

UNTOUCHABLE

Chapter 271: Turmoil at the Studio

“About that... Stop for a moment.”

Finn Taylor spotted his wife’s discomfort right away. He knew that the latter was trying her best, but she’d never been exposed to such topics in her life. Besides, the company had suddenly grown overnight.

It was impossible for her to accept and understand everything at once.

“Bring David Sullivan over,” Finn Taylor instructed the employee.

The latter was stunned for a moment. *‘David Sullivan is the most brilliant among the new employees. Finn Taylor actually knows him by name!’*

The man in question was very quickly brought over, and he bowed respectfully to Finn Taylor. “Did you call for me, Mr. Taylor?”

“Yes, you’ll be in charge of the company matters from now on.”

“Alright, Mr. Taylor.”

“You don’t have to read these reports out to us anymore. Look for David Sullivan if you need anything.” Finn Taylor then chased everyone out of his wife’s office.

Only when the couple was left alone in the office did Yvette Larson look at her spouse in embarrassment. “Finn, am I very useless? I can’t even handle these things alone.”

Finn Taylor chuckled and asked, “Do you have wings?”

“No.”

“Do you have supersonic legs?”

“No.”

“Do you have gills?”

“No, why?”

“That’s right. You might not have wings, but you can fly thanks to airplanes. You might not have supersonic legs, but you can speed over 100 miles per hour thanks to cars. You might not have gills, but you can cross rivers and seas thanks to boats. You have to change your mindset—as the company grows, there will be many more businesses involved. There’s no way you’ll be able to deal with everything yourself. You’ll need others to help you manage the company. The only thing you need to do is to manage those people well,” Finn Taylor patiently advised his wife.

“Is David Sullivan really that impressive?”

“You can take a look at his resumé.”

With that, Yvette Larson quickly searched up David Sullivan’s resumé on the company’s intranet.

He had first joined the Sullivan Corporation of New York in 2003. Within a year, he had been promoted to a managerial position because of his outstanding performance. He had then been promoted to Deputy CEO within another year.

Less than three months after that, the board of directors had unanimously voted him into the position of CEO after the previous CEO stepped down. After taking over the company, he’d doubled the company’s revenue within a year!

Yvette Larson couldn’t help but marvel at that. *‘He’s really amazing! David Sullivan did what others would never be able to do in only three years!’*

“His surname is Sullivan too. Is he Hunter Sullivan’s relative?” Yvette Larson couldn’t help but wonder if he had any relation to Hunter Sullivan. If he didn’t, this man had to be truly outstanding to make such a huge career progression in such a short span of time.

“No, he isn’t, but so what even if he was? Do you mean that one shouldn’t help relatives out even if they’re brilliant to begin with? I’m sure you can search the Sullivan Corporation’s revenue up. Do you think that David Sullivan isn’t worthy of being the CEO?”

Yvette Larson didn’t know how to refute that.

Finn Taylor was right.

“Does that mean that I can leave the running of the company to him in the future?”

“Aren’t you afraid that he’ll get too ambitious and want the company for himself?”

“Weren’t you the one who recommended him for this job?”

“Yes, but can I ensure that he won’t get overly ambitious?”

“What should I do then?”

“Find at least three other employees who can compete with David Sullivan and promote them to the position of Deputy CEO. Tell them that they’ll immediately be made CEO if they find anything wrong with David Sullivan.” Although Finn Taylor was sure that David Sullivan was part of Peregrine Hall and wouldn’t betray him, he still said so because he wanted his wife to have something to do. That way, she wouldn’t feel as though she was just a useless figurehead.

Besides, he could use this opportunity to train her!

...

The next day.

Finn Taylor and Yvette Larson set off to find Jamie Little to express their gratitude, as well as to take a look at their photos. Although they hadn't managed to complete the shoot on Cupid Island, they had gotten quite a substantial number of photos.

They had hired Jamie Little to take 1,000 photos—an average couple wouldn't even take 100.

In those few days, they had shot over 300 photos, which was more than sufficient.

Jamie Little's studio was decorated in a vintage style, which made Finn Taylor and Yvette Larson feel right at home.

As the couple entered, Jamie Little was in the midst of developing some photos.

"You're here." She put down what she was working on and walked over. "Oh, what did you guys bring?"

Finn Taylor felt a little sorry toward the other because she had gotten injured for their sake. Although he had already instructed Hunter Sullivan to compensate her monetarily, Finn Taylor had still chosen to buy her some additional tonics.

"Where are the photos?" Finn Taylor wasn't a wishy-washy person, and he simply shied away from the topic.

"The photos are here. You guys can look through them and pick out a few," said Jamie Little as she brought a tablet over. She opened an album and handed the tablet to Yvette Larson. "Just favorite the ones that you guys like best."

With that, Yvette Larson dragged her husband aside.

She liked every photo that they had taken. "Wow, this is tough. I like every single one. What shall we do?"

"Why don't we choose all of them?" Finn Taylor didn't know much about such things.

"That's ridiculous. Who has so many wedding photos?"

"Take your time then."

As the couple browsed through the photos, Jamie Little headed back to develop her photos.

Right then, a group of men walked into the studio.

Jamie Little glanced at them nervously. "I really don't have any money. Can't you give me a few more days?"

"A few more days? You were the one who wrote this. Are you going to go back on your word?"

"But I only borrowed 7,000 dollars. I've already returned you 30,000 dollars, and you're still asking for 70,000 dollars. Don't you think you're going against the law?"

"Against the law? Miss, you'd better watch your words. I don't mind letting you taste blood."

"I have 700 dollars here. You can have it, but I really don't have anything more."

“700 dollars? Do you think we’re beggars?”

“Don’t try your luck. This is all I have, and you can take it if you want. I have nothing more.”

“Heh, you’re trying to play me! Beat her up!”

Chapter 272: Repayment

Finn Taylor and Yvette Larson were halfway through choosing their photos when they heard a commotion outside.

“What’s wrong?” Yvette Larson asked as she glanced out.

“I don’t know. Let’s go take a look.” Finn Taylor then headed out.

Just as he reached the door, he spotted a couple of guys charging toward Jamie Little. Without any hesitation, he rushed over and shoved them aside. “What are you doing?”

The head honcho glared at Finn Taylor with malice in his eyes. “Who are you? This has nothing to do with you. You’d better not stir up trouble for yourself.”

“Oh, this has something to do with me. What are you going to do about that?”

“What, are you her friend? Great, she owes me money. Why don’t you pay us 70,000 dollars?”

Finn Taylor glanced at Jamie Little. “You borrowed money from him?”

“Yes, but I’ve returned everything that I owe him and much more, but he’s still asking for more. I borrowed only 7,000 dollars, but I returned 30,000. Now, he’s even asking me for another 70,000 dollars! I don’t have that much money.”

‘I thought that something major happened, but it’s just a loan shark.’ Finn Taylor sneered. “Great, you’re a loan shark here in San Francisco. Where are you from?”

Loan sharks operated in a gray area, and it wasn’t for just anyone. This meant that they had to find themselves strong backers.

What Finn Taylor wanted to know was who that backer was.

“Andre Cavill. Have you heard of him?”

There were certain things that weren’t very easy to solve. Since Andre Cavill moved to San Francisco, he’d done some unspeakable things.

Since he had already done it, Finn Taylor allowed him to become the boss of the underworld.

'This person is actually a lackey of Andre Cavill!' Finn Taylor couldn't help but chuckle. *'I'm the one who determines what Andre Cavill can and can't do. There is no way Andre Cavill would get into such illegal loans. It seems like this man is just putting on a pretense.'*

"Heh, Andre Cavill? Ask him to come here and return me the extra 23,000 dollars that you guys took," Finn Taylor commanded as though he was the boss of Andre Cavill.

The others couldn't help but burst out into laughter. "You make it sound as though you know our boss. Why don't you call him over then since you're so amazing?"

Finn Taylor sneered. "Do you really want me to call him? If I call him over, it won't be just a matter of 23,000 dollars. I think you'd better just fork out the money now."

The men thought that Finn Taylor was simply making things up. *'There's no way that this guy knows Andre Cavill.'*

"F*ck! You don't know Andre Cavill, but you're still trying to put up a show? Jamie Little, when are you going to return us the 70,000 dollars?"

Finn Taylor owed Jamie Little a favor, and the former never liked to owe anyone anything.

These men in front of him were going around in Andre Cavill's name. Since Andre Cavill was his man, Finn Taylor was naturally not going to let these men off.

Finn Taylor then whipped out his phone and made a call to Andre Cavill. "Andre, you're really something. Someone borrowed only 7,000 dollars from you, but 30,000 isn't even enough? You even asked them to collect another 70,000 dollars? Why don't you just ask for fifty billion? You'd better come over right now!"

Finn Taylor hung up and sent his location to Andre Cavill, who was currently in his bar. The latter was dumbfounded by his boss's sudden call, and he turned to his lackeys. "Did anyone here become a loan shark?"

The men in front of him were confused. "No, Boss. Didn't you say that we aren't allowed to do that?"

"That's right. Then, why did Mr. Taylor say that I did? Forget it—I'll go over and take a look." Andre Cavill then headed for Finn Taylor's location with three of his men.

"Hehe, you're really going all out. You even made a call. Alright, I'll wait here and see if Mr. Cavill shows up." That man was in no hurry, and he took a seat, eager to expose Finn Taylor's lies.

Yet, four men rushed in less than half an hour later.

"Mr. Taylor, what do you mean? I haven't loaned anyone any money!"

That man was still seated on the sofa with a grin on his face, but the man that ran in all of a sudden threw him off-guard. He recognized that man—it was Andre Cavill!

He was so frightened that he got out of his seat.

"How am I supposed to know? He said that he's your lackey. My friend borrowed 7,000 dollars from him, but he asked for 30,000 back. Now, he's even asking for 70,000 dollars!"

Andre Cavill turned in the direction that Finn Taylor pointed, only to see a foreign face. “Who are you? Why are you smearing my name?”

That man was in a frenzy. “M-my name is Ratty. Mr. Cavill, I’d never dare to pretend to be your lackey. I was just boasting—I never thought that...”

Ratty was distraught. *‘From the way Andre Cavill approached that man, it seems like the latter is his boss.’*

“Oh, so you tried to use my identity to scare my boss.”

Ratty was right. He’d been in the industry for decades and could tell from just one glance who held the higher position amongst them.

Now, he was on the verge of breaking down.

“Why don’t you tell me how we should resolve this matter?” Finn Taylor cut in just then.

Ratty glanced at Finn Taylor tentatively. “What do you intend to do?”

“It’s simple. We can either deal with you as though you’re Andre Cavill’s lackey or as though you’re not Andre Cavill’s lackey. What do you think?”

“What do you mean?”

“If you’re Andre Cavill’s lackey, you did something you never should’ve done by offering this loan. Hence, we’ll consider this matter settled once we chop off all your fingers.”

*‘F*ck!’*

Shock—utter shock!

Ratty felt as though he was going to vomit blood, and he asked cautiously, “W-what if I’m not Mr. Cavill’s lackey?”

“That’s even more simple. Jamie Little is my friend, and you blackmailed my friend. Either you pay her ten-fold, or you disappear from the face of this earth right now. Take your pick.”

It was only then that Ratty realized just how deep a trouble he had gotten himself into.

‘Disappearing from the face of the earth means that I’m going to get killed!’ Ratty had no doubts that the other would make that happen. Given Andre Cavill’s abilities, it wouldn’t take much for him to do so.

“I-I’ll pay.”

“Alright. From the 7,000 dollars that she first borrowed, the 30,000 that she returned, and the 70,000 that you asked for, the total is 107,000 dollars. Ten-fold of that would be 1.07 million dollars. When are you going to return her that money?”

Utter shock!

Ratty was dumbfounded by Finn Taylor's calculations. *'That woman had only borrowed 7,000 dollars from me. If I were to return ten-fold of that, it'd only be 70,000 dollars. Why has that become 1.07 million dollars with this man's calculations?'*

Chapter 273: Repayment

"1.07 million dollars? Did you make a mistake?" Ratty was stumped. *'That's an incredible sum of money.'*

"Oh, that's right. I guess I was wrong."

Ratty finally let out a sigh of relief upon hearing that. *'I knew that couldn't have been right.'*

"You have to return the 30,000 dollars that my friend paid you too. The total is 1.1 million. Remember to return the money to her by today." Finn Taylor then patted Andre Cavill's shoulder. "I don't know him, but he said that he's under you. I'll look for you if I don't get that money by the end of today."

With that, Finn Taylor turned to Jamie Little. "We're almost done choosing the photos. Come take a look."

The trio then left.

Ratty was left staring at Andre Cavill, terror in his heart. "Mr. Cavill, do I really have to pay 1.1 million dollars? I don't have so much money."

"That's fine. It's good enough that you're worth 1.1 million dollars. I'll ask my men to be quick in ending your life.

'Ending my life...' Ratty's legs gave way when he heard that. Now that things had come to this stage, he naturally dared not push the responsibility away and started making calls, begging his acquaintances for loans.

He could make more money, but he'd have nothing once he was dead!

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Finn Taylor and Yvette Larson handed the photos to Jamie Little, who promised that they would be ready within a week.

"Oh right. Jamie, let me ask you something."

"Do you want to know why I need 7,000 dollars?"

"Yes." Finn Taylor was truly curious as to why Jamie Little wanted that sum of money. The latter earned her keep, and with a career, she shouldn't need to borrow any money from others.

"Have you heard of Mercy Orphanage?"

“Mercy Orphanage?” Finn Taylor shook his head.

He was a straightforward person. If he knew, he’d say so. However, he’d never heard of Mercy Orphanage.

“Mercy Orphanage is a private orphanage where I grew up.” It was clear that she treated Finn Taylor and his wife as friends for her to be willing to admit to growing up in an orphanage.

“Mercy Orphanage has only managed to stay open to this day thanks to the sponsorship from various companies in San Francisco. But they’ve recently stopped sending funds over, so the director asked me for some help.”

“They’ve stopped sending funds over?”

“I don’t know much about it, and I don’t know how to broach the subject either.” Jamie Little felt a little embarrassed. “This actually has something to do with the two of you.”

“Us?” Finn Taylor was confused. *‘I didn’t even know about Mercy Orphanage. Why am I getting dragged into the picture?’*

“Well, we’ve always received funds from major companies, but they’ve recently gone bankrupt...”

Jamie Little didn’t reveal much, but Finn Taylor knew exactly what she meant: The companies sponsoring Mercy Orphanage were the same companies that Finn Taylor had forced into bankruptcy.

But that wasn’t strange. After all, those companies were well-known in the city.

The easiest way to improve their reputation was to be involved in charitable acts.

“Haha, it seems like it really has something to do with us. Why don’t we look for you tomorrow? Let’s make a trip to Mercy Orphanage together.” Finn Taylor had always been a responsible person. Although this didn’t have much to do with him, it was true that he was the cause of this all. Hence, he naturally wasn’t going to stand by the sidelines.

...

The next day.

Yvette Larson had planned to follow her husband as well, but something cropped up in the office, and she couldn’t get away.

In the end, Finn Taylor had no choice but to head there alone.

At the very last minute, Jamie Little told him that she’d be late and that he should head to the orphanage first. She then sent him the address.

Finn Taylor set off for the location without giving it much thought.

He had driven his Ferrari there, and very quickly, he arrived at Mercy Orphanage.

Because Jamie Little had already informed the director of Finn Taylor's visit, there were no problems when he arrived. The director then brought Finn Taylor around the site.

The children were very welcoming toward Finn Taylor, and they played well together.

To be honest, Finn Taylor felt at home here. From a young age, he'd never experienced parental love—similar to the children here.

Just then, Jamie Little arrived—she had brought a man with her. “Let me introduce you guys. This is Finn Taylor. If not for him, I might've been in deep trouble yesterday. Finn Taylor, this is my friend—Harvey Little.”

Finn Taylor glanced at the other, not saying a word.

“You're finally here, Harvey. The children miss you.” The director's face was plastered with a smile. She had remained unmarried throughout her life and had dedicated her entire life to the children here. She treated the children as though they were her own.

Spotting Harvey Little, the children rushed over to hug him, but he pushed them aside.

“Don't touch me. I just bought these clothes, and you guys haven't even washed your hands.” Harvey Little's words killed the mood.

Not wanting to kick up a fuss, the director instructed, “Come on, children. Let's go wash our hands and have some fruit.”

Once the children left, she directly and coldly said to the group, “Come with me.”

She brought them to an office.

Only after the trio took their seats did the director start. “Jamie, I know it hasn't been easy for you either. This place has nothing to do with you anymore, so I won't force you. You don't have to keep giving us money, and there's no way we'll sustain with only you giving us money. It looks like I'll have to beg those wealthy corporations for money now.”

The director couldn't help but feel anxious as she said so.

The orphanage and the children here were her everything. There was no way she'd be able to live while knowing that the children didn't have a roof over their heads.

“Oh right, Harvey. Along the way here, you told me that you earn hundreds of thousands a year. Can you help the orphanage out?”

Just like Jamie Little, Harvey Little had grown up in this orphanage. What differed was that the latter had never admitted to having grown up here. It was as though it was humiliating for others to know that he had grown up in an orphanage.

“Harvey, I watched you grow up. If you really earn that much every year, do you think you can lend me 15,000 for now? I'm not asking you to give it to me. When we get more money, I'll return it to you..”

Chapter 274: The Director's Helplessness

They had both grown up in the orphanage, yet the difference between them was so stark. Jamie Little had chosen to take out a loan just because of the director's request and had even nearly gotten in deep trouble.

On the other hand, Harvey Little held great disdain toward the children in the orphanage. From the way he dressed, he didn't look like he lacked any money.

Nobody expected him to donate millions. Just a couple thousand dollars would've been fine as an act of appreciation.

Without Mercy Orphanage, there was no way he'd have gotten to where he was today. Unfortunately, the director's plea went unanswered.

"Ms. Kleine, it's not that I'm heartless, but I really think that you should just close Mercy Orphanage down. I'm sure you know better than I do about the state the orphanage is in. You spend at least a thousand every day running this place. How long will you be able to sustain this place without the support of those large corporations? I heard that Jamie gave you 7,000 dollars, but you ran out of money in less than a week! Don't worry. The children won't starve even if you close the orphanage down. I'm sure other orphanages will take them in, and you'll be able to enjoy your life then."

Harvey Little's words were like stabs at the director's heart. She'd never expected the former to become such a person. *'Leaving aside not wanting to help us, but this also used to be your home. How could you ask to close this place down just like that?'*

Harvey Little's words pained the director and shocked Jamie Little. The latter had entered the orphanage at nearly the same time as Harvey Little.

The director usually split the children up by their ages. To give them a sense of security, she usually gave the same surname to children who entered at the same time. As such, Jamie Little had always thought of Harvey Little as an elder brother and had kept in contact with him even after leaving the orphanage. In fact, the latter had even tried to pursue her in recent years.

Although she hadn't yet agreed to it, she had known the other for a long time. Perhaps she would eventually cave in and give him a chance, but she had never expected him to say such words.

"Harvey Little, what do you mean?"

"What could I possibly mean? I'm just speaking the truth. Mercy Orphanage doesn't have any financial supporters any longer, and how much more do you have to offer? How much longer can you possibly pay for this? You'd better move on," Harvey Little advised Jamie Little seriously.

The latter had finally seen his true side.

“Ms. Kleine, how much do you guys need?” Finn Taylor looked toward the director. He liked the children here very much, so he was more than willing to sponsor this orphanage.

“For now, we’ll probably need 45,000 dollars. I’ll definitely find a long-term sponsor within a month.” The director was determined to resolve this matter within a month.

“45,000 dollars? Alright, I’ll think of something for you.” Finn Taylor didn’t offer to write them a cheque immediately. After all, that wouldn’t be the best solution.

It was better to teach a man to fish than to give him a fish. Instead of letting the orphanage seek help from sponsors, Finn Taylor thought it was better to come up with a way for the orphanage to make their own money.

As such, he had asked the director to see if she had any plans. Since it seemed like the director had no such plans, Finn Taylor would come up with an idea on her behalf.

In the end, Harvey Little hadn’t forked out a single cent for Mercy Orphanage while an outsider like Finn Taylor had promised to take care of it.

This made Harvey Little feel slightly embarrassed. Besides, he still remembered how Jamie Little talked about Finn Taylor so dreamily along the way here. He’d never seen that in Jamie Little before.

Finn Taylor was no different from an enemy now.

“You’re going to solve it? How? Let me ask you: What’s your occupation?”

Finn Taylor smiled. “I don’t have a job.”

Harvey Little burst out into laughter, not attempting to conceal his disdain. “You don’t have a job? What a joke. I thought you were some big shot. Do you see that Buick outside? It’s not exactly expensive, but it costs at least 30,000 dollars. You can’t even afford a car without a job. How are you going to solve this problem? Jamie, is this the friend you were praising along the way? I thought that he’d be an impressive character, but it seems like he’s just putting up a false front. Jamie, I think you shouldn’t be friends with someone who’s full of lies. Alright, you should leave. This is an orphanage—we don’t want our children to learn from someone like you.”

Harvey Little’s words displeased Finn Taylor, as well as Jamie Little.

‘Finn Taylor just saved me yesterday. If not for him, I might’ve gotten into deep trouble. Yet, my friend is now putting him down!’ She immediately got up.

“Harvey, watch your words. Mr. Taylor is a guest.” The director chided him, unable to hold herself back anymore.

Yet, Harvey Little refused to back down. “But I’m right, Ms. Kleine. We have so many children here, and we can’t afford to have the children learning to tell such lies.”

Finn Taylor could no longer hold his anger in. “Oh, what will you do if I manage to solve this issue then?”

“If you succeed, I’ll crawl between your legs and bark like a dog. How about that?”

Finn Taylor chuckled. "Alright then."

"Harvey, are you really not going to help us out?" Sensing the awkwardness in the atmosphere, the director immediately tried to change the topic.

Realizing that she was still trying to get money from him, Harvey Little immediately pretended that he was busy. "Sorry, Ms. Kleine. I don't have any money. I have something on, so I'll take my leave first."

With that, he left.

Seeing that Harvey Little had left, the director shook her head helplessly. "Sigh. Harvey has changed. I remember that he was quite a kind boy when he first came. He would always stand up for you when anyone bullied you, and he always took the blame for you too."

The director let out a long sigh as she glanced at Harvey Little's departing figure. *'There is nothing more I can do. He has the final say over his own life. All I can do is try to guide the children on the right path. The final decision still lies in their hands.'*

"I'm sorry for making such a fuss, Mr. Taylor."

Finn Taylor shook his head. "It's fine; every family has their own troubles. Don't worry, Ms. Kleine. I'll help you solve your financial troubles.."

Chapter 275: Child's Play

"Actually, it won't be difficult to resolve this matter. I can give you 45,000 dollars now, but what will happen in a month's time? Have you thought about whether you'll really be able to find a sponsor? Even if you really do find a sponsor, what will happen if they decide to stop sponsoring you when they run into their own difficulties? Mercy Orphanage has done well, but it can't be a charity that relies on the generosity of others."

The director nodded in agreement, yet she was at her wit's end.

"I can introduce you to a few corporations, and you can work with them to come up with profitable projects. Then, Mercy Orphanage will get a share of the profits and a steady income. You'll be able to focus on taking care of the children then."

The director hadn't paid much attention to Finn Taylor earlier, and she simply thought that he was Jamie Little's friend. In fact, it was Finn Taylor who had brought up the topic of a donation. The director had never once mentioned it, yet Finn Taylor had taken the initiative to make such a proposition.

She couldn't help but wonder about his background. "Mr. Taylor, what do you do?"

"Didn't I already say that I'm unemployed?" Finn Taylor chuckled. He could tell that the director didn't believe him. "My wife is really impressive. You might've heard of her."

“Oh, may I get her name?”

“Yvette Larson—the chairman of the Larson Corporation.”

If this had happened in the past, the director might not have known about his wife. But now, the Larson Corporation was the second-largest company in the whole of San Francisco.

The Larson Corporation must’ve been among the companies that the director approached.

“Huh? If your wife is Yvette Larson, you must be...” The director suddenly stopped in the middle of her sentence.

‘I never expected my status as a matrilocal son-in-law to be so well-known for even the director to know about it.’ Awkwardness filled Finn Taylor’s face. “Sigh, let’s just talk about the collaboration.”

“Mr. Taylor, we don’t have to discuss anything. I’ll agree to anything you propose, and we’ll be willing to do whatever we can to work with you.”

“You don’t have to do much, really. The companies will have to publicize their involvement with your orphanage so as to improve their reputation. This means that the children could be invited to their charitable events to participate in performances or to give speeches.”

The director nodded. “That’s fine. Our children already attend regular dance and singing classes. Besides, it’s only right for us to express our gratitude.”

Following that, Finn Taylor didn’t stay in the orphanage for much longer.

Yvette Larson had run into some trouble at the office, so he asked to be excused.

Just then, Jamie Little asked a little embarrassedly, “Um... Finn Taylor, could you give me a ride?”

Jamie Little had come in Harvey Little’s car, but because of their disagreement, the latter had left. This left Jamie Little stranded.

“Alright. Let’s go.”

The director sent the pair off. When she saw Finn Taylor getting into his Ferrari, she couldn’t help but think about Harvey Little’s words. He had said that Finn Taylor couldn’t even afford a 30,000-dollar Buick.

At that time, Finn Taylor hadn’t even tried to rebut him. It wasn’t because Finn Taylor didn’t have a car but because the difference between them was so great that he saw no point in rebuking the other.

What was the point in that? Was he worth wasting his breath on?

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Finn Taylor left with Jamie Little, and she apologized to the former along the way. “Finn Taylor, I’m sorry. I didn’t think that Harvey would be so careless with his words.”

He waved her off. “That’s fine. Besides, it’s difficult for people like him to provoke me.”

Jamie Little laughed bitterly on Harvey Little's behalf.

The latter had struggled to keep up his pretense, thinking that he'd earn respect by saying such things. Yet, he was nothing more than a clown in the eyes of others. Besides, Finn Taylor would've lost if he had lost control over the other's words.

As Finn Taylor sent Jamie Little back to her studio, he reminded her that developing the photos as soon as possible would be the greatest help she could give him. He then wasted no time in heading to the Larson Corporation.

As soon as he walked into the office, he saw Yvette Larson's helpless smile.

"What's wrong? Did something happen?"

"Not really. Everything is fine with David Sullivan holding the fort."

"Why did they call you back in such a hurry then?"

Earlier in the morning, Yvette Larson had initially prepared to leave with him. However, the company had suddenly asked her to return to the office.

Worried, Yvette Larson had chosen not to follow her husband.

Had someone been joking with her?

"Take a look at this." Yvette Larson retrieved a piece of paper from her drawer and handed it to her spouse.

Finn Taylor couldn't help but sneer as he read through the paper's contents—it was from Quince Larson.

The Larson Corporation was now the second-largest corporation in San Francisco. Although Yvette Larson was the chairman of the company, she didn't hold the decision power.

The company had been acquired, so Quince Larson was asking for the company's name to be changed.

He wanted his company to be named the Larson Corporation. Besides, he felt that he was now amongst the top-tier elites in the city now that his company was the third-largest in the city.

He hoped that Yvette Larson would return the position of family head to him. If she refused, he would call for a family meeting.

As long as at least three elders agreed to it, they would reselect a new family head.

Finn Taylor couldn't hold in his laughter. *'Does he think this is child's play? Does he really think the Larson family is so amazing? So what if Yvette hands the position of family head over to him? As long as I'm here, Yvette can establish a new and more powerful Larson family at any time. The Larson family is just a second-tier family—a mid-tier one at that.. If not for Yvette, I'd never care for such an insignificant family! Yet, Quince Larson treats it like a precious gem!'*

Chapter 276: Kimberly's Troubles

"That's alright; don't care about him. He can call for a family meeting for all he wants. We don't have to care about him." Finn Taylor merely chuckled in response. *'Quince Larson is just putting on his own show. Without the approval of the previous family head, it means nothing even if Quince Larson were given the position.'*

"Oh right, how did it go at Mercy Orphanage today?" Yvette Larson was curious as to how things had gone with her husband and Mercy Orphanage.

"Well, it's not much of a problem. They just don't have enough funds. I asked the director what she was planning to do, and she said that she would ask some large corporations for sponsorship. However, I proposed something else."

"The problem with these corporations is that they'll always find ways to cut their costs whenever they run into financial difficulties. When that time comes, they'll definitely cut their funding to Mercy Orphanage first. Hence, I proposed that the orphanage organize a performance group that will attend charitable events led by these large organizations. It'll be a win-win situation when both parties get a share of the profit."

Yvette Larson couldn't help but look at her husband in awe.

She'd probably have thought of using the same method as the director. After all, it was what all orphanages had been doing for years.

Yet, Finn Taylor had chosen to go against the norm.

Taking money from those businessmen was no different from begging for money. Although they had never explicitly said so, Finn Taylor knew that these businessmen looked down on these orphanages.

But with his proposition, they'd be equals. The orphanages weren't just asking for money but a collaboration. The corporations would provide the venues, while the orphanages would provide the performers. They would then receive revenue from the sales of the tickets.

"Given the Mercy Orphanage's reputation, I don't think that many would pay to watch a performance."

"That's why we'll have to sponsor the first few shows."

Yvette Larson didn't have any objections to that. "Alright."

"We also have to take the lead and try to influence the other corporations into joining us in this project."

"Oh, don't we have to have a chat with hundreds of entrepreneurs? Will they agree to it?"

“That won’t be necessary. Besides, it’ll take too much time. Those people might even try to get some benefits out of it.”

“What are you going to do then?”

“Work with the Gold family to establish a charity organization. Let’s see if other families will be raring to join the top two families in San Francisco.”

Yvette Larson was once again astounded by her husband’s ideas, and she couldn’t help but wonder what kind of background Finn Taylor had.

She had first met his family at Number One Pacific Heights last time. Whether it was his mother, grandma, or younger brother, they all gave off a mysterious air.

Following that, Yvette Larson realized that renowned businessmen like Hunter Sullivan, Logan Yeats, Alexander Scott, and Zachary Kennedy were all her spouse’s friends. In fact, they acted as though Finn Taylor was their boss.

No matter what happened or where they were, Finn Taylor always seemed to be able to find a way to resolve it.

There was no way Yvette Larson would believe that he was only an ordinary person. She was curious as to what kind of family and background her husband truly had to have grown into such an outstanding man, yet it didn’t feel right for her to ask him about it since he hadn’t brought up the topic.

“I’m going to the Gold family’s residence,” Finn Taylor said before leaving.

Yvette Larson wasn’t worried about the Gold family.

Everyone could tell that Kimberly Gold liked Finn Taylor, but she was simply too young. Perhaps the latter would treat her as a younger sister, but there was no way he’d ever see her as a lover.

This was why Yvette Larson wasn’t worried at all.

When Finn Taylor arrived at the Gold family’s residence, Third Master Gold and Carl Gillies were in the middle of a chess game. They acted as though they were facing an enemy when they spotted Finn Taylor.

“Oh, Finn Taylor. You’re here.” Third Master Gold was now terrified because of how Finn Taylor had warned him after he had tried to make use of the latter previously. He was worried that Finn Taylor would blame him for that.

“Why are you so frightened? Where’s Kimberly? Call her over.”

“I’ll get her.” Seeing that the other didn’t seem to take the matter to heart, Third Master Gold finally felt a little more assured. As such, he headed out to call his granddaughter.

“Has Megan Daimler returned?” Finn Taylor asked casually as he glanced at Carl Gillies.

The latter had never done anything to wrong Finn Taylor, so he didn't feel uneasy interacting with him. "Do you not feel embarrassed talking about it? If not for you, she'd have returned a long time ago. Great, our chess association has to cater to a princess now."

Finn Taylor frowned and turned to Carl Gillies. "Don't smear my name. There's nothing between Megan Daimler and me."

"Of course, I know that. If I knew that there was something going on between you two, I'd have sent her straight to your home."

Finn Taylor refused to take the blame. *'I did nothing but play a few rounds of chess. It's not like I approached Megan Daimler—she was the one who looked for me. What's that got to do with me? All I can say is that I'm too charming.'*

Right then, Kimberly Gold trotted over. She was overwhelmed with emotions and sped over the moment she saw Finn Taylor. "It's been a while, Finn. Where have you been?"

Finn Taylor knew that the answer would be brutal to the young girl, but he was going to say it anyway. "To have a wedding photo shoot with Yvette."

'Humph!' As expected, Kimberly Gold's face darkened the moment she heard that.

"Let's go. I'll treat you to a meal."

Finn Taylor's words cheered Kimberly Gold up right away, and the frown on her face disappeared.

"Oh, alright!" Kimberly Gold then followed him out of the house.

Third Master Gold couldn't help but sigh as he watched the pair walking off into the distance.

"Doesn't your granddaughter like him? Shouldn't you be happy that he's taken the initiative to visit and take her out for a meal?" Carl Gillies added, even though he knew why Third Master Gold was sighing.

"Happy? Why should I be happy? The better Finn Taylor treats Kimberly, the more hope she'll have. But we both know that it's impossible given his status."

Carl Gillies knew that too. Just like Third Master Gold, he was helpless.

"Sigh, we're old now. Since I've already handed the family over to Kimberly, I'll let her handle everything. It's inevitable for her to run into some storms in life. It's just that this one is a little too brutal.."

Chapter 277: Charity Gala

Finn Taylor brought Kimberly Gold to a barbecue joint.

Because this was the first time the former was treating her to a meal, Kimberly Gold was over the moon and had quite a voracious appetite.

Halfway through the meal, Finn Taylor asked Kimberly Gold, “How is it? It’s good, right?”

“Yes, the things here are delicious.”

“I recently visited an orphanage, and the children there can’t even afford to eat fresh vegetables.”

Kimberly Gold was stunned.

She had grown up with a silver spoon. Although she knew that not everyone was as fortunate as her, it was the first time she had heard of anyone living the way Finn Taylor had described. Hence, she asked Finn Taylor to tell her more about Mercy Orphanage.

“Huh? 45,000 dollars? I’ll pay for it.” Kimberly Gold took out her card. “Grandpa handed the company over to me.”

Finn Taylor pushed the card back to her. “I wouldn’t be talking to you if it was just about 45,000 dollars. We can afford it too, but what will happen in a month’s time? Will the orphanage continue asking us for more money?”

“Sure, the Gold Corporation is loaded. We could definitely spare them 45,000 dollars a month.”

“But have you ever thought about how these children feel about asking for money every month?”

Kimberly Gold came to a sudden realization—she had never considered that. “What shall we do then? If we don’t give them any money, they’ll starve. But if we give them money, their dignity will be hurt!”

Finn Taylor chuckled. “I’ve already thought of a solution, and I wouldn’t have approached you otherwise. I’m thinking of creating a performance group in the orphanage. Our company can then work with you to organize some charitable events, and the profits will be split amongst all of us then. Not only will we be able to help them this way, but the children will also feel like they’re earning their own keep.”

Kimberly Gold was stunned. She had never expected Finn Taylor to come up with such a great idea. “That works, but I have a question.”

“I know what you’re going to say. Mercy Orphanage might not be famous, and they might not get a chance to perform even if we back them.”

Kimberly Gold nodded. That was indeed her worry.

“We’ll just have to pump some money in for now so that they can put up a few good performances. It’s up to them whether they succeed.”

Kimberly Gold smiled. “Since that’s the case, let’s just organize a gala together and invite them for a performance. We can invite all the top-tier families in San Francisco since it’ll be hard for just the two of our families to run this. The more people we involve, the better.”

Finn Taylor nodded in agreement. “Not bad. You seem to be using your brain much more nowadays.”

“Of course. Grandpa handed the company over to me, and I’ve managed it well.”

“Do you know why your grandpa handed it down to you?”

Kimberly Gold shook her head. *‘Everything had happened so suddenly. Had something happened to Grandpa for him to make such a sudden decision?’*

Kimberly Gold had initially thought that her grandpa had fallen ill, so she even dragged him to the hospital to get a checkup done. Yet, the results showed that he was in good health and didn’t have any grave illnesses.

This made her even more suspicious. *‘Why did he make this decision out of the blue then?’*

“When you go back home, tell your grandpa not to worry about the relationship between your family and mine.”

‘Third Master Gold has probably already guessed my true identity. After all, Frida Cameron had been to San Francisco, so Third Master Gold has to know of her even if his granddaughter doesn’t.’ Finn Taylor hoped that she would never learn of it.

Sometimes, it was better to remain ignorant. Being aware of certain things was more of a burden than anything else.

In fact, Finn Taylor hadn’t even told his wife about his identity. He wanted her to remain that lively and bubbly girl forever.

...

Very soon, news of the Larson family and Gold family organizing a joint charity gala spread throughout the city.

Many were in disbelief over it.

It wasn’t strange that a charity gala was being held. After all, many other influential families in San Francisco had held one too.

What was strange was that the Gold family and Larson family were organizing one together. One was the top family in San Francisco, while the other was the second.

This was insane.

It was hard for great men to get along with each other. Who would’ve thought that the two greatest families of San Francisco would work together?

Everyone had even thought that the Gold family would do their best to suppress the Larson family, which was recently on the rise.

They had even been prepared to watch a good show, yet they were disappointed and were instead given this charity gala.

Many families quickly expressed their interest in attending the gala. Now that the two most prominent families had joined forces, there'd be no question of who was in power in the San Francisco business circle from now on.

They could choose not to remain in the business circle. If they wanted to remain in it though, they would have to be lackeys of these two families.

...

The Gold family's residence in San Francisco.

Third Master Gold glanced at the messages from the bosses of companies all over San Francisco, which expressed their interest in attending the gala.

"Grandpa, Finn had a message for you."

Third Master Gold was in the middle of scrolling through his messages when his granddaughter cut in. He felt nervous all of a sudden. "What did he say?"

"He told you not to worry about our family's relationship with his family." Kimberly Gold's gaze was filled with curiosity. "Grandpa, what does he mean?"

Third Master Gold was overwhelmed with emotions when he heard that. *'I don't have to worry. This means that Finn Taylor isn't angry at me anymore.'*

"Nothing much. Don't stress out over it." Third Master Gold didn't tell his granddaughter about Finn Taylor.

...

Willow Stone held a photo in her hand—it was one of Finn Taylor walking into Mercy Orphanage. "Heh, a charity gala. How interesting."

Her expression turned dark. She then deleted all the photos she had taken with Yvette Larson from her phone. "Yvette, don't blame me for being heartless. I have no other choice.."

Chapter 278: An Unfamiliar Willow Stone

In the blink of an eye, a week passed.

A charity gala was going to be held at San Francisco Grand Hotel today, named 'Mercy Charity Gala.'

The top two families of San Francisco—the Gold family and the Larson family—had come together to organize this gala.

Everyone knew what a charity gala was, but many were confused by the word ‘Mercy.’ Yet, not many paid attention to that. Anyway, their main purpose of attending was simply to interact with the city’s top two families.

If they didn’t, they might very well be left behind once the two families joined forces for real.

As the main characters of the event, Finn Taylor and Yvette Larson had arrived bright and early.

Beside them was Clarine Landon. It was only natural for her to attend the gala as Yvette Larson’s best friend.

“Hey, why didn’t Willow come too?” Yvette Larson asked her best friend curiously.

Just a few days earlier, Willow Stone had been staying with Clarine Landon.

“She moved out, but she said that she’d be here.”

Finn Taylor narrowed his eyes as he listened to their conversation. He couldn’t help but feel that something was about to happen.

“Kimberly Gold is so popular.” Clarine Landon pointed at the young girl, her eyes filled with envy.

Although the Landon family was rather well-off, they still couldn’t hold a candle to the Gold family. At that time, their family couldn’t even do anything when the Sanders family tried to deal with them. Yet, the Sanders family couldn’t even match up to the Gold family.

“Yes, Ms. Gold is indeed different. Otherwise, she wouldn’t have fallen for a certain someone either,” Yvette Larson said as she glanced at her husband.

The latter simply stood by the side as though he didn’t hear anything. Sometimes, it was best to remain silent.

“Ms. Larson, I’m Nancy Kleine from the Kleine family. Nice to meet you!”

Guests were streaming in and trying to chat up Yvette Larson to find a backer.

Yvette Larson had yet to get used to this. Thankfully, her significant other grabbed hold of her hand encouragingly.

However, Finn Taylor didn’t take the drink on his wife’s behalf. He knew that this was something she had to do. Even if she were to follow him to Chicago in the future, she’d face the same situation.

There were some things she had to go through because of her status.

Yvette Larson quickly steadied herself. “Hello.”

She simply brought the wine glass up to her mouth after toasting the other, but she didn’t take a sip of alcohol. Even so, Nancy Kleine was already utterly grateful toward her.

That was just how unfair the world was—people always wanted to get to know others of higher social statuses. Just a little grace from those in higher positions meant the world to the other party.

And this was only the beginning. One by one, the most prominent figures of San Francisco came forward to greet Yvette Larson, who greeted them without any discrimination.

This pleased many of the guests.

Just then, a car rolled to a stop in front of the hotel entrance.

As the car door opened, a 1.9-meter-tall beauty in a black evening gown—her hair draped over her shoulders—walked into the hotel.

Everyone's eyes were glued to this gorgeous woman.

When Yvette Larson saw who it was, her eyes were filled with disbelief. It was her best friend—Willow Stone! *'Since when did she become so beautiful?'*

Her impression of her best friend was a gentle and meek student that was even a little adorable at times. Simply put, she was an obedient girl who won the favor of everyone who saw her.

However, Willow Stone looked completely different today. It seemed as though she had never known this lady in front of her.

Finn Taylor's gaze was set on Willow Stone. It wasn't because she was gorgeous or because he liked her. Instead, it was because he could sense that this change in Willow Stone was probably a declaration of the end of her friendship with Yvette Larson.

His heart ached for his wife. After all, the latter had always thought of Clarine Landon and Willow Stone as her best friends.

Today, her so-called best friend had finally shown her true self.

Under the watchful gazes of everyone, Willow Stone strutted confidently into the hotel. She then walked up to Yvette Larson and grabbed her hand.

"What are you all looking at, you bunch of country bumpkins? Do you know that my best friend is the head of the Larson family? She might destroy your entire family," Willow Stone said to everyone present.

It was clear that she was making things difficult for Yvette Larson.

She wasn't from the area, so it was alright for her to do as she pleased. Even if others got upset at her, there was nothing they could do if she were to simply leave.

Yvette Larson was different—they would surely turn their hatred toward Yvette Larson.

Willow Stone picked up a wine glass and splashed the wine on a man's face. "You b*stard, what are you looking at? Be careful that my best friend—Yvette Larson—gouges your eyes out."

Willow Stone's actions stunned many present.

They didn't harbor any ill intentions as they looked at Willow Stone. It was just that she was truly eye-catching, yet a man had been splashed with wine for doing just that.

“Willow, don’t do that. He didn’t mean to do anything to you.” Eventually, Yvette Larson could no longer tolerate it and tried to persuade her best friend.

But Willow Stone wasn’t going to back down. She pointed at that man and lashed out, “Why are you afraid of him, Yvette? He’s nothing but a dog, while you’re the head of the second-most powerful family in San Francisco! These people can’t wait to serve you like dogs! Look, didn’t he just offer you a toast earlier on? You don’t have to care about these people. They’re no different from dogs. Even if you scold him or beat him up, he’ll still come running to take a piece of meat you offer. A dog will always be a dog—it can’t possibly become human!”

Not only had Willow Stone insulted that man, but she had also implicated all the other men who had offered Yvette Larson a toast earlier on.

By now, the crowd was heating up.

Someone rushed up and smashed his wine glass on the ground.

Seeing that, Willow Stone walked up to him and landed a slap squarely on his face..

Chapter 279: Willow Stone’s Betrayal

“What, do you think you’re really outstanding to be smashing wine glasses around here?”

That man had tried to reach out to slap Willow Stone, and the latter pointed at her face while saying, “Come on; hit me. Hit me if you dare, but you’d better think about the consequences of doing so. Your company, your family, your wife, your children, and your parents will be implicated because of you.”

That man’s fist was already raised, but he slowly lowered it.

“Hehe, why don’t you dare to hit me anymore? Go ahead and try it. A dog is a dog. Do you really think of yourself as human? You’d better go look in the mirror. How dare you smash your glass in front of me? If you know what’s good for you, you’d better pick up your own mess. Otherwise, I’m not sure you’ll be able to bear the consequences.” Willow Stone put down that man in front of her.

There was nothing the latter could do but swallow his pride and pick up the broken shards. Yet, Willow Stone still didn’t think that it was sufficient. She kicked that man so hard that he fell onto the ground.

That man was Vincent Smith. The moment that he got on his knees, his last shred of dignity was gone.

Now, he was filled with only hatred toward Willow Stone, Finn Taylor, Yvette Larson, and the entire Larson family.

Of course, Vincent Smith wasn’t the only one who felt that way. Most of them were in a similar plight to Vincent Smith.

They had expressed their sincere wishes to work with the Larson family, yet this was what they had gotten in return.

'You can look down on us for being a small company, and you can even choose not to work with us, but you can't humiliate us like this. You've really crushed my pride! It's not just me, but all of us!'

Today, Yvette Larson's best friend had trampled on all of their dignities. Although they didn't recognize that woman, they recognized Yvette Larson.

They swore never to work with the Larson family ever again.

It was true that the Larson family was influential. They had taken mere days to rise up from being a second-tier family in San Francisco to become the second-most powerful family in the city.

While they weren't as renowned, they had their dignities first. If they all banded together, they would definitely be able to fight against the Larson family.

Even if they couldn't bring the Larson family down, they'd definitely be able to make things difficult for them.

'We came all the way here to express our sincerity. You can't humiliate us like this.'

It was obvious that many of the guests no longer wanted to be here anymore.

Seeing their gazes, Willow Stone smirked. *'This is exactly what I'm after.'*

"Yvette, I have something to attend to. I'm leaving." Since she had already achieved her goals, Willow Stone saw no point in staying any longer. She put on a false front and politely informed her best friend before leaving.

Finn Taylor knew right then that the friendship between the two women was over. If they met again, it would be as enemies.

"Take a good look at her," Finn Taylor reminded his wife. He hoped that Yvette Larson would remember what her ex-best friend looked like as she walked out on their friendship.

"I'm leaving too," Clarine Landon said before turning around.

Finn Taylor knew that Clarine Landon and Willow Stone couldn't be in cahoots. This meant that Clarine Landon wanted to question the other about what had just happened.

Meanwhile, Yvette Larson remained silent as she stood by her husband's side. She was crestfallen, yet there was nothing the latter could do about it.

Finn Taylor had already known that his wife would inevitably go through this, but the charity gala didn't grind to a halt just because of Clarine Landon and Willow Stone's departure.

Eventually, Third Master Gold walked up on stage, and he smiled at the guests. "I'm very happy that so many of you made it here to our joint charity gala today. Many of you asked me earlier why tonight's

gala is named 'Mercy Charity Gala.' I didn't tell you guys earlier, but I'll reveal it now. The answer is very simple: We're organizing this charity gala for a local orphanage named Mercy Orphanage. The children there are all orphans, and the orphanage has recently run into some financial difficulties."

"Of course, we didn't call you here to ask for donations. We simply want to let all of you know that the Gold family will be inviting the children of Mercy Orphanage to all of our events as performers in the future. We'll then split our profits with them. The Larson family will be doing the same. I hope that all of you will join me in this project."

With that, Third Master Gold gestured toward the audience.

Although the guests now bore a grudge against Yvette Larson because of her best friend, they had nothing against Third Master Gold.

They made that clear.

Vincent Smith was the first to step forward. "Don't worry, Third Master Gold. If our company has any concerts or events in the future, we'll definitely invite these children."

Then, a second and a third stepped forward.

Very quickly, everyone present was in on the plan.

The Mercy Charity Gala was a success, but Yvette Larson remained silent along the way home.

Finn Taylor didn't try to probe her because he knew what his wife was going through. She was probably dejected and needed some time to herself.

As such, he wasn't going to bother her.

"Finn, do you have any friends?" Yvette Larson suddenly asked.

"No, I've been independent ever since I was young. Later on, I trained many men to be my subordinates for survival. Although they may seem like my friends, I don't really think of them as my friends." Finn Taylor was telling the truth—he didn't have any friends.

Finn Taylor knew that his wife was trying to broach the topic of Willow Stone.

"Finn, what would you do if Hunter Sullivan and the rest betray you?"

"..." Finn Taylor didn't reply to her—it would be too brutal for her ears.. *'If Hunter Sullivan were to betray me, I would definitely have him killed!'*

Chapter 280: Declaration of War

The word 'betrayal' didn't exist in Finn Taylor's dictionary. A traitor was no different from a dead man to him.

People were either on his side or dead. He would never let off anyone who betrayed him—not even once.

“Finn, Willow Stone...” Finally, Yvette Larson mentioned her best friend’s name, yet she stopped herself. She didn’t know what to say.

“Yvette, everyone has their own free will.” Finn Taylor didn’t know how to comfort his wife. He knew that she had to be feeling heartbroken. After all, Willow Stone was one of her best friends!

Why did she, of all people, have to betray her?

...

San Francisco, Willow Stone’s apartment.

Clarine Landon glared at the other. “Willow Stone.”

She smiled. “Why do you have to raise your voice? I’m not deaf. Just call me Willow—there’s no need to be so formal.”

Clarine Landon—who was normally loud and rambunctious—couldn’t force a smile out. “Do you think you’re worthy of being called Willow now?”

“Why? Are you going to sever all ties with me for Yvette Larson’s sake?”

“The three of us are best friends. Why did you betray her?”

Willow Stone chuckled. “Well, it’s her fault for being Finn Taylor’s wife.”

“Finn Taylor?” Clarine Landon was stunned for a moment when she heard that name.

“Clarine Landon, stop acting. Do you really think I can’t tell that you like him too? It’s just that you’re too dumb. You clearly like him, but you don’t dare to fight for him. I’m different—I’m going to fight for him. Am I wrong for doing that?”

“B-but he’s your best friend’s husband. How can you do that?” Clarine Landon stared at the other, feeling as though the woman sitting in front of her was no more than a stranger.

“Don’t look at me like that. Do you really think you’re that righteous? You like your best friend’s husband too. The only difference is that I’m acting on it.”

Clarine Landon left, completely disappointed. She knew that her relationship with Willow Stone was irreparable.

She had to make a choice between Willow Stone and Yvette Larson. Of course, her choice was naturally Yvette Larson.

...

The news of the Mercy Charity Gala spread like wildfire in San Francisco.

Many knew about how the Larson family had humiliated countless families in the city. Naturally, Quince Larson and Eleanor Larson had heard of it too.

“Hahaha, the heavens are really on my side. Is Yvette Larson stupid? She offended everyone in high society in just one day!” Quince Larson gleefully headed for the Smith family’s residence with his cousin.

Vincent Smith’s residence.

Of course, Quince Larson was rejected at the gate because he was a Larson too.

Quince Larson quickly explained, “Please don’t misunderstand me, Mr. Smith. I’m just like you—I hate Yvette Larson to her guts. She was the one who killed my grandpa and snatched the position of family head. I’m the eldest grandson of the Larson family, but she was the one who became family head in the end! I’m sure you can imagine just how much I hate her.”

These words reminded Vincent Smith about the rumors he had heard earlier. “Are you really enemies with Yvette Larson?”

“Of course. I can’t wait for that woman to die. She’s so vicious and heartless. Not only did she kill her own family, but she’s out to get the entire San Francisco.”

“That family head of yours is truly something. She thinks that all of us are dogs that aren’t even worthy of being her servants.” Vincent Smith sneered.

The image of him kneeling to her was still fresh in his mind.

“Mr. Smith, there’s no way Yvette Larson can replace the Larson family. I’m the eldest grandson of the family, and the family supports me too. In a few days’ time, I’m going to hold a family meeting to select a new family head. I hope that you’ll attend it too.”

Vincent Smith had thought of simply ignoring the other, but this invitation piqued his interest. “Selecting a new family head? Are you confident of beating Yvette Larson?”

“Of course. I’m only holding this meeting because I have full confidence in winning.”

“Alright. I’ll be there.” Vincent Smith had already set his mind on attending the meeting. Not only was he going, but he was even going to bring his friends along.

‘Things are getting fun. I haven’t even done anything, and the Larson family is already embroiled in a tussle.’

...

The very next day after the charity gala, the Willow Corporation opened in San Francisco.

It dealt only with external investments, and it surpassed all other companies in San Francisco in a short span of time to become the top company in the city.

Of course, the emergence of such a company threw the entire business circle into a frenzy. *‘What’s going on? Who’s this woman? Why is her company suddenly doing so well?’*

Everyone knew exactly what Willow Stone had done at the charity gala, but the latter had just beaten all the other companies in San Francisco.

'Does that mean that she's going to suppress the Gold family too? What will happen to us when the Gold family is gone then? How will we face the Larson family?' All the businessmen in the city couldn't help but worry for themselves.

As such, an alliance was established with Vincent Smith leading the group in hopes of surviving this crisis.

At the same time, trouble was brewing within the Gold Corporation too.

Kimberly Gold was seated at the head of the table as the others were in a heated discussion.

"Ms. Gold, the Larson family seems to be on good terms with us on the surface, but they deliberately provoked those renowned figures at the charity gala. It's obvious that they're trying to use those people to kill us."

"They're trying to sow discord between us, but we're not that stupid!"

Kimberly Gold didn't want to go against Yvette Larson because she knew that that meant going against Finn Taylor. As such, she spoke up for Yvette Larson. "I don't think so. I'm quite close to Yvette, and they wouldn't do that."

Her employees laughed. "Ms. Gold, you can't judge a book by its cover. You might treat her as a friend, but who knows what she thinks of you? If she really doesn't mean to go against us, what's with Willow Corporation? Yesterday, she offended all of our acquaintances.. Today, she even established an even more influential company! This is clearly a declaration of war!"