

UNTOUCHABLE

## Chapter 221: Answer

Jerry Wood looked calm and cool as though nothing had happened. But in reality, he wasn't the slightest bit cool or calm inwardly.

In fact, he was jumping for joy. *'I have been competing for control over San Diego with Philip Smith for years, yet nothing has come out of it. However, everything is going to get resolved today!'*

The moment Philip Smith received the call, he rushed down to San Diego Grand Hotel without a moment's hesitation.

Seeing that his father had arrived, Nathan Smith finally felt at ease. *'I've made countless mistakes and offended numerous people since I was young, but I have always been fine. As long as my father is around, nothing will happen to me.'*

In elementary school, he had beaten his teacher up; in middle school, he had destroyed an internet cafe; in high school, he had slept with a female classmate; in college, he had almost set the school's lab on fire!

These were all matters with great consequences in the eyes of many others, yet they meant nothing to him. And it was all because he had a powerful father—one who could absolve him of all responsibility in such incidents in San Diego.

Today, his father was here again.

"P-Philip Smith? He's here?" Someone let out a shriek.

*'Who would've expected Philip Smith to involve himself in this matter personally? It has been years since Jerry Wood and Philip Smith started competing with each other. Could it be that the two of them are going to fight it out today?'*

"Dad!" Nathan Smith sobbed as he shouted for his father.

Everyone present knew that he was simply acting, but every time Nathan Smith shed tears, his father would be sure to resolve the problem for him.

Nathan Smith had already gotten used to it.

Yet, Philip Smith walked up to his son and viciously slapped the latter in the face. He was so brutal that Nathan Smith's front teeth fell out as blood flowed down his sunken face.

"W-what's going on?"

Even the onlookers were confused by the situation.

"Kneel down! Apologize to Mr. Taylor!" Philip Smith roared and ordered his son to get on his knees.

However, Nathan Smith refused to give in. “No, Dad! He was the one who hit me, so why should I apologize to him? Is it just because he’s Jerry Wood’s guest? Who is Jerry Wood anyway?”

Nathan Smith was a fool who still didn’t understand just how impressive Finn Taylor was. In fact, he still felt that his father had only hit him because of Jerry Wood.

It was because his father didn’t want to ruin his relationship with Jerry Wood.

*‘But so what if he does? They’ve already been fighting for so many years. Do they really still care about that?’*

“B\*stard! B\*stard! B\*stard!” Hearing his son’s words, Philip Smith was fuming.

On the other hand, Jerry Wood was delighted as he watched on by the sidelines. *‘Good! Great! This is exactly what I’ve been waiting for. The more your family offends Finn Taylor, the worse off you’ll all be. When that time comes, San Diego will be mine!’*

Philip Smith fell to the ground on his knees, kowtowing over and over again until blood was all over his forehead. “Please forgive us, Mr. Taylor! Please forgive us!”

Just then, two more men walked into the hall—Malcolm Landon and Victor Smith.

They were both Philip Smith’s men, and they barely matched up to Jerry Wood after forming a secret alliance.

Someone had naturally told them about what was happening at San Diego Grand Hotel, and they had rushed over at once.

After arriving, the two men fell in front of Finn Taylor as well. “Mr. Taylor, although we work with Philip Smith, we didn’t know anything about this. Please spare us, Mr. Taylor!”

Everyone thought that Malcolm Landon and Victor Smith would help the other out, yet they fell to the ground the moment they arrived.

Everyone knew full well what this meant.

Jerry Wood’s VIP guest.

Philip Smith, Malcolm Landon, and Victor Smith kneeling.

It was evident that even these four families added up together couldn’t even compare to this young man.

*‘This... Is there someone this influential in San Diego? Where’s he from? San Francisco? New York? Or Chicago?’*

Nathan Smith had now finally realized that something wasn’t right. He was a rich second-generation heir who could afford to offend others, but he was no fool.

His father had already gone down on his knees. Then, even Malcolm Landon and Victor Smith had kneeled down without a word too. How could he not know what all this meant?

“From today on, Philip Smith’s family will no longer exist in San Diego.”

The moment Finn Taylor announced his verdict, Philip Smith passed out.

As for Malcolm Landon and Victor Smith, they heaved a sigh of relief because Finn Taylor hadn't mentioned their names.

This meant that they had been spared.

Of course, Finn Taylor paid absolutely no heed to Nathan Smith. His gaze fell on Jerry Wood instead. "Kneel down!"

Those two words were like a bolt out of the blue.

*'Aren't Jerry Wood and Finn Taylor on the same side? Besides, hasn't the former been helping Finn Taylor? Since the matter has already been resolved, why is Finn Taylor blaming Jerry Wood?'* What stunned the onlookers even more was that Jerry Wood actually fell onto his knees!

"Give me an answer in a week's time. Otherwise, the Wood family will no longer exist in San Diego either." With that, Finn Taylor left.

Because of Finn Taylor's aura, nobody dared to say a thing.

It was only a long time after Finn Taylor left that some finally dared to break out into silent whispers. "Why? Why is he picking on Jerry Wood?"

"Are you dumb? Can't you tell what Jerry Wood just did?"

"What?"

"This was his party, and he had everything under control. Nathan Smith picked on that young man, but Jerry Wood only showed up after such a long time. Did he do that on purpose, or was he only doing it to provoke that young man?"

All the attendees of the party were prominent figures in San Diego. Although they had no idea who that young man was, it didn't take much for them to understand the situation.

As such, someone blurted out the truth in no time.

Even though Jerry Wood was on his knees, he was delighted by this result. *'From now on, I'll officially be the head of San Diego. Philip Smith won't even be able to live here! After seeing the situation, I'm sure Victor Smith and Malcolm Landon will run to my side too.'*

Of course, there was nobody who felt more aggrieved than Nathan Smith. He bore no grudges against Finn Taylor.

*'It was Lucy Lawrence's fault! That b\*tch was the reason I ended up in this state.'* But by the time he scanned the room, he realized that Lucy Lawrence had already fled the scene.

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The beach, San Diego.

Finn Taylor looked into the distance.

Chicago held the Taylor family, as well as Peregrine Hall.

He wasn't here just to help Lindsey Taylor out but also to deal with those from Peregrine Hall—including Jerry Wood.

All these people were simply loyal to Peregrine Hall, not Finn Taylor.

As he left, he had mentioned something to Jerry Wood. He wanted the latter to make a choice between him and Peregrine Hall.

He wanted an answer.

## **Chapter 222: New Chairman**

San Francisco.

The second day after Finn Taylor's departure—it was the appointment day of the Larson Corporation's new chairman.

This day, the entire senior management of the Larson family had arrived at the office bright and early. These were the same people who were habitually late or simply didn't show up at work.

After all, nobody could say a thing since they were part of the Larson family. But it was exactly because of their attitudes that the company had fallen into such a state, so much so that the company had to be sold.

Now, the new chairman held the final say over their fates. If the new chairman didn't take a liking to them, they faced the danger of being fired at any time.

That was why the Larson family was slightly panicked. After all, they didn't have any capabilities.

How would they find another job after leaving this company? As such, they decided to arrive at the office bright and early to prove to the new chairman that they respected their jobs and could do them well.

Even now, Quince Larson was still sitting in the chairman's position. He couldn't help but feel a tinge of sadness as he scanned the office. *'Everything here had once been mine. It's only because that b\*tch—Yvette Larson—resigned that the Sullivan family had terminated their collaboration. It was why I had eventually been forced to sell the company. I'm now the one in the most awkward situation in the Larson Corporation. Everyone else still holds their original positions and jobs before the arrival of the new chairman. Perhaps they will even get to keep their jobs after that.'*

*'But as for me? I'd definitely be kicked out! But this is the Larson Corporation, and I'm the eldest grandson of the Larson family! How could I be forced out of this place?' He was indignant! 'There is no way I'd let that happen.'*

Just then, Eleanor Larson strolled into the office. "Brother, Hunter Sullivan is here."

*'Hunter Sullivan?' Quince Larson was stunned. 'Why is he here? Does he want to work with our company again? Have I been fooled by him again?'*

Quince Larson felt indignant. *'Hunter Sullivan has played a part in causing the state I'm in now.'*

He rushed out of the office, just in time to catch the latter walking in. "What are you doing here, Hunter Sullivan? Are you planning on working with our company again?"

Hunter Sullivan sneered. "Work with your company? Do you know how much of an impact you guys have caused us by changing the person-in-charge and then selling your shares? I'm here to demand compensation."

*'Compensation?' Quince Larson was taken aback, but he couldn't help but rejoice inwardly. For some reason, he felt elated that the Larson Corporation was now in a rut. 'It seems like I'll be able to get something out of it.'*

"Alright, that's good. You've lost so much. Make sure to get a good amount of compensation."

Quince Larson's words drew ire from the Larson family.

"Quince Larson, what are you saying? You might not be the chairman any longer, but you're still the family head. How could you be so cold-hearted and hope that the company fails?"

"That's right, Quince Larson. You've really disappointed me. Just look at what's become of the company after you took control."

"Yes, we thought that the company would go to greater heights with you leading us, but look at where we are now!"

The Larson family members vented their frustrations at Quince Larson.

"Hehe, you're all a bunch of ingrates. I didn't shortchange any of you while I was the chairman, but you guys are going against me the moment I step down. I'm sure the new chairman will take all of this to heart. They'll see just how disloyal all of you are!"

The Larson family members flew into a frenzy the moment they heard Quince Larson's words. *'Quince Larson is such a b\*stard! Now that he can't stay in the company, he's trying to drag us down too!'*

Just then, Quince Larson looked toward the entrance of the office building, only to see someone—Yvette Larson!

"Hey, why's that b\*tch here?"

*'It's strange to see my cousin turn up at the Larson Corporation since she has already resigned. So why is she here?'*

“Yvette Larson, who allowed you to come here?” Quince Larson put on his airs as the chairman and questioned his cousin.

“Quince Larson, I heard that you had to sell the company within a month of becoming the chairman. Tsk tsk.” Eleanor Larson provoked Quince Larson.

He stepped up, wanting to punch his cousin.

However, two men in black stepped forward before he could even do anything. “Hey, I’m warning you to watch your actions. Otherwise, we’ll beat you to a pulp.”

Quince Larson felt his knees shiver at the sight of the men. He backed down, not daring to provoke the other anymore.

“Yvette Larson, what are you doing here?”

“What, can’t I show up at the Larson Corporation?” Yvette Larson seemed to let out a smile as she looked at her cousin.

“You already resigned. What are you doing here?”

“Indeed. I resigned, but I’m still a Larson. Aren’t you going to give me any money from the sale of the company?”

Quince Larson pursed his lips. *‘Why did I even wonder why she came? It’s obvious that she’s here for money.’*

“Yvette Larson, your family is so rich that you can stay in Number One Pacific Heights. Can’t you just let the rest of the family have this money? If not for your resignation, the Larson Corporation wouldn’t have gone bankrupt either. How could you be so shameless as to ask for this sum of money?” Quince Larson hated his cousin to her guts.

Although he knew that Yvette Larson wouldn’t be able to get much with the shares she had, he didn’t want her to get a single cent. Besides, it was his cousin’s fault that the company went bankrupt in the first place.

His words evidently had their effect. As soon as the other Larson family members heard that, they added, “Yvette, look at what you’ve done. Why did you have to resign? Did you get anything from the company going bankrupt?”

“Yes, I think you’re to be blamed for this.”

“Yvette Larson, how dare you ask for a share of the money? I think it’s good enough that we’re not asking you for any compensation.”

The Larson family took turns to take a stab at Yvette Larson.

Quince Larson couldn’t help but rejoice inwardly at this sight.

Although he wouldn't gain much from this, it delighted him. It was enough for him as long as his cousin didn't do well.

Just as Quince Larson thought that he had won the victory, Yvette Larson retorted, "Quince Larson, who are you to stand here and say such things to me?"

Quince Larson was annoyed by that question. "Who are you to stand here to talk to me then?"

Yvette Larson smiled and stretched out her arm, taking out a document from her bag. She flashed it to everyone in front of her.

"I'm here as the new chairman of the Larson Corporation."

### **Chapter 223: Fearless Lucy Lawrence**

The second Yvette Larson flashed that document, the entire room fell into dead silence.

The faces of the Larson family members that had just criticized her seconds earlier fell and contorted.

Of course, Quince Larson's expression was the most sour.

"Everyone, gather in the meeting room! We're going to have a meeting!" With that said, Yvette Larson turned on her heels and headed for the meeting room.

As she walked past Quince Larson, she paused. "Of course, there's no need for those who are no longer part of the company to show up."

It was clear whom she was referring to—Quince Larson.

*'You already sold the company and are no longer the chairman of the Larson Corporation. What are you even doing here today?'*

Quince Larson gritted his teeth. He couldn't wait to charge up to Yvette Larson and punch her straight in the face.

Yet, he had no choice but to suppress those urges out of fear as he glanced at the two muscular men standing by his cousin's side.

The Larson Corporation's conference room.

Yvette Larson sat at the head of the table, with the rest of higher management beside her—including Eleanor Larson.

Seated at the other end of the table was Hunter Sullivan. "Ms. Larson, regarding the losses that the Sullivan family sustained..."

“The Larson family will take full responsibility for it.”

Hunter Sullivan nodded in satisfaction before leaving.

Of course, the Larson family members were displeased. “Yvette Larson, what do you mean by that? Did you just agree to pay him whatever he wants? Even if he wants a billion dollars?”

Yvette Larson looked toward Eleanor Larson and smiled. “Firstly, the Larson Corporation is obliged to do so. Secondly, Quince has already sold the company. The Larson family no longer has the final say now. I’m the chairman, and I’ll make the call. Thirdly, you’ve been fired, Eleanor. You don’t have any right to continue kicking up a fuss here.”

Eleanor Larson was fuming, yet there was nothing more she could do. Before she could say anything, the two muscular men hauled her out.

“Does anyone else want to say anything?” The moment Yvette Larson’s voice sounded, she swept a chilling gaze across the room.

All the Larson family members couldn’t help but lower their eyes to avoid her piercing gaze. Now, not a single one of them dared to go against her.

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San Diego.

As soon as Lucy Lawrence escaped from San Diego Grand hotel, she fled to her rented apartment. There, she met her roommate—Lindsey Taylor.

“Lindsey, do you have any money with you? Can you lend me some money?”

Lucy Lawrence intended on leaving the city because the thought of staying terrified her. *‘Even Philip Smith and the other old men were no match for that young chap—what more me? Besides, that young man completely ignored me. If he really pursues the matter, I might really die!’*

“L-let me take a look.”

Before Lindsey Taylor could even open her wallet, the other snatched it from her hands and grabbed all the money in it. “Lindsey, I’ve gotten into some trouble lately. Just lend me some money first—I’ll definitely return it to you in the future.”

Lindsey Taylor felt a little awkward. *‘That is everything I have, yet how am I supposed to reject her?’*

Just then, someone knocked on the door.

Lucy Lawrence rushed to open the door as a distraction.

She was greeted by the sight of Minnie Jensen, who rushed up to Lindsey Taylor. “Lindsey, I’m so sorry for what I did to you in the past. Please forgive me.”

Lindsey Taylor wasn’t a petty person who held grudges. Since it had already happened, she’d simply let it go.

“Let bygones be bygones. I won’t pursue the matter.”



“Thank you! Thank you so much! Lindsey, my dad instructed me to come here. He said that he’d hire you as a manager in our company. You can take your pick of the department you’d like to work in. The pay will start from 450,000 dollars. What do you think about that? Please, I’m begging you.”

Minnie Jensen’s words left Lindsey Taylor dumbfounded. *‘What’s going on? Take my pick of the department, and an annual salary of 450,000 dollars?’*

When Lucy Lawrence heard that, her eyes lit up. *‘I’ve always thought that she was a useless fool. The only use I had for her was to keep Nathan Smith in check. I never thought that she’d be so impressive!’*

“450,000 dollars? You must be making this up. Who’s going to believe you? Why don’t you give us 150,000 dollars as proof first?”

Minnie Jensen glanced at the notification on her phone. “I only have 30,000 dollars in this account. I’ll transfer everything to you. Will that do?”

*‘30,000? They must be joking! But it doesn’t seem like they’re joking either.’*

“Go and transfer it over. Lindsey, give her your account number and see if she transfers it to you.”

Still in a daze, Lindsey Taylor provided the other with her bank account number.

Minnie Jensen then transferred the money over!

Lindsey Taylor didn’t feel much even after seeing that sum of money. Instead, it was Lucy Lawrence who turned jealous.

“Lindsey, I’m begging you. That’s all I have on me. Can you agree to my proposal for now and work at my father’s company? Otherwise, my dad will definitely kill me!” For Minnie Jensen, the image of Finn Taylor commanding the four old men was still fresh in her mind. *‘His background is far more impressive than I can even imagine. If I don’t get close to someone like that now, I’ll never get the chance to do so in the future!’*

“Hey, what are you doing? Hurry up and agree to it!”

Lucy Lawrence prodded her roommate—who was still in a daze.

Although Lindsey Taylor had no idea why the other was offering such a proposition, it was a good thing for her. As such, she eventually agreed to it.

After Minnie Jensen left, Lucy Lawrence tried sucking up to her roommate once again. “Lindsey, I treat you pretty well, right? Can you lend me that 30,000 dollars?”

“Huh?” Lindsey Taylor was stunned. *‘What is she trying to do? It’s good enough that she snatched my money away earlier. Does she want this 30,000 dollars too? Besides, something seems amiss. She looks like she’s going to run away with this money. Will she even return the money to me if I lend it to her?’*

“Sister Lucy, I-I need this money too.”

The moment Lucy Lawrence heard those words, she knew that Lindsey Taylor wasn't going to lend her this money. With that, her expression changed immediately. "Hand your phone to me."

Lucy Lawrence snatched the phone over and very skillfully transferred the 30,000 dollars over to herself.

"Scram, you idiot!" With that, she smashed the phone on the ground and was just about to leave.

That was when Lindsey Taylor held onto her, refusing to let go.

"Scram!" Eventually, Lucy Lawrence managed to break free of the other's grip, not forgetting to give her roommate a good kick in the stomach before leaving.

Lindsey Taylor clutched her stomach and groaned in pain as she lay on the ground.

At the same time, Finn Taylor was getting ready to leave San Diego.. He was about to have a meal with Lindsey Taylor for the last time, so he made a call to her.

## **Chapter 224: Had to Die**

Finn Taylor made a call to Lindsey Taylor, wanting to take her out for a meal before leaving San Diego. However, the latter didn't pick up his call.

He made another call, which once again went unanswered. By then, Finn Taylor couldn't help but feel that something was amiss.

As such, he rushed into his car and flew toward Lindsey Taylor's rented apartment. Thankfully, he had been there in the past.

Of course, Ginger was right beside him.

As soon as the pair entered the house, they were greeted by the sight of Lindsey Taylor writhing in pain on the ground.

Without any hesitation, Finn Taylor picked the young lady up and rushed to the hospital.

There, Lindsey Taylor finally felt much better after a thorough examination.

"What happened?" Finn Taylor's first thought was that either Harry Jones or Minnie Jensen had stirred trouble up again.

Then, Lindsey Taylor told him all about what had happened.

As soon as Finn Taylor learned the truth of the matter and realized that it indeed had something to do with Lucy Lawrence, his gaze grew cold.

He picked up his phone and dialed Malcolm Landon's number. "Do you want to live or die?"

The man on the other end of the call had already been living on edge over the past few days. Although he hadn't offended Finn Taylor, he supported Philip Smith.

He couldn't help but fear that Finn Taylor would simply decide to get rid of all of them. That would be disastrous!

He felt as though his heart was in his chest as he received Finn Taylor's phone call, and the latter's words stunned him. *'What is going on?'*

"I want to live, Mr. Taylor. I want to live."

"Alright then. Bring Lucy Lawrence before me today. Otherwise, you'd better get ready for your own funeral." As soon as he finished his sentence, Finn Taylor ended the phone call.

Ginger couldn't help but ask, "Bro, are you sure you don't need to tell Malcolm Landon which Lucy Lawrence you're talking about?"

*'There are too many women who share that name! How is Malcolm Landon going to find her with just a name?'*

"You can't feed a dog all the time. He has to learn to catch his own prey when he's hungry. If he can't even do that, what's the point of keeping him around?"

Ginger shook his head in confusion, but Yvette Larson called the other just then.

"How's it going with the Larson family?"

"Not bad. Everything is going quite well."

"Alright."

"When are you coming back?"

"Soon. I need to make a trip to Chicago."

"Okay. Stay safe." Yvette Larson didn't ask her husband why he was headed for Chicago.

She knew that he had many secrets. Before he took the initiative to tell her about them, she wasn't going to ask about them.

Finn Taylor hung up the call, and Ginger giggled. "Bro, was that your wife?"

Finn Taylor stared straight at the other, saying, "Someone said that you'd be killed if you dare to even tease your brother's wife."

It was a simple sentence, but it was filled with murderous intent.

Ginger was so frightened that he quickly retracted his gleeful smile.

Finn Taylor was trying to let Ginger know that he would tolerate the latter's cheeky nature toward anything—except anything that had to do with Yvette Larson.

“Lindsey, did you say that the Jensen family was trying to get in your good books?”

“That’s right.” Lindsey Taylor nodded.

Finn Taylor smiled. *‘How interesting. What an interesting way of doing so! It’s true that I want to support a family who would be loyal to me in San Diego. It wouldn’t hurt to give the Jensen family a chance.’*

“Can you get in contact with Minnie Jensen? Tell her that you’ve been hospitalized and that I’m here too.” With that, Finn Taylor handed the phone to Lindsey Taylor.

Since the latter’s phone had been smashed, she had no choice but to use Finn Taylor’s phone. Although she had no idea what he was up to, she took the phone without any hesitation and made the call.

Very quickly, Arthur Jensen and Minnie Jensen arrived at the hospital with a basket of fruits and gifts in hand.

As soon as Finn Taylor walked out of the ward, Arthur Jensen followed closely behind the former.

The two then arrived at the rooftop.

“San Diego is huge. I need someone to manage it,” Finn Taylor muttered to himself, but Arthur Jensen quickly understood what he was getting at.

He fell to the ground with a thud. “I’m willing to be your slave, Mr. Taylor.”

“You’re very smart, and you must’ve picked up on some details. I’m willing to give you a chance, but if you betray me, I’ll make sure you’ll regret being alive.” Finn Taylor wasn’t joking. He had been betrayed again and again ever since he was born.

His father, his mother, his grandma. If anyone dared to betray him again, Finn Taylor would have no qualms about simply killing them.

“No, I would never!” Arthur Jensen felt the murderous intent Finn Taylor was exuding, and he trembled in fear as he swore never to betray the other.

“I don’t need you to swear to me—what I need is action. I’ll give you a chance.” With that, Finn Taylor left the rooftop.

Arthur Jensen was left there, unable to conceal his excitement.

Very quickly, the pair returned to the ward.

Finn Taylor turned to Lindsey Taylor. “Lindsey, remember to call your younger sister often once you start working at Arthur Jensen’s company. It’d be best to call her at least once a week. If you don’t call her, I’ll take it that something has happened to you, and heads will roll here in San Diego.”

Although Finn Taylor was talking to Lindsey Taylor, his words were meant for Arthur Jensen.

He was reminding the other that although he might not be in San Diego, he knew everything that was going on.

He had his own men here.

Just as expected, beads of sweat appeared on Arthur Jensen as soon as Finn Taylor finished his sentence.

The former patted his daughter on the back. “Stay here and take good care of Ms. Taylor. Make sure you treat her like you would your parents. If Ms. Taylor complains of feeling unwell, I’ll break your leg!”

Minnie Jensen was so petrified that she quickly agreed.

Finn Taylor acted as though he hadn’t heard the conversation between the father-daughter duo, but it was obvious that those words had been meant for him.

Just then, Malcolm Landon arrived.

Behind him were a few bodyguards who had Lucy Lawrence in their grips.

Malcolm Landon was a respected figure in San Diego and immediately looked into Lucy Lawrence’s interactions with Finn Taylor the moment he contacted him.

Of course, he got hold of Lindsey Taylor’s roommate in no time at all. It hadn’t even taken them an hour to do so.

“Mr. Taylor, I’ve already caught Lucy Lawrence. What should I do with her?”

“Kill her.”

*Shock!*

Malcolm Landon, Arthur Jensen, Minnie Jensen, and even Lindsey Taylor were stunned. They all knew that Lucy Lawrence had offended Finn Taylor quite a few times, but how could he kill her?

“Mr. Taylor?” Malcolm Landon wondered if his ears were playing tricks on him, so he tested the waters tentatively.

“Kill her!” This time, Finn Taylor’s answer was more curt.

There were only two words.

*‘Lucy Lawrence has offended me four times—I have to teach her a lesson. Besides, this is my first time in San Diego. Those prominent figures in San Diego are all looking to observe my personality. To convince them, I have to use the most extreme methods.’*

Lucy Lawrence had to die!

## **Chapter 225: Cheers**

The news of Lucy Lawrence’s death shook the whole city of San Diego.

She wasn't a prominent figure. In fact, this was the first time many in San Diego were even hearing of her name. However, her death unsettled countless prominent figures in San Diego.

In the past, these very same people would simply watch on by the sidelines. Yet, Finn Taylor's appearance warned them of a brewing storm in the city.

However, nobody dared to do anything without Jerry Wood first doing so. But it was clear that Jerry Wood had lost from the very beginning.

That day, Jerry Wood had kneeled down before Finn Taylor as soon as the latter commanded him to do so. The very next day after Lucy Lawrence's death, the Jensen family organized a grand and extravagant welcome ceremony for 500 people to welcome the new HR manager that Arthur Jensen had hired.

Yet, he hadn't sent out a single invitation.

The people of San Diego couldn't help but make fun of him when news of this got out.

The Jensen family wasn't a particularly well-known family in San Diego. Even at Arthur Jensen's birthday celebrations, the family had never invited more than 50 people, yet they were holding a party for 500 people this time!

What was even more ridiculous was that they hadn't even sent out any invitations!

*'Do you really think that people will attend your party and congratulate you if you don't send out any invitations just because you're Jerry Wood?'* Everything was seen as a joke in the public's eyes.

Just then, a Rolls-Royce Phantom arrived at the entrance of the Jensen Corporation, and out walked a man and a woman.

That woman happened to be the new HR manager of the Jensen Corporation. When the other respected figures of San Diego saw that she was nothing but a fresh face, they couldn't help but snigger.

But the moment they caught sight of that man, everyone fell silent. *'Finn Taylor! Yes, that's Finn Taylor!'*

Finn Taylor had been the talk of the town over the past few days. Everyone couldn't help but be curious about this young man—who had the entire San Diego under his control.

Finally, someone could no longer sit still. "Hurry up and get the car ready. I'm going to the Jensen Corporation."

"Where's the car? I'm going to attend the Jensen Corporation's welcome party."

"I should've known. Why didn't you prepare a gift in advance?"

With that, one prominent figure after another rushed down to the Jensen Corporation.

"I'm Henry Ware, the chairman of San Diego's Liberty Manufacturing."

"I'm Lisa Kleine, the chairman of Sense Electronics of San Diego."

"I'm Sebastian Hoffman, the chairman of SH Entertainment of San Diego."

One by one, the respected figures from all over San Diego were fighting to make their presence known. It seemed as though their lives would be in grave danger if they were even a second late.

In less than half an hour's time, more than 300 people had arrived to fill the tables.

Earlier on, everyone had even mocked Arthur Jensen, saying that nobody would turn up at his party. Yet, this was a slap in their faces.

It was humiliating.

Just then, another two cars arrived, and Malcolm Landon and Victor Smith walked out of the cars.

*Hiss!*

Everyone knew full well what statuses these two men held in the city. Who would've expected them to show up too?

Behind them were numerous more cars that were ferrying even more prominent figures to the Jensen Corporation. It seemed like more than 500 people were going to turn up!

As such, those present didn't try to give way to others and simply squeezed their way in to reserve a seat for themselves. *'Nonsense! There are so many people here today. I must get myself a seat! If I have to remain standing, people might think that I'm of a lower class!'*

At the very same time, everyone was curious about the same question: Whether Jerry Wood would show up.

After all, he was the richest man in San Diego. If he were to show up today, that would be no different from admitting defeat to Finn Taylor and handing over the top position in the city to the latter.

However, it would be even worse if he didn't show up—that would be declaring war on Finn Taylor!

That would be disastrous!

Just like that, all the guests waited with bated breath, wondering if Jerry Wood would show up.

Time ticked by.

At last, it was 10 minutes to noon.

If Jerry Wood didn't show up by noon, he'd definitely not be coming today.

Everyone stood on their tippy-toes, trying to peer into the distance. Yet, nobody could see anything.

Ten minutes.

Nine minutes.

Eight minutes.

...

There were three minutes remaining.

The guests shook their heads. *'It seems like Jerry Wood isn't coming, but that's no wonder. He's the top man of San Diego after all. If he wages a war against Finn Taylor, he might have a chance of winning. If he attends this party today, he'll be no different from a slave from now on. Why would he come?'*

That was what many people thought, and they couldn't be blamed for thinking in that way.

At the very last minute—just as everyone had concluded that he wouldn't show up—a Porsche rolled to a stop in front of the office building.

The car door opened, and Jerry Wood strolled out.

"I'm sorry for being late, Mr. Taylor." As he said so, Jerry Wood bowed respectfully to express his sincere apology.

Yet, Finn Taylor sat there, his eyes narrowed but unmoving.

It felt like time had stopped right then and there.

Countless eyes were fixated on Finn Taylor as they waited to see how he would respond.

However, the latter remained silent as Jerry Wood remained bowed.

To be honest, it was terribly uncomfortable for Jerry Wood to remain in that position, yet he had no other choice.

He had thought long and hard about attending this party. If he were to show up, it would be relegating his position as the top man in San Diego. Yet, he couldn't afford to offend Master Peregrine of Peregrine Hall!

After thinking long and hard about it, Jerry Wood eventually turned up at the party. He had already imagined how Finn Taylor would butcher him in front of everyone just to let them know that he called the shots in the future.

However, he had never expected Finn Taylor to put him on the spot like this!

Seconds ticked by, and Jerry Wood's forehead was drenched with sweat now.

Finally, Finn Taylor looked up after what seemed like an eternity but was only ten minutes in reality.

"Fine," he replied simply.

Jerry Wood was finally allowed to stand back up.

"Since you were late, down these shots as your punishment." With that, Finn Taylor personally poured out three shots.

However, his shot glasses were even larger than typical bottles, and he had poured out vodka no less.

Jerry Wood would probably collapse immediately if he were to down those shots.



It was this very act that stunned everyone present. *'Jerry Wood can choose not to drink it, but that means that he'll have to leave San Diego. He has no choice but to down the shots if he wants to stay here.'*

The beads of sweat on Jerry Wood's forehead grew larger, but he chose to step forward.

He picked up a shot glass.

He downed the first.

The second.

The third...

Finn Taylor grabbed hold of his hand. "You'll have to be hospitalized if you down this shot. You'd better think it through."

Jerry Wood chuckled as he continued raising the glass.

Finn Taylor snatched the shot glass over, raising it high up in the air as he shouted, "Cheers!"

## **Chapter 226: Winning**

Finn Taylor snatched the third shot glass from Jerry Wood's hands and raised it as he turned toward everyone else and offered a toast.

That annoyed Jerry Wood, but at the same time, he couldn't help but respect the other.

The latter had won everyone's hearts the moment he raised that glass. As long as they raised their glasses and drank with him, they would be declaring their allegiance to Finn Taylor.

However, one could choose not to raise their glass, but that would definitely mean offending Finn Taylor. Besides, he had snatched that glass from Jerry Wood.

Not raising one's glass would mean offending Jerry Wood too!

Jerry Wood couldn't help but look at Finn Taylor in awe. But at the same time, he felt annoyed.

Before Finn Taylor offered a toast, everyone had felt a tinge of pity for Jerry Wood simply because he had downed two shots.

Yet, once Finn Taylor downed a shot, everyone would definitely forget about Jerry Wood downing the shots too!

*'A goldfish has a memory span of seven seconds. What makes humans different? Dogs might remember you for three years even if you only feed it for three days, yet humans might not even remember you for three days even if you feed them for three years! In that sense, humans can't even compare to dogs.'* Just

as Jerry Wood expected, all those respected figures in the audience started raising their glasses one after another, toasting to Finn Taylor and pledging allegiance to him.

Jerry Wood observed that Finn Taylor hadn't touched a single drop of alcohol even after grabbing the glass from him, yet none of that mattered.

What mattered was that Finn Taylor had won everyone over.

After everyone downed a shot, Finn Taylor announced, "Let me introduce someone to all of you. This is my younger sister—Lindsey Taylor. She'll be an employee of the Jensen Corporation from now on. Please do guide my sister along."

Although Finn Taylor hadn't said much, there were three main points in his short speech. Firstly, he'd be the top man in San Diego from now on.

Secondly, his younger sister—Lindsey Taylor—would be the second in command.

Lastly, Arthur Jensen came in third.

No matter how they ranked them, these three people couldn't be trifled with.

"Don't worry, Mr. Taylor. I'll treat Ms. Taylor as my elder sister."

"I'll treat her as my great-aunt."

"I'll treat her as my grandma."

Lindsey Taylor felt uncomfortable listening to these declarations. *'I've barely turned 20, yet these people dare to address me as their grandma?'*

As soon as the party ended, Finn Taylor pulled Lindsey Taylor aside for a chat. "I'm leaving this afternoon."

"Leaving?" Lindsey Taylor pursed her lips and paused.

"That's right. I've settled what I have to do here, so it's time to return to my wife."

"Brother Finn, do you love your wife very much?" Lindsey Taylor herself had no idea why she posed such a question. *'I know it's not right, but I can't help but hold out some hope.'*

"I love her very much, and I'll love her until the day I die. No woman will ever compare to her." Finn Taylor didn't usually voice out such cheesy thoughts, but he had to knock it into Lindsey Taylor.

Young girls were overly sensitive at times.

Finn Taylor had already felt her feelings from her actions and words. He had to put a stop to that.

"Alright. I understand."

...

That afternoon.

Finn Taylor left San Diego and headed for Chicago.

Ginger kicked up a fuss, wanting to tag along too. However, Finn Taylor refused.

The latter instead instructed him to head to San Francisco to look for Hunter Sullivan. Of course, Finn Taylor had told Hunter Sullivan all about the other, warning his subordinate to be wary of Ginger because he knew nothing about him.

Hunter Sullivan was no fool and immediately understood what his boss meant.

The purpose of visiting Chicago this time was to look for two people—Phoenix and Triton.

Both were part of Peregrine Hall, and Finn Taylor was there to persuade the pair to make a trip to Mars.

Although Finn Taylor still knew nothing about Mars, he needed to find people who would be willing to visit it.

These two people were the perfect fit. After all, they had been raised by his grandpa.

Just like him, they were loyal to his grandpa.

Finn Taylor didn't talk to the four guardians about his grandpa, much less Ginger. However, Phoenix and Triton were different.

Chicago.

The moment Finn Taylor arrived, he spotted someone at the train station—Wendy Jensen, his mother.

"Shouldn't you be at home?" After that incident at Number One Pacific Heights, Finn Taylor had requested that his mother remain at home at all times. It was clear that she was going against him since she was here now.

"Do you really think that you're still Master Peregrine of Peregrine Hall? Make a trip home. The Taylor family belongs to Benjamin Taylor now."

Finn Taylor understood what she was getting at—she was here waiting for him to return to the Taylor family's residence to help her get rid of Benjamin Taylor and his sons.

"Finn Taylor, you're obliged to do this. You're part of the Taylor family too, and your grandpa passed this family down to you. Can you really bear to let it end up in the hands of an outsider?"

Finn Taylor chuckled. "You have no right to mention Grandpa."

Finn Taylor couldn't help but laugh at how his mother had no choice but to threaten him with his grandpa. She knew full well that there was nobody he cared about in the Taylor family—save for his grandpa.

"Why did you come back this time?" Wendy Jensen suddenly cut in with a question.

"Well, I should be curious as to how you knew I'd be here. Someone must've told you about this. Who was it?"

*'Who could it be? There are only a couple of people who knew of my destination as I left San Diego—Lindsey Taylor, Arthur Jensen, Minnie Jensen, Jerry Wood, and Ginger. As for those in San Francisco, I only made calls to two people—Hunter Sullivan and Yvette.'* The gears in Finn Taylor's mind started turning.

Eventually, he had his answer. "Jerry Wood—it seems like he's given me his answer. He's not loyal to me, but you."

Finn Taylor was Master Peregrine of Peregrine Hall.

Many felt that Finn Taylor represented Peregrine Hall, but only Finn Taylor knew the truth—Peregrine Hall belonged to Wendy Jensen and the Taylor family.

It was for this exact reason that Finn Taylor was trying to win over everyone in Peregrine Hall.

"Jerry Wood can go to hell."

"Are you really going to kill him? What did he do?"

Finn Taylor had no intention of reasoning it out with his mother since there was no point in doing so. He'd tried doing so too many times since his childhood.

Why could Donovan Taylor have ice cream when he couldn't?

Why did the birthday cake have only Donovan Taylor's name on it when they were twins?

Again and again, the only answer he got was: shut up. He was no stranger to feeling unjust and aggrieved.

From then on, Finn Taylor knew that whoever had the most support won..



## **Chapter 227: Phoenix and Triton**

"You're going to go against Jerry Wood?" Wendy Jensen frowned in disapproval.

"Shouldn't I? Since I'm Master Peregrine, he should be loyal to me and me alone." To be honest, Finn Taylor had already wanted to deal with Jerry Wood. It was simply a pity that he couldn't find a good reason to do so.

Jerry Wood thought that he could make use of Finn Taylor to defeat Philip Smith. Although Finn Taylor didn't seem petty, he was one to hold grudges.

"You..." Wendy Jensen fumed and questioned her son, "Am I not your mother? Is there a problem with him being loyal to me?"

“You may be my mother, but I’ve never experienced motherly love.” That concluded Finn Taylor’s conversation with his mother.

As Wendy Jensen watched her son walking away, she understood full well that he would never return again.

She had tried to control Finn Taylor by using Brian Taylor’s name. Obviously, she had failed.

Perhaps Finn Taylor still cared for the Taylor family, but it was Brian Taylor’s Taylor family he cared about, not the current Taylor family.

He would establish a new Taylor family—one of his own.

...

The suburbs of Chicago, in a place named Long Grove. It was a rural area that hardly saw any visitors.

Finn Taylor entered the dense forest, and thick foliage surrounded him.

Deep within the forest were two straw huts. In them lived two people—Felix Taylor and Patrick Taylor.

Brian Taylor had raised both of them, and they were also known as Phoenix and Triton of Peregrine Hall.

Today, Finn Taylor had entered the forest to look for them.

Before Finn Taylor could get close to the huts, he heard rustling noises.

Shortly after, a few arrows shot toward him. However, he was easily able to dodge them.

This was a piece of cake for Finn Taylor, but he was clear that this was only the beginning.

Just as he expected, hundreds of arrows flew toward him.

He no longer wanted to avoid them—there was no point in doing so.

If he wanted to make them surrender, he would have to show off his true skills.

Finn Taylor fought back.

What followed was so extraordinary that one probably wouldn’t believe it unless they were to witness it personally! With phenomenal speed, Finn Taylor caught the arrows in his hands one after another.

Although the arrows were flying at an incredible speed, they were no match for Finn Taylor’s skills. Within ten minutes, he had managed to grab hold of the few hundred arrows.

He flung them to the side and shouted, “There’s no need to keep up with such childish games!”

Right after he said those words, he no longer faced any opposition. It seemed as though those inside also realized that such playthings were useless against him.

Finally, Finn Taylor made his way to the straw hut.

At the same time, two people walked out of the hut.

“You’re unfit to be his grandson.” It was Felix Taylor—or Phoenix of Peregrine Hall—who spoke up.

“Both of the Taylor family’s grandsons are useless.” Now, it was Patrick Taylor who spoke. Similar to the other, he didn’t think highly of Finn Taylor.

“Is that so? Why don’t we have a match? That’ll prove if I’m really a piece of trash.” Finn Taylor knew these two men in front of him like the back of his hand. *‘There’s no point trying to reason it out with them. I have to prove my worth by showing my power. Only then will they finally surrender to me.’*

With that, Finn Taylor struck.

Of course, his opponents didn’t hold back either.

They looked down on Finn Taylor, feeling that the latter had let Brian Taylor down. *‘We have to defeat Finn Taylor!’*

Just like that, the three men entered a head-to-head battle.

Just then, the duo spotted a sinister smirk on Finn Taylor’s lips.

“What are you laughing at?” Felix Taylor couldn’t help but feel that something was amiss.

Very quickly, Finn Taylor made the other understand why he was laughing.

All of a sudden, Finn Taylor’s speed increased by over ten times.

Felix Taylor and Patrick Taylor were quashed by the lone man.

Even though it was an unequal fight, the duo was no match for their opponent.

Soon enough, they could no longer hold their own.

“We lost. We made a wrong call this time. Tell us—why are you here?” While the pair was slightly indignant, they admitted defeat nonetheless.

“I want you to save someone.”

Neither Felix Taylor nor Patrick Taylor seemed the slightest bit interested upon hearing that.

“To save Brian Taylor.”

The moment Finn Taylor mentioned that name, two pairs of eyes were glued to him. “What did you say?”

“Remember that I’d have beaten you up a long time ago if not for the fact that you’re his grandson.”

Finn Taylor pursed his lips and replied, “Didn’t you try to beat me up?”

Patrick Taylor was at a loss for words. *‘What can I do? He’s right; I can’t beat him.’*

“Timothy Taylor, what do you mean?”

“Call me Finn Taylor.”

*'Timothy Taylor—it's been a long time since I've heard that name. It feels strange.'*

"To put it simply, Grandpa might still be alive. I need someone to look for him."

"Grandpa is still alive?" At that, both Felix Taylor and Patrick Taylor grew excited. "Is he really still alive?"

"I can't be sure, but nobody has ever seen Grandpa's body. Who can be sure that he's really dead?"

"But why hasn't Grandpa gotten in touch with us if he's still alive?" Felix Taylor posed a critical question.

"That's right. Besides, given Grandpa's powers, someone must've noticed him no matter where he is. There's no way it would've remained hidden from Peregrine Hall."

"There is a place where that could happen," Finn Taylor said blandly.

"Where?"

"Mars."

Felix Taylor pointed to the sky. "Mars?" As he said so, his expression was one of mockery.

"You're mistaken. Have you heard of a place that only imprisons people with special powers? Once they're captured and imprisoned, they'll spend the rest of their lives there. That's Mars."

Felix Taylor and Patrick Taylor shared a glance. Evidently, neither of them had ever heard of that place.

However, they didn't doubt Finn Taylor. There were too many bizarre and exotic things in this world that they'd never heard of.

"Will you leave the mountains to help me look for Grandpa?"

The duo rolled their eyes.

Finn Taylor made it seem as though Brian Taylor was his life, but wasn't that the case for them too? Without Brian Taylor, they'd have died a long time ago!

After Grandpa's disappearance, they left Peregrine Hall to go into hiding in this thick forest. Otherwise, given their skills and abilities, they could've risen to a much higher position in Peregrine Hall.

But now, few even knew about their existence.

Hearing that, Finn Taylor finally felt reassured..

## **Chapter 228: Ridiculous Boss**

After settling the matter with Phoenix and Triton, Finn Taylor returned to San Francisco.

Because his wife had already known that he was returning, she had prepared a whole feast for him. Although Yvette Larson's culinary skills weren't superb, they weren't bad either.

Recently, she'd been working hard to improve her skills, and her meals were edible at the very least.

Of course, Yvette Larson had personally cooked the entire meal.

To Finn Taylor, nothing came close to this meal.

"Does it taste good?"

"It's delicious." Finn Taylor smiled.

Just then, he received a call—it was from Ginger.

On the other end of the call, Ginger was crying for Finn Taylor to save him from a beating.

The latter simply ended the call. *'I've only returned today, but Ginger is already causing trouble for me. He must be doing this on purpose!'*

"What's wrong?" Yvette Larson glanced at her husband, feeling that something was wrong.

"Nothing much. Just a lunatic kicking up a fuss. Oh right, did someone turn up at our house saying that he was a close friend of mine before I came back?"

Hearing that, Yvette Larson quickly nodded. "Yes, he said that his name was Ginger and that he's your close friend, so he wanted to visit me. I didn't recognize him, so I called Hunter Sullivan. Once he came, he beat Ginger up, and Ginger hasn't been back since."

Finn Taylor nodded. He understood the situation now.

"You won't blame me for Hunter Sullivan ending the collaboration with you, will you?"

"Of course not, but I won't refuse if you want to let Hunter Sullivan collaborate with me again."

"Oh, why?"

"I want to build a business empire through my own efforts. I want to be worthy of you."

Many outsiders felt that Yvette Larson was the princess of the Larson family while Finn Taylor was simply a useless matrilocal son-in-law.

Everyone thought that Finn Taylor wasn't fit to be Yvette Larson's husband, but the latter knew full well just how big a difference lay between her and her husband.

The reason she was working so hard was to catch up to her husband. Her meeting with Chloe Yeats only strengthened her resolve.

She wasn't the slightest bit afraid that Finn Taylor would have a change of heart. She was simply worried that those around him would mock him because she couldn't even match up to those other women.

"Work hard."

Finn Taylor took his time to finish the whole table's worth of dishes that his wife had cooked up. Then, he stood up in no hurry at all. "I'm going to check on that lunatic."



*'Lunatic? Who is Finn talking about?'*

San Francisco, in an internet cafe.

Finn Taylor strolled in and headed straight for a room on the second floor. Once he kicked the door open, he spotted Ginger.

The latter's green head of hair was too striking.

"Bro, you're finally here! If you got here any later, you'd have had to collect my corpse instead!" Ginger wailed as he hugged Finn Taylor's leg.

"Is that so? Sigh, I should've arrived a little later then."

Finn Taylor's words left Ginger and the rest of the men in the room at a loss for words.

"What are you guys trying to do here?"

"Come on. Tell us how much you're going to pay us to let him go."

Finn Taylor shot a glance at Ginger and asked, "How much do you guys want?"

The other man stretched out three fingers. "30,000."

"Can I ask what mistake he made?"

"We're a legitimate and legal internet cafe, but he came here to watch those kind of films. I can forget about that, but he ordered a drink and grabbed the waitress's ass when he walked over to deliver his order!"

Finn Taylor landed a vicious kick on Ginger. *'F\*ck! You're a f\*cking disgrace!'*

"How about this? Which hand did he molest her with? You guys can chop it off, but you'll have to give me a discount of 10,000. How's that?"

The boss of the internet cafe was dumbfounded. *'Er... Did this fool make a mistake? Did he really call his boss? Why does it seem as though his boss is out to kill him?'*

"No way. This 30,000 is to compensate this young lady for the mental trauma she faced, so we won't accept anything less."

"Right, right. You're right, but I don't have that much money. What shall we do?"

The boss could no longer hold it in. "F\*ck! Are you really his boss? Why don't you have 30,000?"

"Well, I do have 30,000. However, he's not worth that much."

The boss finally understood the situation. *'That fool isn't worth much in his boss's eyes. If not for the fact that this fool is under him, he probably wouldn't even have bothered to come.'*

"How much are you willing to give us then?" The boss could only make a compromise. There was no point in trying to fight the other.

Finn Taylor took out two 20-dollar bills. "40 dollars. Do you think that's enough? If it's not enough, I'll leave him here. You can beat him up as much as you want as long as you get revenge for that young lady. Make sure you don't kill him though."

The boss of the internet cafe could no longer hold back his anger. *'I've been utterly humiliated!'*

Picking up a glass bottle, he charged toward Finn Taylor.

"Hold on. I don't have 30,000, but I can take out a loan. Can I make a call?"

The boss couldn't help but feel that he'd met two absurd characters today. It was strange enough that the fool had been bold enough to do everything he had done here, but his boss was an even stranger character.

*'Forget it.'* He waved his hand in agreement.

To his surprise, Finn Taylor actually picked up his phone and made a call. "Hello, I'm at... Can you lend me 30,000? Don't be so petty. It's just 30,000. Yes, 30,000. Alright? Thank you so much. Please bring it over right away."

Hearing Finn Taylor's words, the boss nearly burst out into laughter. "Are you really a boss? How did you even get any followers?"

"Well, it's quite complicated. I'm a chauffeur. A woman tried to hook me up, and this fool got into my car and insisted on calling me his boss when I asked her to scram."

The boss was stupefied. *'So that's what it is. These two are really absurd.'*

Just then, someone rushed up the stairs. "Boss, Andre Cavill is here."

*'Andre Cavill. F\*ck!'* The boss's face was filled with bewilderment. *'What's going on today? Why is Andre Cavill here? He's such a renowned figure in San Francisco!'*

The boss rushed downstairs, only to see Andre Cavill standing at the door with a stack of cash. "Boss, why are you here?"

"Oh, my boss asked me to deliver 30,000 here for his lackey."

*'30,000? Why does that sound so familiar? Could it be...'*

Seeing the other's expression, Andre Cavill had a sense of the situation. "Don't tell me that you provoked my boss?"

*'F\*ck!'* The boss of the internet cafe was on the brink of tears.. *'I've been played!'*

## **Chapter 229: Willow Stone**

Right then, the boss of the internet cafe realized that he'd been tricked. However, he couldn't afford to blame the person who had played him.

After all, Andre Cavill had already said that that man was his boss. He'd simply be seeking death if he were to put the blame on the other.

With the boss leading the way, Andre Cavill quickly arrived upstairs.

He spotted Finn Taylor at once. "Mr. Taylor, the 30,000 you wanted."

"Give it to him." Finn Taylor pointed at the boss, who dared not receive the money.

Earlier on, he'd been in the dark about Finn Taylor's true identity. But now that he knew it, he was in a fluster. "Bro, I was wrong. Please forgive me for what I did!"

Finn Taylor smiled. It seemed like a gentle and welcoming smile, but it evoked true fear. "Take it."

The boss dared not go against the other.

"I told you to take it, so you'd better take it."

The boss wondered what Finn Taylor was up to, yet it seemed like he was asking for a beating if he didn't take the money. As such, the boss eventually stepped forward to receive the stack of cash.

However, he made a mental note to return this sum of money to Andre Cavill. Otherwise, he'd definitely suffer for this!

"Since you've taken my money, do something for me."

The boss was so frightened that he fell to the ground on his knees. He'd seen many bosses saying such words and what they wanted was for their men to kill themselves!

By now, the boss of the internet bar was frantic.

"Why are you so scared? All I want you to do is beat him up and teach him a lesson. Be as brutal as you can be as long as you spare his life."

The boss of the internet cafe was dumbfounded.

Finn Taylor was pointing at Ginger, not him!

*'What's going on? Isn't he here to save Ginger? Why is he asking me to beat him up? Are all bosses this unpredictable?'* The internet cafe boss was utterly confused.

"Did you hear what Mr. Taylor said? Can you get that done?" Andre Cavill spoke up to confirm Finn Taylor's intentions.

*'What? Even Andre Cavill is like that too! Don't tell me that Mr. Taylor isn't joking with me but being serious?'*

"No, Mr. Taylor. Are you not just joking with me?"

Finn Taylor didn't reply to the boss and turned to Ginger instead. "I remember telling you not to touch my wife before coming back, but you refused to listen to me and even went to Number One Pacific Heights. On account that this is your first offense, I'm not going to kill you."

The boss of the internet cafe could feel Finn Taylor exuding a murderous aura. He now understood that Mr. Taylor hadn't been joking at all.

The moment Finn Taylor left, a blood-curdling scream could be heard from within the internet cafe.

If Finn Taylor had intended to kill Ginger—whose background was unknown—he would've done so a long time ago. However, he felt that he would be able to learn of the much more sinister secrets the other was hiding if he were to keep him alive.

Nonetheless, Finn Taylor wasn't going to simply tolerate his nonsense.

...

On the way home, Finn Taylor made a stop at Hunter Sullivan's house to get an update about what had happened in San Francisco while he had been away. Then, he assigned the other with a task—to head to San Diego and kill Jerry Wood.

In Chicago, Finn Taylor had already told Wendy Jensen that he would kill Jerry Wood. Since he had already said so, he'd keep to his words.

When Finn Taylor arrived home, he noticed that his wife had set up a chessboard. "Wow, have you gotten into chess too?"

"Not really, but I was the vice-chairman of the chess club in college."

Finn Taylor knew that there was a reason why his wife had suddenly brought a chessboard out. "Go on. Why did you set this chessboard up?"

"It's simple. Willow Stone is back."

"Willow Stone?"

"That's right. She was our classmate back in college and a close friend of mine back in the dormitory. She was also the president of the chess club."

Finn Taylor waved her off, and he was confused. *'What does Willow Stone coming back got to do with Yvette taking out the chessboard?'*

"It's because she likes playing chess. Since she's back, I'll invite her over. She'll definitely give me an earful for not having a chessboard out at home. One of the most classic quotes from her is that chess is more important than food."

After hearing Yvette Larson's words, her husband's curiosity toward Willow Stone was piqued.

"Oh right, didn't you say that you attended a chess competition when you went to Chicago last time? I think she participated in that competition too."

“The World Youth Chess Championship?” At that, Finn Taylor’s gaze revealed his surprise. *‘I thought that she was just fooling around. I didn’t think that she’d be such a serious player!’*

“Once she comes, I’ll get her to give you some advice. That way, you won’t lose too badly when you participate in that competition.”

‘Er...’ Finn Taylor didn’t know how to respond. *‘Is she looking down on me?’*

“But I’m very good at chess. Do you still remember that young lady who visited us the last time?”

“Yes.” Yvette Larson naturally remembered that young lady. At that time, she had misunderstood her husband and had even thought that the young lady was Finn Taylor’s mistress!

“Her name is Megan Daimler—she’s Jessica Daimler’s disciple. I beat her.”

“You beat Jessica Daimler’s disciple?”

“Yes, I even beat Jessica Daimler!”

Yvette Larson sneered. “Don’t joke around. Why don’t we make a bet? I’ll kiss you if you can win a game against Willow Stone.”

Over the duration of four years, Willow Stone had made a deep impression on Yvette Larson that she was unbeatable in the chess world. In fact, the latter even thought that the only one who topped Willow Stone was Jessica Daimler.

“That’s a deal. Don’t go back on your word.” All of a sudden, Finn Taylor couldn’t help but look forward to his game against Willow Stone. “Oh right, when is your friend coming over?”

“Humph! Remember not to try to eavesdrop on our conversation! Otherwise, I’ll get jealous!” Yvette Larson warned her husband, who shrugged indifferently.

*‘She was the one who had brought up her friend in the first place. I wouldn’t have known about her otherwise, yet it seems like I’m the one who invited her friend here!’* However, Finn Taylor would never refuse his wife’s requests. As such, he didn’t ask anymore.

Just then, Kimberly Gold made a call to Finn Taylor, saying that her grandpa—Third Master Gold—had something important to tell him.

Although Finn Taylor didn’t know if this was simply an excuse Kimberly Gold was using, he knew that it was time to make the latter understand that a relationship was simply impossible between the two of them.

Finn Taylor was no fool, and he had obviously felt Kimberly Gold’s attitude toward him. Since he had no interest in her, there was no point in leading her on any longer.

Very quickly, Finn Taylor arrived at the Gold family’s residence.

Upon pushing upon the gate, he spotted Kimberly Gold shaking her leg while sitting leisurely on a chaise.

“Where’s your grandpa?”

Kimberly Gold harrumphed.. “Humph, you’re not even asking about me! The first person you asked for after arriving is Grandpa?!”

### **Chapter 230: Bad Reputation**

Finn Taylor simply pretended not to have seen Kimberly Gold huffing. “Third Master Gold, where are you?”

Seeing that Finn Taylor was simply ignoring her, Kimberly Gold tried to say coquettishly, “Finn, where have you been? I haven’t seen you in a long time.”

Kimberly Gold continued speaking behind Finn Taylor, who acted as though she was invisible.

This made Kimberly Gold very displeased, and she finally couldn’t hold it in anymore. “Finn Taylor, why are you ignoring me?”

Just then, Third Master Gold arrived.

“Finn Taylor is here.”

In reality, Third Master Gold had arrived a long time ago. He had simply remained hidden to see if a relationship between Kimberly Gold and Finn Taylor was even possible. However, he had gotten his answer the moment Kimberly Gold posed her question.

He was left with no choice but to emerge from his hiding place. He knew that his granddaughter would definitely be hurt if Finn Taylor were to reply to her.

That would be brutal.

The Gold family was well-known, but it was nothing when compared to Peregrine Hall, much less Master Peregrine of Peregrine Hall.

Finn Taylor’s one word would be enough to cause his granddaughter to break down. He naturally didn’t want to witness that.

Although he managed to prevent it, he already understood in his heart that he would have to guide his granddaughter well. It was impossible between her and Finn Taylor.

However, Kimberly Gold knew nothing about her grandpa’s good intentions. In fact, she was still blaming him in her heart. *‘Why did he have to turn up now? I’d have had the chance to spend more time with Finn Taylor alone otherwise, and we might have even gotten together!’*

“Finn Taylor, take a look at this.”

Finn Taylor picked up the item Third Master Gold handed over and analyzed it. “How interesting. Are these people trying to threaten me?”

Finn Taylor was holding a document in his hand—one that many of the San Francisco Chess Association’s elders had signed.

They wanted him to win the World Youth Chess Championship. Otherwise, they would topple the Larson Corporation.

Finn Taylor scanned through the names on the document, taking them all to heart.

It didn’t mean much for Finn Taylor to participate in the tournament. After all, he had already agreed to it from the beginning.

What he disliked was others trying to threaten him in this manner, especially when it involved his wife.

Yvette Larson was Finn Taylor’s weak spot. It only went to show how stupid these people were by using her as a threat against him.

“Finn Taylor, Carl Gillies’s and my name aren’t on it.” The moment Third Master Gold said those words, Finn Taylor finally understood why the former had called him over.

This document had been sent in the name of the San Francisco Chess Association. It was only natural for him to blame Carl Gillies for it, yet Third Master Gold had protected him with his words.

As for his own name, he had only slipped it in casually.

Given his relationship with Finn Taylor, the latter would probably realize straight away that he hadn’t signed it anyway.

“Alright, I understand,” Finn Taylor replied positively. *‘Carl Gillies will be spared this time.’*

“I have something to attend to at home. I’m leaving.” Picking up the document, Finn Taylor headed out.

Kimberly Gold was about to speak up when her grandpa held her back.

When Finn Taylor was finally out of sight, Kimberly Gold flared up. “Grandpa, it’s so rare for him to visit us! How could you let him leave just like that?”

“Kimberly, he’s a married man.” This time, Third Master Gold didn’t give in to his granddaughter. Instead, he genuinely tried to counsel her.

Yet, its effectiveness seemed minimal.

Kimberly Gold gave a cold harrumph before stomping off.

Third Master Gold felt helpless, but he wasn’t going to waver on this matter.

Just then, someone appeared by his side. “D-did he really escape from that place?”

Third Master Gold was no stranger to the man who had suddenly appeared—it was Carl Gillies.

He had invited the latter over. They had deliberately told Finn Taylor about that document to ensure Carl Gillies’s safety, as well as observe his attitude toward it.

“I’ve offended quite a lot of big shots here in San Francisco because of this.” Carl Gillies sighed.

Beside him, Third Master Gold smiled. “That’s better than losing your life, don’t you think? Those people are so useless, but they still want to go against him.”

“But he looks so gentle and peace-loving. Will he really kill someone?”

“Not if they’d only asked him to participate in the competition. Unfortunately, those fools insisted on adding his wife’s name there. Now, nobody can save them.”

Hearing that, Carl Gillies suddenly laughed. “In that case, your granddaughter is done for.”

Third Master Gold huffed and glared at his friend. “Don’t laugh. You should worry about yourself.”

“Why?” Carl Gillies seemed relaxed as though he had not a single care in the world.

“Megan Daimler is here in San Francisco.”

“I know. She’s here to personally invite Finn Taylor over as a sign of respect.”

“A sign of respect? I think you’re overthinking it. The last time Finn Taylor won against Megan Daimler, I could tell that she had feelings for him. I’m sure that’s why she’s made the trip here this time.”

“So what? She’s not my granddaughter.” Carl Gillies was indifferent.

“But you’re the boss of the San Francisco Chess Association. How do you think Jessica Daimler will treat you if her disciple gets her heart broken here?”

“F\*ck!” Carl Gillies was stunned. *‘I have to take the blame for this too?’*

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When Finn Taylor arrived home, he noticed two guests at home—one of whom was Clarine Landon.

She broke out into a smile the moment she saw Finn Taylor. “You’re finally back. I heard that you made a bet with someone.”

As she said so, she constantly glanced at the third lady—one wearing a black leather jacket and a baseball cap and was about 1.7 meters tall. “Let me introduce her. She’s my best friend—Willow Stone.”

Finn Taylor nodded at Willow Stone.

“I’m sorry. I’ve been living overseas, so I wasn’t able to attend your wedding.”

Finn Taylor’s eyes remained on Willow Stone. He couldn’t shake off the feeling that this woman was hiding something.

“It’s impolite to keep staring at a woman.” Willow Stone suddenly spoke up.

“Ms. Stone, what does your family do?”



“Oh, my parents are businessmen in America. If you’re interested, you can bring Yvette over for a trip. We’ll host you well!” Her words then took a sudden turn. “Along the way here, I’ve heard many things about you, Mr. Taylor. It seems like you don’t have a very good reputation..”