

UNTOUCHABLE

## Chapter 211: The James Family's Ancestors

Of course, Henry James's family didn't have 150,000 dollars. Yet, his daughter would be in grave danger if he didn't hand over the money. Besides, the danger would only intensify with time.

It was a dead-end.

At the same time, Brother Dan had taken both Weston Shaw and Karine James away. Without Finn Taylor's orders, he wasn't going to let them go.

By now, Henry James's and Karen James's families were in a panic. After making several calls, the two families had managed to gather about 100,000 dollars. However, they still needed another 50,000 dollars.

Left with no other choice, they decided to approach the old lady together.

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The latter was the family head, as well as the two children's grandma. She had the obligation to fork out that money.

At that moment, the old lady—Lucy Williams—was enjoying a cup of tea at home. She cared very much about her own health.

But just then, her younger daughter and son's families rushed into her house in a frenzy.

"Hey, what's going on?" Lucy Williams was confused. *'What are they doing?'*

"Mom, I'm begging. Please save Karine."

"Weston as well. Mom, please save Weston. He's your only grandson and the hope of the James family."

Lucy Williams's gaze hardened. *'I have never favored boys over girls. I'm not going to hand the family over to Weston just because he's the only male in the family. Besides, I'm not even sure of my grandson's character. Perhaps the James family might crumble and fall apart in his hands. However, Weston is still my grandson no matter what. I can't just sit back and watch if something has happened to my grandson.'*

"Slow down. What happened?" By now, the old lady could tell that something had really happened to her grandchildren.

"Finn Taylor got someone to kidnap Karine and Weston. He instructed them to break Weston's legs and even..."

The old lady was curious. "And what?"

“Send Karine to 50 men for them to play with her. He even said that he wanted 150,000 dollars before he’d release them. It’ll be 150,000 today, 300,000 tomorrow, and 450,000 the following day... Mom, I’m begging you. Please save Karine!”

*Clang!*

The teacup in the old lady’s hands fell to the ground and broke into countless shards.

“How did things get to this stage?” The old lady was no fool. After a moment of shock, she realized that something was amiss. *‘Although there had been a misunderstanding between Finn Taylor, Karine, and Weston previously, they’ve already resolved it. Given my understanding of Finn Taylor, he wouldn’t try to take revenge on them.’*

But seeing how vicious he was now, she was sure that her grandchildren must’ve done something. “Tell me. What did they do?”

“Mom, they...” Henry James stuttered, not knowing what to say.

Karen James lowered her gaze, remaining silent.

“Fine. If you still want to keep secrets from me, you can leave. I’m not going to interfere in this matter.”

“I-I’ll talk. Karine and Weston hired Brother Dan to kidnap Yvette and r\*pe her!”

*Slap!*

The old lady slapped her son viciously—she was fuming. *‘Karine and Weston are my grandchildren, but isn’t Yvette my granddaughter too? It’s normal for a family to get into arguments at times, but they’ve gone overboard.’*

“Mom, we know we’re wrong. Besides, Yvette is fine. Call Linda—beg her and get her to ask Finn Taylor to let Karine and Weston go.”

The old lady sighed constantly but eventually made the call to her eldest daughter because of her children’s pleas.

Linda James had no idea what had happened. All she knew was that Finn Taylor had saved her and her daughter.

Just then, the old lady called.

“Mom, what’s up?”

“Linda, am I still your mom?”

“Yes, why?”

“Good then. Ask Finn Taylor to release Karine and Weston. We’re a family, so why do we have to go so far?”

On the other end of the call, Linda James chuckled. Her laugh sounded so eerie that it scared even her mother. “Mom, you’re really a good mother. When I returned to the old residence with Yvette, Karine

James and Weston Shaw got a whole bunch of people to kidnap us. You didn't even ask how we were doing. The first thing you said was to let them go. Great; you're really amazing."

With that, Linda James hung up.

This left Lucy Williams stunned. She had never expected her eldest daughter to hang up on her.

"What did she say, Mom?" Henry James rushed up.

"She hung up."

At that, both Henry James and Karen James were dumbfounded. *'What are we going to do?'*

"Mom, was that from the old lady?" Finn Taylor couldn't help but ask when he saw his mother-in-law picking up a call.

"That's right. How did you know?"

Finn Taylor glanced at the clock and chuckled. "It's about time. Let's go, Mom."

"Where are we going?"

"The James family's old residence."

The James family had completely disregarded Yvette Larson's family. They hadn't even bothered to inform her family about the old lady's birthday celebrations.

They had thought that Finn Taylor wouldn't take it to heart, but he did.

To stand up for Yvette Larson, he was going to crush the entire James family under his feet. And where would be better to do that than the James family's old residence?

Only by getting them to apologize where all their ancestors were would Finn Taylor's anger dissipate. As such, Finn Taylor brought his wife and parents-in-law to the James family's old residence.

"Mom, where's the ancestral shrine? Take us there."

Linda James nodded and led the way.

"Dad, go in and take four chairs out. We'll sit right here."

Francis Larson agreed at once. Very quickly, he moved four chairs out in front of the ancestral shrine.

The family of four had their backs toward the ancestral shrine.

"Mom, call the old lady and tell her that we're at the ancestral shrine at the old residence. If she still wants to see her precious grandchildren, she'd better come over right now."

Linda James had no idea what her son-in-law was up to, but she naturally wasn't going to raise any objections after having witnessed what he was capable of. She simply made the call and conveyed Finn Taylor's message; she didn't say anything more.

As for the old lady, she was taken aback the moment she received the call.

“What’s wrong, Mom?”

“Linda called and said that they’re waiting at the ancestral shrine at the old residence. They want us to meet them there.”

## **Chapter 212: Not Enough**

“Why are they there?”

“What shall we do? Should we head there?”

The James family’s faces were all sour. They had no clue what to do, but there was only one solution to their problem—go to the ancestral shrine at the old residence.

As such, the entire James family set off.

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The James family’s ancestral shrine.

Finn Taylor’s family of four was relaxed as they sat there in the sun.

“Mom, don’t say a thing when they turn up later.” Yvette Larson instructed her mom, who merely nodded.

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To be honest, she was extremely curious what Finn Taylor was going to do to the rest, but she remained silent.

Before long, a few cars arrived at the James family’s old residence.

More than a dozen people got out of the cars one after another—the James family had arrived.

They headed straight for the ancestral shrine.

As for Finn Taylor’s family, they sat up straight in their chairs. Even when faced with more than a dozen people, the family didn’t back down.

“Linda James, you’ve gotten so bold. How dare you hang up on Mom?” Henry James lashed out the moment he arrived.

“Oh, Mom? How nice. Let me ask on my mother-in-law’s behalf then. Do you really think of Linda James as your daughter and Yvette Larson as your granddaughter?”

Finn Taylor’s straightforwardness stunned Lucy Williams. Nevertheless, she answered, “Of course. No matter what, Linda will always be my daughter, and Yvette will always be my granddaughter.”

“Good. Since you think so, how do you think we should deal with the people who tried to kidnap your daughter and granddaughter?”

Lucy Williams naturally knew full well who her grandson-in-law was talking about—Karine James and Weston Shaw.

If they were talking about anyone else, the old lady would've demanded harsh punishment. However, she couldn't afford to say so now.

"We have to see why they did that in the first place."

"Why? Alright, why don't you analyze it for me? Why do you think Karine James and Weston Shaw got someone to teach your daughter and granddaughter a lesson?"

The old lady had never expected Finn Taylor to be this straightforward. This put her in a tough spot.

"Sigh, we're a family. Finn Taylor, why don't you let them go first? I'll definitely teach them a lesson on Yvette's behalf." With no other choice, the old lady could only use this strategy.

"Let them go? Well, haven't they told you that I'd let them go on certain terms? Hehe!"

Perhaps it was because he felt emboldened by his mother's presence that Henry James lashed out. "Finn Taylor, don't test our limits. Are you really not letting them go? You're asking for 150,000 a day. Where am I supposed to get that money?"

"Oh, how much do you have then?"

Henry James sighed in exasperation. "100,000."

"Alright, press on. You're only short of 50,000. Can't you fork out some money, old lady?"

The old lady was full of disbelief as she glared at Finn Taylor. "Are you trying to drive me to my grave? Why don't you just kill me? I don't want to live anymore."

Finn Taylor casually whipped out a dagger, and he placed it in front of the old lady. "If you take your own life, I'll let them go."

His words drained the old lady's face of all color.

Death!

She naturally didn't want to die. It would be such a pity to die for those unfilial grandchildren of hers!

"Finn Taylor, I'm still Linda James's mother and Yvette Larson's grandma no matter what. Can't you let them go on that account?"

Silence!

There was pin-drop silence.

Finn Taylor stood up and turned around. Then, he turned to the ancestral shrine. "Fine, I'll let them go on account of the ancestors here."

Hearing his words, Henry James and Karen James were overwhelmed with emotions.

This was the first time Finn Taylor was compromising. It seemed like there was hope of Karine James and Weston Shaw being released.

“Old lady, I’m only agreeing to let them go on account of the James family’s ancestors. But tell me, how do you plan on atoning for your sins now that you’ve raised such unfilial dogs in your family?”

The old lady was dumbfounded. *‘Finn Taylor is still demanding a solution.’*

Lucy Williams glared at her children.

The pair looked terrible.

Henry James bowed toward Yvette Larson. “Yvette, it’s my fault for not raising Karine well.”

Karen James bowed as well, but she didn’t say anything.

Finn Taylor shut his eyes and remained silent.

The atmosphere was stiff.

The old lady understood that Finn Taylor was displeased with their insincerity.

“Kneel down!” Although the old lady couldn’t bear for her children to do so, she had no other choice.

Henry James’s eyes were filled with disbelief. “Mom, I’m his elder. Why should I kneel down to him?”

*Slap!*

The old lady slapped her son viciously in the face. “You’ve spoiled your daughter rotten—it’s all your fault. I’m asking you to kneel down. How dare you question me?”

Helpless, Henry James bent his knees slightly until he fell on his knees. With that, his dignity had completely been trampled on.

The old lady glanced at Finn Taylor, begging with her gaze.

“That’s not enough!” He spat out with disinterest.

The old lady kicked Karen James, but the latter was indignant. She didn’t want to admit defeat to her sister’s family.

Yet, she couldn’t afford to remain stubborn for the sake of her son’s safety. In the end, she, too, kneeled down.

“That’s not enough!” Finn Taylor didn’t change his stance.

Lucy Williams’s expression hardened. *‘Henry is kneeling, and so is Karen. They’ve cast aside their dignity to kneel down to Finn Taylor’s family. What more does he want?’*

The old lady eventually ordered, “Kneel down, all of you!”

Serene Edwards, Larry Shaw, and the others all fell to their knees.

Francis Larson nearly fell off his chair. *‘Over the past few decades, the James family has always looked down on our family. Although they weren’t as harsh as they had been toward Finn Taylor, I know full well*

*that they look down on my family. The younger ones have never treated me respectfully before, yet all those who looked down on him are now kneeling before me today!*

*'Henry James, Karen James, Serene Edwards, Larry Shaw, didn't you all think very highly of yourselves? You're still kneeling before me today.'*

To be honest, it wasn't just Francis Larson who felt overwhelmed. Even his wife felt the same way.

She was the eldest in the family, but they had never treated her with respect. In fact, they hadn't even bothered to inform her about their mom's birthday celebrations.

They didn't think of her as their elder sister at all.

But today, Finn Taylor had gotten back at all of them on her behalf!

Yvette Larson grasped her husband's hands tightly, and all eyes shot toward the latter.

Finn Taylor finally opened his eyes. His gaze was locked on the old lady—Lucy Williams. "It's still not enough."

### **Chapter 213: You're Awesome, Dear!**

Everyone in the James family understood exactly what Finn Taylor meant by that. That was why they didn't even dare to take a deep breath.

All eyes were pinned on Lucy Williams.

"Finn Taylor, you're too much. Do you really expect an old woman like me to kneel before you?"

Finn Taylor sneered. "Do you think that you hold no responsibility in this matter? They're all sons and daughters of the James family. Linda James couldn't even attend your birthday celebrations. Although the two families hid it from you, didn't you tacitly agree to it? They're all your grandchildren, but you didn't even ask about Yvette in your call. I thought that you'd at least say something in person, but you didn't even ask about her."

"But look at how concerned you are about Karine James and Weston Shaw. You're even willing to come all the way here for their sakes.. The James family looks harmonious, but there are deep-seated grudges that led to where we are today. And you're the culprit!"

Lucy Williams's face was flushed red. She wanted to beat Finn Taylor up, but Henry James spoke up the moment she moved.

"Mom..."

Karen James spoke up too. "Mom, if you don't kneel down today, your grandson will be done for."

Lucy Williams shook her head in disappointment.

She regretted everything. The moment she said those words, she knew that she'd made a mistake. *'Just like what Finn Taylor said, I have made a grave mistake. It's true that Karine and Weston hold special places in my heart.'*

*Thud!*

The old lady fell to the ground—she had kneeled down.

The atmosphere was tense.

Linda James, Francis Larson, and Yvette Larson stole glances at Finn Taylor. Even they were curious about what he was going to do.

*Thud!*

*Thud!*

*Thud!*

Finn Taylor drummed his fingers on the chair repeatedly.

One minute.

Two minutes.

Five minutes.

Ten minutes.

Finn Taylor picked up his phone and said only three words: “Let them go.”

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By the time Henry James’s family returned home, Karine James was already there.

Her clothes were disheveled, and there were scratches all over her body. Her gaze was empty, and her lips were quivering.

Seeing Henry James walk in, she retreated in fear.

The former’s heart broke when he saw his daughter in this state. Yet, he knew that he’d never be able to get revenge for his daughter—not in this lifetime.

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When Karen James’s family returned home, they were greeted by the sight of their son—Weston Shaw—lying on the ground with all his limbs broken.

Weston Shaw was destined to spend the rest of his life bedridden. It’d be a challenge to even sit on a wheelchair.

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As the old lady—Lucy Williams—returned home, she was still in a daze. She dug out a photo of her late husband and sobbed.



Tears fell on the photo frame. “Old man, I was wrong. We were wrong from the very beginning. We forgot who the Old Master of the Larson family was. He didn’t even falter when going against the Sanders family of San Francisco. He managed to lead his family away from the Sanders family without fear that they would come at him. How could he have made a wrong call?”

“That was his last command before passing on. Even when everyone else was against it, he insisted that Finn Taylor marry into the family. How could Finn Taylor possibly be bad? Everyone thought that it was Finn Taylor who brought the family bad luck when the Old Master passed on three days after their wedding, but the Old Master’s days were already numbered. He probably endured it so that he could witness the wedding.”

Now, Lucy Williams understood everything. She had lived a glorious life as a prominent figure too.

Today, all her doubts had been answered. Yet, it was all too late.

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Finn Taylor’s family of four returned to San Francisco after having one last meal with Chloe Yeats.

Yvette Larson stretched lazily upon reaching, and her husband chuckled sinisterly.

“What are you laughing at?”

“Nothing much.” As soon as Finn Taylor finished his sentence, someone knocked on their door.

*‘Huh? Who’d be able to knock on our door?’*

Number One Pacific Heights was private property, and outsiders weren’t allowed in unless they were of the same status as the owner of Number One Pacific Heights.

As soon as Yvette Larson opened the door, she spotted a besuited young man.

“Hello, Ms. Yvette Larson. Let me introduce myself; I’m Willis Rune.” With that, he handed her a name card.

Yvette Larson took a glance at it. *‘Professional investor? I don’t think I know anyone like that. Why would he be looking for me?’*

“May I enter, Ms. Larson?”

*‘Finn is at home. I have nothing to worry about.’* Yvette Larson gave it some thought. “Come on in!”

Willis Rune entered, and Finn Taylor came out of the room as well.

The two nodded at each other, acting as though they didn’t know each other.

“Ms. Larson, our company acquired a company—the Larson Corporation—just yesterday.”

Yvette Larson was dumbfounded. *‘The Larson Corporation? Did Quince Larson sell the company? But that makes sense. Without the Sullivan family, the Larson Corporation’s business will only go downhill.’*

*It'd be better to sell it now since it'll go bankrupt eventually. With the proceeds, Quince Larson will probably live well for a long time.'*

"Ms. Larson, you were once the Larson Corporation's CEO and performed exceedingly well in the project with the Sullivan family. We've decided to hire you as the Larson Corporation's chairman. Will you accept our offer?" As Willis Rune said so, he took out a contract from his briefcase.

It was perfectly normal for an investor to find someone else to manage the company for him. However, Yvette Larson had never expected herself to be the one managing the company!

She glared at Finn Taylor and asked, "Does this have anything to do with you?"

"Huh? They acquired the company yesterday."

*'Hmm... Finn was with me in Los Angeles when they acquired the company. Besides, I have seen the shareholders of the Larson Corporation. Willis Rune holds 100% of the company's shares.' It seems like Finn isn't lying to me.'* After giving it deep thought, Yvette Larson eventually signed off on the contract.

"We'll be holding our first meeting the day after tomorrow. Please remember to attend it, Ms. Larson."

After sending Willis Rune off, Yvette Larson nearly leaped three meters into the air as she held the contract. "Dear, I'm going to be the Larson Corporation's chairman!"

"Yes, you're awesome!"

Yvette Larson glanced at her husband, feeling as though there was something amiss in her husband's words. However, she couldn't put her finger on it.

## **Chapter 214: Cousin**

"Mr. Taylor, can you save my sister?" Just then, Diane Taylor rushed out. She fell to the ground in front of Finn Taylor, snot and tears streaming down her face.

*'F\*ck! What's going on?'* He quickly helped the other up. *'The young girl is so obedient; she always listens to whatever I say. Besides, she's a Taylor too. I've always thought of her as a sister.'*

"Tell me what's going on. You don't have to kneel down." Finn Taylor quickly supported Diane Taylor to her feet.

Yvette Larson brought some tissue over for the young girl to wipe away her tears.

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"Tell me what happened."

"My sister is working in San Diego, and she said something happened at work. When I asked her what happened, she refused to tell me and only sobbed. I'm really afraid and worried for her, Mr. Taylor. Can you save my sister?"

*'I thought that something major had happened.'* Finn Taylor laughed. "It'll be fine. I'll go to San Diego tomorrow and settle it for your sister."

Finn Taylor looked at his wife and shrugged helplessly.

The Larson Corporation was holding their first-ever meeting after the acquisition the following day. Finn Taylor had intended to help his wife out, but it now seemed like she had to attend it alone.

"I'll be fine. Help Diane settle her sister's matter. The Larson family won't be able to do anything to me."

"Alright, I'll send two bodyguards over with you." Finn Taylor didn't think much of the rest, but he was sure that Quince Larson and Eleanor Larson were capable of anything.

He was still slightly worried about them. As such, it was necessary for him to send back-up with his wife.

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The next day, Finn Taylor picked up his Rolls-Royce Phantom from Hunter Sullivan and drove out. Since he was going to use his power to suppress others, he would go all-out.

San Diego was a city by the coast and was one of the most beautiful cities to visit. It was also one of the most contested areas.

The Genesis Corporation in San Diego.

Lindsey Taylor was being surrounded by several girls in the washroom.

"B\*tch, do you think you're that great!? How dare you snatch my boyfriend? Come on! Let's fight it out!"

"Sister Minnie, why are you still trying to reason it out with her? I think you should just strip her and take photos to post on the company's notice board!"

The young girls couldn't help but burst out into laughter when they heard that.

As for Lindsey Taylor, her face fell. "Minnie Jensen, I didn't seduce your boyfriend. He tried to rape me. Are you really going to try to kill me?"

Minnie Jensen chuckled. "Oh, do you think you have the right to talk to me? Beat her up!"

As soon as Minnie Jensen finished her sentence, the girls were about to beat the other up when someone threw the door open.

A man rushed in and shoved everyone surrounding Lindsey Taylor to the ground. As for Minnie Jensen, she took a slap to the face.

That man walked up to Lindsey Taylor and helped her up. "You're Lindsey Taylor, right?"

"Yes."

"Your sister asked for my help. Don't worry. Nobody will be able to do anything to you with me around." With that, Finn Taylor helped Lindsey Taylor out of the washroom.

The car engine started, and the pair slipped away, leaving Minnie Jensen and her gang gritting their teeth there.

Even they had never sat in a Rolls-Royce Phantom, yet that b\*tch—Lindsey Taylor—had!

“Tell me. What’s going on?”

As she sat in the car, Lindsey Taylor couldn’t help but feel that everything was surreal. “Did Diane really ask you to help me?”

“Of course. I’m a Taylor too, and you can call me Brother Finn.”

It was only then that Finn Taylor realized just how beautiful the young lady in front of him was.

She was 1.75 meters tall and had a petite oval face that held a pair of black glasses. She looked young and spritely.

“That woman just now was Minnie Jensen. Her boyfriend’s name is Harry Jones. His family is rich, and he stood in my way at the staircase that day. He tried to molest me and even r\*pe me. I punched him and escaped. Rumors started spreading in the company the next day, saying that I tried to seduce Minnie Jensen’s boyfriend! Now, Minnie Jensen is trying to stir up trouble for me, and the company is even trying to fire me.”

Finn Taylor couldn’t help but sneer. He patted his car. “Does Harry Jones drive a Rolls-Royce Phantom?”

Lindsey Taylor shook her head. “No, he drives a BMW.”

“Alright then. He’s not as amazing as your brother; let me handle him.”

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The chairman’s office of the Genesis Corporation.

The chairman—Shawn Kleine—glanced at Harry Jones. “Don’t worry, Harry. It’s no big deal; I’ll be able to settle it in no time.”

Harry Jones’s family was a prominent family and held great power. They had ties with the Genesis Corporation, and their families went way back.

This time, Harry Jones had even offered a huge amount of money to fire an ordinary employee. Of course, he naturally agreed to that request.

“Mr. Kleine, I want that b\*tch’s reputation to be destroyed!”

“Don’t worry. It’s a trivial matter.”

Just as the pair was talking, someone kicked the door to the chairman’s office open.

Finn Taylor barged in. “Oh, you guys are having a nice chat. What are you preparing to do to Lindsey Taylor?”

Shawn Kleine and Harry Jones glanced at Finn Taylor cautiously. “Who are you?”

“Me? I’m Finn Taylor, Lindsey Taylor’s brother.”

*'Tch!*' The pair had been frightened just moments earlier, afraid that their plan had been exposed. But it turned out that it was just a relative of that poor girl.

They breathed a sigh of relief.

"Mr. Kleine, right? Do you want to conduct an investigation on this? Why would a hardworking employee do such a thing? Do you think it could be a case of a second-generation heir bullying a poor girl?"

Shawn Kleine slammed the table, disregarding Finn Taylor's words. "Are you the chairman, or am I the chairman? I've already conducted my investigations—it was Lindsey Taylor who flouted the company's rules and did something that ruined our company's reputation. It's my prerogative to fire her!"

Applause!

Finn Taylor couldn't help but applaud Shawn Kleine's shamelessness. "Alright. I hope that you'll say the same at the meeting."

Shawn Kleine could've fired an employee by just saying so. But because Harry Jones had been punched by Lindsey Taylor, he had asked Shawn Kleine to hold a meeting.

He wanted the entire company to know exactly what Lindsey Taylor had done.

He wanted Lindsey Taylor to leave the company in humiliation.

He wanted her to know how foolish it was to offend a young master like him.

With that, Finn Taylor left.

Neither Shawn Kleine nor Harry Jones were the slightest bit shaken by Finn Taylor's vicious words.

## **Chapter 215: Meeting**

The meeting for the termination went as planned.

All employees of the company were gathered in the hall as Shawn Kleine and Harry Jones walked onto the stage.

The pair looked down at the countless employees of the Genesis Corporation.

Acting as though he was hurt, Shawn Kleine announced, "Recently, something happened in our company. Someone flouted our rules and caused a huge uproar in the company. Harry Jones is an exemplary employee of our company. He's hardworking and performs well, but such an exemplary employee was harassed by a female employee. She's none other than Lindsey Taylor."

"Lindsey Taylor's behavior has left a stain on our company's reputation. As the chairman, I have the obligation and responsibility to uphold our company's name. Lindsey Taylor has to pay for what she's done. I hereby declare that..."

Hearing Shawn Kleine's announcement, the employees broke into discussion.

Minnie Jensen was delighted. *'This is the moment I've been waiting for—for Lindsey Taylor's reputation to be trashed. Although I know the truth of the matter, that doesn't matter. Anyone who tries to get close to my boyfriend deserves death.'*

But many of the employees were stunned. They knew Lindsey Taylor and knew how hardworking she was. *'There's no way such an exemplary employee would try to seduce a rich second-generation heir for the sake of money. It's simply impossible. Something is amiss!'*

"Hold up!" Just then, someone interrupted Shawn Kleine's speech.

Everyone turned to see a man walking to the front with Lindsey Taylor.

This man was none other than Finn Taylor.

*'Fool! Why's he here?'* Shawn Kleine and Harry Jones couldn't help but curse inwardly at the sight.

Very quickly, Finn Taylor arrived at the stage with Lindsey Taylor. "Shawn Kleine, your lies sound quite convincing. But don't you think you should ask the involved party about what really happened that day?"

"The involved party? Are you talking about the person who smeared the name of the Genesis Corporation?" Shawn Kleine pointed at Lindsey Taylor, his tone menacing and hostile.

"Mr. Kleine, don't you think you're jumping to conclusions? I found several witnesses who saw what happened that day. Don't you think you should listen to their statements too?"

"Witnesses?" Shawn Kleine glanced at Harry Jones. *'Don't tell me this fool was retarded enough that he let others see him while he did that? It'll be humiliating if everything is exposed, but it doesn't seem right for me to refuse his request either.'*

In the end, he chose to believe in Harry Jones. Besides, he could simply deny what Finn Taylor's witnesses said.

"Alright, bring them here."

As soon as Finn Taylor finished his sentence, four men walked into the hall.

These four men were all white-bearded old men.

*'What does he mean by this? Why aren't the witnesses employees but four old men?'* While Shawn Kleine was still deep in thought, the four men had already walked forward.

The former then caught a clear glimpse of them.

"Isn't this Malcolm Landon?"

"That's right—it's him. He's one of the ten greatest businessmen in San Diego."

"That's Victor Smith; he's my idol. He built his company from scratch and is now one of the top figures on the Forbes list!"

“Look at that man beside Victor Smith. He looks like Philip Smith. Last year, he was the richest man in San Diego!”

“I-isn’t that Jerry Wood? He’s currently the richest man in San Diego!”

“What? Did those four men really witness what happened?”

Shawn Kleine grew pale the moment he spotted the four men. Beads of sweat formed on his forehead, dripping down onto the ground. *‘This... Isn’t that man Lindsey Taylor’s cousin? But I’ve done my checks on Lindsey Taylor—she’s just an ordinary employee from the countryside. Otherwise, I wouldn’t have dared to help Harry Jones either. But something seems amiss.’*

“Mr. Kleine, do you still remember me? I’m Victor Smith.”

As soon as the men arrived on stage, Shawn Kleine felt a chill run down his spine. While the other was speaking very politely, Shawn Kleine couldn’t help but feel terrified.

He naturally knew just how vicious these men could get to reach where they were and just how many men had died at their hands.

He was nothing when compared to them.

“Shawn Kleine, I heard that something which concerns your company’s reputation happened. Coincidentally, the four of us were sitting in the cafe opposite playing chess and saw what happened. We’re here to make our statements as witnesses. I don’t think you’ll mind, right?”

Shawn Kleine very much wanted to curse and swear. *‘There’s no way they would’ve seen anything from the cafe, but I can’t possibly say that. Not only can I not say that, but I even have to thank them for this!’*

“Thank you very much! I appreciate your kindness very much. I’m still a little confused with both sides telling me different stories, so I don’t know the truth yet. I’m really grateful that the four of you are willing to help me put the pieces together to learn the truth.” Shawn Kleine was truly shameless.

Earlier on, he had already spilled the ‘truth.’ If not for Finn Taylor stopping him, Lindsey Taylor probably would’ve been fired by now.

But now, he dared to say that the truth was still uncertain.

Of course, the four men didn’t expose him.

Victor Smith glanced at Lindsey Taylor, then at Harry Jones. “That’s right; it was the two of you. I saw you guys clearly. This young lady was coming out with a book in her hands when this young chap tried to touch her. She dodged him, but he tried to hug her and even kiss her. In the end, she punched him.”

With just a few sentences, Victor Smith narrated the whole truth.

This sent Shawn Kleine into a fluster. *‘What this old man said is completely different from what I said earlier.’*

“What, do you think that I’m bearing false witness, Mr. Kleine?”

Philip Smith laughed. “False witness? I saw it too.”

Malcolm Landon nodded by the side. “Me too.”

Jerry Wood was the only one left—he was the top figure in the whole of San Diego.

Jerry Wood glanced at Shawn Kleine. “Mr. Kleine, I can vouch for whatever Victor Smith just said. I saw it too.”

The moment Jerry Wood spoke up, the results were set in stone.

Nobody could make a rebuttal. They would be going against Jerry Wood by doing so.

Now, Shawn Kleine’s face was ashen.

“Mr. Kleine, aren’t you going to do something about someone who ruined the name and reputation of your company?”

### **Chapter 216: Apologize**

As soon as Jerry Wood said so, hundreds of eyes shot their gazes toward Shawn Kleine. Everyone was waiting to see how he would deal with Harry Jones.

The Jones family and the Kleine family were both second-tier families in San Diego. Because of his father’s wishes, Harry Jones had joined Shawn Kleine’s company as a form of training.

Of course, there was no way a rich second-generation heir would work hard. The moment he entered the company, he started dating Minnie Jensen—who was also a rich second-generation heir from the Jensen family.

Then, he even started harassing the company’s female employees.

Lindsey Taylor was definitely not the first, but Shawn Kleine had always turned a blind eye to these matters.

Initially, everything had been fine until Lindsey Taylor blew the matter up. Now, things had spiraled downhill.

“Harry Jones, how dare you harass my female employees? As the chairman, I hereby declare that you’ve been fired.” Shawn Kleine turned to Jerry Wood, awaiting his approval.

But the latter merely sneered. “A lady’s reputation is important. I think it’s best that she receives an apology for this.”

Jerry Wood’s words were obviously directed at Harry Jones, but the latter stubbornly stood there with an ashen face, refusing to apologize.

Shawn Kleine knew Jerry Wood all too well. ‘If I don’t force Harry Jones to apologize today, this will mark the end of the Jones family. I’m friends with Harry Jones’s father; I can’t just let Harry Jones commit such a foolish mistake.’

As such, he kneed Harry Jones, causing the latter to fall to the ground and into a kneel.



“Look, Mr. Wood,” Shawn Kleine tested.

Jerry Wood patted the other on the shoulder, laughing. “Mr. Kleine, you’ve done well by upholding the rules, but it’s not perfect.”

‘I’ve done well, but it isn’t good enough! Jerry Wood has made himself clear.’ Shawn Kleine naturally knew exactly what the other was referring to.

The other was clearly saying that he had let Lindsey Taylor down, yet he didn’t kneel down.

‘This is my company. Hundreds of employees are looking at me! I’ll lose all authority and respect if I kneel down here today, but nor can I afford to offend these four men! All I wanted to do was fire Lindsey Taylor. Why would they want to interfere in such a trivial matter? That makes absolutely no sense!’ But eventually, Shawn Kleine gave in.

He went down on his knees. “Lindsey Taylor, I was wrong. I’m kneeling down to ask for your forgiveness now. I took Harry Jones’s bribe to frame you; I deserve death. I’ll kowtow to you as an apology.”

With that, Shawn Kleine actually kowtowed to the other.

Seeing their boss’s head hit the ground, the few hundred employees were dumbfounded.

Nobody was more stunned than Minnie Jensen because she had bullied Lindsey Taylor too, but it didn’t make any sense to her. ‘Lindsey Taylor is nobody important. How could she command such power to gather those four men here?’

As Finn Taylor brought Lindsey Taylor away, the four men left as well.

Shawn Kleine stole a glance and clearly saw that Finn Taylor and Lindsey Taylor were walking ahead of the four old men.

Even the richest man in San Diego and the once-richest man of San Diego—Jerry Wood and Philip Smith—acted like Finn Taylor’s lackeys. This could only mean that the young man had an even higher status than those two old men.

Minnie Jensen had witnessed this sight too.

As soon as the meeting ended, she escaped to the washroom to call her father—Arthur Jensen. She was in tears throughout the conversation. “Dad, I think I made a mistake.”

On the other end of the call, Arthur Jensen didn’t take his daughter’s words very seriously. “Oh, a mistake? What kind of mistake?”

“Dad, I messed with someone I shouldn’t have.”

“What do you mean?”

Minnie Jensen then told her father about the whole incident involving Lindsey Taylor.

Once he heard the story, Arthur Jensen was taken aback. ‘Someone who can command prominent figures like Jerry Wood and Philip Smith!? Who is he? And of all people, Minnie offended him! That

won't do. I have to apologize to him personally, or else our family might very well die without my knowledge.'

At the same time, Finn Taylor brought Lindsey Taylor to a restaurant for a meal.

The former had ordered many dishes, delighting the young girl.

Just like Diane Taylor, this young girl had grown up in poverty and had never eaten such a lavish meal.

Seeing how ravenously she was gobbling down the meal, Finn Taylor couldn't help but chuckle.

Just then, a well-dressed woman glanced over. Her gaze was filled with disdain.

She probably looked down on people like Lindsey Taylor and felt that it was an insult to eat with someone like this here. However, she held her tongue.

"Slow down. You're going to choke."

Right at that moment, Arthur Jensen arrived with his daughter—Minnie Jensen.

The father and daughter rushed over, and Arthur Jensen immediately bowed down. "I'm so sorry, Mr. Taylor. My daughter was insensible. I'll apologize on her behalf."

Paying no heed to him, Finn Taylor addressed a waiter, "Bring us another glass of milk tea."

As soon as Arthur Jensen heard that, he rushed over to grab a glass of milk tea.

But the moment he placed it on the table, Finn Taylor flung it to the ground. "How dare you touch my food with your filthy hands?"

Arthur Jensen was stunned. He knew he had interfered in something he shouldn't have.

He reached out to slap himself in the face, and he didn't spare any effort in doing so.

The sound was proof of that.

This scared that lady who was sitting at the next table. 'This can't be true. Arthur Jensen is a respected figure in San Diego. Who is this young man? Why would Arthur Jensen go so far just to apologize to him?'

Nonetheless, Finn Taylor acted as though he hadn't seen anything. He continued with his meal with Lindsey Taylor.

Finally, the pair finished their meal after half an hour. Without sparing Arthur Jensen a glance, they left.

Only after the two of them had left the restaurant did Arthur Jensen stop slapping himself. By now, his face had already swelled up.

"Dad, h-has he forgiven me?" Minnie Jensen feared for her life as she glanced at her father's face, and she couldn't help but stutter.

Arthur Jensen sat there, void of all energy. Eventually, he spat out, “He didn’t embarrass me in public, and that means that he won’t pursue the matter. That’s how people like him are, but this is far from being enough. There’s no way Lindsey Taylor will be able to work at that company anymore. You’ll have to hire her and offer her the position of manager in a department of her choice.. Her annual salary has to be 450,000 dollars at the very minimum, and it’ll be open to discussion if she’s unhappy about it.”

### **Chapter 217: Shutting His Eyes**

Arthur Jensen’s conditions didn’t just stun the customers around them. Even his daughter—Minnie Jensen—was dumbfounded. *‘A minimum salary of 450,000 dollars with room for negotiation? That’s more than what the CEO of our company earns! We’re not hiring her but giving her free money!’*

Of course, someone as experienced and cunning as Arthur Jensen wouldn’t make useless transactions. Based on his daughter’s description, even the top man in San Diego—Jerry Wood—was a lackey to that young man.

He couldn’t even imagine just how powerful that young man was. If he could win the favor of such a prominent figure with just 450,000 dollars, what he would get in return wouldn’t be a measly 450,000 dollars.

It could be 4.5 million, 45 million, or even more!

“Minnie Jensen, you were the one who created this problem. If you fail to hire Lindsey Taylor, don’t even think of calling me your dad. I don’t care what you do as long as you manage to hire her. Don’t be afraid to humble yourself. If you need to, kneel down and slap yourself. Once you learn to kneel down to earn your keep, I’ll hand the company over to you.”

Minnie Jensen didn’t really understand what her father was getting at, but she took them to heart.

...

Finn Taylor sent Lindsey Taylor back to her rented apartment before deciding to take a walk around.

San Diego wasn’t a bad place.

Finn Taylor didn’t have much power here. The only reason those old men had been willing to listen to him was due to Peregrine Hall, not him.

He had given an order as Master Peregrine. However, Finn Taylor had never cared for that title.

That belonged to the Taylor family, not him. This was why Finn Taylor wanted to change up the powers around here.

Currently, the business circle in San Diego was split into two factions.

One was led by Jerry Wood—the top man in San Diego.

The other was led by Philip Smith—who was once the top man in San Diego.

The two factions had been at loggerheads for years, but neither had taken the victory. Now that Finn Taylor was here, it was time for one to emerge as the victor.

What Finn Taylor valued was loyalty. He would see which of these two dogs would be more loyal to him.

Perhaps he would even choose a new dog if neither was loyal to him.

“Let me treat you to a drink, sir.” Finn Taylor was contemplating his life while sitting in the car when a beautiful lady walked up.

She leaned against the window, clearly exposing her cleavage. It was in Finn Taylor’s direct sight.

“Alright, but I have to send my boss home first.”

This lady’s name was Lucy Lawrence. She had only walked over because she had seen Finn Taylor driving the Rolls-Royce Phantom.

*‘But he’s just a chauffeur? F\*ck! How dare a lowly chauffeur act like a boss? How dare he stare at my cleavage!’* Lucy Lawrence stormed off.

“What a fool who doesn’t know how to cherish good things.”

Before the lady could leave, a man walked over while nagging. “Brother, why are you so honest? Look at how she is! She’s just a pampered plastic b\*tch. You could pretend that you’re ignorant and do that with her first. What could she do to you if you pretend not to know after doing that?”

Finn Taylor had to admit that this man was absolutely right, but he couldn’t be sure that the woman wouldn’t beat him up after finding out the truth.

As expected, Lucy Lawrence was displeased as soon as she heard that. “Mossback, who are you calling a pampered and plastic b\*tch?”

Mossback pointed at Lucy Lawrence very seriously and said, “You, of course. Aren’t you?”

Lucy Lawrence gritted her teeth and had to suppress the urge to punch the other.

“Hold on; you look different here too. Don’t tell me that this is fake too!” As Mossback said so, he pointed at the other’s chest.

Lucy Lawrence’s face soured as though she had been exposed. “Scram!”

“Fine. Do you think I’m afraid of you?” Mossback then slid into the front passenger seat of Finn Taylor’s car.

“Wait, why did you get into my car?” Finn Taylor was confused. *‘I don’t even know the guy.’*

“F\*ck! I supported you, bro. I’m about to be beaten up by her. Aren’t you going to save me? Hurry up and drive!” Mossback was in such a hurry that he nearly stepped on the accelerator himself.

Afraid that he’d stir up trouble, Finn Taylor decided to drive off first.

Finn Taylor glanced at Mossback. *'This guy appeared out of the blue. He thinks that he's acted well, making the meeting seem casual and random, but I can tell from just one glance that he has something up his sleeves. This man had purposely spoken up for me to get into my car. To put it simply, this man is trying to get close to me. There has to be a reason for that.'*

For some unknown reason, an image of his grandpa flashed through his mind as he glanced at Mossback. *'Is he... related to Grandpa?'*

Finn Taylor had no idea why such a thought would come to mind, but this meant that he had to be wary of the other.

"A short introduction—I'm Ginger."

"Oh, Mossback."

Finn Taylor tried to provoke the other since a person would only show their true self when they were angry. But what he had never expected was for Ginger to give such an exaggerated response.

"How did you know that my friends call me Mossback? I think we're really fated! I'll call you 'Bro' in the future!"

While Finn Taylor was stunned into silence, he knew that he had to be even more wary of the other. *'He's trying to get close to me by all means, without even caring about his own reputation. It seems like he has major plans.'*

...

Three days ago, in a dilapidated temple in San Diego.

An old monk looked at Ginger. "He's coming; I've set up a plot. He's coming soon."

Ginger was kneeling on the ground. "Master, who are you talking about? You've been talking about him for three days, but you haven't told me anything about him."

"He's a saint, but I said that he was a jinx decades ago, hoping to kill him. Alas, my words didn't change anything. He's starting to make a name for himself now. He's coming soon; you have to get close to him. You're fated to be enemies with him. Either of you must die. Remember that you have only one chance. He will never give you a second chance. Once he comes, find a way to become best buddies with him. He probably hasn't found a friend like that. Remember not to act rashly!"

As soon as the old monk finished his words, he shut his eyes and passed on.

### **Chapter 218: Mossback with Ulterior Motives**

This old monk was the one who had told Frida Cameron that Finn Taylor was born to be a jinx while Donovan Taylor was born to be a saint.

But he was dead now. His death had been so sudden, and his last words had been so mysterious.

Ginger sobbed and left that dilapidated temple after burning his master. He then bumped into Finn Taylor. Now, he was even seated in the latter's car.

Although he was chuckling and joking on the surface, he wasn't calm at all inwardly. *'Master, is he the one—my enemy? But he looks so ordinary. Is he just hiding his true abilities like I am?'*

Ginger didn't dare to act rashly, keeping his master's words in mind. Without full confidence, he wouldn't do anything.

*'What's the truth behind my family background? Why did I grow up in the Temple of Great Compassion? But why did Master offer me such lavish meals even when I was growing up in the temple, and who is he? What did Master mean by the birth of a saint and a jinx? Why am I fated to be enemies with him? Master, why did you leave me with so many doubts?'*

Just as Ginger was still contemplating these questions, Finn Taylor stopped the car.

Diddy Bar.

"Come on, Mossback. Let's have a drink." Finn Taylor had brought Ginger here.

There were only two scenarios where a person would reveal their true self. One was when they were angry, and the other was when they were drunk.

Now, Finn Taylor was trying to make the other drunk.

Ginger didn't seem the slightest bit annoyed by Finn Taylor's nickname for him. In fact, he acted as though he now knew the latter well and even addressed him as 'Boss.'

It seemed like they were old friends.

"Boss, I don't have any money. You have to give me a treat!"

Finn Taylor seemed to take that name in stride too. He didn't even try to stop the other.

Ginger thought that he had won, and his heart leaped with joy.

How was he to know that Finn Taylor had other plans up his sleeves? Since the latter couldn't tell why the other was trying to get close to him, he would simply keep him near. At the very least, he would be able to see what the other wanted from him.

The pair settled down in the bar and started drinking.

Finn Taylor had been specially trained to hold his liquor by Maximus Brugel. Now, he could easily handle any amount of liquor and could even control when he got drunk.

He had everything under control.

...

After being cursed at by Mossback, Lucy Lawrence was indignant. She swore that she was going to take her revenge.

As such, she looked for Nathan Smith—Philip Smith’s son.

He had once been the most prominent young master in the whole of San Diego. Although the title of richest man in the city wasn’t his any longer, Philip Smith wasn’t doing badly either. As such, Nathan Smith’s lifestyle was still rather extravagant.

Of course, Nathan Smith once had a fling with Lucy Lawrence. It was just that the former had lost his interest not long after it started.

However, he had once visited Lucy Lawrence’s rented apartment and seen her roommate’s photo.

Her name seemed to be Lindsey Taylor.

Nathan Smith had quite a deep interest in that young lady and kept pestering Lucy Lawrence to introduce them to each other.

Lucy Lawrence was no fool—she knew that Nathan Smith was no longer interested in her.

The only thing that would interest him now would be news of Lindsey Taylor. As such, she wouldn’t use her precious cards so casually.

By now, Lucy Lawrence had arrived at Diddy Bar too. This was because Nathan Smith was there as well.

The pair were seated in the VIP section upstairs.

“Brother Nathan, I was bullied today! You have to take revenge on my behalf!” As she said so, she leaned into Nathan Smith’s embrace.

“What’s the matter?”

“I met a retard who said that I was a pampered, plastic b\*tch! I haven’t even undergone any plastic surgery, Brother Nathan! I really love you! I’m not a pampered or spoiled princess!”

Nathan Smith felt only disgust when he heard that. *‘She should know best whether she’s spoiled or whether she’s gone for plastic surgery.’*

Of course, he wasn’t going to voice his thoughts. He couldn’t possibly admit that he had bedded a spoiled brat whose face was a result of plastic surgery.

That’d be humiliating for Nathan Smith himself.

“Which idiot was that? I’ll teach him a lesson for you. Speaking of which, when can I get to meet your roommate?”

At the mention of Lindsey Taylor, Lucy Lawrence was displeased. *‘Lindsey Taylor isn’t even as pretty as me. Why does he keep harping on that? Are all men like this? Do they only want the forbidden fruit?’*

“Brother Nathan, if you help me settle this matter, I’ll be sure to help you out too.” Just then, Lucy Lawrence spotted Finn Taylor and Mossback downstairs. “Hey, why are they here?”

“What’s the matter? Why are you so worked up?” Seeing Lucy Lawrence act that way, Nathan Smith was annoyed. *‘It’s embarrassing that she’s acting this way. Since she’s sitting with me, my reputation will be ruined too.’*

“Brother Nathan, it’s them. Those are the men I was talking about.”

Nathan Smith glanced in the direction Lucy Lawrence was pointing. Realizing that they were two ordinary men, he walked over with several men behind him.

At that very moment, Finn Taylor was wondering how much alcohol it would take to make Mossback drunk. *‘Why does it feel as though he’s been trained too? He can drink as much as me!’*

Just then, Nathan Smith arrived with his men.

“B\*stard! Mossback, I’ve finally caught you. I’m going to beat you to death this time.” Lucy Lawrence was fuming as she glared at Mossback.

It seemed like the best way to hurt someone was to pick at the very faults that they didn’t want to admit to, just like how Lucy Lawrence refused to admit that she was spoiled and that she’d gone under the knife.

“So you were the ones who bad-mouthed my girlfriend.”

Finn Taylor didn’t try to protect the other, and he pointed at Ginger. “He was the one—I didn’t say a thing.”

He then turned to Lucy Lawrence. “You can ask her if you don’t believe me.”

Lucy Lawrence was taken aback, but Finn Taylor was telling the truth. Hence, she nodded.

“Oh, so you’re the one who bullied my girlfriend. Beat him up.” Just like that, Nathan Smith’s men started teaching Mossback a lesson.

As for Finn Taylor, he simply watched on by the sidelines, not intending to step in at all.

He was waiting for Mossback to fight back. He believed that these people were no match for the other.

However, Finn Taylor was disappointed. Mossback didn’t even retaliate; it was as though he was just an ordinary person.

*‘How could he tolerate that? It seems like I’ve underestimated him. This is getting more interesting.’*

After beating Mossback up, Nathan Smith’s men finally left.

Looking at the swollen face of Mossback, Finn Taylor couldn’t help but burst out into laughter. “Hahaha! You’re such a poor thing, Mossback!”

The man in question looked at Finn Taylor indignantly. “Boss, what kind of boss are you? Why didn’t you stand up for me?”

“Hahaha! Alright, I have a party tomorrow.. I’ll bring you along for a meal.”

## **Chapter 219: No Invitation**



Mossback—who had initially been throwing a tantrum—immediately changed his tone after hearing Finn Taylor’s words. It was as though nothing had even happened.

He tidied his hair and asked, “Boss, do I look alright? I haven’t been disfigured, have I?”

Finn Taylor pushed him aside. “You’re still Mossback, alright.”

To that, Mossback didn’t say a thing.

...

The next day.

Finn Taylor and Mossback set off together and headed to San Diego Grand Hotel for a meal hosted by Jerry Wood.

But what Mossback didn’t understand was why Finn Taylor hadn’t driven his Rolls-Royce there. Instead, he hailed a cab there.

In the car.

Mossback couldn’t hold his curiosity in and asked, “Boss, why didn’t you drive the Rolls-Royce?”

He truly couldn’t understand why the other had done so.

But the moment he said that, the driver laughed before Finn Taylor could even answer. “Haha! You guys have a Rolls-Royce?”

It was obvious that the driver thought they were simply making things up.

Thus, Mossback quickly added, “Yes! It’s a Rolls-Royce Phantom!”

The driver laughed once again. “That’s impressive. Why don’t you say that you’re going to attend Jerry Wood’s party? He’s hosting one at San Diego Grand Hotel too.”

The driver had received a call to take his customers to San Diego Grand Hotel. This was why he had mocked them with that.

“Yes, how did you know? We’re headed for Jerry Wood’s party. Besides, Jerry Wood should think of it as an honor that we’re even attending it.”

The driver felt as though he was going to die from laughter. ‘This guy is such a liar, but he’s not the first I’ve seen!’

There were many people like Mossback. They would wait at the door on the day of such events, waiting for the young master they knew to turn up.

Then, they would simply blend into the crowd and enter alongside the rest.

Usually, these young masters also would have no qualms about bringing these people in as long as they served them well. After all, it felt good to be served.

Very quickly, the cab arrived in front of San Diego Grand Hotel.

Finn Taylor and Mossback got out of the car.

However, the driver didn't drive away just yet. He took out a cigarette and started smoking.

He wanted to personally witness Mossback begging others so that he could expose the latter! Yet, what he saw was the hotel manager personally greeting the pair and even leading the way for them.

*"F\*ck! Looks are deceiving, indeed!" Now, the driver was feeling slightly regretful. 'Why didn't I choose to believe them just now? I could've gotten a name card from them. Perhaps that could've changed my life, but now, it's too late.'*

"This way please, Mr. Taylor. And who might this be?"

The manager looked at Mossback.

"Mossback," Finn Taylor casually introduced.

However, the manager didn't dare to address the man by that nickname.

He had experienced it too many times. Young masters often had derogatory nicknames for each other.

It was naturally fine for the young masters to use the nicknames amongst themselves, but he would be tempting fate by using such a name.

"Mr. Ginger," Mossback introduced himself.

"This way please, Mr. Taylor, Mr. Ginger." The manager ushered the pair into the hotel. Then, he set off to deal with other matters.

Mossback acted as though he had never been to such a grand event and picked up food from the table the moment he saw it.

Finn Taylor pointed at the plate. "Take a plate."

Mossback acted as though he had suddenly been enlightened.

*Finn Taylor couldn't help but laugh inwardly. 'It's obvious that he's acting and that he's familiar with such events. Why is he trying to get close to me? Why does he have to act like he's poor? What is he hiding?'*

"Boss, you're so knowledgeable. I nearly embarrassed you."

Just then, Finn Taylor and Mossback spotted someone.

That someone had spotted them too.

She rushed over. "F\*ck! Why am I so unlucky to bump into you two here?"

Of course, this woman was none other than Lucy Lawrence. She was a woman who relied on men to support her.

There were countless rich young masters at such events, so there was no way she'd give up such a good opportunity. As such, she had already registered for the event a long time ago.

By that, it naturally meant that she was a hostess. It was only natural that they needed women at such events too.

Recruitment for these positions had started months before the party.

There were many requirements, but women like Lucy Lawrence naturally knew them like the back of their hands.

She had passed the test after spending the night with one of the recruiters. Now, she was here to lure a fish in.

"F\*ck! We're the unlucky ones. Why do we meet this plastic b\*tch everywhere?" It seemed like Mossback hadn't learned his lesson and still addressed Lucy Lawrence as a plastic b\*tch.

This infuriated the latter. "I dare you to say that again. I'll kill you right here!"

Finn Taylor chuckled and said, "Look around you. Are you sure you want to kick up a huge fuss here?"

Now that Finn Taylor had said so, Lucy Lawrence was so frightened that she backed down. *'That's right. This is Jerry Wood's party, so I'd be driving myself to my own grave if I stir up trouble here.'*

However, Lucy Lawrence wasn't going to take this lying down.

She picked up a wine glass and splashed the liquid all over Mossback. "Security! Security, I caught someone without an invitation!"

At that moment, the security officers were gathered together, enviously looking on at the various industries' big bosses.

To be honest, they didn't have much to do here. After all, this was Jerry Wood's party.

Anyone who dared to stir up trouble here would simply be seeking death.

But just then, Lucy Lawrence's piercing scream broke the silence.

The security team hurried over. "Is anything wrong, Miss?"

"The two of them don't have invitations. They must've sneaked in!" self-righteously declared Lucy Lawrence as she pointed at Finn Taylor and Mossback.

"Miss, please don't kick up a fuss here. This is Jerry Wood's party."

Anyone present at this party had to be rich and well-respected. Thus, the head of the security team naturally didn't dare to offend any of them.

He couldn't possibly demand the other to present his invitation just because of what Lucy Lawrence had said. He could very well land himself in trouble.

“Let me show you something.” With that, Lucy Lawrence took out her phone and played a video.

It was one of Nathan Smith’s men beating Mossback up.

*‘These two men are fraudsters! They were just beaten up by Nathan Smith’s men yesterday!’*

Nathan Smith was Philip Smith’s son and was a prominent figure.. Nonetheless, his status was no match for Jerry Wood’s.

## **Chapter 220: Not Backing Down**

Anyone that Jerry Wood invited was on the same level. For those who didn’t want to turn up, they’d send their children here.

However, there was definitely nobody of a much lower status.

Of course, there was no way Jerry Wood would invite someone who Nathan Smith could easily bully.

“Please show me your invitation.” As expected, the security officer immediately asked the pair for their invitations after seeing the video.

While everyone would usually try not to kick up a fuss at Jerry Wood’s party, he couldn’t be sure. *‘What if someone really sneaked in? That’d be my fault! I can’t take this risk!’*

“I forgot to bring it,” Finn Taylor said casually. *‘I do have an invitation, but is it necessary? Is Jerry Wood going to refuse me entry at the door because I don’t have an invitation?’*

“Brother, I’m warning you not to get involved. That woman is seeking death, so don’t you try to stand up for her.”

It wasn’t the first time Lucy Lawrence was stirring up trouble for Finn Taylor. Now, the latter was incensed.

Given his personality, he wouldn’t let her off easily. It was a foolish decision for that security officer to step in.

“Don’t try to act friendly with me. Do you have an invitation or not? Take it out or scram!”

“Your manager was the one who brought me in personally. You can ask the manager if I have an invitation.”

That security officer stared at Finn Taylor. He couldn’t help but feel that the other was a fraudster. “It looks like you really don’t have an invitation. Since that’s the case, please leave.”

Finn Taylor sighed. *‘It’s simple. All he has to do is ask the manager, so why is he such an idiot?’*

“Oh, what a coincidence.”

The buzz attracted quite a lot of attention from the other guests. Amongst them was Nathan Smith.

Philip Smith and Jerry Wood had always been competitors. As such, the former had never attended Jerry Wood's parties.

But Jerry Wood had no choice but to send an invitation to Philip Smith because their relationship hadn't deteriorated that far.

Every year, Philip Smith would send his son in his place just to see how many attended Jerry Wood's parties. He had to know who was on his side and who was on Jerry Wood's side.

When Nathan Smith heard the hubbub, he walked over, only to spot Finn Taylor and the other two!

"Hello, Mr. Smith." The security officer immediately stood straight up when he spotted Nathan Smith.

"Hello. What's going on?"

"Mr. Smith, I think a rat sneaked his way in. I'm trying to get rid of him."

"Hahaha! A rat? Isn't he a mossback? Come on; I'll handle it for you."

Nobody knew what Nathan Smith was thinking, but he had offered to handle the matter personally.

Very quickly, the bystanders understood the situation.

"Well, Jerry Wood can't compare to my dad. There are fraudsters who sneak into his party, and now, I'm the one who has to tie up loose ends for him." Not only was Nathan Smith scolding Jerry Wood with his words, but he was even praising his father.

But nobody could rebuke him.

Yet, no sooner had he tried to throw a punch than he was thrown to the ground as Finn Taylor kned him in the stomach.

That was utter humiliation for Nathan Smith, but he reacted quickly. "Jerry Wood, oh Jerry Wood. Someone who's trying to kill you managed to sneak in, but you didn't even realize. See, you're not as good as my dad."

Initially, Nathan Smith had been embarrassed that he had been thrown to the ground. Yet, he had turned the situation around by insulting Jerry Wood instead.

Jerry Wood had arrived a long time ago, but he had simply observed the situation without stepping in.

Everyone thought that it was because he was too embarrassed to say anything, yet a smile was plastered on his face.

This was because there had always been two most prominent figures in San Diego. He had tried all means to change that, but it was to no avail.

But today, Finn Taylor's incident had given him a breakthrough point—the Smith family had offended Master Peregrine!

*'Great! Your family is dead meat!'*

That security officer stared wide-eyed as Finn Taylor shoved Nathan Smith to the ground.

He couldn't help but panic, and he was about to call for backup to subdue Finn Taylor when he heard Jerry Wood shout, "Stop."

How timely.

Any later, and the security officer would've started attacking Finn Taylor.

Because that security officer was a worker at Jerry Wood's party, he could be considered to be Jerry Wood's man.

"I'm sorry for arriving late, Mr. Taylor. I'm really sorry about what happened." Jerry Wood walked up to Finn Taylor and entered a 90-degree bow respectfully.

"Oh, late? I think you're just in time." Finn Taylor knew exactly what Jerry Wood was up to.

The latter would've cheated everyone else, but Finn Taylor would never be cheated so easily.

"Mr. Taylor, I should have come earlier."

Finn Taylor didn't argue with him and simply pointed at Nathan Smith. "Ask his father to come."

Jerry Wood wanted to use him to topple the Smith family.

Finn Taylor knew that well, and he was naturally going to let the other have his way. However, Jerry Wood would regret his decision.

Upon hearing Finn Taylor's words, Jerry Wood's heart leaped with joy. He whipped out his phone and dialed Philip Smith's number.

It was one he hadn't dialed in years.

On the other end of the call, Philip Smith couldn't help but wonder why the other was calling him out of the blue. "Jerry Wood, why are you suddenly calling me?"

"Your son is in trouble. It's only right for me to call you as a good friend."

"My son is in trouble? Oh, I remember now. Isn't he at your party? What, is he drunk and trying to flirt with a woman?"

"Philip Smith, oh Philip Smith. Your family is on the verge of crumbling, but you're still so unaware."

"Stop trying to threaten me. I won't be afraid even if my son tries to flirt with your wife!"

"Philip Smith, it'd be great if your son was only trying to fool around with women. Unfortunately, he beat someone up at my party."

Philip Smith chuckled. "Hahaha! I thought something major happened. Is he dead? I'll cover that guy's medical costs! How much does he want?"

Philip Smith was arrogant and tried to brush the matter off.

“I think you’re overestimating your son. He was no match for the other guy, and he’s lying on the ground as we speak.”

“What? My son was beaten up? Tell that guy that I’ll never let him off!”

Jerry Wood let out a sweet, saccharine smile. “Alright, I’ll convey your message to Mr. Taylor that Philip Smith will never let him off!”

With that, Jerry Wood hung up.

When Philip Smith heard the words ‘Mr. Taylor,’ he leaped up from his seat.. *‘M-Mr. Taylor? Master Peregrine—Finn Taylor?!’*