

# **The Untouchable Son-In-Law: The Master Peregrine**

## **#Chapter 26 - A Bet - Read The Untouchable Son-In-Law: The Master Peregrine Chapter 26 - 30**

### **Chapter 26: Party to Celebrate His Recovery**

Grandpa was everyone's grandpa. It wasn't that Yvette Larson was reluctant to fork out money for the party, but it was ridiculous for her family to fork out the entire cost.

Quince Larson knew that her family was the poorest amongst the four families. He was clearly trying to force them into a corner.

"What's wrong, Yvette Larson? It was your family that forced Grandpa to be admitted in the first place, and that piece of trash wasn't even willing to take care of Grandpa. He slept soundly outside instead! Now, you're not even willing to organize a party to celebrate Grandpa's recovery?"

"Yvette Larson, I never thought that your family was so unfilial."

Eleanor Larson—who was standing by the side—tutted. "Sigh, how did Uncle raise you? Yvette Larson, is your entire family so unfilial? Forget it if you're unwilling. Our family will pay for it; we'll just take it as though Grandpa never had family like you."

Quince Larson and Eleanor Larson were in perfect harmony as they tried to chase Yvette Larson's family out of the Larson family.

Yvette Larson felt aggrieved and wanted to rebuke them, but her husband stopped her from doing so. "Sure, we have some responsibility for Grandpa's illness. We'll pay for it."

"Alright. Yvette Larson, your husband agreed to it. You won't go back on your word, will you?"

What else could Yvette Larson say now that Finn Taylor had already agreed? She had no choice but to agree as well.

When Francis Larson and Linda James learned about the matter, they were furious.

Linda James slammed the table and shouted, "Finn Taylor, do you really think you're part of our family now? Who gave you the right to make decisions for our family? Since you agreed, why don't you tell us where the money is going to come from? We don't have that much money."

Finn Taylor remained silent.

Linda James felt her blood boiling but was helpless.

The date for Old Master Larson's party had been set for the eighth of next month.

Since he wasn't the one paying for the party, Quince Larson had generously sent invitations out to anyone who was vaguely related to the Larson family.

Even distant acquaintances they had only met once in their lives received invitations from the Larson family!

In the end, they had invited more than 1,500 people!

When Linda James learned of it, she lashed out at Finn Taylor. Nevertheless, he remained silent.

Finn Taylor sat at the gate, smoking.

At that moment, Yvette Larson walked over.

He quickly stubbed his cigarette on the ground.

"Wow, how nice. You're not smoking because I'm here. Tell me, why did you agree to Quince Larson's request?"

Finn Taylor smiled. "I didn't want to hear his nagging."

"Where's the money coming from?"

"Do you remember that the late Old Master gave me a sum of money when we got married?"

Now that he mentioned it, Yvette Larson had a hazy memory of it. At that time, not a single person in the Larson family thought well of Finn Taylor when they had first gotten married.

Only Hugo Larson had given Finn Taylor some money because he had been the one who arranged this marriage to begin with.

Yvette Larson didn't ask about how much he had received. Of course, she didn't want to know either.

It was true that she had been rather cold and indifferent toward Finn Taylor over the past few years. Since it was the Old Master who had given him that sum of money, she had no right to ask for it.

“Is it enough?”

“I guess.” Finn Taylor didn’t go into any specifics.

“Alright, I’ll tell Mom about the money. She’s just uneasy that we’re being bullied by the second branch of the family. Don’t mind her.”

“It’s alright.” Finn Taylor smiled bitterly when Yvette Larson left. *‘Yvette Larson’s attitude toward me has probably improved again after seeing how pitiful I’ve been recently and how I took the blame for her yet again.’*

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Seven days flew by.

It was the day of Joseph Larson’s party.

Quince Larson had already found a spot for himself at the entrance of All Stars Hotel bright and early to welcome the guests.

Every guest walked up to present their gifts.

“CEO Eugene Kelly from the Winsdale Corporation wishes the Old Master a long life. Here’s a violin.”

“CEO Sam Schubert from Barocloud Corporation wishes the Old Master a long life. Here’s a thousand-year-old ginseng.”

“CEO Martin Kleine from Gowinds Corporation wishes the Old Master a long life and good health. Here’s a precious and rare herb.”

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The prices of all these gifts from the guests were sky-high.

Quince Larson broke out into a wide smile as he listened to the list of gifts.

He felt that these gifts all belonged to him.

“The first family of the Larson family, Francis Larson’s son-in-law, Yvette Larson’s husband, Finn Taylor wishes Grandpa a long life and good health. Here’s an incense burner.”

A discordant sound suddenly sounded out.

More than a hundred pairs of eyes outside the All Stars Hotel turned to the entrance.

They saw the useless son-in-law of the Larson family, Finn Taylor, holding an incense burner in his hand, making his way into the hotel lobby.

Quince Larson was infuriated when he saw it. He rushed up and shouted, "Piece of trash, stop right there! Are you serious? Grandpa just recovered from a serious illness, and we're organizing this party to celebrate his recovery."

"Everyone in San Francisco has gathered here to wish Grandpa well. As a son-in-law of the Larson family, how could you present him with such a measly incense burner? What do you mean by this?"

As Quince Larson was berating Finn Taylor, Yvette Larson, Eleanor Larson, and the rest of the Larson family had gathered around.

Everyone glared at Finn Taylor, thinking that he was doing this on purpose.

"Yvette Larson, if you don't want to pay for Grandpa's party, you can just let us know. Eleanor Larson already offered for the second, third, and fourth branches to pay for it if your family doesn't want to. You already agreed to it, and we've already welcomed so many guests. What are you trying to do by giving Grandpa a broken incense burner?"

Yvette Larson felt embarrassed. "Finn Taylor, what's up with you? Didn't I give you 15,000 dollars to buy Grandpa's present?"

Finn Taylor alone had paid for the party.

Yvette Larson felt bad about that. As such, she had given him 15,000 dollars, asking him to get a present. Whatever remained would be his.

She had never expected Finn Taylor to buy such a lousy present with 15,000.

"That's right, tell me about it. This is the present I got for Grandpa; I only spent 50 dollars on it! I think the seller was a fool!"

Finn Taylor was pleased with himself, but his wife landed a slap on his face.

"Finn Taylor, I know that you don't have much money and that you must've felt the pinch this time, but I gave you 15,000 dollars. Don't you think you're going overboard by only spending 50 dollars on Grandpa's present? Finn Taylor, I'm so disappointed in you."

## **Chapter 27: End of Heaven and Earth**

Having said her piece, Yvette Larson turned to take her leave, not giving her husband any time to explain himself.

Finn Taylor put the incense down and chased after her.

Finn Taylor and Yvette Larson's departure didn't cause much of an uproar to the party.

When the Larson family's Old Master, Joseph Larson, found out that Finn Taylor had given him a broken incense burner, he was so furious that he chased Francis Larson and Linda James away from the main table.

"Brother Joseph, don't get upset." Just then, a thick and resonant voice sounded out.

Everyone turned to look in the direction of the voice, only to see an old man with long, white hair and a baby face.

"Jacob Jensen, you're here too." Joseph Larson became emotional upon seeing the old man and personally welcomed him.

This was the first time he had done so amongst all his guests.

This guest was indeed worthy of Joseph Larson's actions. Jacob Jensen was a legendary figure in the whole country.

He had once found a precious ancient relic.

"Of course, I had to come and visit you now that you're out of the hospital. I want to see when you're going to die."

This was how Jacob Jensen and Joseph Larson communicated. Nobody else dared to speak to the both of them in this way; it would be no different from seeking death.

"Come on, the main table is here." Joseph Larson invited his old friend to the main table.

Just then, Jacob Jensen's gaze landed on the incense burner in the corner.

"Wait!" Jacob Jensen yelped out in surprise before rushing over. He examined it closely and even put on his white gloves before picking the incense burner up.

"I must say, Jacob, your workaholic nature is showing up again. Some insensible relative of mine gave it to me. Don't you think he's being shameless by giving me such a stupid incense burner after I was finally discharged from the hospital after a serious bout of illness?"

Jacob Jensen ignored his friend, focusing all his energy on the incense burner.

His strange behavior naturally attracted a lot of attention.

Everyone in the Larson family was starting to whisper amongst themselves.

Eleanor Larson walked up to her cousin and muttered in a low voice, "Could something be wrong? Jacob Jensen is examining it so meticulously. Could that incense burner really be a treasure?"

Quince Larson was on tenterhooks. Nonetheless, he acted calm and collected. "That's impossible. That piece of trash only spent 300 dollars on this, so how valuable could it be? Mr. Jensen is too much of a workaholic, and that's why he thinks that it could be a treasure even though it's obvious that it's just a broken incense burner."

Quince Larson's words comforted Eleanor Larson, but the eyes of all those present in All Stars Hotel were fixated on the incense burner.

Then, the topic naturally drifted to Finn Taylor.

When they learned that it was the infamous, good-for-nothing matrilocal son-in-law who had given the Old Master this gift, it all seemed too clear to them.

Initially, they had been wondering if they would see the birth of a treasure. But now, the possibility of that seemed close to zero.

After what seemed like an eternity, Jacob Jensen finally looked up and took a deep breath. "Joseph, do you know the story behind Kaelan Hadley?"

"Kaelan Hadley?"

"In the tenth century, the Toltec army often invaded the Mayan territories. Kaelan Hadley was thus ordered to invade Toltec territories. At that time, the Toltec army used a strategy termed as 'End of Heaven and Earth.' Unfortunately, the Mayan army at that time was full of cowards."

"In the end, Kaelan Hadley set out alone to reconnoiter the land. Along that journey, he was almost fatally injured. Thankfully, he survived. He rode through the night, enduring his injury, and arrived at a temple named Tulum."

With that, Jacob Jensen walked forward and placed the incense burner in front of Joseph Larson.

Everyone turned their eyes to the pair, only to see the words 'End of Heaven and Earth' on the front of the incense burner and 'Tulum' on the back.

"The design, pattern, and material of this incense burner are characteristic of the Post-Classical Mayan period. With these eight words, it's almost certain that this incense burner is associated with Kaelan Hadley. This incense burner is worth at least 15 million dollars."

"Brother Joseph, didn't you say that a relative gave you this incense burner? Is he around? I'd like to have a chat with him."

At the mention of 15 million dollars, the entire Larson family and everyone in All Stars Hotel fell silent.

Quince Larson and Eleanor Larson's faces flushed red. However, it wasn't just the two of them.

Even Joseph Larson's expression had fallen. "Brother Jacob, don't joke around with me. How much could a broken incense burner like that cost?"

"If you don't believe me, you can sell it to me. I won't take advantage of you. I'll give you 15 million for it." Jacob Jensen was full of confidence.

It seemed like 15 million was still a conservative estimate.

"Brother Joseph, which one of your relatives gave this to you? He has such a good eye. Don't keep him to yourself; let me meet him too."

Joseph Larson was stuck between a rock and a hard place, but he had no choice but to be honest. "Brother Jacob, I've told you about our family's matrilocal son-in-law, Finn Taylor. He was the one who caused me to be admitted to the hospital this time, and he was also the one who brought this incense burner here. I thought that it was a terrible gift, so I chased him away. I think it was no more than a coincidence."

Quince Larson added on from the side, "That's right. How could that piece of trash know anything about antiques? He was just lucky."

Jacob Jensen smiled but remained silent. *'There is no such thing as luck in this business. Precious items are snatched the moment they go up for sale. If Finn Taylor managed to see the value in this incense burner, it means that he understood its true value. However, I don't wish to waste my breath anymore. Joseph is clearly trying to find himself an excuse. Since that's the case, there is no need to help him out either.'*

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Outside All Stars Hotel.

Finn Taylor finally caught up with his spouse. “Yvette, listen to me.”

“What do you have to say? Don’t you just want that 15,000 dollars? Do you think that it doesn’t matter what we give since we’ll never be able to match up to Quince Larson? This isn’t even the first time.”

Finn Taylor sighed. “That’s not what I thought about. I also wanted to buy something expensive, but I saw someone holding a flea market when I got there. That incense burner caught my eye immediately; it’s Kaelan Hadley’s! It’s really valuable!”

“Lies! Continue cheating me with your lies!”

“I’m not lying! Everything I said is the truth!”

“I don’t want to talk to you. Please go away.” Yvette Larson stretched her arm out to hail a taxi.

Then, she got in the taxi and left.

Finn Taylor was left standing there alone.

*Sigh.*

Finn Taylor sighed and retrieved a cigarette from his pocket.

He searched his pocket. *‘I forgot to bring a lighter out. F\*ck! When a person is down, they are truly down. I can’t even smoke a cigarette!’*

“Sigh! I have to think of a way to coax you. Oh right, your birthday is on the 20th. I have an idea!”

## **Chapter 28: Peak of Pacific Heights**

The news of the ‘End of Heaven and Earth’ incense burner appearing at Joseph Larson’s party made rounds around San Francisco. But nobody believed that Finn Taylor truly had the ability to spot valuable antiques.

Everyone felt that he had simply been lucky. After all, even a broken clock is right twice a day.



A good-for-nothing matrilocal son-in-law was still a good-for-nothing matrilocal son-in-law at the end of the day.

Because Joseph Larson had his pride and refused to admit to his mistake, Francis Larson and Linda James hadn't been invited back to the main table till the very end.

As such, Francis Larson and Linda James vented their anger on their son-in-law.

They both felt that it was Finn Taylor's gifting of the 'End of Heaven and Earth' incense burner that had ruined the night for their family.

Even Yvette Larson had been cold toward him and was unwilling to talk to him over the past few days.

At the same time, Yvette Larson was constantly being bothered by her best friend, Clarine Landon.

When Clarine Landon woke up in the middle of the night, she would call Yvette Larson, saying that she was thinking of that violinist.

She had even gone to the extent of visiting more than a dozen renowned music colleges, perusing through thousands of photos of violinists. Still, she hadn't found the violinist she was looking for.

Because of that, there was an itch in Clarine Landon's heart. Of course, she wasn't expecting Yvette Larson to help her out.

She simply wanted to vent her emotions, but this caused Yvette Larson's sleep quality to deteriorate drastically.

Due to this, Yvette became even grumpier and naturally colder toward her spouse.

But that day, a shocking piece of news spread across San Francisco.

Someone had rented the peak of Pacific Heights.

Nobody was allowed on Pacific Heights's peak on the 20th because a mysterious man had rented it to celebrate his wife's birthday.

Pacific Heights was the most famous sight in the whole of San Francisco. The neighborhood of Pacific Heights was also the most affluent region in San Francisco.

The wealthy families living in Pacific Heights enjoyed taking a stroll to the peak after dinner, but even they wouldn't be allowed up on the peak on the 20th.

Who had spent such a huge fortune to do so? Nobody knew.

Eleanor Larson walked into her best friend's office and sat herself down on the sofa.  
"Yvette Larson, isn't the 20th your birthday?"

Yvette Larson was stunned. *'What is she trying to do this time?'*

"Haven't you heard the news? Someone has rented the whole peak of Pacific Heights to celebrate his wife's birthday. Do you think that person could be Finn Taylor since your birthday is on the 20th too?"

The door was pushed open yet again, and Quince Larson walked in.

"Eleanor, you know that the peak of Pacific Heights can't be rented by just anybody. One has to be both rich and famous. As for Finn Taylor, he is neither; he's nothing but a piece of trash."

Eleanor Larson sneered. "I say, Yvette Larson. You both have birthdays on the 20th. That person gets to celebrate hers on the peak of Pacific Heights, while you... Hehe."

Yvette Larson was fuming. The pair in front of her was slacking off and had specially come to her office just to tell her about this.

"Eleanor Larson, get out. You're acting as though you had the chance to celebrate your birthday at the peak of Pacific Heights."

"Well, it's true I'm not that lucky. But at the very least, I'm not married to a good-for-nothing matrilocal son-in-law. I can't afford to be embarrassed like that. You humiliated the Larson family, yet you still have the cheek to say that."

Yvette Larson had to resist the urge to punch someone.

Just then, Quince Larson cut in. "Yvette Larson, how's your collaboration with Xander Corporation going? I think it's progressing rather slowly. You know how important it is to the Larson family, so I'm sure you know that you could be kicked out of the Deputy CEO position if you aren't capable. I think that Eleanor is more suitable for the position than you."

Yvette Larson clenched her jaw tightly. "I just ran into some trouble; I'll fix it."

"What happened?"

"Nothing much; it's just that some people are stirring up trouble. I can resolve the problem."

“Some people? Who are those people who dare to go against the Larson family of San Francisco? Have you investigated who’s backing them?”

“Not yet. I’m still on it.”

“Not yet? Yvette Larson, do you think the company is paying you a salary for nothing? If you aren’t capable, you’d better resign from your job.” The moment Quince Larson said his piece, he left in a huff, slamming the door behind him.

At the same time, Eleanor Larson made a face. “Yvette Larson, this project is the only leverage you have against the Larson family. Just wait and see how Grandpa deals with you if you screw this project up.”

With that, Eleanor Larson left with a hum.

Yvette Larson shoved all the documents on her table to the ground; she was on the verge of tears.

*“What right do they have? We are all children of the Larson family, so why have I always been looked down on and bullied ever since I was young? I finally endured everything to be able to helm a project myself, and yet, I’m being belittled by some rogues.”*

*‘Also, why was I forced to marry Finn Taylor? On what grounds? What was Old Master even thinking? Why had he forced me to marry him?’* Yvette Larson gazed at the silver bracelet on her wrist.

The late Old Master had given it to her on the day of her wedding. He had told her that she was the luckiest in the entire Larson family.

But Yvette Larson couldn’t understand how she was lucky. Ever since she had gotten married, all she had done was be at the beck and call of others.

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Inside Starbucks.

Finn Taylor took a sip of his latte and glanced at Alexander Scott, who was seated in front of him. “You settled the matter pretty well.”

“Master Peregrine, it was nothing.”

“Alright, you can leave.”

Of course, Finn Taylor was the one who had rented the peak of Pacific Heights. He hadn't appeared personally; instead, he had sent Alexander Scott in his place.

Alexander Scott was the head of Seattle's Scott family and one of Peregrine Hall's four guardians.

Finn Taylor picked up his phone and dialed a number.

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Clarine Landon sat on her bed, throwing her bolster and plush toys onto the ground.

Her blood was boiling. She had gotten someone to look into a violinist who was about the same age as her, but they had eventually confirmed that he had been abroad on a tour at that time.

He was not the one she was looking for.

Clarine Landon whined as she looked up at the sky. *'Why is it so difficult to find the person I've fallen for?'*

Just then, her phone rang.

Clarine Landon picked it up and saw the display: 'Piece of Trash'.

She picked up and started yelling at him. "You piece of trash, are you courting death? I'm your wife's best friend. I'm guessing that you must be interested in me, but I'm telling you now that there's no way it's ever going to happen!"

Finn Taylor felt as though his eardrum was about to burst. "I think you're delusional. I'm calling you to ask you for a favor."

"Scram! I have no time for you!" With that, Clarine Landon was about to end the call.

"Don't be in such a hurry to hang up. Don't you want to meet that violinist?"

"Violinist? You know him?"

"I found him, but I need you to do me a favor."

Clarine Landon was overwhelmed with emotions. "As long as you let me meet my violinist, I'll be willing to help you out ten times, let alone one!"

"Alright. There will be a grand birthday party at the peak of Pacific Heights on the 20th. Bring Yvette there, and you'll be able to meet that violinist."

“Yvette? What does she have to do with this?”

“You don’t have to know about that. It’s up to you whether you get to meet that violinist.”

With that, Finn Taylor ended the call.

## **Chapter 29: Yvette Larson’s Birthday**

After Finn Taylor ended the call, Clarine Landon’s mind wandered back to that violinist once again.

She was deep in contemplation.

In the end, she gritted her teeth and sent him a message. It contained a single word: Ok.

Time flew by, and the 20th was finally here.

The moment Yvette Larson arrived at the office, Quince Larson and Eleanor Larson once again walked into her office on purpose.

“Oh, the birthday girl is at work today. I thought you would go to the peak of Pacific Heights.”

“Eleanor, do you think that any random Tom, Dick, or Harry can go to the peak of Pacific Heights? She shouldn’t even dream of doing that in this lifetime.”

“You can’t be too sure about that. Didn’t someone rent the whole peak of Pacific Heights to celebrate his wife’s birthday today? I think Finn Taylor isn’t bad. I’m sure he’s the one who rented the peak.”

“Right, right; I think so too. Hahaha.”

“Hahaha...”

What followed was their thunderous laughter.

Their laughter sounded evil, and it annoyed Yvette Larson even more. “Can you both shut up and get out?”

“Why? It’s true that you got married to a good-for-nothing, who has embarrassed the Larson family. Why can’t I talk about it?”

Eleanor Larson refused to back down, but Quince Larson changed the topic. “Yvette Larson, it’s been so many days. Have you settled those rogues? If you’re not capable, you’d better submit your resignation letter to me.”

Yvette Larson was frustrated. *‘Who cares about that? Actually, it doesn’t have that great of an impact on the whole project’s progress anyway. But ever since Quince Larson became the CEO again, he has refused to let the matter go. Now, he’s even forcing me to resign from my position because of such a small matter. It seems like he can no longer stand still.’*

“Quince Larson, you’ve already reminded me about this 300 times. There’s no need for you to remind me about it every day. I’ll definitely get it done within the week; otherwise, I’ll leave.” Yvette Larson wasn’t to be trifled with. She was done tolerating all the bullying.

It was nothing more than a few rogues. She believed that she would be able to handle them.

“Alright, you said so yourself. I didn’t force you into it; Eleanor can be our witness.” The reason why Quince had repeatedly reminded her about the matter was simply to provoke her.

Now, he had achieved his goal.

Quince Larson dared to stake his life to bet that Yvette Larson would never be able to resolve the matter. This was because he was involved in the matter.

This project was a collaboration between the Larson family of San Francisco and the Sullivan family of New York.

Leaving the Larson family aside, there was no way anyone would dare to provoke or offend New York’s Sullivan family no matter how bold they were.

They only dared to do so because of the support from the Fleming family of San Francisco.

Why would the Fleming family do something that wouldn’t benefit them in any way when they bore no grudges against the Sullivan family? Well, this all had to do with the secret agreement Quince Larson had gotten into with Seth Fleming.

Seth Fleming had agreed to make as much trouble as possible for Yvette Larson in order to help Quince Larson.

As for Quince Larson, he would think of a way to send Yvette Larson to his bed.

There were throngs of people waiting to bed such a legendary beauty, and that was also why Yvette Larson's wedding to Finn Taylor had caused such an uproar in San Francisco.

They were nothing more than a second-tier family without much influence.

Now that they had achieved their goals and had mocked Yvette Larson, Quince Larson and Eleanor Larson took their leave.

Yvette Larson was left alone in the office in a foul mood. She flung the pen in her hand onto the ground—causing it to shatter into pieces—in an attempt to vent her dissatisfaction.

At that moment, her office door opened once again.

“Get out!” Yvette Larson didn't even look up before demanding that person to leave.

“Why are you so angry? Who provoked you?” That visitor didn't leave; instead, they walked over.

Looking up, Yvette Larson realized that it was her best friend, Clarine Landon.

“Sigh, who else could it be? Quince Larson and Eleanor Larson—they were in such unison to try to provoke me. I let my tongue run loose earlier, and I'm starting to regret it a little now.”

“Sigh, I thought that something else happened. Don't think about work for today; our birthday girl must be in her best state today! Take a look at the makeup set I got you. Come on, try it on.”

Yvette Larson opened the gift from her best friend, her eyes twinkling.

They were a pair of Gucci sunglasses, Dior lipstick, and Givenchy perfume.

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These were all items in Yvette Larson's shopping cart.

“Clarine Landon, are you mad? Why did you buy so many things?”

“Haha, as long as you like them.” Clarine Landon felt a little guilty while saying that.

She hadn't been the one to buy these things. Before she left the house earlier this morning, someone had left this gift box at her door, instructing her to hand it over to her best friend.

She had wanted to ask more about it, but that person had already left.

Clarine Landon hadn't thought much about it and simply brought the gift box over.

But now that it had been opened, it wasn't just Yvette Larson who had been stunned. Even she had been dumbfounded.

"It's great!"

Which woman didn't like being pretty?

With so many new cosmetics, Yvette Larson quickly started putting on makeup in a hurry.

In reality, it had been no other than Finn Taylor who had given her all these presents.

Finn Taylor had noticed these items lying in his wife's cart for almost half a year, but she had been reluctant to check them out.

This time, he finally had the chance to gift them to his wife through her best friend with her birthday as an excuse.

"Are you done with your makeup? If you are, I'll bring you somewhere." Clarine Landon hadn't forgotten about her important mission of the day: Bring Yvette Larson to the peak of Pacific Heights.

However, she was unclear about how they would enter the peak since it had already been rented for the day, nor did she have any idea about why Finn Taylor had asked her to bring her best friend over.

But she wanted to meet that violinist.

Today was an important day in San Francisco.

The younger generation in San Francisco was waiting to see who had rented the peak of Pacific Heights. As such, all of the rooms on the higher floors of hotels near Pacific Heights were fully reserved.

Countless people had prepared telescopes, hoping to be able to catch a glimpse of what was going on at the peak of Pacific Heights.

"Brother, can we set off now?" Eleanor Larson walked up to her cousin and muttered in a low voice.



“It’s about time. Eleanor, he’s a prominent figure. You have to watch your words.”

“Brother, you’re really amazing. You even know people from the Scott family!”

“Hahaha, of course.”

Quince Larson and Eleanor Larson were heading to the Pacific Heights neighborhood.

Quince Larson was confused about why he had suddenly become friends with such a prominent figure from the Scott family of Seattle while having a drink at Starbucks a few days earlier.

Then, Scott had even agreed to take him up to the Pacific Heights neighborhood on the 20th to understand the situation at the peak!

As compared to a hotel near Pacific Heights, it was obvious that the view from the Pacific Heights neighborhood would be clearer.

Quince Larson was delighted and naturally agreed without any hesitation. What he did not know was that even this was part of Finn Taylor’s plan.

## **Chapter 30: Extravagant Birthday Party**

It was Finn Taylor who had asked Alexander Scott to rent the peak of Pacific Heights. It was also him who had gotten Alexander to allow Quince Larson and Eleanor Larson to visit the Pacific Heights neighborhood.

Of course, it was also him who had asked Clarine Landon to bring her best friend to the peak of Pacific Heights.

As for why the other young masters of the prominent families in San Francisco were able to secure rooms on high floors in the hotels near Pacific Heights, it was also Finn Taylor who had asked Hunter Sullivan to make sure of it. None of the rooms had been reserved by anyone else. It was as though they were specially waiting for them.

As for Logan Yeats, his job was even more crucial—He had to film the whole event using a drone. If anything went wrong, he would be done for.

If anyone else knew about Logan Yeats—the head of Chicago’s Yeats family—doing such a job, their jaws would probably drop.

However, this was an order from Master Peregrine. There was no way Logan Yeats would dare to refuse it.

Besides, the four guardians had recently learned of a new piece of news.

In the past, the four guardians had chosen to serve Finn Taylor because the Young Master—Timothy Taylor or Finn Taylor—had gotten into a fight with the Second Young Master, Donovan Taylor. They needed to make a decision between the two of them.

They felt that Finn Taylor had a higher chance of winning, and that was why they had chosen to support him.

But recently, Jeremy Smith had unwittingly revealed a secret while treating Alexander Scott's sister, Phoebe Scott, at the Scott family's house.

Finn Taylor wasn't as simple as the four guardians imagined him to be.

The four guardians had thought that he simply had many capable people under him, such as Zane Yeller and Jeremy Smith. However, Jeremy Smith threw a question back at them: Why were they so obedient to Finn Taylor?

They weren't part of Peregrine Hall and had no need to do so.

This question stunned all four guardians.

In the end, Jeremy Smith revealed a secret: 30% of his miraculous medical skills was passed down from his family, while the other 70% was from Finn Taylor.

Jeremy Smith's words were like a lightning bolt out of the blue. It was only then that the four guardians realized how extraordinary Finn Taylor was.

It turned out that he didn't just have capable people supporting him, but he was also extremely capable himself.

Whether it was martial arts skills or medical skills, he was out of this world. Otherwise, there would be no way people like Jeremy Smith and Zane Yeller would've been willing to listen to him.

It wasn't because he was incapable that he didn't show his skills. It was just that there was no need for him to get personally involved in these trivial matters.

At the thought of this, the four guardians gained a deeper respect for Finn Taylor.

...

“Wow, our Miss Yvette is such a gorgeous lady!” Clarine Landon exclaimed by the side as her best friend put on the last touches of her makeup.

Clarine Landon was a beauty as well, but she knew that she still couldn't compare to her best friend.

“Hahaha, don't kid me.”

“Come on, I'll bring you somewhere.”

“Where are we going?”

“You'll find out once we get there.”

The sun was starting to set, and the sky was getting dark.

Clarine Landon's mission was about to begin.

She walked toward Pacific Heights with Yvette Larson in tow.

“Why are we going to Pacific Heights?”

“Just follow me. You'll know when we get there.”

As they approached Pacific Heights, a young and gentle lady walked out. She smiled at Yvette Larson. “You must be Miss Yvette Larson.”

Yvette Larson was confused but nodded.

“Please follow me.”

While Yvette Larson was still hesitating, Clarine Landon had already dragged her along.

Along the way, the duo continued asking that young lady where they were headed from time to time.

If they had known of that young lady's identity, they would probably have been at a loss for words.

She was Phoebe Scott, the younger sister of the Scott family's head—Alexander Scott.

As the young lady led the way, Yvette Larson felt that something was amiss. “Miss, we seem to be headed to the peak. Are we on the wrong path?”

“No, you two will understand once we get there.”

...

After some time, the trio finally reached the final step that brought them up to the peak of Pacific Heights.

The very moment Yvette Larson stepped up onto the peak, rainbow-colored neon lights starting flashing across the whole Pacific Heights.

Across the sky, countless drones were flashing with neon lights. They read: “I love you, Yvette Larson!”

*‘This...’* The moment Yvette Larson saw this, her eyes reddened.

The lights then flashed again, and they now read: “Happy Birthday!”

Yvette Larson was stunned.

It felt like a dream.

All the lights were focused on her alone.

A man dressed in a tuxedo had his back facing Yvette Larson.

Then, the sounds of a violin sounded. It was that man in a tuxedo who was playing the violin.

Clarine Landon felt as though she had been struck by lightning. “He... My violinist, I’ve finally found you.”

He played only one song.

That man in a tuxedo then slowly walked toward Yvette Larson, allowing everyone a clear view of him.

It was Finn Taylor.

Tonight’s birthday party had just begun.

Using Pacific Heights as a background, the countless drones created a massive light painting for Yvette Larson.

She had already burst into tears a long time ago—these were tears of joy.

Clarine Landon—who was standing by the side—knew that her dreams had been crushed the moment she saw Finn Taylor. *‘Why? Why are you the violinist that I can’t forget?’*

*Boom! Boom! Boom!*

A ring of fireworks erupted around Pacific Heights in synchrony.

They formed a giant image in the sky, and they looked magnificent in the vast sky.

The whole of San Francisco was celebrating this moment!

In fact, it wasn’t just San Francisco. In the whole state of California—and even outside the state—people were letting off fireworks right at this very moment.

Phoebe Scott reached out and pulled Clarine Landon away.

The peak of Pacific Heights belonged to Finn Taylor and Yvette Larson alone. It would be inappropriate for them to remain here for any longer.

Finn Taylor stretched his hands out, and his wife walked up slowly.

When Yvette Larson placed her hand on her spouse, they looked just like princes and princesses seen in fairytales.

“Happy birthday!”

They were two simple words, but Yvette Larson was so moved that she allowed Finn Taylor to hug her.

This was the first time in three years that Yvette Larson had ever hugged her spouse.

She was grateful to him for giving her such a huge surprise. “It was you.”

“Yes, it was me.”

“Did you know that I’ve always been blaming you?”

“All couples fight, but they all make up eventually.”

...

Everyone in the nearby hotels and the Pacific Heights neighborhood had witnessed this scene on the peak of Pacific Heights. But none of them had seen the faces clearly, much less think of Yvette Larson.

All they had seen were the countless flashing lights and fireworks.

Eleanor Larson was terribly envious at this sight. She looked at herself again and thought about what the Larson family had. She had to rely on Quince Larson to even have some status and position.

She couldn't help but feel angry.

She turned her gaze to Alexander Scott. Pulling the collar of her shirt down, she walked toward him while swaying her hips.

