

UNTOUCHABLE

Chapter 241: Show of the Century

No sooner had Finn Taylor and Hunter Sullivan reached the foot of Pacific Heights than they ran into Willow Stone and Megan Daimler.

The duo had caught the next flight back and had finally arrived in San Francisco.

“Are you guys going to save Yvette?” Willow Stone grabbed hold of Finn Taylor’s arm, refusing to let go.

“Let go! I have no time to deal with you now.”

“I want to go too!”

“No way.” Finn Taylor naturally wasn’t going to let Willow Stone come along. He was sure to reveal some secrets this time, and it would be inconvenient with her there.

“What are you afraid of?”

‘*What does Willow Stone know? What’s she trying to find out?*’ But Finn Taylor had only one thing to say to her, “I have nothing to tell you.”

With that, he got into the car and drove off with Hunter Sullivan.

A smile crept up Willow Stone’s face as she watched the car disappear into the horizon. ‘*How interesting! This man is keeping many more secrets than I expected.*’

Initially, she had simply thought that Finn Taylor wasn’t much of a piece of trash and was well-trained in martial arts too. She had simply made him out to be a secretive and private man—that would be helpful in her plan.

But now, it seemed like she had underestimated him. This man was giving her surprise after surprise.

Compared to Willow Stone, Megan Daimler was nowhere near as scheming. She was simply afraid that Finn Taylor would be in danger.

She hadn’t even considered anything else.

With Alexander Scott’s detailed directions, Finn Taylor found the abandoned warehouse very quickly.

“Be careful not to let Quince Larson slip.”

By kidnapping Yvette Larson, Quince Larson had crossed a boundary.

This time, Finn Taylor was going to make him pay. That meant that he couldn’t just let the other escape.

Since this was an abandoned warehouse, many of the buildings were already beyond repair. That left them with only one building to search.

Finn Taylor pointed to his left. "Go up from there."

He then proceeded to the right.

The pair surrounded the building from both sides.

'Ground floor, clear. Second floor, clear. Third floor, clear. All that's left is the fourth floor.'

Finn Taylor nodded at Hunter Sullivan, reminding him to be careful not to let Quince Larson escape. With that, they sprung into action and rushed up the stairs to the fourth floor.

There, Quince Larson was watching over his cousin and her best friend, still daydreaming about becoming a billionaire.

"Yvette, oh Yvette. Why don't you guess if Finn Taylor will sell Number One Pacific Heights for your sake? I know I wouldn't. You're just a woman, and he can always marry another. Although he's a piece of trash, I must say that it won't be difficult for him to find a new wife given the fact that he owns such a luxurious property. As for you, he hasn't even touched you in the past three years. You probably don't even have any feelings for each other!"

"I've always been curious about why he's held himself back. You're honestly quite beautiful. If not for the fact that I'm related to you, I wouldn't even be able to hold myself back!" said Quince Larson as he turned to Clarine Landon. "But this young lady has nothing to do with me. Why don't I start from you?"

With that said, he took a step closer to Clarine Landon.

"Scram!" Clarine Landon refused to give in as she spat at Quince Larson.

"Pfft! You shameless fool!" Quince Larson slapped the young lady viciously in the face.

"You'd better not hit her. If you go on, I'll kill myself right here. Then, you can dream on about getting your money." Yvette Larson knew full well that her best friend was only being tortured because of her, so she tried to protect the latter as best as she could.

As expected, her words stopped Quince Larson right in his tracks.

He froze instantaneously. "Forget it. Once I have a billion dollars, I can have as many women as I want. I won't need the two of you!"

No sooner had Quince Larson sat down than the door was kicked open from outside. "You'd better stay alive to get your money then."

Quince Larson turned around at the noise.

The sight before him was jaw-dropping.

"Finn Taylor, how did you find this place?!" Quince Larson couldn't wrap his head around the situation. *'I made no errors at all, so how had Finn Taylor found me?'*

"Kill him!"

Hunter Sullivan roared as he charged forward—his hatred for the other ran deep.

One of them had to die today.

“Mr. Sullivan, why are you here? Why are you beating me up?” It was only then that Quince Larson realized that Hunter Sullivan had arrived with Finn Taylor. *‘But what connection do the two of them have?’*

This was something Quince Larson couldn’t understand.

“There are some things you don’t have to know about.” With his power and skills, Hunter Sullivan quickly subdued Quince Larson.

“Don’t kill him. He can’t die just yet. Take him to the car.”

‘Quince Larson naturally can’t die yet. Nobody knows about what he has done, nor has our grandpa spilled the truth yet. Yvette Larson was crushed by dozens of men but is still standing, so there is no way Quince Larson is going to die so easily.’

Finn Taylor released the ropes binding his wife, and she pounced into his embrace, bursting into tears.

Finn Taylor hugged her and comforted her gently. “It’s alright; I’m here. Things will get better.”

Over the past few days, Yvette Larson had missed her husband dearly. She had once thought that marrying him was the biggest insult of her entire life, but she now realized that Finn Taylor owned her heart.

She was never going to leave him in this lifetime.

“Ahem. I don’t really want to interrupt, but could you guys cut the rope away from me first?” Clarine Landon looked pitiful as she cut in.

She didn’t mind the couple displaying their affection for each other, but they had to be humane and let her go first!

It was only then that Yvette Larson realized that her best friend was still bound. “What? Can’t I hug my husband?”

Nonetheless, she loosened the ropes around her best friend.

“Alright. Go on and show off your love for each other. I’m leaving.”

“Forget it. You already interrupted us, and I’m no longer in the mood for that.”

Finn Taylor giggled the moment he heard that. “Yvette, let’s go to the Larson family’s residence. There’s a show of the century waiting for us there.”

He had been waiting for this day for the past three years.

Today was finally the day to act. He was going to get revenge for all the injustice his wife had faced at the hands of the Larson family.

That stupid eldest grandson who had trampled on him for the past three years was going to die today!

Chapter 242: Who's Here?

Yvette Larson was slightly taken aback, not understanding what her husband was up to. However, she had a premonition that Finn Taylor was about to do something ground-breaking.

Perhaps it would even change the course of the Larson family's future for the next ten years!

Finn Taylor ushered his wife into the car, where Hunter Sullivan and Quince Larson were already waiting.

"Finn Taylor, where are you taking me to?"

Perhaps terminal lucidity was real. For some reason, Quince Larson couldn't help but feel apprehensive as though something bad was going to happen.

"Somewhere you yearn to be. Isn't your greatest wish to become the head of the Larson family? But you've been the temporary head, not the real head. Today, we're going to have a real family head. Aren't you excited?"

"Finn Taylor, what are you trying to do?" Quince Larson roared. If not for the fact that he was currently being held down by Hunter Sullivan, he would've started a fight with the other a long time ago.

Very quickly, the group arrived at the Larson family's residence.

Finn Taylor supported his wife, and they strolled in casually. As for Quince Larson, he was wrestled into the house by Hunter Sullivan.

Finn Taylor threw a glance at the century-old ancestral shrine.

Dozens of the Larson family's ancestors' ashes were housed here. They were the ones who had established the Larson family over the years.

Although the Larson family wasn't exceptionally well-known, they were still more prominent than an average family. Unfortunately, they didn't cherish what they had and were always trying to make a name for themselves.

They weren't very capable to begin with, yet they broke countless industry rules.

If they had made use of Finn Taylor, they might've risen up a long time ago.

"You seem very moved. Are you thinking of something?" Yvette Larson observed her husband from the back, feeling a trace of coldness.

Finn Taylor had indeed thought of something—the Taylor family.

The Taylor family was similar to the Larson family. The only thing different was that one was bigger than the other.

“Just thinking about the past.” All of a sudden, he turned around and looked in a certain direction.
“They’re here!”

Yvette Larson followed his gaze and spotted Franklin Larson and his wife, who were being escorted in by Logan Yeats.

Seeing their son—Quince Larson—thrown on the ground, Franklin Larson flared up. “Finn Taylor, what are you trying to do? What did my son do? Why are you doing this to him?”

Finn Taylor sneered at the other. “Why don’t you ask your precious son what he did?”

‘Did he really do something he shouldn’t have?’ Franklin Larson turned to his son. “Hurry up and tell me what you did.”

“Dad, I kidnapped Yvette in a moment of folly. I didn’t do it on purpose. I lost all my money while gambling, and someone recruited me as a lackey. They were the ones who kidnapped her—it’s none of my business.”

Finn Taylor let out a sinister smile. *‘Things have already progressed to this point, but he’s still full of lies and trying to trick everyone.’*

“Finn Taylor, we’re all relatives.”

“You’d better ask your son what else he’s done to wrong the Larson family. Otherwise, you might faint later on when you learn the truth.”

‘There’s more?’ Franklin Larson was jaw-dropped. *‘How much is my son hiding from me?’*

“Dad, I swear there’s nothing else. He’s just trying to scare both of us into spouting nonsense later.”

Franklin Larson was no fool. Given his understanding of his son, the latter was definitely hiding some secrets from him.

However, he didn’t believe that Finn Taylor knew the details of those secrets either. Just like his son said, Finn Taylor was probably trying to get them to reveal the secrets on their own accord.

Since that was the case, Franklin Larson wasn’t going to fall into the other’s trap. “Hehe! Finn Taylor, why don’t you just show us the evidence if you have any. Otherwise, you’d better not spout nonsense here!”

Franklin Larson was calm and composed as he rebutted Finn Taylor.

The latter didn’t reply. *‘It’s not the right time yet. I’ll wait. The Larson family isn’t here yet. Besides, Joseph Larson is still in the hospital.’*

“They’re here!” Franklin Larson pointed into the distance, where Frederick Larson was walking from.

Not long after, Quinn Larson arrived with Hilary Stone.

Last to arrive were Francis Larson and Linda James since they lived at Pacific Heights, which was a long way away.

Finally, everyone was here.

“Mom...” The moment she spotted her mother, Yvette Larson could no longer hold her emotions in and rushed over.

Initially, Linda James had no idea about what had happened. She had thought that her daughter had been visiting her best friend.

It was Willow Stone who had informed her about her daughter’s abduction. Naturally, she was relieved to see her daughter safe and sound.

“My precious daughter, it must’ve been hard on you.”

As the mother and daughter shared a hug, what shocked everyone was Francis Larson—who had always been a man of few words—walking up to Quince Larson and slapping him square in the face.

“What are you doing?” Franklin Larson yelled out at his brother.

“Franklin Larson, I’m your elder brother. I don’t like being the center of attention, but that doesn’t mean you can bully us. Your son kidnapped my daughter. Trust me—I can kill you if you push me too far.”

Then, an even more stupefying scene played out—Francis Larson whipped out a fruit knife and held it against his brother’s neck.

Francis Larson was down-to-earth, but that didn’t mean he was a fool. Being down-to-earth didn’t mean that he could be trampled upon.

If he were to press down just an inch further, Franklin Larson would be dead.

“You... Bro, don’t act so rashly. We’re family, so there’s no need to go so far.”

Franklin Larson was now fuming.

It was rare for someone like Francis Larson to flare up, but they couldn’t be contained once they did.

“Calm down, Dad. Leave this to me.” Although Finn Taylor respected his father-in-law for doing so, he had other plans. It would be terrible if Francis Larson ruined everything for him.

The pair shared a gaze that lasted a couple of minutes. Finally, Finn Taylor retrieved the fruit knife from the other’s grip.

It was only then that Franklin Larson let out a sigh of relief. Earlier on, he had felt as though he had really toed the line of death!

“Dad, the show is about to begin. Just hold on for a while longer. Almost everyone from the Larson family is here. We’re just missing someone.”

Frederick Larson spoke up. “Finn Taylor, if you’re talking about Eleanor, you don’t have to wait for her. She’s gone abroad for a vacation.”

Finn Taylor sneered.. “Do you think I’d be waiting for such a dirty sl*t? Look who’s here!”

Chapter 243: Finn Taylor's Revenge

The entire family turned their eyes in the direction Finn Taylor was pointing—the entrance of the Larson family's residence.

There, a van was parked in front of the residence.

Under the family's watchful gazes, the door was slowly pulled open.

The one who alighted from the van was no stranger to the Larson family—it was Alexander Scott. He was a renowned figure throughout the nation, a man ranked on the Forbes list!

It was only natural for the Larson family to know people like him like the back of their hands because of their desperate desire to enter upper-class society. But what they couldn't wrap their heads around was why Alexander Scott had alighted from the driver's seat and had even opened the passenger's door!

He had become a chauffeur for someone! Who could that possibly be?

As the passenger's door slowly opened, someone stepped out of the van. However, the van blocked their view, and they couldn't make out the figure.

Everyone's faces were plastered with anxiety and curiosity all at once.

As that person made his way around the van and approached the Larson family, their jaws dropped, and their eyes were filled with surprise.

Francis Larson, Franklin Larson, and Frederick Larson rushed over at once. "Dad!"

The man walking over was none other than the family head—Joseph Larson!

Doctors had been sure that the old man would never recover from his vegetative state. In fact, they even thought that he might never wake up from his coma.

Yet, he was standing in front of them as though nothing had happened.

Of course, it meant nothing for Finn Taylor to treat Joseph Larson. He simply hadn't done so previously because it wasn't the right time to do so.

But the right time had now come. The Larson family had to pay for everything they had done over the past three years.

"Dad, you've recovered!"

"Dad, you're awake!"

"Dad, why didn't you call us? We could've picked you up!"

Joseph Larson's three sons rushed up to help him, but the old man remained silent. He simply reached out and grabbed his eldest son's hand.

The entire Larson family witnessed this.

For some unknown reason, Franklin Larson had a bad premonition in his heart.

"Grandpa is here. We can start our family meeting now." Finn Taylor turned to Quince Larson. "Are you going to say it, or should I say it?"

Quince Larson felt a chill run down his spine the moment he spotted his grandpa.

"W-what am I supposed to say? I have nothing to say," he stuttered, still trying to defend himself.

"Alright. Since you're not going to say it, I'll say it. The culprit who caused Grandpa to go into a vegetative state was you—Quince Larson!" Finn Taylor's words were like a bolt out of the blue.

The entire family shot their eyes at Joseph Larson.

"Y-you're lying! Finn Taylor, don't spout nonsense if you don't have any evidence. You were the one who hurt Grandpa!"

The gears in Quince Larson started turning, thoughts flooding his mind. "Finn Taylor, you were the one who sent Grandpa to the hospital that day. How can this have nothing to do with you?"

Finn Taylor sneered and turned to Joseph Larson.

The Larson family turned their gazes to the family head too.

Finn Taylor was accusing Quince Larson of being the culprit, while Quince Larson was accusing the former of being the culprit.

Now, only Joseph Larson could reveal the truth of the matter.

Joseph Larson walked up to his grandson.

"Grandpa, I'm Quince—the eldest grandson of the Larson family. How could I possibly hurt you? Don't be fooled!" Quince Larson tried to beg his grandpa for mercy through his gaze.

"That's right, Dad. Even without this accident, Quince would've eventually become the family head. He has no reason to hurt you."

"Yes, Grandpa. You treat me so well, so why would I harm you?"

Quince Larson and his father tried to move the Old Master with their words.

Slap!

Joseph Larson landed a slap on his grandson's face.

It wasn't a vicious one. In fact, there wasn't even a mark on the latter's face.

However, that one action was enough to prove his intentions.

“B*stard! You know just how well I treat you, yet this is how you repay me?!” Joseph Larson’s words had pretty much revealed the truth.

Everyone was in disbelief. From the very beginning, they had been sure that it was Finn Taylor who had hurt Joseph Larson.

After all, Finn Taylor had all reason to do so given the humiliation he had faced over the past three years. Besides, he had also been the first person on scene after Joseph Larson’s accident!

“Grandpa, I was wrong. It was a moment of folly. Grandpa, I’m begging you. Please let me off and forgive me this time. Grandpa, I know I was wrong.” Quince Larson kowtowed repeatedly to his grandpa, but the latter turned around, not sparing his grandson a glance.

If Quince Larson had done anything else, Joseph Larson might very well have forgiven him. However, his grandson had tried to kill him for the sake of the family head position!

How vicious could he get?!

“Take him down!” Finn Taylor waved, and Hunter Sullivan and Alexander Scott brought Quince Larson away.

Everyone from the Larson family knew just what awaited Quince Larson. This was probably the last time they would ever see the latter, but nobody pleaded for mercy on Quince Larson’s behalf.

He had poisoned his own grandpa just to claim the position of family head! Nobody dared to speak up for such a brutal man.

“Grandpa, you’ve been through so much. Your health must’ve deteriorated. Since everyone is here today, why don’t you choose your successor now?”

‘Abdication.’

Revealing Quince Larson’s actions was Finn Taylor’s first step. Forcing Joseph Larson out of the position of family head was his second.

“Finn Taylor, you...” Nobody had expected Finn Taylor to take the opportunity to force Joseph Larson to choose a successor.

Finn Taylor’s question also meant that nobody else would ever stand a chance.

Finn Taylor spotted disdain and reluctance on Joseph Larson’s face. The latter obviously thought that he had the ability to rebuild the family once he recovered.

However, the current Larson family was no longer the same Larson family it had been three years ago.

Finn Taylor was no longer going to tolerate their bullying. He reached out and grabbed Joseph Larson’s hand. “Grandpa, please choose the next family head.”

Disbelief filled Joseph Larson’s eyes. He had never thought such a day would come—a day when Finn Taylor would rise up and even subdue him!

Joseph Larson’s gaze fell on his granddaughter—Yvette Larson.

Amongst the third generation of the family, Quince Larson had tried to murder him while Eleanor Larson had done such a shameful thing. Naturally, both of them were out of the race.

As for Quinn Larson, nobody even knew who his father was. How could he hand the family over to someone like that?

That left him with only one choice—Yvette Larson!

Chapter 244: Turning the Tides

“As the Larson family head, I declare that Yvette Larson will succeed me as the Larson family’s 34th head. I’ll abdicate from my position today. From now on, Yvette Larson will be our family’s new family head. Everyone from the Larson family must do as she says or be punished by the ancestors.”

The Larson family members shook their heads and shut their eyes as Joseph Larson uttered each word. Only Yvette Larson, Francis Larson, and Linda James were delighted.

It had been years since their family had started being suppressed in the Larson family. Their family had been humiliated by the rest of the family for years, and now, they’d finally turned the tides.

Just as everyone thought that things would simply end at that, they witnessed Finn Taylor grabbing hold of Joseph Larson with no intention of letting go. “Grandpa, choose an auspicious day for your cremation.”

Shock!

Complete shock!

Everyone was stupefied, and even Yvette Larson was at a loss for words.

Finn Taylor had just made clear his intentions to drive Joseph Larson to his death.

“Finn Taylor, I’ve already stepped down from my position. Are you going to drive me to my death?”

A smile was plastered across Finn Taylor’s face. “Grandpa, do you think Yvette and I care a lot about the Larson family? You know very well just what we’ve been subjected to over the past three years. You might’ve stepped down, but Yvette won’t be respected as the family head as long as you’re alive. A country can’t have two rulers—the same applies to a family.”

“Of course, I have other choices to help Yvette cement her position as the family head—that would be to kill all of you. The Larson family will start from Yvette, and she’ll be the first family head in that case. What do you think about that, Grandpa?”

Over the past three years, Joseph Larson had always regarded Finn Taylor as nothing more than a piece of trash. No matter how much he hit or scolded the latter, he would have no choice but to accept it.

Who would've expected Finn Taylor to be so vicious once he bit back?

'Killing the entire Larson family and establishing a new Larson family starting from Yvette's generation?'

Joseph Larson didn't know how much to trust Finn Taylor.

"Dad, I beg you. Please choose an auspicious date." Franklin Larson fell on his knees as his head hit the ground.

He was asking his own father to die! With death on the line, Franklin Larson couldn't care less about his own father.

"Father, I hope you die." Frederick Larson fell on his knees as well—he didn't want to die either.

"Dad, if you don't die, I'm going to leave the Larson family with your only grandson." Hilary Stone fell on her knees as well.

Joseph Larson had four children, but he had never liked his eldest son very much. That was why his eldest son's family had always been alienated, while the second, third, and fourth families were favored.

Never in his life would he have thought that these three families would ask him to die!

"The Larson family's burial grounds in three days' time." Joseph Larson shut his eyes, regret flooding his mind.

He didn't hate Finn Taylor—he hated himself. He had made way too many mistakes in this life.

'What kind of man was my father? He had insisted on Yvette Larson marrying Finn Taylor, so how could I have regarded him as a good-for-nothing?'

"Fine; the Larson family's burial grounds. But three days later?" Finn Taylor laughed. "Grandpa, have you ever heard of this famous saying?"

"What saying?"

"Undue delay may bring trouble." A smile was plastered across Finn Taylor's face, yet his words were vicious.

Joseph Larson wanted to die on his own accord in three days' time, but his grandson-in-law wasn't even going to give him three days. He simply said that a delay often brought more trouble.

In short, he wanted Joseph Larson's life now.

Disbelief and despair filled Joseph Larson's eyes. "Finn Taylor, do you really hate me that much? Can't you give me three days?"

Finn Taylor sneered. "If you'd only humiliated me, I would've given you three days. But have you thought about how you've treated Yvette? Do you still remember that piece of jade we bought? I'm sure you knew full well who bought the real piece between Yvette and Quince, but what did you end up doing? You smashed the real one that Yvette bought into pieces and proclaimed that Quince Larson bought the real one."

“That’s just one event. Do you remember how Yvette and I represented the Larson family at the charity competition and won? But you said that Yvette smeared the family’s name by letting me participate and forced her to kneel down as an apology to you. That’s the second.”

“Do you also remember about how Quince Larson tried to get someone to rape Yvette and how she nearly died? Even so, you simply told him to reflect on his actions and let him off just like that. You’re so fair, Grandpa. Why don’t you ask yourself whether the company ever would’ve succeeded in the collaboration with the Sullivan family if not for Yvette? But time and time again, you’ve tried to drag her down and replace her with Quince Larson! Don’t you think that you’ve let her down?!”

Each and every word that Finn Taylor spat out was as sharp as a dagger, piercing Joseph Larson’s heart. It was then that the latter felt utter despair.

“I-I can die today to save you all that trouble, but I have a request too. Can you promise me not to threaten each other with your lives after I’m gone?” Now that he was nearing death, his words seemed kinder too.

Joseph Larson could let everything go now. His only wish was for the Larson family to stay intact.

“Only if you apologize to Yvette.” Finn Taylor knew just how much his wife had suffered over the past three years. Even if he were to kill Joseph Larson in the most brutal way possible, Finn Taylor still wouldn’t be able to vent even a hundredth of his hatred toward this old man.

He wanted the other to admit that he had done wrong.

‘Apologize!’

The Larson family was a traditional family—one where elders would never apologize to the younger generations no matter what they did.

In the past three years, Yvette Larson had tolerated everything. But now, Finn Taylor demanded an apology.

Emotions surged in Joseph Larson’s heart. *‘Do I have to destroy my reputation and dignity before I die?’*

“Grandpa, I have no intention of forcing you to do anything. But as you said, the Larson family isn’t very tight-knit anyway. Since you’re unwilling to admit to your mistake, all I can say is that I’ll have nothing to do with the rest of the family if someone tries to come against us in the future.”

While Finn Taylor claimed that he wasn’t forcing Joseph Larson into making a decision, every word seemed to be contradicting him.

Three years!

Finn Taylor had held it in for three whole years! Now that he had finally decided to bite back, he was going to go all out.

This would definitely backfire on him if he were to leave a path out for the other.

In an instant, all eyes shot toward Joseph Larson.. *‘Will he apologize?’*

Chapter 245: Unnecessary Trouble

The eyes of everyone from the Larson family landed on Joseph Larson.

He eventually turned to Yvette Larson, bent down, and fell to his knees—he nearly collapsed onto the ground. “Yvette, I was wrong. I was really wrong.”

The decades-long feuds of the Larson family dissipated with this simple sentence.

Finn Taylor sneered. *‘Everything is going to end here.’*

He patted Joseph Larson on the back and roared out, “The Larson family head—Joseph Larson—is dead. Everyone of the Larson family, kneel to send the Old Master off!”

As soon as Finn Taylor finished his sentence, Joseph Larson gradually crumbled. Of course, the former didn’t allow him to crumple onto the ground and held him carefully.

Yvette Larson felt a surge of emotions in her heart. *‘With Grandpa’s death, everything is finally over.’*

She was the first to kneel. “Please let your unfilial granddaughter pay her respects.”

Following that, Francis Larson dragged Linda James onto her knees as well. “Please let your unfilial son pay his respects.”

Frederick Larson and Franklin Larson shared a glance, understanding that they had just lost all power in the Larson family with their father’s death. They then fell on their knees as well.

Following this, Quinn Larson kneeled down, dragging his mother down as well.

Hilary Stone had been reluctant to do so, yet she had no other choice with her son tugging on her.

Finn Taylor looked up and winked at his wife.

With tacit understanding between them, Yvette Larson burst out into tears. “Grandpa! Grandpa, I was too unfilial. I haven’t done anything for you yet. How could you leave so soon? Grandpa, I’m so afraid now that you’ve abandoned me and left! Grandpa, please rest assured that I’ll organize an extravagant funeral for your last journey.”

Yvette Larson’s performance was so convincing that it seemed as though she was an exceptionally filial granddaughter who could move the heavens.

Finn Taylor shouted, “My condolences, Miss. The Larson family still needs you to lead the family.”

He then glanced at his father-in-law.

Understanding what the other meant, Francis Larson also shouted, “My condolences. Please don’t take it upon yourself as the family head.”

Of course, Frederick Larson and Franklin Larson knew exactly why Finn Taylor was putting on such a show. Yet, they couldn't choose not to participate in it.

With no other choice, they shouted in unison, "Our condolences, Ms. Larson."

Finn Taylor turned to Quinn Larson.

The latter understood that all hope was lost now. No matter how ambitious he was, there was no way of salvaging the situation.

"Sister, Grandpa has passed on. Please take care of yourself. You're the new family head, and we need you to lead us in the future."

After everyone spoke up, Yvette Larson finally stood up. "Thank you for everyone's concern. I may be young, but I won't let Grandpa down since he's made me the family head. From today onward, please hand over all of your shares in the Larson Corporation. As the family head, I will redistribute the shares according to each family's contributions. Do you have any objections?"

Frederick Larson and Franklin Larson smiled bitterly. *'Yvette Larson is out to kill us, yet we brought this upon ourselves. If we were made the family head this time, would we have let Yvette Larson's family off? The answer is obvious: Of course not.'*

This was why there was nothing they could say about the way Yvette Larson's family was treating them.

Finn Taylor had no intention of interfering in Joseph Larson's funeral. After all, he had already achieved his aims.

He nodded at his wife. "I'll hand this over to you. I'm going to deal with that b*stard."

Of course, the b*stard Finn Taylor was talking about was none other than Quince Larson. The latter had created tons of trouble over the years and had humiliated Finn Taylor countless times in the past three years. He was the one who had spread the rumor of Finn Taylor being a piece of trash and not having touched Yvette Larson.

Today, Finn Taylor was going to get his revenge for every single insult he'd been subjected to.

...

In the abandoned warehouse where Quince Larson had held his cousin captive.

Finn Taylor had instructed Hunter Sullivan to take Quince Larson here.

Quince Larson had crossed Finn Taylor's limit. It was this event that led to everything that had just taken place today.

Since that was the case, Finn Taylor was going to end everything here too.

Standing in front of his cousin-in-law, Quince Larson was filled with reluctance and terror. He wanted to kneel down to the other and beg for mercy, yet he knew that kneeling would do nothing. Since that was the case, it would be better to die with dignity.

However, the fear of death eventually drove Quince Larson to cast aside all care for his dignity. He fell onto his knees with no hesitation. “Finn Taylor, I was wrong. Please let me off this time.”

Finn Taylor sneered. “Quince Larson, you disgust me. You’re nothing but a dog to me. Look at where we are now. Do you really think that I’m going to let you off? If you died while standing, I might still respect you. However, it looks like you’re nothing more than a cowardly worm.”

With that, he threw a vicious kick at his wife’s cousin. It landed on the latter’s stomach, causing him to throw up whatever was in his stomach.

Quince Larson groaned in pain, feeling as though he was about to die. He seemed to be able to see death knocking on his door. *‘Do I have any way out?’*

Finally, he thought of someone—that bald elder.

If not for that grandpa’s love, Quince Larson would’ve died a long time ago whenever Finn Taylor forced him into a corner.

He had always said that he would have a way out because he had someone backing him. Nobody but him knew about this man.

Three years ago, a bald elder had approached him at Finn Taylor’s wedding. That day, he had told Quince Larson to look for him if Finn Taylor ever drove him into a corner.

As long as he was willing to remain a loyal dog to him, Quince Larson would live.

At that time, Quince Larson had thought of it as a joke.

Finn Taylor was nothing more than a useless matrilocal son-in-law. There was no way he’d be so threatened by him, yet here they were today.

“I’m willing to be your slave and be loyal to you forever. Are you there? Please save me!”

Finn Taylor was about to viciously kick his cousin-in-law in the head—this would definitely end his life—but a figure appeared just then.

A bald old man grabbed his foot and shoved him.

It took Finn Taylor ten whole seconds to steady himself, and he looked at the elder.. “Gremlin, are you really going to interfere in this matter?”

Chapter 246: Just a Dog

Gremlin wasn’t one to be trifled with. One of the main reasons Finn Taylor’s grandma—Frida Cameron—had been able to helm Peregrine Hall without much obstruction after Brian Taylor’s death was due to Gremlin’s help.

He was vicious and fiercely loyal to Frida Cameron.

'What is he trying to do now by saving Quince Larson?'

"Don't you think it's dishonoring for Master Peregrine to go against a mere dog?" Gremlin sneered.

"Oh, is it not dishonoring for Gremlin from Peregrine Hall to save a dog then?"

"If you want to hit a dog, you should get to know its owner first. There's no way you're going to kill this dog today with me here."

In Finn Taylor and Gremlin's conversation, Quince Larson was no more than a mere dog.

Quince Larson was naturally fuming. *'I'm the eldest grandson of the Larson family and a renowned figure in San Francisco! How dare you people address me in this way?'*

Yet, he dared not express the rage in his heart. *'Gremlin is the only one who can save me now. Being a dog is better than being dead.'*

Gremlin threw a kick at Finn Taylor's abdomen. While the latter dodged, his speed was no match for Gremlin.

In the end, Finn Taylor fell onto the ground.

"B*stard! You killed Frida Cameron. Let's see if you'll survive today!" With that, Gremlin landed a few more vicious kicks on Finn Taylor.

But right then, the former felt a needle stabbing into his foot. All he felt was numbness—so much so that he nearly collapsed.

An elder walked in with no hurry at all. "Gremlin, don't you think it's inappropriate for you to be attacking your junior?"

The one who just entered was none other than Finn Taylor's master, an envoy of Peregrine Hall—Maximus Brugel.

Gremlin felt terribly disappointed to see the latter, and he sighed.

This meant that he wouldn't be able to kill Finn Taylor today. There was no way he'd be able to do anything to the other with Maximus Brugel here.

Nobody within Peregrine Hall had ever heard of Maximus Brugel killing anyone, yet there were rumors of him having legendary skills.

Of course, given the personalities of those from Peregrine Hall, many had tried to test Maximus Brugel. The result was what had just happened to Gremlin—they didn't even have the opportunity to get anywhere close to Maximus Brugel before they were stabbed by a needle and became immobilized.

It would be terribly simple for Maximus Brugel to kill them if he wanted to do so. Naturally, nobody would listen to him if he didn't have any abilities of his own.

“Maximus Brugel, this has nothing to do with you. I’m getting revenge for Frida Cameron. Are you going to cut in?”

Maximus Brugel laughed. “Gremlin, this naturally has something to do with me. You’re trying to kill my disciple. In that case, shall I find a few men to play with you?”

Maximus Brugel coughed, and a man walked in with a knife in his hand.

“Sprite!”

The one who had arrived was Sprite of Peregrine Hall. His skills were on par with Gremlin, and neither was better than the other.

“Good; I’ll leave. Will that do? But I’ll leave with this dog.” Gremlin pointed at Quince Larson.

It wasn’t because Quince Larson was important to him. It was simply because he had come to save the other in the first place.

If Quince Larson were to die, it would be downright humiliating for him!

“Alright. Finn, you should kick him too since he kicked you earlier.”

Finn Taylor’s lips curled up, and his leg flew toward Gremlin’s abdomen.

Although Gremlin remained rooted to the spot, the kick left him groaning in pain. He was raging, yet he had no other choice but to leave with Quince Larson.

“How long have you not gone for training? Your skills are deteriorating.” Maximus Brugel glanced at Finn Taylor with coldness in his eyes.

Something was evidently wrong—Finn Taylor hadn’t even managed to move the other from his spot.

“Master, I’ve never stopped training. It’s just that...”

“What?” Maximus Brugel’s gaze only grew colder. He hated others finding excuses for themselves.

“Some time ago, a strange man appeared in San Francisco and hurt Hunter Sullivan. I went to meet that man and fought with him, getting injured in the process.”

Maximus Brugel walked up to his disciple, reached out, and tried to take his pulse. His face then fell.

“You’re lucky that he didn’t injure your internal organs. You’ll recover fully in less than a week with some medication.”

Finn Taylor thanked his master. “I have a question for you, Master.”

“You don’t have to ask me about it. I don’t have the answer either.” Maximus Brugel knew what his disciple was going to ask—whether Brian Taylor was still alive.

He didn’t have the answer either. At that time, he had seen Brian Taylor severely injured—to the point that few would be able to survive. Yet, it was also true that nobody had ever seen Brian Taylor’s corpse.

Besides, he had never shown up in recent years. As such, nobody had any answers to Finn Taylor's questions either.

"Master, do you really have no clue at all?"

"No." Maximus Brugel stood up and walked out.

The only reason he was here was due to him realizing that Gremlin had come to San Francisco. He was worried about Finn Taylor.

Since he had already taken care of the matter, there was no reason to stay for any longer.

...

Gremlin left with Quince Larson.

"Do you know who he is?" Gremlin asked a strange question all of a sudden.

"Who? Finn Taylor? He's just the useless matriloal son-in-law of the Larson family—a piece of trash."

"Piece of trash? Hehe!"

"Oh right, he's quite good at fighting."

"Fighting? Is that all? It seems like you know nothing about him."

"He's the eldest son of Chicago's Taylor family and Master Peregrine of Peregrine Hall. He can get anything he wants at the snap of his fingers, yet you call him a piece of trash who's just good at fighting?"

Gremlin's words made Quince Larson's heart thump crazily, and he nearly collapsed out of shock. *'F*ck! Is he serious? The eldest son of the most prominent family in the country—the Taylor family? Master Peregrine of Peregrine Hall? How could Finn Taylor have such a prestigious background?'*

"Are you afraid of him?"

"I-I..." If he had been posed this question in the past, the answer would be a firm 'no.' Yet, it was impossible for him not to feel fearful now that he had learned the truth.

This was the eldest son of Chicago's Taylor family—Master Peregrine of Peregrine Hall—they were talking about.

"You useless fool, what's there to fear? He's just the matriloal son-in-law of the Larson family—a piece of trash. Remember the terms of me saving you today. You have to remain loyal to one person up until the day you die. Your owner is Donovan Taylor.."

Chapter 247: Mars

Quince Larson was slightly stunned. *'Donovan Taylor? Who's that?'*

Seemingly realizing the confusion on Quince Larson's expression, Gremlin went on with an explanation. "Donovan Taylor is Finn Taylor's twin brother, but they're as different as day and night. Finn Taylor is a jinx who's here to ruin the Taylor family, while Donovan Taylor is different. He's a saint who will bring the family to glory. Your owner has run into some trouble, so he couldn't show up today. I now need your help to defeat Finn Taylor on his behalf. I'll give you some money. Tell me—how much do you need?"

Quince Larson hadn't really understood what Gremlin said earlier, but he surely understood the last part of the latter's speech. *'He's giving me money! That's great!'*

"I-I need a billion dollars." This was what he had requested for Yvette Larson's ransom.

'Since the Taylor family is so rich, a billion dollars probably doesn't mean much to them.' Yet, he couldn't help but feel frantic after voicing out his thoughts.

"A billion? You fool, I'll give you ten billion."

Gremlin's words stupefied Quince Larson. *'Ten billion? I've never even seen so much money in my life!'*

"I don't expect you to defeat Finn Taylor even after giving you ten billion, but it shouldn't be hard for you to slow him down with this money."

"Don't worry. I'll be like a dog and take a huge bite out of him!" With that, Quince Larson even barked like a dog. "Woof! Woof! Woof!"

...

The moment Finn Taylor walked out of that abandoned warehouse, he received a phone call from Chloe Yeats. She informed him that she had found a worker from Mars, who had agreed to lock two people up in Mars.

Finn Taylor was overwhelmed with emotions as he heard so because he had his suspicions of his grandpa being in Mars.

That was why he was sending Phoenix and Triton to Mars to retrieve his grandpa.

How could Finn Taylor not get excited after receiving news about Mars? "Alright. I'll go to San Diego right away."

The Larson family would be busy organizing Joseph Larson's funeral for the next few days.

Since Finn Taylor wasn't going to care about it, he would naturally be free. As such, he headed to Los Angeles with Patrick Taylor and Felix Taylor to look for Chloe Yeats.

"Can you bring me to meet that worker from Mars?"

"No, he wants me to bring those two people to a landfill outside Los Angeles. They'll take them from there."

Finn Taylor couldn't help but feel disappointed. He had thought that he would be able to meet that worker from Mars at the very least. Then, he would have some news regarding his grandpa.

However, it seemed like things wouldn't be going that smoothly.

"Don't worry, Master Peregrine. Leave this to us. Grandpa saved our lives, so we'll do our best to save him once we get to Mars."

Finn Taylor had no doubts about the duo's loyalty. He knew that the duo would even risk their lives to save his grandpa.

"You must be careful. I'll remain outside and try my best to save all of you." Finn Taylor wasn't saying this for the sake of doing so—it was a promise to them.

Finn Taylor was ready to risk his own life for them too.

Grandpa was important to all three of them. Without him, they would've died a long time ago.

Based on their agreement, Chloe Yeats took Patrick Taylor and Felix Taylor to the landfill. Before that, she had asked Finn Taylor if they should place tracking or listening devices on the pair.

However, Finn Taylor rejected that suggestion at once. *'Mars is way too mysterious. There has to be a good reason why nobody has even found out about the place over the years. We'd definitely be caught if we tried to use such underhanded methods. Then, all our plans of saving my grandpa would go to waste if we were to alert the enemy prematurely. All we can do is place our hopes on Felix Taylor and Patrick Taylor and hope they'll be able to adapt swiftly.'*

After completing her mission of sending the pair to the landfill, Chloe Yeats left. This was what they had agreed on.

The moment she returned, Finn Taylor asked, "Do you think their lives will be in danger?"

"What do you mean?"

"Since we haven't been able to find Mars, do you think it's possible that all those people we think are at Mars are already dead?"

Chloe Yeats shook her head. "That's impossible. We couldn't install listening or tracking devices, but we placed detectors in their hearts. We'll know if they're still alive. Since we could send people in, I'm sure others can do the same. If those people are dead, Mars would've been exposed a long time ago."

'That makes sense.'

Chloe Yeats then asked, "Do you want me to keep an eye on that landfill?"

"Absolutely not. We must follow their instructions. All we can do is hope that the two of them do their best."

Chloe Yeats smiled bitterly, shaking her head helplessly. "You grandpa must be important to you."

"He was the only one who treated me well."

Chloe Yeats didn't pursue the matter any further. She knew that Finn Taylor didn't want to touch on the topic.

"I have something to attend to in San Francisco. I'm leaving."

"Are you leaving so soon?"

"Yes. Joseph Larson is dead, so I need to go back in case the Larson family does something to Yvette."

Badump!

Chloe Yeats felt her heart leap when she heard that. *'Is it because of the sudden news of Joseph Larson's death, or is it because Finn Taylor has only Yvette Larson in his heart?'*

She shook her head, warning herself to know her limits. *'I'll never match up to Finn Taylor. I'll have to take my love for him to the grave. He must never know of anything!'*

Finn Taylor didn't stay any longer and simply left. Just as he had expected, something had indeed happened in the Larson family.

Of course, it wasn't because the Larson family dared to kick up a fuss. After witnessing what Finn Taylor was capable of, there was no way they'd dare to do anything.

This time, it was the various families of San Francisco that were stirring up trouble for the Larson family—the old men from the Chess Association.

They had gone to the Old Master's funeral on purpose, demanding that they be allowed to cease all collaborations with the Larson family. They even declared that anyone who sided with the Larson family was their enemy.

This shocked the entire San Francisco. *'What kind of grudge do they have between them? Why do they have to go so far?'*

The Larson family cared most about their reputation and appearance, and this meant that the Old Master's funeral had to be extravagant beyond measure.

And inviting all the renowned figures in San Francisco was the way to prove to others just how powerful the family was..

Chapter 248: Pulling Heaven Down

"Yvette Larson, we'll be frank with you. It's your husband—Finn Taylor—who offended us. You have two paths to choose from. Either you call your husband over to kneel before us, or we terminate our collaborations with the Larson family. Let's see how long your family will be able to survive without us in San Francisco."

The Larson family was no more than a second-tier family in San Francisco. Given that both Joseph Larson and Quince Larson were already dead and that the Sullivan family had terminated their collaboration, the Larson Corporation was already on the verge of collapsing.

If these families were to end their collaborations as well, the Larson family might very well break apart.

“Yvette, you’re the new family head. We’re counting on you, so you can’t lead us into a rut just after succeeding the position!”

The Larson family hated that Yvette Larson had become the new family head, yet they had no other choice. Hence, it was only natural for them to try to stir up trouble for Yvette Larson now that they had the chance to do so.

“That’s right, Yvette—no, Ms. Larson. Since you’re the family head now, this can’t mean much to you. You’ll definitely be able to resolve it. Ms. Larson, please let us know how long you’ll take to resolve this.”

Yvette Larson had never expected this to happen. She had only just been appointed as the new family head and hadn’t even settled her grandpa’s funeral before encountering such trouble.

To be honest, she knew exactly what the Larson family meant: If she had the ability to resolve the matter, she had better do so. Otherwise, she had better take the initiative to step down from the position of family head.

And now, there were only two paths open to her: Firstly, to hand Finn Taylor over and let him apologize to them.

Yvette Larson would naturally never agree to that, even if her husband did.

Secondly, she could subdue all those prominent figures in front of her by using the Larson family’s power.

Yvette Larson couldn’t help but let out a bitter smile inwardly. *‘There’s no way out of this. Finn has done so much for me, so I can’t just abandon him now.’*

Yvette Larson stood forward and glanced at the people in front of her.

“Kevin Jones, Samuel Stone, Troy Kleine, and all of you. Listen to me—I’m declaring war against all of your families in the name of the Larson family today. How dare you threaten me? I’ll take on your challenge. As long as your family remains, the Larson family will regard you as our enemies. Anyone who helps you will be our enemy as well. They’ll die horrible deaths too!”

The Larson family elders had wanted Yvette Larson to resolve the trouble. Who would’ve thought that she hadn’t managed to do so and even declared war against so many other families?

They were in deep trouble now.

“Yvette Larson, you...”

“Yvette Larson, how dare you? Are you really going to make enemies with all of us?”

“Yvette Larson, you’re just a young girl who’s still wet behind the ears. Even your grandpa wouldn’t have dared to say such things to us while he was alive. Who are you to declare war against us?”

Kevin Jones and the rest of the men were here to threaten Yvette Larson. What they wanted to see was the young lady admitting defeat.

Who would’ve expected the latter to declare war against them instead?

‘Is she really not afraid that we’ll trample on her family? Then, the Larson family will be nothing but history in San Francisco. If that’s the case, Yvette Larson will be a criminal in the Larson family’s books. How will she face her ancestors when she dies then?’

The old men were all fuming, yet they had no other choice but to leave.

Of course, Yvette Larson still had the rest of her family on her back.

They had strong opinions toward Yvette Larson being the family head previously. Now, Yvette Larson had made such a decision without getting their approval. She didn’t even have a discussion with them!

‘What if we fail? Does she know what will happen?’

“What do you mean by this, Yvette Larson?”

“How could you make the decision to go against all these families without any discussion with us? Are you not afraid of killing us?”

“That’s right. Grandpa handed you the position to lead us and bring the Larson family to new heights, not destroy the family!”

“You’re a criminal—the greatest criminal the Larson family has seen!” The words that left the Larson family’s mouths were as nasty as they could get.

The race had just begun. Yvette Larson hadn’t even lost, yet they had already painted her as a criminal.

“Look at all of you. Do you really think of yourselves as elders? If you guys were so capable, why was the Larson Corporation forced to close down when it was in your hands? You’re a bunch of useless fools. How dare you act like this now?” Just as the Larson family was reproaching Yvette Larson, Finn Taylor returned.

His words enraged the entire family, yet there was nothing they could do.

He was right. What could they possibly say to refute the truth?

“Finn Taylor, you’re just a matrilocal son-in-law of our family. We’re the elders here, so you’re in no place to teach us a lesson.” Finally, someone could no longer take it and lashed out at him.

“Hehe! Who are you? How dare you act like an elder here? Don’t you remember embezzling 30,000 dollars in that project three years ago and another 60,000 in that project last year? Do you really need me to go into more detail? I have evidence against you, you, and you. It doesn’t mean that I’ve forgiven you just because I’m not saying anything. If you guys know what’s good for you and do as Yvette says, I’ll

naturally let things go. But if you don't know your place and have any foolish thoughts of dragging Yvette down, you can wait to go to hell."

Finn Taylor's earlier words held no weight, but he had caught their attention this time.

'Go to hell? We're still young and have a whole life ahead of us.' Naturally, none of them wanted to die. As such, they all shut up.

Finn Taylor looked at the people in front of him, who wisely chose to remain silent. He then turned to his wife. "Do what you want. I'll pull heaven down for you if you want."

Everyone present stared at Finn Taylor as though he was a joke, but Yvette Larson knew that he wasn't bragging.

Finn Taylor was completely capable of doing so!

Chapter 249: Betrayal

"Finn Taylor, what right do you have to be speaking here? You're just a matrilocal son-in-law of the Larson family—a piece of trash! Do you really think you managed to win the competition because of your own skills? It's only because of our grace and our teachings that you managed to win. Just think about what you've done over the past three years—nothing!"

"I'm going to make myself clear today—I'm going to strip your family of all projects in three days' time. If you're willing to submit to me, kneel for two whole hours at the peak of Pacific Heights. I'll let the Larson family off then. Otherwise, I'm going to make sure that the entire Larson family dies a horrible death!"

Kevin Jones had made himself clear—he wasn't going to back down until he killed off the entire Larson family.

"Yvette Larson, you're impressive. You've just humiliated the family at Grandpa's funeral. Do you think you're still worthy of being the family head?" There were two people standing at the gate of the Larson family's residence.

Nobody was surprised to see one of them—Eleanor Larson. Although she hadn't been around, she had rushed back the moment her father informed her that her grandpa had passed on.

Yet, almost everyone was stunned to see the other—it was Quince Larson!

'Isn't he dead?' This was the first thought that came to everyone's mind. 'Did Finn Taylor choose to let him off? That can't be. That's impossible!'

"Quince, you're still alive?" Franklin Larson stood up and rushed forward.

Quince Larson was his son. He had thought that Finn Taylor had killed his son, and that was why he'd concealed a dagger under his clothes today.

He had thought it through—he was going to find a way to end Finn Taylor's life today.

"Don't worry, Dad. Not only did I not die, but I even met a benefactor! He saved me and even gave me ten billion dollars to rebuild the Larson family!"

Shock!

Complete shock!

Who would've thought that Quince Larson would have such good luck? Not only had he not been killed, but he had even gotten such a windfall!

"What happened?" Yvette Larson—who was standing next to her husband—felt that something was amiss. *'Given my understanding of him, he'd never do so. He'd never let an enemy off just like that.'*

"Someone powerful gifted my younger brother a dog to bite me."

Yvette Larson knew that the dog he was speaking of was Quince Larson. "And he agreed to it?"

The word 'dog' was like a stab to Quince Larson's heart.

He'd painted a glorious image of himself in front of everyone. After all, he had ten billion dollars in his bank account now. Yet, he knew full well that he was no more than a dog to that elder, who had even told him that he had an owner—Donovan Taylor.

That was utter humiliation.

"Finn Taylor, don't try to be smart with your words. I'm sure you must be feeling unwell now."

Yvette Larson had noticed that too—her spouse would frown from time to time and press on his abdomen as well.

She had been wondering what was going on, and it seemed like her husband had gotten injured. "Are you alright?"

Gremlin was the second strongest in the whole of Peregrine Hall—the first being Maximus Brugel.

It would be a lie if Finn Taylor said that he was fine after enduring a kick from him, but it wouldn't be so easy to crush him just like that. He just needed some time to recuperate.

"Ms. Larson, Grandpa handed the position of family head to you, so I won't try to snatch it from you. But now that the family is in such grave danger, I'm obliged to help the family out of this rut as the Larson family's eldest grandson. I've decided to rebuild the Larson family. Anyone who doesn't believe in Yvette Larson and wants to follow me is welcome."

Quince Larson's words were obviously targeted at Yvette Larson. *'Do you think you're so good just because you became the family head on the account that I hurt Grandpa? So what? Do you think I'm*

going to be struck down so easily? I'm going to establish a new Larson family today and let you see that you're nothing to the Larson family. You were nothing in the past, now, and in the future!

"Quince, Grandpa trusted you the most. We believe in you."

"Yes, Quince. You're our greatest hope."

"Quince's future child will be a Larson. Who knows what surname Yvette Larson's child will have? Perhaps the child will be a Taylor or even have another surname."

Their words were getting more vicious by the minute, and it didn't even matter to them that Quince Larson had killed the Old Master. On account of the ten billion dollars, they had all chosen to stand on Quince Larson's side.

Just like that, ninety percent of the Larson family had left. The remaining ten percent were either too old to bother or bore grudges with Quince Larson and wouldn't benefit from siding with him.

Given such circumstances, it didn't mean much even if Yvette Larson was the so-called 'family head' anymore.

The only evidence that they had against Quince Larson was their grandpa's own words. But now that he was dead, there was no longer the need to bring that up anymore.

"How do you feel, Yvette Larson? Everyone has betrayed you."

Yvette Larson remained silent. *'Since they have chosen to leave me, there's no need to try to keep them. All I need to do is bring the Larson family to greater heights and make them regret this decision.'*

Quince Larson seemed disappointed by her lack of response. He glanced at the Larson Corporation employees who had come to attend his grandfather's funeral.

Joseph Larson had been the chairman of the company, so it was only natural for the employees to attend his funeral.

"The Larson Corporation is in grave danger now that someone has provoked important men. This boat could capsize at any time, and you guys are the paddlers on this boat. Will you choose to die with Yvette Larson or come aboard my ship? What's your choice?"

Quince Larson's words caused a flurry of activity amongst the employees. To tell the truth, not a single one of them thought well of Yvette Larson.

The Larson Corporation had already been on the verge of collapsing and going bankrupt because of the Sullivan family terminating their contract. Now, they were even being targeted by so many other prominent families in the city.

It would be hard for them to overcome this, so it was an obvious choice for them. Besides, the one offering them a job was no stranger to them.

They turned to Yvette Larson, not knowing what to say..

Chapter 250: The Unreasonable Linda James

Yvette Larson had naturally seen all of their expressions, and she was fuming inwardly. *'I've treated all of them so well. Don't they feel ashamed for doing this now?'*

But as an adult, Yvette Larson understood them too. In reality, there was no right or wrong, only benefits.

As such, she wasn't going to stop them. "You are free to make your own choice—leave if you want to. I won't say a thing, but I'm going to make myself clear. If it doesn't work out there, don't even think of coming back to me."

Nobody had expected Yvette Larson to agree to them leaving.

An employee stood forward. "Ms. Larson, I'm sorry. We're only workers, and we need to feed our family. I'll always remember your kindness. I'll forgo my last month of salary. Please don't hold it against me, Ms. Larson."

With that, he walked toward Quince Larson.

Another then followed.

And another.

Very quickly, 90 out of the 95 Larson Corporation employees had left.

The five remaining employees had always been on Yvette Larson's side, so there was no way they'd survive in Quince Larson's company. Even if they were to join him, they'd surely be blacklisted.

Looking at the empty space next to her, Yvette Larson smiled bitterly. *'Such is reality.'*

"Yvette Larson, oh Yvette Larson. It seems like I won't have to do much this time. You're done for. I'll be waiting for your husband to beg me for mercy on his knees in three days' time." Kevin Jones burst out into laughter.

He had never expected Quince Larson's appearance to be of such great help to him this time, yet he couldn't help but respect Yvette Larson for her resolution.

Of course, Quince Larson was nothing more than scum to him. He looked down on the latter.

Now that his family was facing a crisis, he wasn't even trying to help the family. Instead, he'd tried to split the family apart.

There was no way he'd work with someone like that. After all, a collaboration with someone like this would definitely backfire.

As the old men left, the storm slowly dissipated.

Quince Larson stood indifferently before his grandpa before leaving as well.

Just like that, Joseph Larson's funeral was over.

...

Quince Larson, Eleanor Larson, and the rest of the Larson family were gathered at Quince Larson's house.

"Quince, do you really have ten billion?" Although they had chosen to follow him, they couldn't help but be filled with doubt as to whether he truly had that sum of money. As such, they couldn't wait to clarify their doubts.

Quince Larson had already expected them to be suspicious of him. The only way to quell all suspicions was by having solid evidence—that meant showing them exactly how much he had in his bank account.

Everyone stared intently at the string of numbers—10 million, 100 million, 1 billion... 10 billion!

Shock!

Complete shock!

This caused everyone's doubts to dissipate, yet they were dumbfounded. *'That's ten billion dollars we're talking about! This is much more than the Larson family ever had. With this, crushing Yvette Larson will be as easy as snapping our fingers. It's indeed an intelligent choice to follow Quince Larson.'*

"Quince, you've never disappointed us."

"That's right. I knew Quince could do it."

"When Grandpa asked me who was most suitable to be the next family head, you were the first one to come to mind, Quince. Only you will be able to bring us to greater heights."

"That's right. Look at Yvette Larson—she married a matrilocal son-in-law and humiliated our family. Her resignation landed our family in this state, and it's because of her that so many families are against us now."

"Her family is the jinx of the Larson family."

"I suggest that we don't allow her to place ashes with the rest of the Larson family when she dies." Someone was stirring up trouble yet again.

"Yes, I agree."

"Franklin, write a petition. We'll sign it."

One by one, they all started to target Yvette Larson.

This naturally pleased Quince Larson. The more they went against Yvette Larson, the more elated he became.

The fight over the position of family head had never ended. In fact, it had just begun.

'Now that I have ten billion dollars, I'll get back everything that should've been mine to begin with. This petition will be a declaration of war against my cousin.'

...

As they returned to Number One Pacific Heights, Linda James was in a frenzy. "Yvette, are you sure you can handle so many families going against the Larson family? Those people from the Larson family are so shameless! They know exactly what Quince Larson is like, yet they chose to join him! Yvette, what did Finn say? Why didn't he kill Quince Larson?"

Linda James seemed to have strong opinions toward how Quince Larson was still alive.

"Mom, Finn must have his reasons." Although Linda James didn't understand the situation, Yvette Larson did.

Finn Taylor was injured. Otherwise, Quince Larson would've died a long time ago.

"What reasons could he possibly have? Isn't he brilliant? Quince Larson has been bullying us for years. Couldn't he do anything to get at him for us?" Linda James was an elder to Quince Larson, yet the latter had never been polite toward her. This naturally irked Linda James, who cared most about appearances.

Now, Finn Taylor had wasted such a good opportunity. It was only obvious that she would be annoyed.

Yvette Larson didn't try to explain anything to her mom and instead headed back to her room to check on her husband.

Once his daughter left, Francis Larson spoke up. "Don't interfere in this. Don't you know how powerful Finn Taylor is? He obviously has his own reasons for doing so, so don't put him on the spot for the sake of your own dignity."

Francis Larson was a man of few words, but his words were always meaningful.

As for Linda James, she wasn't one who would be convinced by words alone. "Why not? I'm his mom, so can't I lecture him?"

"But you have to watch your words. Don't put Yvette on the spot just because you want to lecture Finn."

"But you saw what happened today too. Finn Taylor made all of the Larson family members betray us at the funeral. Don't you think that was humiliating?" To put it bluntly, all Linda James cared about was that she had been embarrassed.

"I'm not going to waste my breath on you. You're too unreasonable."

"Unreasonable? Did you call me unreasonable? Do you think I'm doing this for myself? I'm doing this for our family."

Francis Larson couldn't be bothered to rebuke her. *'I expected too much from my wife..'*