts or how expensive their gifts were, it didn't matter.

Finn Taylor and Yvette Larson had won something precious—hearts.

When they returned, Quince Larson and Eleanor Larson stood there awkwardly.

Quince Larson had been clamoring about telling their grandpa to kick his cousin out from the CEO position and even kick Yvette Larson's family out of the Larson family.

Now, Yvette Larson had done the company and the family a huge favor.

"Quince Larson, what were you saying earlier? Shall we go to Grandpa and let him know about this?" Although Yvette Larson had been on the stage earlier, she had heard her cousin's words.

To be honest, it was mostly Finn Taylor's efforts that had led to this success.

Finn Taylor hadn't known about this event. Yvette Larson had simply asked him what he thought orphans would need the most.

Then, Finn Taylor had told her some things, leading to this idea.

*'How dare you treat my husband this way when he's the one who made this day a success? Even I, Yvette Larson, wouldn't be so shameless.'*

“Yvette Larson, what are you trying to do?”

“Nothing much. If you don’t want Grandpa to find out about this, you’d better apologize to Finn Taylor.”

Upon hearing that, Quince Larson stared at her in disbelief. “You... You’re asking me to apologize to that good-for-nothing? You’d better kill me instead.”

Quince Larson’s tone was firm. He would never apologize to Finn Taylor.

Even if Yvette Larson brought the matter up to their grandpa, he would never apologize.

Quince Larson felt that his grandpa would stand on his side without any qualms even if he were to find out about it.

He was the eldest grandson of the Larson family and the face of the Larson family.

The entire Larson family would be humiliated if he apologized to a mere matriloal son-in-law.

“Quince Larson, let’s make a bet.” Finn Taylor spoke up.

“What do you want to bet on?”

“Grandpa assigned Yvette and you two different portions of this event. This first session went pretty smoothly, and we won, but I don’t have a favorable view of your second session. If I can turn the tides in the second session and win the Larson family and the Larson Corporation the ‘Best Charitable Organization’ title, what will you do?”

Quince Larson smirked, thinking that he was being ridiculous. “Finn Taylor, you won the first session because of some dirty tricks. What are you planning to do in the second session? Give them more scarves? You can’t make use of their emotions too many times.”

“We can make a bet if you want. Let’s make a bet; whoever loses has to crawl under the crotch of the other person.”

Quince Larson was full of confidence. *‘What I’ve prepared is great for kids. Besides, even if I don’t win, Finn Taylor has to win.’*

There were two conditions to winning this bet. No matter how he looked at it, he had a greater chance of winning.

“Deal.”

Yvette Larson felt a little uneasy upon hearing their bet. She looked at her husband and asked softly, "Can you really do it?"

Yvette Larson had already given out all the gifts she had prepared, but Finn Taylor hadn't brought anything.

In that case, he was sure to lose the bet.

"No, unless you support me."

Yvette Larson rolled her eyes at her spouse. "Don't spout nonsense. Do you have confidence? If you don't, you'd better refuse the bet now."

Finn Taylor stretched out his hands. "Do you have lipstick?"

Yvette Larson was stunned, wondering what use Finn Taylor had for it. But seeing that she had won the first round by a landslide, she reached into her pocket and placed her lipstick in Finn Taylor's hand.

"Alright, I'm confident now."

"What are you trying to do? Finn Taylor, I already said that I'd definitely chase you out into the streets for three months if you dare to screw today's event up and embarrass the Larson family."

Supporting him was one thing, but she was still the Larson Corporation's CEO and had to consider the company's reputation.

If Finn Taylor dared to do anything funny, she would definitely keep him in check.

Finn Taylor smiled but didn't utter a word.

Very quickly, the second round of the competition began.

Each family took out the presents that they had prepared.

It would be accusing Quince Larson to say that he hadn't put in any effort.

He had prepared quite decent gifts.

He had prepared game consoles for the boys and stickers and dolls for the girls.

They were indeed things that were precious to kids. Unfortunately, these were all too common.

Almost every corporation and family had prepared these items too. As such, there weren't many children who had chosen the Larson family's gifts.

Yvette Larson glanced around and found that most children were in front of the Fleming family's gifts.

The Fleming family had gone all out this time.

She had stolen a glance earlier and had realized that all the toys were imported and couldn't be found within the country.

This event was held annually, and the children had already had their fun with domestic toys. Thus, these toys no longer attracted them.

But the imported toys that the Fleming family had brought were novel.

In an instant, all of the children were attracted over.

When Yvette Larson walked over to take a look, Melissa Hans had ridiculed her, saying that the Larson family had no better cards to play than the children's emotions.

See, they had won so easily in the second round.

There were only ten minutes left to the end of the second round.

The Larson family was one of the families with the fewest children around.

Finally, anxiety could be seen on Quince Larson's face. "You... Can you really draw the kids over?"

"Let's try it." Finn Taylor walked up to a child standing in front of the Larson family's gifts and retrieved Yvette Larson's lipstick from his pocket.

"Stick your hand out. I'll draw you a watch."

The girl stretched her arm out, allowing Finn Taylor to draw on it with the lipstick.

Yvette Larson had to resist the urge to slap her husband to death at this sight. *'This is my lipstick; it is my life. How can he treat it as a crayon?'*

"I want a watch too!" Children standing by the side were getting jealous and tried asking Finn Taylor.

"Queue up behind her."

Soon, the children formed an orderly queue. This attracted even more children from the other booths.

And then, even more children started heading to the Larson family's booth.

## Chapter 22: Flipping Things Around

Soon, chaos broke out in Spottingwood Kindergarten.

Countless children dropped the toys in their hands, while others rushed toward the booth with toys still in their hands.

They were all headed toward the Larson family.

Of course, Finn Taylor did more than drawing watches for the children; that would've been boring.

As such, he drew cats on some of the children's faces, butterflies on others, and tigers...

There was nothing within the children's imagination that Finn Taylor couldn't draw.

*Ding-dong!*

With the ring of a bell, the second round officially ended.

All the children of Spottingwood Kindergarten were queued up before the Larson family's booth.

It was clear who had won.

The Larson family had won both rounds of the competition.

Naturally, the Larson Corporation and Larson family had won the 'Best Charitable Organization' title. Of course, all credit went to Finn Taylor.

Finn Taylor didn't stop drawing just because the bell had rung. He remained there, seriously drawing for the children.

Quince Larson left in a huff.

Eleanor Larson obviously wasn't going to remain there to be humiliated. As such, she left as well.

Finn Taylor and Yvette Larson returned to the Larson Corporation with the award in hand, but what greeted them was a message from Joseph Larson's secretary.

They were to head to the conference room right away.

For some reason, Yvette Larson felt that something was amiss.

The moment they entered the conference room, Yvette Larson saw her grandpa sitting at the head of the table while Quince Larson and Eleanor Larson stood behind him.

Quince Larson looked at them smugly.

"Grandpa, here is the 'Best Charitable Organization' award." Yvette Larson placed the plaque on the table, but Joseph Larson didn't even spare it a glance.

He slammed his fist down on the table, causing the mugs to fall onto the ground.

*Clang!*

The mugs shattered into pieces with a chilling clang.

"Yvette Larson, I handed the company to you and kicked Quince Larson out of the CEO position to give it to you, and this is how you repay me?" Joseph Larson was infuriated.

Yvette Larson was confused. *'I don't think that I've made any mistakes. In fact, I have even won the competition for the company, improving our reputation. Why is Grandpa in such a fury?'*

"Who's he? He's just a matrilocal son-in-law and a piece of trash! How could you listen to him as a CEO? It's just pure luck that you managed to win this competition. What if you lost? Have you ever thought of the consequences?"

"You're a girl. The Larson Corporation will eventually end up in Quince's hands. I don't expect you to make great contributions as a CEO, but you should know not to make any mistakes at the very least. But what have you done? You've wasted my efforts in cultivating you. How could you trust him to make such an important decision for the company? Twice!"

"Yvette Larson, from now on, you'll be demoted to Deputy CEO. Quince will continue being the CEO. You'll still be in charge of the Xander Corporation project. Don't you dare threaten me with that. If you don't handle it well, I'll kick your whole family out of

the Larson family,” Joseph Larson shouted fiercely. Toward the end, he was already out of breath.

“Yvette Larson, look what you’ve done.” Eleanor Larson caressed her grandpa’s back to calm him down.

By the side, Quince Larson glared at his cousin as though she had committed a grave crime. “Yvette, oh Yvette. It doesn’t matter to me, even if you want to be stubborn and fight with me for power. If you really want to, I can hand over the CEO position to you. I can even hand over the position of successor to the Larson family to you. But the Larson Corporation is Grandpa’s life. Can you really bear to ruin it?”

“Piece of trash! It’s you! You’re the one who angered Grandpa! You’d better kneel down and apologize to him.”

Yvette Larson’s fist was clenched tightly into a fist.

She was fuming.

She had to suppress the urge to slap Quince Larson in the face, but she knew that her grandpa’s condition would definitely worsen if she did so.

*Thud!*

Finn Taylor knelt down!

So as not to drag Yvette Larson nor make her do anything foolish, Finn Taylor knelt down without any regrets!

It was all because Yvette Larson had held his hand when she had been fuming earlier on.

*‘This is the first time Yvette Larson has ever held his hand in three years. Her icy heart is finally starting to melt. It’s because of me that she has suffered so much today.’* As a man, Finn Taylor knelt down with no regrets to prevent Yvette Larson from being humiliated any further.

The corners of Quince Larson’s lips curled up mockingly as he saw Finn Taylor kneel down, but he finally remained silent.

He walked out of the conference room with Eleanor Larson, who was supporting their grandpa.

Only after everyone left did Yvette Larson help her husband up. Then, she leaped into Finn Taylor's embrace. "I'm sorry for making you go through this."

Finn Taylor smiled. "You care about me?"

Yvette Larson didn't answer him. "Come on; let's go home."

Yvette Larson held his hand and walked out of the company under the keen gazes of everyone.

Yvette Larson retrieved the key to the CEO's car from her pocket and flung it onto the car. Since she was no longer the CEO, she was naturally not going to drive the car either.

"Why? You can't bear to part with it?"

She would be lying if she denied it. Apart from her grandpa's car, this was the best car she had ever sat in her entire life.

But she was a stubborn person. Since it wasn't hers, she wasn't going to insist on having it.

"I'll buy you a car that's 100 times, 1,000 times—even 10,000 times more expensive than this one. How's that?" Finn Taylor drew a huge circle in front of Yvette Larson.

Yvette Larson sneered. "Why don't you say that you'll buy that Rolls-Royce Phantom we saw at Pacific Heights for me?"

"If you like it, I'll drive it over for you right away."

"Stop boasting. You're such a bad guy. Do you think I'll believe you?"

Finn Taylor and Yvette Larson argued playfully along the way.

However, Finn Taylor wasn't boasting about the Rolls-Royce Phantom; it was indeed his.

He could drive it over at any time without even lifting a finger, but he gave up on that idea for fear of scaring his wife.

When the couple returned home, they were greeted by Francis Larson and Linda James's fierce gazes.

"You guys still dare to return home?"

"Why don't you just die?" Linda James hit Finn Taylor with the broom in her hands.



“Come in!” Linda James dragged Yvette Larson into the house.

*Thud!*

With that, Finn Taylor was locked out of the house.

## Chapter 23: Old Master Is Dying

Finn Taylor sat at the door and lit a cigarette. *‘Am I in the wrong? No, not at all.’*

*‘Then, is Yvette Larson wrong? Is Francis Larson wrong? Or is Linda James wrong? No, none of them are wrong.’*

*‘It’s my parents who are to be blamed. It is because of their bias that I was forced out of Peregrine Hall. They are the ones who forced me to go into hiding and act as a good-for-nothing, matrilocal son-in-law here.’*

Although he was capable of doing anything, he could do nothing more than endure the suffering now. However, even a saint would have an outburst eventually.

*‘Peregrine Hall, Joseph Larson, Quince Larson, Eleanor Larson—Just you wait.’*

Before he finished his cigarette, Finn Taylor heard a quarrel breaking out within the house. By the sounds, he guessed that his wife was trying to open the door to let him in, but Francis Larson and Linda James refused.

*‘Heh, Yvette Larson has truly suffered in the past few years she has been with me.’*

But by now, Finn Taylor had already started to let go of everything.

Eventually, Yvette Larson managed to open the door. “Mom, Finn Taylor didn’t do anything wrong. It’s Grandpa who’s biased. We won the award. However, not only did he not reward us for it, but he even took away my position! If you want to blame someone, you’d better go look for Grandpa. Why are you venting your temper on Finn Taylor?”

Yvette Larson picked up her spouse’s hand and dragged him into the house.

Linda James flung everything around her onto the ground in a rage, turning the whole house upside-down.

Just then, Francis Larson’s phone rang. He was stunned when he looked at it.

It was Franklin Larson—his second brother, and Quince Larson’s father.

*‘We haven’t been in contact for a few years at the very least. Could it be that he is calling to show off? But that doesn’t seem like Franklin Larson’s style.’* No matter what the call was for, Francis Larson decided to pick up the phone.

“Francis Larson, look at what your daughter’s done. Your daughter got into a fight with Dad, and he was so angry that he went into cardiac arrest. He’s been sent to Independence Hospital for emergency surgery. Francis Larson, I’m telling you that I’ll definitely make you pay if anything happens to Dad.”

Click—

The call was ended.

Francis Larson’s phone fell to the ground. He was like a deflated balloon that had lost all fighting spirit, and he stood there, unmoving.

Linda James was about to throw a tantrum, but she was scared stiff by her husband’s actions. “What’s wrong?”

“D-dad had a heart attack and has been admitted into the hospital. It... It was Finn Taylor who caused it,” Francis Larson boomed.

Finn Taylor and Yvette Larson—who were in the house—heard those words too.

By the time the couple walked out of the house, Francis Larson had already gone into shock and was wobbling unsteadily, falling backward.

Finn Taylor rushed forward to support Francis Larson.

*Slap!*

But what met Finn Taylor was a slap to the face from his father-in-law.

“You... The first day you entered our family, you killed Grandpa. Do you want to kill my dad today? It seems like Linda was right—you’re here to ruin our family.”

Over the past three years, it had usually been Linda James who had physically and verbally abused Finn Taylor. Although Francis Larson held a similar dislike toward him, he had never gone over the line, much less raise his hand to beat him up.

But today, he had done both.

He was utterly disappointed in Finn Taylor.

“Dad, how’s Grandpa? There’s no point in pointing fingers now. We’d better go to the hospital to visit Grandpa now.”

“Right, right. Let’s go to the hospital.”

Then, they hired a taxi.

As for Finn Taylor, Francis Larson had chased him away, so he hadn’t even managed to get in the car.

He watched the taxi drive off into the distance.

Finn Taylor picked up his phone and dialed a number. “Jeremy Smith, get to Independence Hospital and save someone.”

Finn Taylor put away his phone and headed toward Independence Hospital emotionlessly. *‘Joseph Larson has utterly humiliated me. Moreover, he’s biased against Yvette Larson’s family. Unfortunately, it’s true that he can’t die just yet. If he had died before today, it would’ve been fine.’*

*‘Yvette Larson had been in control of the company. If the chairman passed on, the power would naturally be passed to the CEO. But earlier, Joseph Larson had stripped Yvette Larson of the CEO position. As such, he can’t afford to die now.’*

Finn Taylor had to keep Old Master alive so that he could apologize to his wife personally and to hand the Larson family over to her.

By the time Yvette Larson and her parents arrived at the hospital, Finn Taylor had arrived too.

Francis Larson and Linda James were surprised that he had arrived at the same time, but this was not the time to care about such trivial matters.

The four of them jogged toward the operation theater on the third floor.

When they arrived at the operation theater, Quince Larson balled up his fists and swung them at Yvette Larson.

Finn Taylor flew forward to stop Quince Larson’s hand mid-air. “What are you trying to do?”

“That should be my question to you. What are you trying to do, you piece of trash? It’s you and your family that caused Grandpa to have a heart attack.”

Quince Larson struggled and tried to break free from Finn Taylor’s grip, but he failed to do so. “Let go of me. You already angered Grandpa so much that he has to go into surgery. Do you want to beat all of the Larson family members up and admit all of us into the hospital?”

“Francis Larson, look at how your amazing son-in-law is treating my son.” A bald, middle-aged man behind Quince Larson questioned Francis Larson in a thunderous voice.

It was Franklin Larson.

“Let go.” The moment Yvette Larson spoke up, Finn Taylor let go without hesitation.

“Second Uncle, don’t jump to your son’s defense. You’re not blind; you should’ve seen clearly why Finn Taylor came to my defense. Your son was the one who started it.”

Eleanor Larson sneered. “You’re really uncultured to be shouting at your second uncle. What a useless family.”

“Oh? Do you mean that you’re very cultured? Then, you’d better come over and greet your uncle and auntie. Also, ask Second Uncle to greet his elder brother. Stop calling him by his name; it’s uncultured.”

Yvette Larson had already been in a foul mood to begin with. She had done nothing wrong, yet she was being maligned. As such, she would rebut everything she was hit with today.

“Yvette Larson, you’d better watch your words.”

The two women were head to head.

Just then, the door to the operation theater opened. Out walked several doctors.

All of the Larson family rushed up at once.

“How’s Grandpa?”

“Yes, is my dad out of danger?”

The doctor waved his arm, gesturing for everyone to remain silent. “Listen to me. The Old Master’s surgery went well, but he isn’t out of danger yet. Our suggestion is to send him to the ICU ward for further observation. You’ll need to send someone to stay with

the Old Master throughout the night to watch over him so that you can inform the doctor immediately if something goes wrong.”

*‘Stay with the Old Master throughout the night.’* The Larson family members glanced at each other. It was a chore that nobody wished to take on.

Even Franklin Larson and Quince Larson—who had appeared the most filial up until now—backed away.

“Yvette Larson, since your family is the one who caused this, you guys should send someone.”

Yvette Larson was about to rebuke them when Finn Taylor stepped forward. “Fine, I’ll stay with Grandpa tonight.”

## **Chapter 24: Poison**

The moment Finn Taylor said these words, everyone stared at him as though he was crazy.

*‘Everyone knows that you were the one who landed Joseph Larson in this state, and you’re planning on accompanying him throughout the night? You...’*

Franklin Larson disagreed and was about to voice his objections when his son quickly stepped in.

He whispered, “Dad, just let him do it. It’ll naturally be great if Grandpa recovers; we won’t have to worry about him then. However, it might not be all that bad if something happens to Grandpa either.”

“I’m the CEO now, and I currently have the highest position apart from Grandpa. Besides, if something happens to Grandpa when under his care, we can use that as an excuse to convince the other elders to chase their family out of the Larson family. Dad, think about it.”

Franklin Larson came to a sudden realization at his son’s words.

He turned around and looked at Finn Taylor. “Since you were the one who landed Dad in this state, I’m in no place to deny you the chance to make up for it now with your filial piety. Alright then, you’ll spend the night here watching over Dad.”

With that, Franklin Larson’s family and Eleanor Larson’s family took their leave.

Only Yvette Larson's family was left outside the operation theater.

"Finn Taylor, are you stupid? Don't you know that this was a trap? The doctor already said that Grandpa is still in critical condition. If anything happens to Grandpa, it'll be on you. Quince Larson will definitely use the chance to make things difficult for our family." Yvette Larson was intelligent and naturally spotted the trap set out for them.

She hadn't expected her husband to fall into this trap.

"It's alright; you guys can head home. I'll watch over Grandpa well and make sure that nothing will happen to him."

By now, Yvette Larson was fuming and didn't want to waste her breath on Finn Taylor. She picked up her bag and turned to leave.

Before leaving in a huff, Linda James made sure to jab her son-in-law's head. "Finn Taylor, I won't let you off if anything goes wrong with my dad's condition."

When they all left, Finn Taylor was left alone in the hospital.

Finn Taylor put on a protective gown and entered the ICU ward.

The invincible and almighty Joseph Larson was lying on the bed, unconscious. His body was connected to all sorts of machines, and there were problems with almost all of his vital signs.

It seemed like his condition was truly serious this time.

Finn Taylor didn't believe that he had fallen into such a serious condition naturally.

*'Could someone have been behind this?'* Finn Taylor was still lost in his thoughts when someone walked in.

It was the top doctor in the country, Jeremy Smith.

Jeremy Smith gave a respectful and deep bow to Finn Taylor. "Master Peregrine."

Jeremy Smith was a renowned doctor and was thought of as a miracle worker. He could raise the dead from their graves, but Jeremy Smith knew in his heart that he never would've been able to achieve all that without this young man in front of him.

"Have a look at him."

Jeremy Smith's gaze fell on Joseph Larson. In an instant, his expression changed.  
"Poison."

Finn Taylor nodded. *'It's just like I had thought. Joseph Larson fell gravely ill because of poison.'*

"Master Peregrine, although this kind of poison is hard to treat, I have full confidence."

"No need for that. You just have to treat his heart condition and keep him from dying for now. I have my own use for this poison."

He hadn't even found out about who had poisoned Joseph Larson. He wasn't going to let Joseph Larson recover so easily.

Of course, Finn Taylor had an idea on who could've poisoned Joseph Larson, but he currently lacked evidence.

"Yes, Master Peregrine."

After about five hours of work until the break of dawn, Jeremy Smith finally managed to pull Joseph Larson back from the brink of death.

Finn Taylor didn't dare to let his guard down either. After all, he was sure that the Larson family would blame him if anything happened.

At about five in the morning, Jeremy Smith finally left the hospital after treating Joseph Larson.

With that, Finn Taylor heaved a sigh of relief and went out to find an empty bed to sleep in.

...

*Splash!*

Ice-cold water on Finn Taylor's face jolted him up from his sleep.

Finn Taylor squinted his eyes to see a basin in Quince Larson's hands.

Behind Quince Larson stood Yvette Larson, Francis Larson, Linda James, Franklin Larson, and Eleanor Larson.

Everyone was glaring at him.

“Yvette Larson, this is how your husband and your entire family treats Grandpa? Taking care of him? The guardian that you guys sent found himself a nice place to sleep instead.”

“Yvette Larson, it was your family that angered Grandpa so badly that he had to be admitted into the hospital. It was only because my dad was magnanimous that this piece of trash got a chance to make up for his mistakes, but look at what he’s done. If he slept by Grandpa’s side, I wouldn’t even have said anything, but Grandpa is still in the ICU while he chose to sleep right here!”

“Great; this is really great. Once Grandpa is out of critical condition, I’ll make sure to tell him all about this so that he knows just how filial your family is.”

Quince Larson’s words were getting nastier, but Yvette Larson’s family couldn’t do anything but tolerate them. After all, it was true that Finn Taylor had done that.

“Heh... Let’s go visit Grandpa.” Quince Larson flung the basin on the floor.

Apart from Yvette Larson’s family, the rest of the Larson family headed toward the ICU ward.

*Slap!*

Yvette Larson slapped her husband in the face brutally.

It had been a long while since she had scolded Finn Taylor because her interactions with him made her realize that he was changing for her sake.

She, too, hoped that her husband wouldn’t be a good-for-nothing and would be a man who could helm the family. But this time, Finn Taylor had crossed the line.

“Finn Taylor, didn’t I remind you about this before leaving last night? This is a trap that Quince Larson has set up for our family. Grandpa isn’t even out of critical condition yet. If anything happens to Grandpa, Quince Larson will put all the blame on our family.”

“Do you think I was joking?” Yvette Larson was utterly disappointed, and Francis Larson and Linda James didn’t even want to speak to him.

All three of them left haggardly with resentment in their hearts.

As for Finn Taylor, he sat there, caressing his face.

Finn Taylor felt frustrated. *‘I spent the whole night trying to save Joseph Larson, and that was why I ended up sleeping here. It doesn’t matter that Quince Larson and the rest don’t understand me, but even Yvette Larson has hit me.’*



Just then, Finn Taylor spotted a lunch box at his feet.

'Huh!?' Finn Taylor was stunned but quickly opened the lunch box.

It was a sandwich. It was a little burnt, but it still tasted delicious.

Finn Taylor guessed that Yvette Larson must've made it.

Only a pampered princess like her would be capable of making something so unappetizing. But after thinking about how she had woken up early to prepare him a meal even though she had no culinary skills, Finn Taylor decided to forgive her this time.

## **Chapter 25: Medical Miracle**

Visiting hours had yet to begin, and there was no way the nurse was going to let all of them enter the ICU ward at once.

Wasn't this being irresponsible toward the patient?

As Finn Taylor walked over with a bowl in his hand, he saw Quince Larson arguing with a nurse.

Seeing Finn Taylor walk over, Quince Larson pointed right at him. "He was supposed to watch over the patient, but he didn't! We have reason to suspect that something could've happened to the Old Master. I demand that you let us in. What right do you have to stop us from entering?"

Finn Taylor took a huge bite of his sandwich and muttered under his breath, "What's there to see? He's already well and out of critical condition. I guess he's already jumping about inside."

Although he said this under his breath, everyone had heard him. In an instant, more than a dozen pairs of eyes turned to glare at him.

"Finn Taylor, what do you mean? You were the one who angered Grandpa so much that he was admitted! Forget that you're not even concerned about him, but you're going overboard by saying these sarcastic words here. Do you think I won't dare to slap you here?"

Finn Taylor ignored Quince Larson. He had a strong suspicion that it was him who had poisoned Joseph Larson in the first place.

It was disgusting to see him acting like a filial grandson.

“What’s the matter? Why is there such a din?” Finally, the doctor arrived.

“Dr. Williams, you’re finally here.” Quince Larson immediately rushed up to welcome the doctor. “I’m so sorry, Dr. Williams. Our family is just unlucky.”

“Our family tasked the eldest son-in-law from Francis Larson’s family to look after Grandpa since he’s sick. How were we to know that this piece of trash would be so lazy that he hid outside and fell asleep? We don’t even know how Grandpa is doing now, and that’s why we want to head in to check on him. But the hospital’s guidelines…”

Dr. Williams nodded. Quince Larson was the Larson Corporation’s CEO and had done many business dealings with him in the past.

“Mr. Larson, this won’t be a problem, but we still have to abide by the hospital’s guidelines. Choose five family members to follow me in—only five. Fiona, get me five protective gowns.”

Everyone from the Larson family rushed to volunteer themselves eagerly. They seemed to be afraid that they would be denounced for having no filial piety if they were too slow in expressing their eagerness.

“Shut up, all of you. Each family can send one person. It’ll be Yvette Larson from the first family, me from the second, Eleanor Larson from the third, and Quinn Larson from the fourth.”

“The last slot…” Quince Larson sneered. “Piece of trash, you can have it since you were supposed to take care of Grandpa. If anything happens to Grandpa, just wait and see what will happen to you.”

Earlier on, everyone had eagerly shown their interest in entering the ward to visit the Old Master, Joseph Larson. But now that Quince Larson had decided on the name list, there was not a single objection.

Perhaps they were all hoping for the Old Master to die as soon as possible so that they could receive their inheritance.

Finn Taylor didn’t refuse to enter the ward with the rest. He placed his sandwich down, wrapped it up, and placed it in the nurse’s hands. “Help me take care of it. I still want to eat it later on.”

Finn Taylor’s words attracted many disdainful gazes.

*'A piece of trash will always be a piece of trash. He will never be able to do anything right.'*

*'How can he still be thinking about eating at this point in time?'*

Quince Larson and Dr. Williams led the way.

Finn Taylor walked up to his wife and whispered, "Your sandwich is pretty good. It's delicious."

Yvette Larson was in no mood to bother about her husband. She felt as though she was walking to her execution grounds while walking to the ICU ward. *'What if I see Grandpa in a critical condition? That would mean that my whole family will be thrown into hell. How can Finn Taylor remain so indifferent in the face of that?'*

She didn't even know what to say about him anymore.

Under Dr. Williams's lead, they rounded a few corners before finally entering the ICU ward. Then, the sight stunned everyone.

Joseph Larson was exercising in the ICU ward.

At that moment, Dr. Williams was shocked, Quince Larson was shocked, Eleanor Larson was shocked, and Quinn Larson was shocked.

Only Yvette Larson looked at Finn Taylor incredulously. *'He had already said so. Earlier on, Finn Taylor had said that Grandpa was already out of critical condition and that he could even be jumping around in the ward. Everything he said earlier is now a reality.'*

"Oh my goodness. This is really a medical miracle."

"Mr. Larson, did you know? We actually withheld from you last night that your grandpa had a very serious myocardial infarction. Although the surgery was a success, the after-effects could've resulted in him being paralyzed in bed for the rest of his life or even remain in a vegetative state. But now... This is a miracle. A miracle, indeed."

Dr. Williams rushed up. "Old Master Larson, how are you feeling?"

Seeing that his grandchildren had come to visit him, he was pleased. But when he saw Finn Taylor, his expression fell. Nonetheless, he didn't flare up.

Joseph Larson smiled at Dr. Williams. "It's all thanks to you, Dr. Williams. Last night, I felt someone trying to save my life, and he managed to save me at dawn. Now, I'm perfectly fine."

Dr. Williams didn't understand what Joseph Larson was talking about and ordered a comprehensive checkup for him.

The results rendered even Dr. Williams himself speechless.

Joseph Larson had completely recovered from his heart attack, and there was no trace of any heart disease at all!

This... It was common knowledge that heart disease was a chronic condition that couldn't be cured. Even surgery would only delay the symptoms, not cure the root cause.

However, it seemed like Joseph Larson had experienced a medical miracle!

Quince Larson rushed up to his grandpa. "Grandpa, it's great that you're fine now. We're all elated that you're in good health."

All the other Larson family members—including Eleanor Larson and Quinn Larson—quickly went forward to express their concern too.

As for Yvette Larson, she was still staring suspiciously at Finn Taylor. *'Finn Taylor had managed to illustrate Grandpa's condition perfectly. Besides, Grandpa even said that someone had saved him last night. Could that person be Finn Taylor?'*

Yvette Larson couldn't help but ask, "Do you have medical skills?"

"Medical skills? I've never even been to university. Where would I have learned that?"

Yvette Larson felt silly for even having asked that question.

Medical skills! All the prominent doctors were decorated with fancy titles and had gotten Master's degrees or even doctorates. They had trained for years and gone through trials and tribulations to be as proficient as they were now.

*'Besides, Grandpa's case is nothing short of a medical miracle. How could I have suspected that Finn Taylor had saved Grandpa? I allowed my imagination to run wild.'*

"Piece of trash, you were just lucky this time." Quince Larson told Finn Taylor off before turning to face his cousin. "Yvette Larson, I'm thinking of organizing a grand party to celebrate Grandpa's recovery. Will your family be willing to sponsor it?"