

UNTOUCHABLE

Chapter 251: Preparation

Yvette Larson walked into the room, only to see her husband pressing on his abdomen. But the moment she stepped into the room, he let go.

Obviously, he was afraid that his wife would worry about him.

“Did you meet a very strong opponent?” Linda James had upset Yvette Larson. *‘I understand that my mother hates Quince but doesn’t Finn hate him as well? If possible, my husband never would’ve let Quince off. He must’ve had his own reasons for doing so.’*

“Not really. I can deal with him.” Finn Taylor had to admit that Gremlin was indeed impressive, but he wasn’t going to back down just because of that. “Oh right, have you thought about how you’re going to solve the problems in the company?”

Finn Taylor changed the topic right away.

“We don’t have anyone now, and I probably won’t have enough time to hire new employees within three days. I guess I’ll have no choice but to ignore him no matter what he does in three days’ time.”

Finn Taylor sneered. *‘That’s one way, but it isn’t the best way. Ignoring them will be no different from surrendering to them. There’s no way I’m going to let that happen.’*

“Don’t worry. Leave it to me. I’ll make sure those old men kneel down to me at the peak of Pacific Heights.”

Yvette Larson chuckled. She wanted to know what plans her husband had up his sleeve, yet she wasn’t going to ask him about it.

There were some things better left unsaid. All she had to do was act as though she knew nothing about it.

This was what an intelligent woman would do.

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The next day, Finn Taylor headed to Hunter Sullivan’s residence—the four guardians were already gathered here.

“You must’ve seen what happened at the funeral. There aren’t many employees left in the Larson Corporation. How many people can you spare me?”

The four guardians immediately knew that Finn Taylor needed their help.

In the past, the different families had never interfered in each other’s affairs—they had simply come to a mutual understanding. Yet, the current Peregrine Hall was different.

Of course, the four guardians were different as well. Their fates were now intertwined with Finn Taylor's.

If he lived, they'd live.

If he died, they'd die too.

"Don't worry, Master Peregrine. Give us a week. We'll hand over the matters in our companies and transfer the best talents from our companies to the Larson Corporation." Hunter Sullivan was sincere.

Finn Taylor nodded, reminding himself to repay this favor.

After leaving Hunter Sullivan's house, he headed to look for Andre Cavill.

"This is the name list of everyone who threatened the Larson family that day. Make a trip to each of these families and capture their eldest sons," Finn Taylor instructed Andre Cavill.

The latter nodded before heading off to accomplish his mission.

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The Gold family's residence.

Third Master Gold and Carl Gillies were sitting in front of each other, engaged in a game of chess.

"It looks like a storm is about to befall San Francisco." Carl Gillies made a move before starting to talk about Finn Taylor.

"Someone is tempting fate. I'll just watch on by the sidelines."

"That's fine, but do you really not have any self-interests in this?"

"What kind of self-interest could I possibly have?"

"You have a huge grudge against Kevin Jones. It may seem as though you're doing nothing, but you're trying to use Finn Taylor to kill him!"

"You'd better not spout nonsense!"

"I'm sure you know very well whether I'm spouting nonsense. You were the one who told me about Finn Taylor's identity, so do you really think he won't understand what you're doing?"

Third Master Gold was shaken by Carl Gillies's words. "Is there really no way of salvaging the situation?"

"There is."

"What?"

"Injuring yourself."

"What do you mean?"

“If you fall from the stairs, you’ll be bedridden. Then, you won’t be able to do anything even if you wanted to. No matter how angry Finn Taylor gets, he won’t be able to do anything to you.”

Carl Gillies’s suggestion rendered Third Master Gold speechless. *‘Doesn’t he know how old I am? I might very well die from a fall!’*

Third Master Gold wasn’t prepared to do as his friend had suggested. *‘He’s overthinking things.’*

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San Francisco, the Jones family’s residence.

Kevin Jones was in the midst of calling each of his contacts, requesting that they end their contracts with the Larson family.

As expected, everything was going smoothly. As long as he made the call, the other party would almost immediately agree to it.

To be honest, these people had been waiting for Kevin Jones’s call. They had already found out about what had happened at Joseph Larson’s funeral and were already intending to abandon the Larson family.

Yet, it didn’t seem right to simply cut all ties with them just like that.

But things were different with Kevin Jones’s call—it was out of respect for the late Old Master that they were abandoning the Larson family.

Just then, the door to the Jones family’s residence was kicked open, and Andre Cavill rushed in with his men.

“Who are you?” Kevin Jones had always thought that he ruled over everyone. Never had he ever expected someone to barge into his home.

“Let me introduce myself, Mr. Jones. I’m Andre Cavill.”

‘Andre Cavill.’

Everyone had heard of this name—it was someone named Andre Cavill who had subdued all the gangsters in San Francisco.

“I’ve heard of Andre Cavill, but I wonder what these men are here for.”

“Nothing much. We heard that Mr. Jones is targeting the Larson family, so we’re here to take our share of the pie too.”

Kevin Jones had initially been afraid that these men would stir up trouble for him. Now, he felt much more at ease. *‘It seems like they’re on my side.’*

“That’s good. I’ll welcome anyone who wants to join me.”

“Thank you, Mr. Jones. Search the house.” As soon as Andre Cavill gave his command, dozens of men started rummaging through the house.

“What are you doing?” This wasn’t what Kevin Jones had expected.

“Nothing much. Since you’re so kind, I’m just trying to return your kindness, Mr. Jones.” As soon as Andre Cavill said so, his men grabbed the other’s only son—Jonathan Jones.

“What are you guys trying to do?”

“Nothing much. We’ll be waiting for you at the peak of Pacific Heights in three days’ time.”

“This is kidnap! You must be Finn Taylor’s men. Are you threatening me?”

Andre Cavill laughed. “I thought that you were blind. Don’t you think you’re really stupid?”

Kevin Jones walked forward in an attempt to save his son, but he was shoved onto the sofa by Andre Cavill right away..

Chapter 252: Fighting over a Man

“Kevin Jones, don’t be such a fool. I’ll give you three days to consider this. If you appear at the peak of Pacific Heights to kneel for forgiveness in three days’ time, I’ll treat it as though nothing has happened. I promise to send your son back safely then. But if you dare to do anything funny and think that you’re able to defeat Finn Taylor, you can wait to retrieve your son’s corpse.”

With that said, Andre Cavill left.

The same thing happened not only at the Jones’s residence. Andre Cavill visited each and every family that had threatened Yvette Larson at the funeral, taking their eldest sons with him.

In an instant, the top families of San Francisco descended into chaos.

They had been invited to Pacific Heights on the very same day, and they gathered to discuss what they should do.

Of course, all eyes naturally fell on Kevin Jones. After all, he was the one who started it all.

He had better think of a solution now that their sons had been kidnapped. Yet, Kevin Jones remained silent from the very beginning because he was unlike the others who had a few sons. Even if their captured eldest sons were killed, they had other sons to inherit their family businesses.

However, Kevin Jones had only one son. If his son were to die, that would be the end of the Jones family.

As such, the meeting ended with no resolution.

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Three days was neither long nor short.

Very quickly, it was the day of Kevin Jones and Yvette Larson's meeting on Pacific Heights.

The peak of Pacific Heights wasn't open to just anyone. Thankfully, someone had already set up a drone that was aimed at the peak of Pacific Heights. In fact, this video was even being broadcast.

Thousands of people in San Francisco were watching this scene in the comforts of their own homes.

Of course, that wasn't all—it was only fun when they could discuss this with others. This meant that bars, karaoke lounges, internet cafes, and other places were packed to the brim.

Everyone was waiting to see what would happen.

Number One Pacific Heights.

Finn Taylor and his wife stood on the balcony, stunned as they gazed at the drones above the peak of Pacific Heights.

It was indeed true that there were people who wished to see the world in chaos.

"Are you confident?"

Finn Taylor had practically spent the past three days away from home.

Yvette Larson knew that he had been running around because of this matter. Still, she wasn't sure about how confident her husband was.

"Come on. Get dressed in your best clothes. We're going to the peak."

Finally, Yvette Larson felt a huge weight lift off her chest when she heard her spouse's words. She then put on an elegant red dress.

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At the same time, many had already gathered around the peak of Pacific Heights.

Some were the owners of the other villas on Pacific Heights and had the right to be there. Others were visitors who had managed to purchase tickets to the peak.

Amongst them were Quince Larson and Eleanor Larson. They hated Finn Taylor and Yvette Larson to their guts, so they naturally weren't going to miss out on this opportunity to see the couple humiliated.

Clarine Landon had been dragged to the peak by Willow Stone.

The former hadn't wanted to show up because she thought that her best friend would be humiliated. She didn't want to have to witness that, yet she realized that there was no way of blocking it out now that it was being broadcast everywhere.

This was why she had accepted Willow Stone's invitation. She was going to give Yvette Larson a huge hug at her lowest moment and remind her that she still had her best friend even if the whole world went against her.

Compared to Clarine Landon, Willow Stone had much more up her sleeve.

On the one hand, she didn't want her best friend—Yvette Larson—to be embarrassed. On the other hand, she hoped that this would tear the couple apart. If that was the case, it would be an opportunity for her.

Only she understood the grave danger the Stone family was in. If she didn't find someone who could save the family in time, the family might very well crumble this time.

Through her interactions with Finn Taylor, Willow Stone was almost certain that he was the one she was looking for.

The peak of Pacific Heights was surrounded by throngs of people, yet there was a huge empty space in the center where nobody dared to step foot into.

They all knew that this would be the center of attention today, and it belonged to Finn Taylor.

Everyone had traveled a long way just to see him kneel.

They had all been waiting for a long while, yet the main character of the event had yet to arrive.

Those in the crowd couldn't help but worry.

Someone asked, "Why isn't Finn Taylor here yet?"

Everyone was confused. "That's right. Does anyone know when he's coming?"

Eleanor Larson eyed her cousin. "Don't tell me that they're not coming."

"Is there a point in trying to avoid this? All they have to do is kneel if they show up. Not coming would make them cowards! Do they really think that Kevin Jones will let them off if they don't come?"

Eleanor Larson gave it some thought. *'My cousin is right—avoidance is futile. If Finn Taylor and Yvette Larson think that they can resolve this matter by avoiding it, they would be fools!'*

"They're here!" Someone let out an excited yelp, and everyone present turned to the entrance of the peak.

Finn Taylor and Yvette Larson had indeed arrived.

The man was dressed in a smart white suit, while the other was dressed in a vintage red dress. They seemed to be a perfect couple.

"This..." Eleanor Larson nearly exploded at that sight. *'I'm here to see my cousin get humiliated and kneel on the ground, not to see her this glorious. What I want to see the most is Yvette Larson kneeling on the ground like a dog.'*

"Don't worry. She can have her moment now, but she'll kneel sooner or later." Compared to Eleanor Larson, Quince Larson was much more patient.

“That’s true. We’ll let her show off for now. Anyway, they’ll still have to kneel down to Kevin Jones later on.”

‘Kevin Jones! He’s the most powerful man in San Francisco apart from Third Master Gold. Finn Taylor must be daydreaming if he thinks that he can defeat Kevin Jones!’

“Wow! Yvette is so beautiful! She looks good next to Finn Taylor. Don’t you think so, Willow? I’m so jealous!” Clarine Landon was obviously moved, and she made a fuss while grabbing her friend’s arm.

No matter what happened to Yvette Larson later on, she was the most stunning woman at this point in time.

But Willow Stone merely pursed her lips without speaking, obviously enraged.. *‘Why? Why is Yvette Larson the one in Finn Taylor’s arms and not me?’*

Chapter 253: Agreement

The three best friends—Yvette Larson, Clarine Landon, and Willow Stone—all liked Finn Taylor. This was undeniable.

However, they all differed in their expressions of love.

Yvette Larson was Finn Taylor’s wife, and it was only right for her to express her love fearlessly. Yet, the couple hadn’t been very intimate because of what had happened over the past three years.

Clarine Landon liked Finn Taylor too, but she knew that this was her best friend’s husband they were talking about. There was no way she would ever express her love for him.

However, Willow Stone was different.

She clearly liked Finn Taylor, yet she had never let that show. But inwardly, she yearned for a crack in Finn Taylor and Yvette Larson’s relationship to form so that the couple would eventually split.

When that time came, she would then be able to get together with Finn Taylor.

The three friends had completely different personalities and different ways of expressing their love.

Like newlyweds walking down the aisle, Finn Taylor and Yvette Larson walked down the red carpet.

The people in the crowd acted like they were attending a wedding too, and that irked them.

“So what if they look good now? They’ll still have to kneel down on the ground later.”

“That’s right. Why are they trying to act so high and mighty? Won’t it be worse when they get down on the ground later?”

Clearly, not a single person thought well of Finn Taylor. In fact, they even felt that this was their time to shine.

Now that Finn Taylor and Yvette Larson had arrived, the crowd started anticipating the arrival of another person. After all, nobody wanted to wait here with no end in sight. They had come to see Finn Taylor on his knees—that would only happen once the other party arrived.

As such, they all waited in anticipation of his arrival.

Ten minutes weren't long, but it seemed like an eternity.

Just as everyone was about to leave out of boredom, Samuel Stone, Troy Kleine, and the rest finally arrived.

'The show is about to start!' The restless crowd suddenly perked up and turned to Finn Taylor, waiting for him to kneel.

However, there was not a trace of fear on his face.

'Wait a minute! What's going on?' The crowd was utterly confused about what was going on.

Just as they were throwing glances at each other, they saw Samuel Stone fall on his knees. *'Finn Taylor isn't the one getting down! It's Samuel Stone! This... What's going on?'*

Before they could even comprehend what was going on, Troy Kleine dropped down onto the ground too.

This was only the beginning.

One by one, the prominent elders of San Francisco started to fall onto their knees.

'This... He helms the entire city?' All of a sudden, this incredulous thought popped up in their minds. Yet, that seemed impossible. *'Is this really true? But how is that possible? But how could that be?'*

"No, that's impossible! Kevin Jones isn't here yet!" someone suddenly shouted, bringing everyone back to reality.

'Of course! Kevin Jones holds the most power out of all of them! So what if Finn Taylor has subdued all of these people? The matter isn't settled as long as he doesn't subdue Kevin Jones.'

"What's going on?" Eleanor Larson felt as though she was about to explode. *'Why? These people are obviously of a higher status than the Larson family, so why are they kneeling to Yvette Larson and Finn Taylor? Who are they? One is just a useless matrilocal son-in-law, while the other is a b*tch! They're not worthy of this! Even I can't make them kneel before me, so why should they get to experience this?'*

Of course, her cousin thought the same.

Although Quince Larson's expression remained indifferent, he was already raging inwardly.

Over on Clarine Landon and Willow Stone's side, the former felt extremely moved when she witnessed those men kneeling. "T-they kneeled down. They're kneeling before Yvette. She's won! Willow, do you see it?"

The latter had naturally seen it, but she didn't feel any joy.

If they managed to settle this matter without a hitch, Finn Taylor and Yvette Larson's relationship would only get better. But Willow Stone was willing to bet that it wasn't because of her friend's own abilities that she had been able to resolve this matter but because Finn Taylor had stepped in.

'What's his background? Why does he hold so much power?'

Just as emotions surged through the crowd, a car rolled to a stop in front of them all.

This car had driven all the way up to the peak from the foot of Pacific Heights. That only went to show how powerful the car owner was.

Of course, it was none other than Kevin Jones.

The Jones family was the second most powerful family in San Francisco, only second to the Sanders family.

With the downfall of the Sanders family, the Jones family had even been the top family for a period of time.

Unfortunately, good times didn't last long. Soon after, the Gold family had arrived in the city.

With that, the Jones family once again fell back to second place in San Francisco.

But being in the second-highest position now was different from the past. No matter how powerful Third Master Gold was, the Gold family was still a foreign family.

It was only natural that San Francisco natives would try to suppress them, and it was also because of this that the other families had started to back the Jones family up.

This way, although the Jones family still held second position on the surface, the reality was that there wasn't much difference between them and the Gold family. This was also the reason why Third Master Gold hadn't gone against them.

To be honest, he could've solved this problem very easily. However, he was obviously trying to make use of Finn Taylor to get rid of this trouble that was the Jones family.

The door to the driver's seat opened—it was Kenneth Jones, Kevin Jones's younger brother. As the family's younger Old Master, he held a relatively high position. Yet, he became a driver today.

It was obvious how much importance the family had placed on this matter.

Kenneth Jones walked to the back passenger's seat, opening the door for his elder brother. The latter walked out dressed entirely in black, with a scarf wrapped around his neck.

No sooner had Kevin Jones got out of the car than his eyes shot toward Finn Taylor.

Their eyes met.

Everyone present drew a deep breath in, not daring to make so much as a whimper. They knew that the most important scene of the day was about to take place.

Kevin Jones hesitantly walked toward Finn Taylor, his brother following closely behind.

The two most prominent figures of the Jones family were right here, and the aura they exuded was stifling.

'Who will kneel down in the end? Finn Taylor or Kevin Jones? One is an infamous useless matrilocal son-in-law in San Francisco, while the other is the second-most powerful man in the city.'

The answer seemed predetermined..

Chapter 254: The Gold Family's Trouble

Kevin and Kenneth Jones walked toward Finn Taylor.

All eyes were glued to them. Thousands all over San Francisco were watching this scene unfold through the drones.

Their gazes were glued to the screen, and their hearts were in their mouths.

The answer would be revealed soon.

In the bars, some were so distracted that they hadn't even realized that their glasses were overflowing with beer. Others had simply dropped the glasses in their hands to the ground.

Those at home had their jaws dropped, disbelief filling their eyes.

Those present at Pacific Heights weren't much better. They were all well-known and respected men in San Francisco, yet their expressions were unreadable at this moment.

This was all because of the scene they had just witnessed—the Jones brothers had fallen on their knees, even kowtowing!

The brothers had been unwilling to do so, yet Kevin Jones's only son was in Finn Taylor's hands. If they didn't kneel down, the Jones family would be done for.

But this didn't mean that Kevin Jones was going to let Finn Taylor off—he would remember this forever. However, he knew which battles to fight.

For now, it would be wiser to take a step back and give in to the other.

This was how the entire city had witnessed Kevin Jones going down on his knees.

*"W-why did it turn out this way?" Eleanor Larson felt as though she was going to go crazy. 'Kevin Jones is clearly the second-most powerful man in San Francisco. Given the influence the Jones family has, it wouldn't be difficult to crush the Larson family. Therefore, why have things turned out this way? Why is Kevin Jones kneeling down to Yvette Larson? Why do that woman and b*stard have such good luck? Who is he?'*

Eleanor Larson was fuming, and her cousin was so infuriated that he nearly rushed up to punch someone. He had to resist the urge to slap Kevin Jones right in the face and ask the latter why he was kneeling down to a piece of trash.

Just like that, the show on the peak of Pacific Heights had ended.

The ending was one that nobody had even expected.

Kevin Jones and the rest of the men had kneeled at Pacific Heights for two whole hours—everyone had seen it.

In the following days, rumors spread about why that had taken place. The most common explanation was Finn Taylor's relationship with the Gold family.

Almost everyone in San Francisco knew that Finn Taylor wasn't just a matrilocal son-in-law of the Larson family—he was also the Gold family's dog.

As such, Kevin Jones hadn't admitted defeat to Finn Taylor this time but to the Gold family.

Kevin Jones kneeling meant that the Jones family had lost. From now on, San Francisco would be helmed by only one family—the Gold family.

When faced with such explanations, Finn Taylor merely smiled.

Now, he was at the gate of the Gold family's residence.

As soon as he pressed the doorbell, Kimberly Gold opened the gate. Seeing that Finn Taylor was visiting, she was naturally elated and quickly ushered him in.

There was a smile on Finn Taylor's face too. "Where's your grandpa?"

"He's in the chess room. I'll go get him."

"No need; I'll go look for him. Make us a pot of tea."

Kimberly Gold nodded before skipping away.

It had been a while since Finn Taylor had visited them, and this time, he had taken the initiative to visit! That delighted Kimberly Gold.

As Finn Taylor walked into the room, he spotted Third Master Gold and Carl Gillies engrossed in a game of chess. He glanced at the board before picking up one of Carl Gillies's chess pieces and making a move.

With that, he had thrown the game into checkmate, allowing Third Master Gold a clean victory.

But all of a sudden, Finn Taylor put down that piece and picked up one of Third Master Gold's.

Now, Third Master Gold had lost all advantage. Instead, victory now belonged to Carl Gillies!

Finn Taylor's moves were astounding.

“I have the choice to make use of some people. At the same time, I’m perfectly capable of killing them too.”

His words threw Third Master Gold into a frenzy. He knew exactly what Finn Taylor meant by that.

“I hate people trying to make use of me, even if I’m already headed in that direction.”

The more Finn Taylor said, the more frantic Third Master Gold got.

Carl Gillies felt helpless as he watched on by the side. *‘I already reminded my friend about this, yet the latter didn’t want to listen to me. What else could I possibly do?’*

Just then, Kimberly Gold walked into the room with the freshly brewed tea.

Finn Taylor took it from her before pouring three cups of tea.

Because the tea had been freshly brewed, the water was nearly at boiling point.

He picked up one of the cups and looked at Third Master Gold and Carl Gillies. “I’m going to drink this first—do as you like. Whether I’ll come again for another cup of tea will depend on what you guys do.”

As soon as he finished his sentence, Finn Taylor downed the entire cup of tea.

“It’s hot!” Kimberly Gold yelped out in surprise. *‘Is Finn Taylor trying to tempt fate? It’s almost as hot as boiling water!’*

Third Master Gold and Carl Gillies shared a meaningful glance—neither of them knew what to do.

‘If I down this scalding-hot cup of tea, Finn Taylor will forget about whatever grudges he holds against me.’ Third Master Gold wasn’t one to back down, so he picked up a cup of tea and downed it too.

Of course, it was scalding.

Yet, Finn Taylor had already drunk it. Why shouldn’t he be able to do so either?

To be honest, Carl Gillies was much more vicious than Third Master Gold. He was the one who had suggested falling down the stairs to the latter.

While it seemed like a joke, he very well would’ve done it if he were in this situation. As such, he picked up the last cup of tea and downed it too.

Kimberly Gold stared on, dumbfounded. *‘What’s going on? Don’t they think that it’s really hot? I just boiled this water, but the three of them picked it up and downed it as though it was nothing!’*

Finn Taylor couldn’t help but chuckle as he witnessed the behavior of the two old men. Without saying a word, he then turned to leave.

Kimberly Gold was about to chase after him when her grandfather pulled her back.

“Grandpa!” Kimberly Gold turned back and shouted in confusion.

“Trouble is going to befall the Gold family. Kimberly, I’m going to tell you something very important now. Promise me that you’ll do it.”

It was rare for her grandpa to act so seriously in front of her, so Kimberly Gold was stunned. “What’s going on, Grandpa?”

“Don’t ask me about anything. I’m handing over the position of family head and chairman of the company to you. Just promise me one thing: Get on good terms with Finn Taylor and don’t ever go against him. Even if he rejects you and tells you that he doesn’t like you, don’t make him your enemy..”

Chapter 255: Respect Yourself, Willow Stone

Kevin Jones from the Jones family had kneeled down! At that moment, whatever power the Jones family had held in San Francisco was no longer theirs.

This meant that the Gold family had complete rule over the city.

But just as everyone in San Francisco thought that way, an announcement came from the Gold family: The head of the Gold family—Third Master Gold—had gotten a stroke and had been hospitalized!

After emergency surgery, Third Master Gold was finally out of critical condition.

Because of this bout of illness, Third Master Gold decided to hand the position of family head over to his granddaughter—Kimberly Gold. She had also become the new chairman of the company.

This had a huge impact on the entire city.

The fall of the Jones family had left a huge piece of the pie. If Third Master Gold had been at the helm of the company, he definitely would’ve taken that share of the pie.

But now, the company was in Kimberly Gold’s hands! As such, reporters were sent to interview Kimberly Gold, yet her answer shocked them.

Because she was still young, she didn’t know much about running a company. This meant that all she wanted was stability and wasn’t looking to expand the company.

She even said that the Gold family wouldn’t try to acquire any of the Jones family’s assets.

That was like a bolt out of the blue to the entire business circle in San Francisco. Who would’ve thought that the Gold family would give up such a perfect opportunity?

When Finn Taylor learned of all this, he couldn’t help but smile. *‘Third Master Gold is such a sly old fox. He knows that I’m going to target the Gold family now, but Kimberly Gold has nothing to do with this. After all, I still owe Kimberly Gold a favor. That’s why he put Kimberly Gold in charge so that I wouldn’t do anything to the Gold family.’*

“Have you thought about taking the Jones family down?” Finn Taylor smiled while asking his wife.

“Of course. This is a good opportunity for the Larson family. If we let this go, we might never get the chance again.”

“Alright then. Don’t worry about not having enough employees—leave that to me. However, I have something I want you to promise me.”

Yvette Larson looked at the sly smile on her husband’s face, and she couldn’t help but feel slightly afraid.

“What is it? Tell me.”

Finn Taylor pointed at their bed.

Upon seeing that, Yvette Larson’s face turned beet-red as she hit him.

“Hold on. What are you thinking? What I mean is that we need a wedding photo above our bed. When are you free to get our photos taken?”

Hearing his words, Yvette Larson—who had only been pretending to be angry—flared up for real. *‘Is Finn a pig? There are some things married couples have to do eventually. Aren’t men supposed to initiate it while women pretend to be shy for the men to coax them into it? Why does Finn keep shying away from that topic? Do I have to be the one to broach the topic?’*

Yet, Yvette Larson couldn’t help but feel bad when it came to wedding photos. At that time, she had been completely unwilling to marry Finn Taylor.

Even though they had taken some photos at the request of her elders, there wasn’t a trace of joy in those photos.

Later on, when Finn Taylor had brought her to Number One Pacific Heights for the first time, she had requested for the photo to be taken down because she had looked awful in that photo.

She had never seen their wedding photo ever since.

That had always gnawed at her heart.

Now that Finn Taylor had brought it up, she naturally wouldn’t refuse.

“Alright. Where shall we go?”

“Cupid Island.”

“Cupid Island?” Yvette Larson glanced at her husband. She had a feeling that he had been planning this for a long time. Otherwise, he wouldn’t have been able to give her a location right off the bat. “Okay. When are we going?”

“In three days’ time. That should be enough for us to settle everything.”

“Alright.”

To be honest, they didn't have much to settle. All Finn Taylor needed to do was get the four guardians to keep an eye on everything in the city.

However, Willow Stone unexpectedly asked Finn Taylor out for some coffee the next day. The latter had nearly been unable to recognize Willow Stone because she looked completely different now!

"What, are you shocked?"

"Slightly. I never expected you to have such a side."

"What do you think? Do I look good today?"

Finn Taylor couldn't deny that Willow Stone looked attractive.

She cupped her chin and stared at her friend's boyfriend with glassy eyes.

"Yes, you look good," Finn Taylor answered casually before she shot him with another question.

"Finn Taylor, who do you think looks better then? Me or Yvette Larson?"

Finn Taylor took a step back. "Please respect yourself, Ms. Stone."

"Why are you so afraid? I'm not going to eat you up. I'm just asking a question."

"Ms. Stone, I'm going to leave now if that's what you're going to do." Finn Taylor's sharp words were like daggers stabbing at her heart.

"You're no fun. Do you really only have Yvette Larson in your heart? I don't believe that you don't have another woman in your heart." Willow Stone picked up her bag and stood up as though she was going to leave.

"Ms. Stone, I don't know why you're acting in this way today. If you're just trying to test my loyalty to your best friend, there's no need for that. I've gone through thick and thin with Yvette in the past three years, and our relationship is as strong as steel. It's not something other women will understand. If you're trying to fool around, I'd advise you to please respect yourself."

Willow Stone had the urge to punch him when he reminded her yet again to respect herself. *'Who are the 'other women' he's talking about? He's clearly trying to scold me!'*

When Finn Taylor arrived home, his wife informed him that she wanted to meet her best friends since she would be leaving for quite some time.

Finn Taylor nodded in agreement. He hated the thought of seeing Willow Stone. *'That woman is too mysterious. Why did she come to look for me today? I don't believe that she really likes me, but she could just ask me if she needed help given her relationship with Yvette. I probably wouldn't refuse unless I'm too busy. What secrets is she hiding?'*

Unable to put his mind at rest, Finn Taylor headed for Hunter Sullivan's house. He wanted the latter to conduct investigations again—this time, more meticulously.

He wanted Hunter Sullivan to visit Willow Stone's hometown personally. Only then did Finn Taylor feel more assured..

Chapter 256: Never Let Me Go

The next day, Finn Taylor headed for the appointment with his wife.

The location they had chosen rendered him speechless—it was none other than the cafe Willow Stone had invited him to just the day before!

What dumbfounded him even more was that they were seated exactly where the pair had been just 24 hours ago!

'What is this woman up to?'

"Here!" Clarine Landon waved at Yvette Larson.

"Coming." Perhaps it was because Yvette Larson and Clarine Landon had remained close after graduating that they were obviously closer even though the trio was best friends.

"Can I sit here?" Unexpectedly, they found themselves with an uninvited guest—Megan Daimler.

What the rest didn't know was that Megan Daimler wasn't uninvited. Willow Stone had invited her here.

The reason for that was Finn Taylor's words to the latter just yesterday!

Finn Taylor had scolded her, and she couldn't help but feel indignant about that. As such, she had decided to get someone to test Finn Taylor to see if he was just as loyal as he appeared to be.

Otherwise, he would definitely cheat on his wife again if he had already done so before. But if that wasn't the case, he would truly be a loyal man.

It was rare to see such good men in this world!

Anyway, the one embarrassed would be Megan Daimler, not her.

Willow Stone impressed even herself with her plan.

"Of course."

Clarine Landon was truly stunned, while Willow Stone's shock was merely an act.

The friends remained silent.

It was Yvette Larson who invited her to take a seat. Truthfully, she could already feel that this woman harbored ill intentions.

However, she wasn't one to deprive Finn Taylor of friends before the other tried to interfere in their relationship or break them apart.

After taking their seats, the group ordered some dishes.

Yvette Larson then informed the group that she was going to take new wedding photos with her husband the next day.

Megan Daimler was curious. “Yvette, have you never taken wedding photos with Finn Taylor?”

Everyone else knew about the relationship between Finn Taylor and Yvette Larson, but Megan Daimler had been late to the party.

“No, we have. But I think that my wife is the most beautiful woman on this planet, so I want to take another set of photos to record her beauty.”

It was only then that Megan Daimler came to a sudden realization.

These words also made Willow Stone grit her teeth. She couldn’t help but feel that Finn Taylor had said that for her sake.

Just yesterday, she had asked him whether she was more beautiful than Yvette Larson. Today, he had purposely said that Yvette Larson was the most beautiful woman in the world.

In reality, however, Willow Stone was simply overthinking it.

It was true that Yvette Larson was the most gorgeous and stunning woman in this universe to Finn Taylor—this would never change no matter what.

This gathering passed just like that.

Even though nobody else felt much, Willow Stone felt as though she was about to blow her top because Finn Taylor was targeting her in every way possible.

Yet, that had never been his intention.

...

At dawn the next day, a young girl named Jamie Little arrived at Number One Pacific Heights.

Finn Taylor had told the four guardians about his plan to take wedding photos at Cupid Island and had instructed Hunter Sullivan to hire a skilled photographer.

He never expected the photographer to be a young girl! ‘*Er...*’

It was rare to see women going into professional photography.

“Hello, Mr. Taylor, Ms. Larson. I’m your photographer for this shoot. My name is Jamie Little.”

Finn Taylor glanced at the young lady. ‘*There’s nothing wrong with her.*’

Yvette Larson didn’t oppose her either.

“If you guys are ready, we can set off then. My team is already waiting at the foot of Pacific Heights.”

Finn Taylor nodded, not wanting to waste the other’s time.

With that, they set off.

“Cupid Island is a newly developed island for couples to take wedding photos or for honeymoons. Whatever you can think of, you’re able to do it on the island!” Along the way, Jamie Little started introducing the island to the couple.

“Are you from Cupid Island, Ms. Little?” Finn Taylor couldn’t hold his curiosity in.

“No, but I’ve been running a business there for three years. I know quite a lot about the island.”

Her answer pleased Finn Taylor.

She had confessed that she wasn’t a native of the island, but that didn’t matter. It would’ve been worse if she’d lied to them.

“Once we arrive on the island, we’ll check in at the hotel first. After that, we can pick out a wedding gown.”

The mention of a wedding gown made Yvette Larson’s eyes glisten.

Choosing a wedding gown and capturing that moment was an important moment in a woman’s life. Yvette Larson had already missed out on it once, and she wasn’t going to miss it again.

Very quickly, Finn Taylor and the group arrived on Cupid Island.

It was even more picturesque than Finn Taylor had imagined it to be.

The island was naturally formed in the shape of a heart—that was why it was named Cupid Island. It was because of this name that it had been developed with couples in mind, and now, the island was well-developed and well-equipped.

Even Finn Taylor was pleasantly surprised at the sight.

Before he could take in the beautiful scenery, Jamie Little approached him to ask if they wanted to pick out the gown right away.

Naturally, Finn Taylor had seen the excitement in his wife’s eyes. Without any hesitation, he picked up her hand and got into the car, which headed for the wedding gown boutique.

“Never Let Me Go!”

The couple got out of the car as soon as it rolled to a stop.

Finn Taylor looked up at the name of the shop: Never Let Me Go.

They were four simple words, yet they represented what true love was about. Love was a process of never letting each other go. Some lost the loves of their lives because they forgot the love that connected them in the first place.

Finn Taylor picked up his wife’s hand and walked into the boutique.

As soon as the couple walked in, they were dumbfounded by the sight. Every style that had ever been in trend was exhibited here. There were white and puffy princess dresses to elegant vintage ones.

But the one that caught Yvette Larson's eyes was a lilac dress..

Chapter 257: Truly Rich

Wedding dresses were traditionally white, so it was rare to see a lilac one.

Yvette Larson stepped forward toward the lilac dress. "This dress is beautiful!"

Just then, the boss of the boutique walked out. "You have a good eye, Miss, but this is the best gown we have here. However, this isn't available for rent—only for sale."

"Can you tell me if there's a story behind this gown?" For some reason, Yvette Larson felt as though her tears were going to fall as she gazed at that gown. She felt a surge of emotions within her.

"Of course. Legend has it that there was a couple deeply in love, and they made a promise never to let each other go. Yet, an accident separated them. Just like that, decades passed before the lady was eventually able to learn of news from the guy. She remained unmarried for her entire life, but she was afraid to meet him for fear that he had already gotten married and that she'd bother him by looking for him."

"It was only after his death that she realized that he had also been looking for her throughout his life. He had remained unmarried throughout his life. That lady turned up at the guy's funeral in a white dress. Just as she stepped into his house, his neighbors happened to be sending him off. It was then that the most breathtaking sight occurred—a lilac butterfly flew out of the coffin and landed on her dress. In an instant, her white dress turned lilac. At that moment, that lady sighed and exclaimed, 'Never let me go!'"

The boss had a captivating voice, which drew the listeners into the story.

"I want this gown," Yvette Larson immediately said, clearly moved by the story.

But the boss remained indifferent. "Young lady, many other brides fell for this gown at first sight, but they quickly refused once they learned of the price. Why don't you get to know how much it costs before considering it again? We have quite a large collection of dresses here."

Yvette Larson quickly asked, "How much does it cost then?"

"Five million!" The boss stretched out five fingers, giving an extraordinary sum.

"F-five million?" Yvette Larson had already mentally prepared herself, and she was prepared to buy the gown even if it was slightly more expensive. After all, this would be the last time she'd take wedding photos.

She was going to give it her best this time, so as to show her most beautiful side. However, the price of five million made Yvette Larson pause.

At the very most, she was willing to part with 150,000 dollars. Anything above that seemed like a waste of money.

Five million was way over her budget!

“Miss, can I rent this gown?” Although the boss has already said that this gown was only for sale earlier, she still wanted to give it a try.

“I’m sorry. Because this gown is really too expensive, we can’t afford to rent this out in case something happens to it. Unfortunately, we’ll only sell it, not rent it out. Why don’t you take a look at the other gowns in our boutique, Miss? They’re just as beautiful.”

The boss was right. After all, this boutique was the best on the island.

Every gown was a unique and special piece—each would look stunning in photos no matter what. However, it seemed like a pity to wear another gown after seeing that lilac one.

This was why there was a little sadness in Yvette Larson’s eyes as she turned to the other gowns.

Of course, Finn Taylor spotted that. He took out his card and handed it to the boss.

“We’ll take that gown.” He pointed at the lilac gown.

Everyone’s jaws dropped.

The boss didn’t believe that there would be someone willing to shell out five million dollars for this gown.

Even Jamie Little didn’t believe that Finn Taylor would spend so much money on the gown. After all, she did have some understanding of the latter.

She knew that he was the matrilocal son-in-law of the Larson family. How could someone like that with no status in the family have any money?

Even if he had any money, it had to be Yvette Larson’s! What power or status did Finn Taylor have?

But Yvette Larson was moved. She knew that her significant other would always buy her whatever she wanted as long as she asked for it.

“Are you really going to buy it?” asked the boss, and Finn Taylor nodded seriously.

She took the card from him and headed to the cashier, but her movements were exaggeratedly slow. Obviously, she was giving the couple some time to change their minds.

Once she swiped the card, there would be no way out.

Now, they could still change their minds at any time. But even so, the couple didn’t even show a tinge of regret.

Transaction successful!

The moment those two words appeared, the boss felt as though she was seeing a whole new world. She had just earned five million, yet it felt like she had just lost her life.

Finn Taylor had left with his wife's hand in his, but not before instructing the boutique to send the gown to their hotel.

Instead of leaving immediately, Jamie Little stayed behind to chat with the boss.

"What's going on? Who's this man?"

"I'm curious too. What I know is that the woman is a chairman of a family business in San Francisco, while that man is a matrilocal son-in-law. Rumor has it in San Francisco that he's a piece of trash who only knows how to do household chores."

"..." The boss was speechless when she heard that. *'Could that man be puffing himself up at his own cost?'*

"Let me test him. I'll see if he's really a rich man." Jamie Little was curious about this as well. As such, she decided to test the other.

"How are you going to test him?"

"Aren't you putting 'Eternal Love' up for auction?"

"Oh, but I'm sure he won't be able to buy it."

"That doesn't matter. We just have to see where he sits at the auction."

The boss gave it some thought.

Jamie Little was right. The seats at the auction of 'Eternal Love' were assigned based on the attendee's statuses.

If Finn Taylor was truly a useless matrilocal son-in-law, he wouldn't even be able to enter the venue.

"I'll wait for your news. Remember to let me know once you learn of it." Women were gossipy, and the boss didn't forget to remind Jamie Little..



Chapter 258: Just a Useless Matrilocal Son-in-law

The next day.

With Jamie Little leading the way, Finn Taylor and Yvette Larson were brought to the chapel on Cupid Island. This was where most couples took their wedding photos, and it was the most beautiful site on the entire island.

The sun shone on Yvette Larson's lilac gown as she walked into the chapel.

The sunlight made the chapel even more gorgeous, and Yvette Larson was similarly stunning.

The couple caught the attention of many other couples along the way there. Those eyes were filled with jealousy and envy, amongst other emotions.

Of course, most women stared on with green-eyed envy.

On the one hand, they were jealous of Yvette Larson. They were all women after all, but Yvette Larson was exceptionally beautiful.

On the other hand, they were jealous because of their own boyfriends or husbands as well. The men were staring unblinkingly at another woman, with no care for their feelings at all.

There were different venues at this chapel, and each charged a different fee. Of course, the ones that charged a higher price had better views.

Naturally, the place where Finn Taylor and Yvette Larson were at had the best views and charged the highest prices.

As the couple walked into the venue, they spotted another couple taking their photos as well.

Their gazes immediately fell on Yvette Larson the moment she walked in.

On the one hand, it was because Yvette Larson was truly stunning. On the other hand, it was because of the gown she was wearing.

Others might not have recognized it, but they did.

"Lilac Papillon?"

The man was named Michael Young while the lady's name was Vicky Day. Before taking their wedding photos, they had been to the same boutique. Naturally, they had also enquired about the price of that lilac dress on Yvette Larson too.

But the price of five million had been way beyond their budget. Besides, a wedding gown was only worn once in a lifetime.

Nobody ever bought a wedding gown expecting to wear it again. As such, they had gone for another gown instead.

The gown they had chosen wasn't exactly cheap either—it had cost them 15,000 dollars. Yet, it couldn't compare with 'Lilac Papillon.'

"You recognize this?" Yvette Larson was stunned. She had never expected others to recognize the gown she had on.

Jamie Little quickly stepped in to explain, “The boutique we visited yesterday is the best on Cupid Island. ‘Lilac Papillon’ is the treasure of the boutique, so many people know about it. It’s not strange that others would recognize it.”

Yvette Larson hadn’t expected that boutique to be so famous.

Finn Taylor stood by the side as the pair chatted, not interfering.

It was exactly because of this calm demeanor that Michael Young flared up.

Why? He felt as though this man in front of him was just trying to put on an act and show off with this gown.

And it had indeed taken its intended effect—Vicky Day was gazing at Finn Taylor with glassy eyes.

“Tch, it’s just a fake gown. What’s the big deal?”

“Fake gown?” Vicky Day was stunned. *‘What does my fiancé mean?’*

“Can’t you see? That gown has to be fake. Do you think any fool would pay five million dollars for a gown you’d only wear once in your life?”

Vicky Day had her suspicions too.

But Finn Taylor merely responded indifferently. “It was only five million dollars. So what if it cost five billion dollars? I would buy it for her no matter how much it costs as long as she likes it. Don’t you think spending five million dollars is worth it as long as it makes my wife happy?”

Finn Taylor sounded smug as he said so.

An average person would never be able to say such things.

This only deepened Michael Young’s hatred toward him. *‘The latter is clearly looking down on me.’*

“Hehe. There could be someone who would spend five million on that dress, but I’m sure that someone isn’t you.”

Finn Taylor waved his hand. He had no intention of getting into a fight with Michael Young. *‘We don’t even know each other, and I’m only here to take wedding photos. What does it have to do with me if you don’t believe me?’*

Seeing that Finn Taylor was now ignoring him, Michael Young fumed. “Why aren’t you talking anymore? Are you feeling guilty? Fine, I’ll go to the boutique now and see if that lilac gown is still there. You’re going to be slapped in the face!”

With that, Michael Young dragged Vicky Day away to the boutique.

Vicky Day was his fiancée, and the couple was here to take their photos. Yet, she was staring dreamily at another man!

It was only natural for a man—a rich man, at that—for Michael Young to be fuming. As such, he was intent on exposing the other.

But Finn Taylor couldn't care less about that and started his shoot with his wife.

Although Jamie Little was a woman, her photography skills were quite good. It didn't take her ten minutes to get a decent shot.

By then, Michael Young and Vicky Day had arrived at the wedding gown boutique.

The couple rushed in toward the back of the store, where the lilac gown had been. Yet, they realized that the space was empty! There was nothing there!

'This... What's going on?'

Still in disbelief, Michael Young asked the boss, "Has someone bought 'Lilac Papillon?'"

"You must've seen it. Isn't it gorgeous?"

"That can't be. It cost five million! Did you rent it out to them at a lower price?"

The boss was displeased by his words, and she took out the receipt for Michael Young. It clearly stated a transaction of five million dollars.

Michael Young felt as though he was going to vomit blood at that moment. He couldn't help but feel awkward when he thought of the words he had spoken toward Finn Taylor earlier on.

He had declared that the lilac gown was fake, but it wasn't! To put it bluntly, he was simply too poor to understand the life of the truly wealthy.

At that moment, Michael Young even spotted a look of envy in Vicky Day's eyes, and that upset him even more.

"Who is that man? Why does he have so much money?" Michael Young returned the receipt while grumbling.

Unexpectedly, that boss replied to him, "That man isn't very rich, but that woman is loaded though. That man is a matrilocal son-in-law. He must've used his wife's money to puff himself up."

Her words excited Michael Young. 'I'm going to make up for whatever humiliation I faced earlier. Even though I'm not as rich, the money is mine at the very least.. That man, on the other hand, is nothing but a useless matrilocal son-in-law!'

Chapter 259: Auction

“Oh right, you seem quite interested in him. I’ll let you in on a secret then.” Not afraid of blowing up the matter, the boss even tried to take advantage of the grudge that Michael Young bore toward Finn Taylor.

“What’s the secret?”

“There will be an auction on Cupid Island in a few days’ time. We’ll be putting a priceless bracelet up for auction, and the name of it is ‘Eternal Love.’ Finn Taylor will be attending the auction.”

As expected, Michael Young was pleased to hear that news. *‘The incident with ‘Lilac Papillon’ had embarrassed me in front of Vicky. Now, I’m going to use this chance to improve my image.’*

Michael Young took out a fifty-dollar note and placed it on the counter to express his gratitude. He then left with his fiancée.

...

The first day of the wedding shoot progressed smoothly, but it exhausted Yvette Larson. The moment they returned to the hotel, she immediately fell asleep.

After tucking her into bed, Finn Taylor headed out. Of course, he was headed for the auction.

Since he had decided to attend the auction, it was only natural that he needed to secure tickets in advance.

Finn Taylor was clear that he needed to get himself the best seats in advance. Otherwise, he’d only be allowed into the ordinary zone.

As soon as he entered the auction venue, he spotted the manager walking out. “Hello, sir. How may I help you?”

“I want two tickets in the VIP area.”

“Please follow me, sir.” He didn’t look down on Finn Taylor, nor did he chase the other away. Instead, the manager invited him into a private room.

The manager retrieved a plan of the auction venue. “Please take a look at this, sir. The seats are divided into five zones: A, B, C, D, and E. Zone A is meant for VIPs and has the best view, but there are only ten seats. Zones B, C, and D aren’t bad, but they can’t compare to Zone A. As for Zone E, it’s meant for newcomers who are just here on Cupid Island for a vacation.

Do you have your card with you, sir? You can place it here. Whichever zone lights up will be the zone you’re entitled to purchase tickets for.”

Finn Taylor smiled. *‘That sounds interesting.’*

He whipped out a card—a black card!

The manager’s eyes nearly popped out of their sockets when he saw that. *‘It’s a black card!’*

When Finn Taylor walked in, the manager thought that he would be able to purchase a ticket in Zone B or C at the very most. Yet, he had just taken out a black card!

There were no questions to be asked—Zone A lit up.

The manager took out two tickets for Zone A and handed them to Finn Taylor.

The latter looked at the tickets and asked, “Don’t I need to make a deposit?”

“We require deposits for Zones B, C, and D, but not A or E.”

Finn Taylor nodded. He understood the reason for that.

After all, Zone E was meant to entice visitors to attend the auction so that it would look more crowded. As for those allowed into Zone A, they were definitely not figures to be trifled with.

Pleased, Finn Taylor left with the two tickets.

Not long after he left, Michael Young arrived. Of course, he understood what Finn Taylor understood too.

He naturally knew that he wouldn’t have a favorable seat if he were to come any later to get a ticket. The moment Michael Young spotted that manager, he shouted, “Hey, get your boss over.”

That manager couldn’t help but frown. *‘My boss is a respected figure who won’t meet just anyone. Most of the time, I’m the one who settles anything related to auctions. My boss rarely interferes.’*

“Sir, how may I help you?”

“Who are you? Who are you to talk to me?”

“I’m the manager of this auction house. I can help you with everything around here.”

“Alright then. I want tickets to the VIP area of the auction. Give them to me.”

The manager furrowed his brows. *‘Who is he? Why is he acting as though he’s so great?’*

No matter how high of a status this man had, the manager wasn’t going to fear him now that they were at the auction house. “Follow me.”

Michael Young thought that the manager was going to hand him the tickets to the VIP zone. Yet, he hadn’t expected the manager to talk so much even after leading him to the room.

Michael Young was frustrated. “What, do I not qualify to enter Zone A with my family background?”

Michael Young then retrieved a credit card and placed it on the plan. However, Zone A didn’t light up.

A trace of embarrassment flashed past Michael Young’s face.

“Is this thing faulty?” He couldn’t help but suspect that was the case.

“Of course not. A man just came over earlier, and Zone A lit up for him.”

With no other choice, Michael Young could only try Zone B. Yet, it didn't light up either.

"How can that be?" Michael Young was already starting to get annoyed. He then tried Zone C, but it didn't light up either.

Michael Young was on the verge of breaking the machine, but he tested his luck with Zone D.

Still, the machine didn't light up.

By then, Michael Young could no longer hold it in. "What do you mean by this? Do you mean I don't even qualify for Zone D? You're obviously making things difficult for me."

The manager of the auction house was now filled with disdain. *'I thought he'd be a respected figure based on the way he spoke earlier, but he doesn't even qualify for Zone D!'*

"I'm not trying to go against you. You'll need five million for Zone D, a billion for Zone C, five billion for Zone B, and ten billion for Zone D. I guess you don't have five million dollars in your card, sir."

Michael Young nearly vomited blood. *'What kind of stupid rule is this? I need at least five million to get into Zone D?'*

He naturally didn't have that much in his card, but he obviously wouldn't show it.

"My money is in another card, and I don't have it here. Do you think you can do something about it and give me tickets to Zone D?" With that, Michael Young slid a hundred-dollar bill over.

Yet, the manager didn't even spare the note a glance. "Sir, rules are rules. If you have any problem with that, you're welcome to look for our boss."

Initially, Michael Young had thought that he was wealthy enough to speak directly to the boss of the auction house. But now that he knew of the prices of the different tickets, there was no way he'd dare to go against the other.

"Well, it's not impossible for you to get tickets to Zone D. However, we have rules around here."

"What?" Michael Young was frantic. *'If I have to sit in Zone E, it's better not to turn up at all. It would be humiliating.'*

"Make a deposit of 150,000 dollars and buy something at the auction. If you buy something, we'll return the deposit to you. Otherwise, we'll keep the deposit."

This rule was specially targeted at people like Michael Young, who were trying to pretend to be rich when they weren't..

Chapter 260: Start of the Auction

“150,000 dollars? You might as well rob a bank!” Michael Young never thought that he’d have to fork out so much money.

“Those are the rules. If you don’t like it, you can ask our boss to change them for you.”

The thought of looking for the boss had never crossed Michael Young’s mind. The other had to have quite a good family background to open such a prominent auction house.

After a long consideration, Michael Young felt that 150,000 dollars would be worth it as long as he could humiliate Finn Taylor and make his fiancée give up on the other. Besides, he would be able to get his money back as long as he bought something at the auction.

There was sure to be something within his budget at the auction.

“Fine. I’ll give you 150,000 dollars.” With that, Michael Young transferred the sum to the manager.

He didn’t forget to turn to Vicky Day and say, “Did you see that? I can fork out 150,000 dollars easily. Do you think that piece of trash would be able to do this?”

The manager couldn’t help but sneer inwardly. *‘Someone who could get into Zone A like Finn Taylor had been courteous and polite to me. Yet, someone who didn’t qualify for Zone D like Michael Young loves to show off. This is probably the difference between cultured and uncultured men.’*

...

The next day, Finn Taylor and Yvette Larson proceeded with their shoot.

In today’s shoot, the couple got into slightly more intimate positions, and Finn Taylor’s touch made Yvette Larson blush at once.

Of course, Jamie Little was a little shocked when she witnessed that.

Rumor had it that the couple hadn’t been intimate in the few years they’d been married. At that time, Jamie Little hadn’t believed those rumors.

When she met them later and realized that they had a good relationship, she grew even more doubtful of those rumors. But now, she finally believed that there was some truth in those rumors.

Yet, she couldn’t understand how they’d managed to do so. Weren’t some things bound to happen once men and women got close to each other?

Although the couple hadn’t taken many photos today, they were both dead-beat because they had tried their best not to cross each other’s lines.

Only after returning to the hotel did Yvette Larson ask hesitantly, “Weren’t we too far apart from each other in the photos today?”

It was obvious that she was telling her husband that it was fine to touch her. However, the other understood her intentions differently. “Do you mean those photos weren’t good? Alright then. I’ll tell Jamie Little not to process them. Let’s take more photos in a different style.”

How Yvette Larson wished she could kill her husband with a hammer right then and there. *'Are you still a man? I'm already making such obvious hints. but you still don't understand me!'*

Yvette Larson tossed and turned, unable to fall asleep the whole night.

The next day was the day of the auction. This meant that the couple didn't have to go for a shoot that day.

Along the way to the auction, Yvette Larson asked her husband, "Did you really hire a whole bunch of employees for me?"

"Yes."

"How are they?"

"Exceptionally talented."

Yvette Larson glanced at her husband doubtfully. *'Why would exceptionally talented people come to the Larson Corporation? They'd definitely want to work in a Forbes 500 company!'*

"Don't worry. We're on our honeymoon, so let's not talk about work." Seeing that his spouse wanted to go on, Finn Taylor quickly cut her off.

He didn't want to discuss work with his wife on their honeymoon.

...

At the entrance to the auction house.

Michael Young and Vicky Day had been waiting here for half an hour. The reason they hadn't gone in was to wait for Finn Taylor.

If they couldn't show off to Finn Taylor that they had gotten tickets to Zone D, he would've wasted that 150,000 dollars!

After what seemed like an eternity, Finn Taylor and Yvette Larson finally arrived.

"Oh, what a coincidence that we're meeting you here again." Michael Young acted as though it was pure coincidence.

Yet, Finn Taylor smiled while replying, "That's right. You guys must've waited for a long time. What a coincidence."

But Michael Young simply acted as though his lies hadn't been exposed. "Oh right, where are you guys sitting? We're in Zone D. Apparently, Zone D isn't open to just anyone."

With that, Michael Young flashed the two Zone D tickets he had in his hands.

'How childish.' Finn Taylor couldn't help but smirk. "I don't know where we're seated either."

With that, he simply walked away.

However, Michael Young followed closely behind. "I heard that the seats are split into five zones. Ordinary folk can only go to Zone E. You must be seated in Zone E then, but that's fine. You just have to work hard, and you'll eventually be invited to Zone D."

Finn Taylor remained silent, thinking that there was something wrong with Michael Young's brain. *'I could buy 'Lilac Papillon' so easily. Do you think I'd be seated in Zone E?'*

As they walked past Zone E, Michael Young pointed at a seat. "This seat has a good view. Why don't you guys sit here?"

Finn Taylor ignored him and walked forward with his wife.

Very quickly, the four of them arrived in Zone D.

Michael Young's heart thumped rapidly. *'What's going on? Is Finn Taylor not seated in Zone E?'*

Then, they walked to the boundary of Zone C and D.

Based on the rules, Michael Young could no longer walk any further. Yet, he saw Finn Taylor walking right ahead with no intention of stopping. *'Don't tell me that he's seated somewhere better than Zone D!'*

"Hey, that's Zone C." Michael Young thought that Finn Taylor must've walked in the wrong direction and gave the other a 'friendly reminder'.

However, Finn Taylor paid him no heed and proceeded on.

It was then that Michael Young realized that something was wrong. He took a seat with Vicky Day, but his gaze was dead set on Finn Taylor. *'He must be doing this on purpose so that people think that he's qualified for the better seats. I can't wait for him to be chased away. He can't possibly be seated in Zone C!'*

Yet, Finn Taylor merely walked past Zone C and into Zone B.

'Could he possibly qualify for Zone B?' Michael Young felt his heart fall. He repeatedly comforted himself that Finn Taylor was only putting on an act and that the other would definitely be chased away by the auction house employees later on. *'A piece of trash like him is worthy of only Zone E. What right does he have to compare himself to me?'*

Just then, Michael Young spotted Finn Taylor walking into Zone A.

The latter took out two tickets and handed them to the staff, whose faces lit up as they ushered him in..