

UNTOUCHABLE

Chapter 281: Single-Sided Termination

If anyone else had tried to persuade Kimberly Gold in this manner, the latter probably would've flared up a long time ago. After all, that person was trying to sow discord between her and Finn Taylor.

However, the one who had spoken was Simon Gold. Not only was he the Gold Corporation's CEO, but he was also Kimberly Gold's uncle—he held the highest position in the company.

Besides, he was extremely loyal to Third Master Gold, and the latter trusted him very much. He was often Third Master Gold's representative.

"Uncle Simon, Willow Stone doesn't represent Yvette Larson, much less the Larson Corporation. I think we should regard them separately. We can think of the Willow Corporation as enemies, but not the Larson Corporation."

Simon Gold chuckled. "Kimberly, you're still too young. Let's do as you say, but I don't think we should work with the Larson family right now. What do you think?"

Kimberly Gold knew that this was as far as her uncle would give in. If she were to refuse, she would be putting him down in front of everyone else.

"Alright." Eventually, Kimberly Gold chose to make a compromise as well.

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As the Willow Corporation opened their doors, Yvette Larson was alone in her office. She had learned about the news from her subordinates—many of whom were even smiling while delivering the news.

After all, Yvette Larson and Willow Stone were still best friends in their eyes. *'Willow Stone must be intending on teaming up with Yvette Larson to expand their business in San Francisco by establishing a company here.'*

But there was only anger written on Yvette Larson's face. *'Willow never said a word about this to me. It seems like she already intended on ending our friendship a long time ago. It's not because my friend wants to help me out that she established her own company, but that she wants the Larson Corporation to crumble.'*

...

Just as a storm was brewing in San Francisco, something happened in Chicago.

Megan Daimler walked into Number One Pacific Heights to meet Finn Taylor. She then passed him a few photos of Yoshie Masaki and Kuro Takeda walking into the American Chess Association. "You told me to let you know once they turned up in America."

Finn Taylor stared at the two men in the photos, murderous intent evident in his eyes.

These were the two men who had paid for kidnappers to take Yvette Larson hostage. Fortunately, Quince Larson had taken things into his own hands and ruined their plans.

Even so, that didn't change a thing. They had crossed the line with Finn Taylor.

Yvette Larson was his weak spot. He had never let anyone hurt her.

"It's up to you whether you make a trip to Chicago. I'm going back tomorrow," Megan Daimler said before leaving.

It had been a while since she had been in San Francisco. She had come to pursue Finn Taylor, but she now understood that her dreams were never going to come true after everything she'd been through.

Finn Taylor and Yvette Larson's feelings for each other were simply too deep. There was no way she'd ever be able to win him over.

As such, the wisest thing to do was to leave.

Yet, Finn Taylor was left deep in contemplation after the other left, wondering whether to return to Chicago.

To be honest, this was a once-in-a-lifetime opportunity. Nobody knew when the pair would visit America again, and neither could Finn Taylor kill them in Japan since they were respected figures in their home country and were well-protected.

It would be hard to target them once they returned. This meant that this could very well be his only chance.

To be honest, he was eager to kill the two men, yet he couldn't help but worry about his wife. Many things had happened in San Francisco recently, and he couldn't bear to leave his wife alone here.

While Finn Taylor was still deep in thought, his wife returned. She spotted her spouse's glum expression at once. "What's wrong? Did something happen?"

"Something cropped up in Chicago. It doesn't seem right to go back, but it doesn't seem right not to go back either."

Yvette Larson immediately understood what he meant. "Are you afraid that I won't be able to handle things in San Francisco alone?"

Finn Taylor shook his head. "I trust in your abilities, but I'm sure that trouble will definitely arise."

"Since you trust me, go on to Chicago. I'll handle whatever happens in San Francisco."

Finn Taylor was still slightly worried about his wife.

"I'll be fine. Hunter Sullivan and the rest are here. Besides, we have David Sullivan in the company. There's nothing much to worry about."

'Yvette's right. We'll just take this as an opportunity to grow and learn. Even if she can't handle it, it shouldn't be a problem for the four guardians.' Finn Taylor then made a call to Hunter Sullivan, instructing him to keep a close eye on the happenings in the city. *'If my wife gets kidnapped again, Hunter Sullivan had better find himself a good burial site.'*

...

The next day, Finn Taylor boarded the plane to Chicago with Megan Daimler.

The very same day, Vincent Smith declared war against the Larson Corporation on behalf of all his allies. If anyone were to work with the Larson family, that would mean going against all of the others.

That was like a bolt out of the blue to the entire business circle in San Francisco. It couldn't be denied that the Larson Corporation had grown immensely and that there was money to be made in collaborations with them. However, a true businessman would never place all their eggs in one basket.

This was how it was for all those companies working with the Larson family too.

Obviously, the latter wasn't their only ally. Now, they had to make a choice between the Larson family and the other families.

Everyone weighed their options carefully, analyzing the pros and cons of each decision. If they were to stand on Vincent Smith's side, that would entail giving up their project with the Larson family. This wasn't an insignificant loss they were talking about—it was a huge chunk of the pie.

But what if they were to choose the Larson Corporation? In that case, they would have to break off all collaborations with the other families, leaving them at the mercy of the Larson Corporation.

What would happen to them if something happened to the Larson Corporation? Yet, even if nothing happened to the Larson Corporation, their company would be relying on a single source of income—it would be no different from giving themselves up to someone else.

The risk was consequential. With that in mind, many companies eventually came to the decision of terminating their contracts with the Larson Corporation.

In an instant, the company lost almost 80% of all its projects.

This would be a lethal blow to any company. Normally, the Larson Corporation would've been able to request compensation from those companies, but things were different this time.

The other companies had already made their stance clear—they weren't going to fork out a single cent.

If the Larson Corporation was unhappy about that, they were welcome to sue them!

Chapter 282: Disaster after Disaster

Of course, the Larson Corporation had the right to sue the other companies. After all, they had terminated the contracts without coming to an agreement.

As long as the Larson Corporation went to court, they would definitely win the case. However, there was one problem—time.

The Larson Corporation didn't have very many projects, much less cash flow. If they were to spend all their time and effort on fighting a court case, they would probably go bankrupt even if they were to win the case.

...

But this was just the beginning.

Willow Stone made a few calls.

Soon after, David Sullivan received a call from the bank, requesting the company to return whatever loans they had taken out within three days.

David Sullivan was confused. *'The Larson Corporation has never had bad records with the bank and is running a legitimate business. Why is this happening?'*

The bank employees didn't try to beat around the bush, simply saying that the Larson Corporation had lost too many projects at once and was at risk of going under. That was why the bank wanted their money back right now.

It was understandable, but it felt like they were adding to the company's misery by doing so.

The Larson Corporation was now on the brink of collapse, and of course, Yvette Larson was clear about that.

While she knew that it wouldn't be easy to navigate this situation, she still hoped to resolve the matter with her own abilities. Ever since Finn Taylor had entered her life, it seemed as though that not only was he the one who came up with ideas to solve her problems, but he was also the one who carried them out.

Yvette Larson didn't want to be someone who simply relied on others. Hence, she had to settle this trouble alone.

...

However, troubles came wave after wave.

Right then, Yvette Larson was informed about the Larson family holding a family meeting.

She couldn't help but feel frustrated and was in a dilemma over whether to attend the family meeting. Eventually, she chose to attend it.

If she were to miss it, her relatives would definitely misunderstand that she feared them. Since that was the case, her going would prove to them that she had no fear at all.

As such, the family meeting went on as planned.

The three Larson family elders sat at the head of the table, with Quince Larson and Eleanor Larson sitting beside them. The rest of the family members filled the rest of the table—this included Frederick Larson and Franklin Larson.

Of course, the branch families weren't sitting at the main table but at the tables beside them.

A seat was left empty beside Eleanor Larson; it was for Yvette Larson.

The latter walked into the Larson family's residence and simply sat down without saying anything.

"You must be busy, Yvette. The whole family has been waiting for you. Did something happen to your company?"

Yvette Larson knew that there was more to her cousin's words, but she didn't want to touch on that topic. It would simply lead to an argument between them.

"Didn't you want to hold a family meeting, Quince? Good then. Shouldn't you greet me since I'm the family head?"

Quince Larson was incensed. *'There is no way I'm going to greet my cousin respectfully.'*

"Forget it if you're unwilling to do it; I won't force you. But since you're so disrespectful, don't mind me doing the same if we choose a new family head after this meeting."

She made complete sense. Since the rest of the family didn't respect the family head, that simply meant that the position meant nothing to them.

In that case, why would she have to respect the person who became the next family head?

Everyone glared at her, yet they were helpless.

"Well? Are we still going ahead with this meeting? If we're not, I'm leaving. I have other things to attend to. If you want to go ahead with the meeting, stand up and greet me." It was rare for Yvette Larson to flare up, but she took on her role as a domineering CEO in front of her Larson family relatives.

Although they shared the same surname, they had never rendered her any help. In fact, they were always looking to make a joke of her.

Tap! Tap! Tap!

Yvette Larson drummed her fingers against the table. She was in no hurry, and she couldn't wait to see how her so-called relatives wanted to deal with her. *'How are they going to start?'*

In front of her, Quince Larson was already gritting his teeth. *'How dare she humiliate me like this? But if not for this, I won't be able to humiliate her in the future either.'*

He was stuck between a rock and a hard place, but he eventually stood up. "You're right—these are rules we have to follow. These rules have been set in stone by our ancestors, so it won't be right to go against them."

As he stood up, the other three family elders followed suit.

“Good afternoon, Ms. Larson.” Although reluctant, the family finally greeted her.

There was a smile plastered on Yvette Larson’s face—a mocking one—as she looked at her cousin.

The latter was filled with hatred as he eyed her gaze. “Can we start the meeting now, Yvette?”

The lady in question replied, “Isn’t this a family meeting? Where are the family elders?”

‘That’s a strange question. The three elders are clearly sitting right in front of her, yet she still posed that question. What does she mean by that?’

“What are you talking about? Aren’t the three elders sitting right in front of you? Don’t you see them?”

Yvette Larson turned to the three elders. “Oh, so there are three men here. I thought they were three blocks of wood.”

“Yvette Larson, you’d better watch your words. They’re elders of the family. How dare you speak to them in that tone?”

“Quince Larson, you’d better watch your words too. I’m the family head. Do you really think you’re in any place to make a fuss here?”

“Elders? Did you say that they’re the family elders? In that case, why don’t they know the rules of the family? Firstly, they don’t even recognize me as the family head. Secondly, they’re sitting in my seat. Are these the elders you’re talking about? Since the elders aren’t even following the rules, I don’t think I need to follow the rules either.”

Everyone present was stunned. *‘I thought she was simply putting us on the spot. I can’t believe she dragged those three elders into the argument too! If they bow their heads to her today, there will be no point in this meeting today.. So what if we become the family head then?’*

Chapter 283: Family Meeting

“Yvette Larson, don’t you think you’ve gone overboard?” Quince Larson slammed his fist on the table in fury. He couldn’t care less about the other’s identity now. *‘Who cares if you’re the family head? You don’t even respect the elders in the family, so why should I respect you?’*

“What, am I wrong? Since you’re so impressive, why don’t we go to the Larson family’s ancestral shrine? Let’s see if these three men are really worthy of being called family elders.”

The Larson family was a conservative one, and everyone had been brought up to respect their elders. These men would never dare to spout nonsense in front of their ancestors.

“Yvette Larson, don’t you just want to be addressed as the family head? Fine, we’ll do just that.” Michael Larson was the one who had spoken.

Even though he seemed a little aggrieved, Yvette Larson didn't seem to be moved at all. The moment she learned of this family meeting, she had already been sure that the entire family was on her cousin's side. This meant that they were her enemies—even if they were her elders.

The three men stood up and addressed the young lady. "Ms. Larson."

"Mm." Yvette Larson answered blandly without even looking up.

That reply humiliated the three men even more.

"Alright, can we start now?" Quince Larson looked at his cousin, hostility evident in his gaze.

"Yes."

"Fine. Let's discuss the topic of electing a new family head."

"What's the reason for that?"

"What do you mean?"

"If you want to elect a new family head, you have to tell us a reason. Has the incumbent done something to wrong the family, or has she betrayed the family? You have to give us a reason for requesting this change."

In the family's history, there were only two reasons for changing the family head. Firstly, the death of a family head. Secondly, the incumbent family head made such a huge mistake that the family's elders came to a consensus to select a new family head.

Since Quince Larson was looking to bring her down, it was only right for him to give her a reason for doing so.

"A reason? Hehe. So many families in San Francisco have already terminated their contracts with your company. Do you really not know how big of an impact that is? Don't you think that's enough reason to take you down from your position as family head?"

"Oh, I'll change the name of my company to Taylor Corporation tomorrow then. Anyway, none of you have any shares in the company. Quince, have you gone mad? What does my company have to do with you?"

"You..." Quince Larson was on the verge of blowing up. He'd already run through the sequence of events of this meeting a hundred times before today. *'Everything should've gone smoothly. After all, not only are the elders on my side, but even the rest of the family is too. Why should I have to fear her? Once I snatch the position of family head away from her, the company will be my next target.'*

But never had he imagined things to turn awry.

"Yvette, both you and your best friend offended so many prominent figures at that charity ball that night. Now, they're turning against our family. Don't you think that you've wronged the family?"

Yvette Larson chuckled. "Firstly, my friend was the one who said those things. I said nothing. Secondly, so what if they target me? The Larson family is already the second-most powerful family in San Francisco. Do I have to be afraid of everyone else? Quince, based on what you're saying, you'd have to kneel down and beg for forgiveness, even letting those people trample all over our family if this happens to you. Am I right?"

Yvette Larson analyzed his thoughts meticulously, exposing everything her cousin had planned out.

This was the person who wanted to take her place! How could they hand the Larson family into his hands? Wouldn't the Larson family have to face humiliation at the hands of others if he were to be in charge?

Now that things had gotten to this point, there was no way Quince Larson was going to let this meeting go on. He would only be digging his own grave.

Yvette Larson scanned the room. "Does anyone else have any objections to me being the family head? If you do, you'd better speak up and not hold it in."

Nobody dared to meet her eyes.

As Yvette Larson stood up to leave, a commotion sounded outside the family residence.

"Quince Larson, we're here. How's your family meeting going? Have you become the family head yet?" The man who spoke was Vincent Smith.

Quince Larson had been so full of confidence about the results that he had even invited Vincent Smith to this meeting. He wanted to inherit the position of Larson family head in front of all the other family heads of San Francisco.

Who would've thought that things would turn out this way?

'Great! My words have now become a joke! I'll become the greatest joke in all their eyes!'

When Vincent Smith entered the room and saw that Yvette Larson was standing, he immediately thought that the latter wanted to leave because her position had been snatched from her. *'Now that she has lost all power and position, there is no reason for us to fear her.'*

They sneered.

"Yvette Larson, shall we address you as ex-family head now?" His words were full of mockery.

"I'm sorry for disappointing you, Vincent Smith. I'm still the family head."

Shock!

Everyone's faces were filled with disbelief. *'How can that be? What's Quince Larson up to? We're all on his side, and so is his family. Yvette Larson is the only one from her family who even turned up. Finn Taylor isn't here; neither is Francis Larson or Linda James. Even under such circumstances, Quince Larson couldn't defeat his cousin? What a piece of trash!'*

However, Vincent Smith had something else up his sleeves. “I have to congratulate you then. Let me organize a dinner party for you to celebrate. I hope you’ll give me the honor!”

With that, Vincent Smith stretched his arm out.

Five to six men in black then walked into the room, heading straight for Yvette Larson..

Chapter 284: Clarine Landon’s Missing

With Vincent Smith’s command, five to six muscular men rushed into the room, heading straight for Yvette Larson.

The latter had come alone today. Although she was left helpless, she never spared her family a glance.

She knew full well that not a single one of them would provide her with any assistance. As such, she would never stoop so low as to beg for their help.

Even up until now, Quince Larson was sure that his cousin would go down on her knees to ask for his help. Yet, what he saw was a resolute and stubborn expression.

That was nothing like what Quince Larson was expecting. He wanted to see his cousin pitiful, throwing aside her dignity to beg him for help.

It was obvious that the latter looked down on him.

“Yvette Larson, are you not going to ask us for help?” Quince Larson was fuming so badly that he had actually taken the initiative to ask that question.

“Ask you for help? Take a look in the mirror. Do you really think you’d be able to defeat any of them? Besides, do you really think they’ll dare to do anything to me? I’m good friends with Third Master Gold. Even the Gold family’s princess—Kimberly Gold—respects me. If you dare to touch even a strand of my hair, just wait and see what will happen to you.”

Yvette Larson’s words stunned the men in black. *‘Offending her means offending Third Master Gold! Who knows what will happen if we really offend Third Master Gold?’*

Vincent Smith glanced at his men—who dared not grab hold of the woman in front of them just because of what she had said—and flared up. “Have you guys gone out of your mind? Why are you afraid of her? Just grab hold of her! Do you think she’ll be able to escape from your grasp?”

The men in black nodded, agreeing with their boss. Only then did they approach their target again.

Of course, Yvette Larson was no match for them. Although she appeared calm and collected on the surface, she was in a fluster.

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"Yvette Larson, oh Yvette Larson. I've been looking for you for a long time. So this is where you've been hiding." A voice sounded just then, and a man walked in.

Everyone's eyes shot to the newcomer—it was Hunter Sullivan.

"Oh, there are so many people here." He walked up to Yvette Larson, his eyes set on the men in black. "What's going on? Does she owe you money?"

Perhaps those men would've dared to grab Yvette Larson before, but that courage dissipated immediately in front of Hunter Sullivan. They didn't even dare to look him in the eye.

Who was he?

He was one of the ten most important figures in New York! Although he hadn't opened a company here in San Francisco, everyone still held great respect toward him.

"Back down!" Hunter Sullivan walked toward the group while standing up for Yvette Larson.

Of course, not a single person dared to oppose him.

Vincent Smith was no different from a dead man, not daring to utter a word.

How Vincent Smith wished that the other man would ignore him. Otherwise, he'd be a dead man.

He was nothing when compared to the Sullivan family of New York. If Hunter Sullivan really wanted to deal with his company, it would go bust in a matter of days.

There was an itch in Quince Larson's heart. *'I can't let my cousin leave just like that. If I do, I'd be nothing but a coward.'*

However, there was no way he'd dare to go against Hunter Sullivan. As such, he could only helplessly watch on as the other left with his cousin.

After leaving the residence and getting into the car, Yvette Larson spoke up. "Hunter Sullivan, thank you so much for your help this time."

Although she hadn't expressed it earlier on, she had truly feared for her life. She knew that those men were capable of doing anything.

Nobody could ensure her safety if she were to fall into their hands.

What she didn't know was that the man who had saved her was equally terrified. *'Finn Taylor had personally warned me that I'd be dead if anything happened to his wife this time.'*

Thus, Hunter Sullivan had been waiting nearby after learning that his boss's wife would be visiting the Larson family's residence.

Upon realizing that many outsiders had entered the compound, there was no hesitation before he rushed in.

Only after sending Yvette Larson home and watching her walk through the gates did he finally feel a weight lift off his chest.

As Yvette Larson entered the main door, she realized that they had two visitors—Kenneth Landon and Cassandra Campbell, Clarine Landon’s parents.

Because of the Sanders family, Yvette Larson had gotten into a conflict with the couple. Thus, their relationship was no longer as good as it once used to be.

Logically speaking, there was no reason for them to visit Number One Pacific Heights, but here they were.

It seemed like something major had happened.

“Uncle Kenneth, Auntie Cassandra, did something happen?” Although they weren’t on great terms, Yvette Larson still respected the couple on her best friend’s account.

“Yvette, Clarine is missing.”

“Missing?”

Cassandra Campbell sobbed as she picked up the other’s hand.

‘What’s going on? Why would Clarine suddenly go missing?’ The latter felt her heart pound rapidly against her chest. “Auntie, tell me more. When did Clarine go missing? What did she do before that?”

“She received a phone call and headed out, but she hasn’t been back since. I tried calling her, but her phone has been switched off.”

“Who called her?”

“I don’t know, but I heard her saying: ‘You’re her best friend. How could you be so inhumane?’”

The first person that came to Yvette Larson’s mind was Willow Stone. *‘If that’s the case, I will never let the other go for kidnapping Clarine.’*

“Auntie, don’t worry. Clarine is smart, so she won’t let anything happen to herself. Maybe her phone is just out of battery. Don’t worry.” Yvette Larson tried to comfort the other.

“Yvette, we’re leaving. Be careful; the person who kidnapped Clarine might try to do the same to you.”

Yvette Larson thanked the couple before personally sending them off. No matter what their relationship was like, the couple truly cared for her.

Naturally, she would reciprocate their kindness..

Chapter 285: Ulterior Motives

Clarine Landon's parents left.

The day had been filled with too many incidents—she had lost countless projects, been chased for repayment, and was bullied by the Larson family. To top it all off, her best friend was now missing.

Every event weighed down on Yvette Larson's heart. It felt as though there were four heavy stones pressing down on her chest, making it hard to breathe.

...

At the same time, Finn Taylor and Megan Daimler arrived in Chicago.

Almost immediately, they bumped into two men—Julian Taylor and Jefferson Taylor.

The brothers were the sons of Brian Taylor's younger brother—Benjamin Taylor.

After killing his grandmother and locking his younger brother up, Finn Taylor didn't want to deal with the Taylor family anymore. Yet, someone had tried to take advantage of the situation to take over the family.

To be honest, that didn't really matter to Finn Taylor. After all, the Taylor family didn't mean much to him.

It might even be a good thing that someone was going to inherit his grandfather's legacy. As such, he couldn't care less about the situation.

Yet, the brothers refused to let him off.

The pair made a welcoming gesture. "Finn Taylor, our grandpa would like to invite you home."

He chuckled. "What if I don't want to go?"

His mother—Wendy Jensen—had invited him home several times, but he had rejected her politely every time. *'Do these two people really think I'd accept their invitation?'*

"Then, don't blame us for being unkind."

Finn Taylor smirked. "You're not my match. Don't embarrass yourselves here."

Jefferson Taylor smiled and waved his hand.

With that, two strong and muscular men walked out. In their hands was Finn Taylor's mother—Wendy Jensen.

"Finn Taylor, we know that you don't have a close relationship with your mother, but she's your mother after all. I don't think you'll just stand by the sidelines and not do anything."

Even Finn Taylor himself thought that he'd remained unmoved. After all, his mother had never shown him any affection.

Yet, blood was thicker than water. The moment he saw Wendy Jensen being held down by those two men, he felt a tinge of pain in his heart.

“Let her go. I’ll go with you.”

“No way. We’ll naturally let her go once you come with us.”

“What, do you think that Master Peregrine would lie to you?”

The Taylor brothers were straightforward. Upon hearing Finn Taylor’s words, they immediately let the latter’s mother go.

She quickly dodged behind her son. “Timothy... and you...”

Finn Taylor ignored her, only glancing at Megan Daimler beside him. “You’ll let her go, won’t you?”

The brothers shared a glance before replying, “Yes, she can leave.”

Finn Taylor instructed Megan Daimler, “Go look for your master and tell her that I’ve some matters to attend to. Don’t tell her what happened here.”

Although the young girl was worried about him, she knew full well that she would be of no help to him and that she would even become a burden to him.

After she left, Finn Taylor knocked it into the other two men. “You’d better not harbor any intentions toward that girl. She’s Jessica Daimler’s disciple; I’ve nothing to do with her. All I’ve done is play chess with her. I’m sure you know better than I do just what kind of temper Jessica Daimler has. Oh right, there’s one more thing. Jessica Daimler has a friend named Maximus Brugel.”

To be honest, if not for Finn Taylor’s words, the brothers probably would’ve sent their men to chase after Megan Daimler and investigate her relationship with him.

But now, they wouldn’t dare to do so even if someone dared them to do it. Everyone in Chicago knew about Jessica Daimler’s temper—she had a terribly fiery temper.

If they were to get on that girl’s bad side, Jessica Daimler might very well deal with the Taylor family.

That wouldn’t even be the worst-case scenario. It would be even worse if Maximus Brugel was brought into the picture.

Maximus Brugel was now neutral to everything as though nothing in the Taylor family had anything to do with him. But if he chose to get involved, things would be completely different.

“Haha! Of course, we wouldn’t. We don’t have anything against her, so why would we go against her?” It was only natural that Jefferson Taylor denied everything, laughing the matter off.

Jefferson Taylor drove while his brother sat in the front passenger seat.

They understood Finn Taylor, but nevertheless, they got him into the back passenger’s seat with his mother.

Of course, Finn Taylor wasn’t one to go back on his words. He wouldn’t try to escape after getting into the car.

If he didn't want to go with them, there was no way he would've gotten into the car.

Actually, Finn Taylor was just going with the flow. He had already wanted to meet his great-uncle a long time ago.

Wasn't it only right for the old man to give him some benefits after he allowed the latter to become the family head?

Finn Taylor alighted from the car when they arrived at the Taylor family's residence.

Perhaps it was because she was truly afraid, or perhaps she was simply putting on an act that Wendy Jensen followed closely behind her son, not daring to leave his side.

However, the latter simply acted as though he didn't see her. *'I've seen what my mother is capable of. Does she really think that I'd believe her now?'*

"Timothy, are they really going to kill us?"

What irked Finn Taylor even more was how his mother still addressed him as 'Timothy.'

That was indeed his birth name, but his mother was the one who said that he was no longer Timothy Taylor but Finn Taylor on the very day he married into the Larson family. From then on, he had nothing to do with the Taylor family of Chicago.

'Since that's the case, why did she take the initiative to look for me after my father's death and my younger brother's disappearance? She even wanted me to return to inherit Peregrine Hall. She has done everything in her own self-interests.'

This was why Finn Taylor still had a worry every time he returned. He couldn't be sure if this was simply a trap that his mother had set up in collusion with the others from the family.

As he walked into the hall, he spotted Benjamin Taylor sitting on the master's chair with a photograph in his hand.

Finn Taylor felt overwhelmed with emotions when he spotted that photograph. He rushed over, snatching it over.

His tears fell uncontrollably as he looked at the man in the photograph—it was his grandpa.

"Name a price; I want this photograph," Finn Taylor stated without any hesitation.

"You don't have to go so far to get this photograph, but why should I sell it to you?"

Finn Taylor was stunned.. *'What does he mean? He doesn't want to sell it? Does he have ulterior motives?'*

Chapter 286: The Taylor Family's Rules

“Timothy, I called you here to discuss something with you.”

Hearing the name ‘Timothy,’ Finn Taylor’s eyes were filled with hostility. He hated that name—it was associated with only pain. “Call me Finn Taylor.”

“Timothy is your name. Don’t you like it?”

“I said to call me Finn Taylor.”

“Alright, alright. Finn Taylor it is.” Benjamin Taylor was still hoping to discuss business with his grand-nephew, but the latter wasn’t going to make it easy for him. “Finn Taylor, I wanted to talk to you about your grandpa. My eldest brother has been gone for almost ten years. Although we’ve always hoped that he’d come back, I don’t think that’s going to happen. Why don’t you choose a date as his death anniversary? I know that you’re his favorite grandson, so why don’t you pick a date?”

The more Benjamin Taylor said, the more Finn Taylor felt like killing the other. “My grandpa isn’t dead.”

The old man sighed. “Finn, I understand how you feel. You’re his grandson, but I’m his brother too. It’s been ten years. Don’t you think he’d have come back if he was still alive? Actually, we’ve already discussed it. Let’s make the day after tomorrow your grandpa’s death anniversary. We didn’t pick this date for no reason. Mr. Brugel consulted some astrologists and decided on it. We’re only informing you out of respect.”

Benjamin Taylor had been rather polite toward his great-nephew just moments earlier, but the meaning behind his words was obvious: The decision wasn’t up to Finn Taylor.

Of course, the latter also knew that the family wasn’t organizing this commemoration because they shared a good relationship with his grandpa.

They simply wanted to inherit everything. Only by proving that his grandpa was dead would they be able to ascend his position without any trouble.

“Oh right. Finn Taylor, you still hold the position of Master Peregrine. I think you’d better hand it over. Of course, as your great-uncle, I’ll always welcome you here in Chicago. But you’re not based in the city, and it won’t be convenient for you to attend to Peregrine Hall.” Benjamin Taylor’s words sounded thoughtful, but all he wanted was for his grand-nephew to give up rights over the title of Master Peregrine.

There was no way the latter would agree to that. It wasn’t because he was infatuated with that position.

To be honest, the identity meant nothing to Finn Taylor since he had built everything he had with his own abilities. The only reason he was unwilling to give up the title was that his grandpa had established Peregrine Hall.

Handing the position over would be no different from having his grandfather’s Peregrine Hall fall into the hands of outsiders.

Finn Taylor would never accept that.

“Oh, so you guys still remember that I’m Master Peregrine. I thought that you’d have forgotten all about it. Since you know that I’m Master Peregrine, don’t you think that I should be afforded a certain level of respect?”

The old man had tried to make him give up the position. Not only had the latter not done so, but he had even used his position to suppress the others.

Yet, Benjamin Taylor wasn’t one to be trifled with. If someone else had been in his place, they probably would’ve started an argument with Finn Taylor.

However, Benjamin Taylor simply smiled blandly. “Your grandma’s sister is here. Do you want to meet her?”

He changed the topic, bringing in someone else—his grandma’s sister, Evelyn Cameron.

Finn Taylor didn’t give a hoot about her. Just like his grandma, this woman was biased toward his younger brother. He had bumped into her by accident when he was younger, and she had shoved him onto the ground.

It was a surprise to see her so many years later.

“Of course. She’s my grandma’s elder sister. Why would I not meet her?”

Benjamin Taylor knew about the grudge Finn Taylor held against Frida Cameron, and that was why he had invited the latter’s elder sister over.

He hoped to throw the young man into a fluster at the mention of her name, yet what he saw was Finn Taylor’s calm and collected expression. It was as though the latter heard a name he had no relation to.

Benjamin Taylor was slightly taken aback. Nonetheless, he felt that the young man was no match for him and that the latter was simply putting on an act. “Julian, go get Evelyn Cameron here.”

‘Since Finn Taylor is still so calm, I’ll invite the old lady over. There is no way he’ll be able to remain collected in the face of his great-aunt.’

Finn Taylor’s blood was already boiling, yet his expression was still exceptionally peaceful. He was human after all, and it was only natural for him to have feelings. However, he was trained to keep a poker face no matter what situation he was faced with.

Not long after, Evelyn Cameron arrived.

She bore some resemblance to her late sister, and it was only natural that Finn Taylor thought of his grandma when he saw her. Nonetheless, his expression remained indifferent.

“Aren’t you going to greet me? Is this how you treat your elders?” Evelyn Cameron wasn’t going to let her great-nephew off so easily and picked a fight with him the moment she entered. “I heard from them that you’re Master Peregrine now. How impressive. I wonder who made you Master Peregrine though. Was it your grandpa or my late sister? If it was neither of them, then it doesn’t seem right that you’re in that position. I think you’d better hand that position over to Donovan. I heard that your younger brother

is being locked up in the dark pool. What's wrong with your family? Why is the saint locked up while the jinx is roaming out here?"

Evelyn Cameron ranted as though it made perfect sense that Donovan Taylor should inherit the title of Master Peregrine since he was a saint. *'Who does Timothy Taylor think he is to be standing here talking to me?'*

"Who are you to meddle in our family's affairs?"

"Who am I? I'm your grandma's sister. Can't I interfere in your family's affairs?" The old lady was incensed and didn't mince her words.

"Sure, go ahead. But since you want to do so, you'd better follow the Taylor family's rules."

"The Taylor family's rules? What rules could your family possibly have?"

"There's only one rule in the Taylor family—Master Peregrine has the final say."

Evelyn Cameron was so enraged that she couldn't even find the right words.

"Sigh, we're all a family. Why do you have to say such things?" Benjamin Taylor tried to act as the mediator to calm things down..

Chapter 287: Who's the Master?

"Since we're a family, why do you care about who's the master? Since you guys feel that Peregrine Hall is still relevant, I'll be the family head as Master Peregrine then. If you guys don't recognize Peregrine Hall, then Benjamin Taylor will be the head of your Taylor family. Even Frida Cameron's elder sister can be the family head for all I care. But since you don't recognize Peregrine Hall anymore, there's no point in me dealing with the Taylor family either. I'll take my leave then."

All of them thought of Finn Taylor as a fool, yet the latter's abilities were much more developed than any of them had imagined. In short, he had forced them into a corner.

As such, Benjamin Taylor threw out another trick. "Let's have a meal together. Let's not talk about such upsetting things."

Finn Taylor remained unmoved as he sneered. "Sure, but who's taking the head of the table?"

The old man wanted to sweep this under the carpet, but Master Peregrine wasn't letting it go.

This question was no different from the previous one. After all, only the one who held the highest position in a family could sit at the head of the table.

"Stop making such a fuss. You're just a guest here." Finn Taylor shoved his great-aunt aside.

“I’ve never thought of competing for that position; it’s already been set. From the very beginning, it belonged to your grandpa and then your father. After Jacob Taylor’s death, it’s only natural that it goes to his son—Donovan Taylor.”

Finn Taylor chuckled. “Alright then. Why don’t you go to the dark pool and bring him here?”

‘The dark pool? I might not even return if I am to go there.’ Evelyn Cameron was no fool, and she naturally rejected the suggestion.

“I guess you have nothing to say now. What about you, Great-Uncle? Do you want to take the head of the table?”

The man in question chuckled. “I’m not going to take that position. Your grandpa has the final say over that. Oh right. Finn, what do you think about your grandpa’s death anniversary?”

This was just how Benjamin Taylor was—always beating around the bush for his own self-interests.

“Grandpa’s death anniversary? Is he dead?”

Those questions stunned the other. “Finn Taylor, what do you mean by that?”

“Nothing much. You said that you wanted to commemorate my grandpa’s tenth death anniversary. Don’t you mean that he’s dead then? Since that’s the case, where’s his body?” What Finn Taylor hated most was that he hadn’t found his grandpa. He couldn’t wait to see if these people would still dare to act this way if Phoenix and Triton succeeded in bringing his grandpa back.

‘The Taylor family had flourished under Grandpa’s leadership. Everyone in the country respected them, and the entire family had been united. But ever since Grandpa went missing, they all started acting up. Did they really think they could simply do as they pleased just because Grandpa wasn’t around? What a joke!’

“Finn Taylor, we’re not the ones who said that your grandpa is dead. Everyone in the family agrees, so don’t you think you’re going against the entire family by saying that?”

There was no way to simply sweep this under the rug, so Benjamin Taylor tried to use the Taylor family’s name, thinking that he’d be able to scare his grand-nephew.

“So what if I go against the entire Taylor family?”

Benjamin Taylor thought that he’d be able to get the other down, but it seemed futile. If this had happened just a few years ago, the latter indeed wouldn’t have dared to do so because he hadn’t been this fearless.

After all, Frida Cameron and Jacob Taylor were still around. Although they hadn’t treated him well, they were still his grandma and father. No matter how much he hated them, he wouldn’t kill them personally.

Now that there was nobody he needed to care about in the Taylor family, there was no need for him to fear. As for Wendy Jensen, he had been observing her.

He could tell that his mother was truly in fear of his great-uncle. That could only mean that they weren't allies.

His great-uncle was threatening his mom too. Since that was the case, Finn Taylor would protect his mother just this once on the account that they were blood relatives.

"Finn Taylor, what are you saying? You're being so disrespectful!"

The young man sneered, ignoring the others and heading out. "You'd better do some charitable acts and accumulate good karma. Otherwise, you might die a terrible death."

Finn Taylor walked out with his mother following closely behind him. It wasn't because the former was afraid of killing the others now but that it would be too troublesome to do so.

If he did so, he wouldn't be able to return to San Francisco.

Finn Taylor was still worried about his wife.

"Are you leaving with me?" He turned to question his mother as they walked out of the Taylor family's residence.

"I thought that I'd become the family head once everyone was gone, but Benjamin Taylor suddenly appeared. There's no point in me staying here now. Of course, I won't follow you even after leaving if you're unwilling."

Wendy Jensen was different from Jacob Taylor and Frida Cameron. His father and grandma had beaten him in the past, and that was also why he hated their guts.

As for Wendy Jensen, she was an accomplice at the very most. She had never dared to go against the others, but neither had she even beaten him.

All she did was follow their orders. Perhaps that had been her only way out.

"Forget it. I'd still have to worry about you if you're alone."

Now that things had already progressed to this extent, Finn Taylor was no longer worried about his mother knowing about his secret.

He made a call, and very quickly, Queen Felicity arrived to pick him up.

When Wendy Jensen spotted the other lady, she was stunned. They'd met in the past and had even dealt business together.

Wendy Jensen thought that Felicity was a business genius and had even offered to acquire the latter's company. Never in her life would she have thought that a business genius like Felicity was no more than a subordinate of her son!

"There's no need to make such a huge fuss over this. I have many more like her."

Wendy Jensen's surprise didn't go unnoticed, and he couldn't help but sneer.

“There’s more?”

‘It’s a blessing to have even just one business genius like Felicity.. But based on what my son just said, he seems to have many more like her! Is that even possible?’

Chapter 288: I’ll Support You

Finn Taylor ignored his mother’s questions. *‘Let’s see what you can gather. I’m not going to tell you anything.’*

Just a week earlier, Wendy Jensen had thought that she’d definitely have the advantage over her son. She had full confidence in making the latter her puppet, yet she now realized that his abilities extended far beyond her imagination.

Finn Taylor got into the car with his mother, and they drove away.

In the car, Wendy Jensen couldn’t help but ask, “Where are we going?”

Silence!

There was pin-drop silence in the car, and nobody bothered to respond to her. This frustrated her, yet there was nothing she could do.

Compared to the rest, she was nothing. However, she wasn’t going to give up just like that.

Very quickly, the group arrived at the American Chess Association.

Upon seeing this, Wendy Jensen’s heart gradually started to calm down. Although she’d never been here, she’d heard Maximus Brugel mention Jessica Daimler in the past.

Since they shared a good relationship, the latter probably wouldn’t put her on the spot.

Megan Daimler was already waiting there for them, and she smiled at Finn Taylor. “You brought quite a few people with you. I was thinking of having dinner with you alone.”

“If you think they’re bothersome, we can ask them to have a meal somewhere else.” Finn Taylor paid no heed to his mother and Felicity’s feelings when saying so.

“Forget it. My master will chide me for having no manners.”

While Jessica Daimler was protective of her disciple, she was a very understanding person and was strict to the latter too. If Megan Daimler were to make a mistake, she would lecture her all the same.

“Please follow me.” Megan Daimler gestured for the group to follow her.

With her leading the way, they quickly arrived at a room.

After giving some instructions to the people in the room, dishes were served one after another.

“Have a seat. We might not have ordered enough, so let me know if you’re still hungry. I’ll get them to make more.” Everyone could tell that Megan Daimler was simply being polite. If she really thought that she hadn’t ordered enough, she would’ve ordered even more earlier on.

Anyone who took her word for it was truly a fool.

The group sat down, enjoying the delicacies.

In the whole room, only Finn Taylor and Megan Daimler spoke.

“Where’s your master?”

“With them.”

“Why are they here?”

“To invite my master for the World Chess Championship.”

“They already lost to me, yet they still dare to come?”

“They probably heard that you aren’t from the association. Their rule this time is that only members of the chess association will be able to participate in the competition and that the participants needed to be members before yesterday.”

“That’s a good strategy, but it’s a pity they didn’t realize the trouble they’d be bringing upon themselves.”

Suddenly, Megan Daimler went silent.

There was a long pause before she finally spoke up again. “My master told you to do whatever you want without any fear. She’ll support you all the way.”

Finn Taylor was stunned—he’d never expected Jessica Daimler to be so supportive of him. *‘No wonder my master is friends with her.’*

“Oh, right. My master has a message for you, but she wants it to be kept a secret.”

Finn Taylor glanced at the other two women present and replied, “That’s fine. You can just say it here.”

“To be honest, she’s on Mr. Brugel’s side. They want you to reclaim what’s yours. Do what you have to and come to the chess association if you run into any trouble. Nobody will dare to make trouble for you here.”

Finn Taylor hadn’t paid much attention to her previous words, but these words touched him.

Everyone knew that Finn Taylor was going against the entire Taylor family. It was no different from seeking death by doing so, yet Jessica Daimler had chosen to stand on his side.

He was indebted to her. No matter what kind of grudge he held against her in the past, he had to admit that he owed her a favor now.

Now, he was suddenly curious about the relationship between their masters.

Finn Taylor looked at the young girl, not saying a word. However, the expression on his face gave his thoughts away.

“Don’t look at me; I don’t know anything. You can ask them if you want to know.”

The man chuckled and waved her off. “Forget it. It must’ve happened in the past.”

The meal continued in silence.

After everyone had their fill, Megan Daimler sent each of them back to their rooms. Before leaving, she even eyed Finn Taylor and reminded him seriously, “Stay safe.”

The latter nodded seriously, telling Megan Daimler not to leave the room no matter what she heard that night.

The night darkened, and in the blink of an eye, it turned half-past two.

Most people would be in deep sleep at this time, but Finn Taylor had gone out. He was headed to the rooms that the chess association had assigned to Yoshie Masaki and Kuro Takeda.

Standing outside the door, he lit a cigarette.

They might all be chess players, yet they were nothing more than strangers now!

Finn Taylor walked into the room determinedly.

“Who’s that?” Both Yoshie Masaki and Kuro Takeda were acute and noticed someone opening the door straightaway.

Click!

As soon as they switched on the light, they spotted Finn Taylor.

The latter strolled in and glared at the pair as he shut the door.

“It’s you.” Kuro Takeda flared up as soon as his eyes landed on the other.

There weren’t many who were worthy of being called his opponents, much less match up to him. He’d always been the hope of Japan and was regarded as the next star of the chess world, yet he lost to Finn Taylor some time ago.

It had been an utter defeat.

“You won. Why are you here?”

“To settle the accounts.”

“Settle the accounts? We’ve never borrowed any money from you.”

“What, it hasn’t been long. Have you already forgotten about what you’ve done?”

“What did we do?” Kuro Takeda seemed to have remembered what they had done, and there was panic evident in his eyes.

“I guess you remember it now. Why don’t you end your own lives then?”

“End our lives? Do you really think you can kill me?”

“I’m leaving you some dignity by giving you the chance to take your own lives. If I take your lives, your bodies might not even be sent home.”

“Hehe. Do it then.” Kuro Takeda wasn’t just a master in chess; he was also a master in martial arts.

This was why he wasn’t the slightest bit terrified. He even thought that he would be able to kill Finn Taylor instead.

“Alright then. There goes my blade!” Finn Taylor struck.

With that, Kuro Takeda fell onto the ground, lifeless..

Chapter 289: Thrown Out

As Kuro Takeda’s master, Yoshie Masaki knew exactly just how skilled the former was in martial arts. Yet, there was no way his disciple could even compare to what Finn Taylor had shown earlier.

‘This...’ The first thought that came to the Japanese player’s mind was to escape—to climb out of the window and leave this place. Perhaps that was his only chance of survival.

Finn Taylor struck yet again.

Yoshie Masaki’s eyes widened, and his lifeless body slumped over the window.

Finn Taylor hadn’t given him the chance to escape.

Only a fool would let a lion out of its den. That was a mistake Finn Taylor would never make.

...

The next day.

When everyone awoke, the chess association was unusually silent. Yet, nothing seemed out of the ordinary—the only difference was that Yoshie Masaki and Kuro Takeda were missing.

However, not a single person mentioned them. It was as though they had never appeared at the association in the first place!

Finn Taylor didn’t spot Jessica Daimler around, so he asked her disciple to arrange a meeting for him. However, Jessica Daimler simply asked her disciple to relay a message to say that they’d meet when the time was right.

Now wasn’t the right time.

Finn Taylor had no idea what she meant, but he returned to San Francisco after having lunch at the association.

This time, he returned with an extra person by his side—Wendy Jensen.

Finn Taylor didn't refuse this time.

Bored while waiting to board the flight, Finn Taylor flipped the news on. Suddenly, he spotted a piece of news regarding the American Chess Association: Jessica Daimler had resigned from her position as the chairperson, and her disciple—Megan Daimler—would succeed her.

This piece of news lit a spark in Finn Taylor's calm eyes.

His mother glanced at the headlines from his side, and she suddenly said, "Mr. Brugel said that he'd be away from Chicago for a while."

Jessica Daimler had resigned from the career she had been chasing after her whole life. At the very same time, Maximus Brugel had left Chicago as well! There was no way these two events were unrelated, but where is the pair headed to?

Just then, there was an announcement for boarding.

With that, Finn Taylor boarded the plane with his mother, unwilling to think more about this matter.

...

San Francisco.

The office of the Larson Corporation's chairman.

The door opened, and a few people made their way in. They were all from the Larson family's branch families and held shares in the Larson Corporation, albeit few.

That was why they hadn't sold their own shares when Quince Larson sold the company. Because of that, they had been promoted in the company.

But later on, they left the company to follow Quince Larson. Of course, there was no way they'd return to the Larson Corporation.

After all, they had been branded as traitors.

Yvette Larson would never hire them again. There was only one reason they were here today—to get their money back!

"Yvette Larson, we're part of the Larson Corporation and have shares in the company. We haven't sold our shares yet, so we're here today to get our money back."

Yvette Larson had no time to entertain her relatives. There were many other things she had to attend to, so she turned to her secretary. "Go get 15,000 dollars from them."

Her relatives sniggered at that.

“15,000? Yvette Larson, do you take us for fools? The company is worth billions. If you add up all of our shares, it should make up at least 0.1% of all shares. That means that we should get two million at the very least.”

Yvette Larson felt her blood boil when she heard that. *‘How shameless can they get? They threw in the towel and left when the company was in dire straits. At that time, their shares weren’t even worth 15,000 dollars. I was being generous by offering 15,000 dollars. I can’t believe that they asked for so much! Did they even contribute to the company’s growth?’*

“Two million? What do you guys have to do with how well the company is doing now?”

“We don’t care about that. All we know is that we have 0.1% of all shares in the company. Based on the current market value of our shares, they’re worth two million dollars. We’re not going to leave without the money.”

Yvette Larson looked at her shameless relatives, speechless. “Alright, wait here for all you want then. I’ve made myself clear—15,000 or nothing.”

With that, she left to busy herself with work. She had no plans on dealing with them.

As she had expected, her relatives left soon after.

Just as she thought that she had scored a victory, someone turned up in her office not long after, saying that the Larson family members had torn up his documents and even smashed his computer. Those Larson family members said that they were shareholders of the company and would have to be paid the proceeds of their shares.

Left with no choice, Yvette Larson went out. “What do you guys want?”

“Nothing much; we just want what belongs to us. The company is worth two billion. Why don’t you give us two million dollars? Everyone knows that the Larson Corporation is on the verge of bankruptcy. Are you trying to cheat us of our money by keeping it from us? This won’t do—let’s call for a shareholder meeting. I want to expose your evil deeds in front of everyone! You’re a sinner in our family’s eyes! You married a useless matrilocal son-in-law and humiliated our whole family, but you’ve never even let him touch you!”

Their words were getting nastier by the minute. If not for the fact that Finn Taylor had personally arranged for the employees to join the company, they’d probably have started gossiping behind their boss’s back.

Unfortunately for the Larson family members, not a single employee bothered about them nor spoke ill of Yvette Larson. They treated the Larson family members as nothing more than a joke.

‘What’s going on?’

Just then, Hunter Sullivan arrived. He glanced at the group and said, “Throw them out.”

A few men rushed out from behind, grabbing hold of the Larson family members and throwing them out of the company..

Chapter 290: What's Going On?

"Where's David Sullivan?" Having dealt with those irrelevant people, Hunter Sullivan was now looking for the person-in-charge. *'Why am I even paying him if he can't even resolve such a small matter?'*

"David isn't here in the office." Seeing how incensed Hunter Sullivan was, nobody dared to say a word. Eventually, Yvette Larson was the one who spoke up.

"Are you all fools? Why can't you handle such a trivial matter? Thank god Ms. Larson wasn't hurt today. I'll make sure you pay with your lives if anything happens to her!" Although he wasn't from the Larson Corporation, it didn't bother him to lecture the employees here. After all, many of the employees had come from his company or the other three guardians'.

The four guardians stood on the same line—everyone knew that.

Hunter Sullivan finally let out a smile as he turned to face Master Peregrine's wife. "Are you feeling alright, Ms. Larson?"

"Yes, I'm fine," stated Yvette Larson, afraid that the other would continue reprimanding her employees.

"That's good. It's only because Ms. Larson is speaking up for you today. Otherwise..." As soon as he finished his sentence, Hunter Sullivan bid farewell to his boss's wife and left.

The atmosphere changed immediately, and everyone buried their heads in their work without a care or worry.

Just as Yvette Larson was sighing, not knowing what to do, two more people entered the office—Finn Taylor and his mother.

Seeing her husband, the young lady's tears flowed down uncontrollably.

The latter knew that her husband had always been the one resolving her troubles. This time, she was determined to solve them before he returned so that he'd change her mind about her.

However, Yvette Larson had never imagined that troubles would come wave after wave, giving her no time to even take a breather. It was only then that she realized how difficult it had been for her partner to solve all her issues alone.

"Finn!" Yvette Larson rushed forward into her spouse's embrace.

There had been rumors that the couple didn't share a good relationship, but this scene dispelled all those rumors.

"Shouldn't you look at where you are before you behave so intimately?" Wendy Jensen ruined the mood.

Her daughter-in-law was so frightened that she immediately let go and hid behind her spouse, her face flushed red.

Yvette Larson had met her mother-in-law once—it had left a deep impression on her.

Finn Taylor's mother was a strong and independent woman. She strolled around the office and picked up several documents before putting them down.

"What's with the atmosphere here? Has my daughter-in-law mistreated you?"

'Daughter-in-law?'

As soon as those words left Wendy Jensen's mouth, many turned to glance at her with curiosity in their eyes. Everyone knew that Yvette Larson's husband was nothing but a useless matrilocal son-in-law. *'If Yvette Larson is her daughter-in-law, she must be the mother of that matrilocal son-in-law!'*

"My darling daughter-in-law, why don't you explain yourself?"

Yvette Larson grabbed hold of her husband's hand in fear—she was at a complete loss.

"What, are you going to help to solve the problem?" Finn Taylor couldn't help but chuckle as he turned to his mother.

"Since I'm planning to stay here for the long term, I don't want to be plagued by troubles all the time."

Of course, her son would never believe that. However, he didn't interrupt his mother.

"Alright then. Go ahead if you want to." Finn Taylor patted his wife's hand and nodded. "Tell us what happened."

Her eyes met his, and she saw determination in his gaze. "Oh, ok."

Yvette Larson continued, "Almost 80% of our contracts have been terminated. Even if we sue them, it'll take about a year and a half before we receive our compensation. We can't afford to wait that long."

Wendy Jensen chuckled and picked up her phone. "Do me a favor and announce that I've become the financial consultant of San Francisco's Larson Corporation."

Less than five minutes after she hung up, Yvette Larson's secretary ran in with the phone.

"Ms. Larson, there's a call from you. It's from Chicago—they say they want a collaboration."

And this was only the beginning.

The ten landlines that were open to the public were overwhelmed with calls. Almost every company in the entire country was raring to work with the Larson Corporation, even begging the latter to accept their proposal. There were even those who proposed to split the profits 1:9!

'This...' Yvette Larson was baffled. *'Just one phone call—she managed to solve my problem with just one call. Didn't those small families from San Francisco think that we'd go bankrupt without them?'*

"Is there anything else you need help with?"

“Because our projects were terminated, the bank has already asked for repayment on the loans that were supposed to be due next year.”

“Do you have the manager’s business card?”

“Yes.” Yvette Larson ran into the office to retrieve the manager’s business card.

Her mother-in-law glanced at it before making another phone call. “Eugene Smith, you’re really something. I think we should end our friendship here. What? You’re asking me what’s wrong? Don’t you know what’s happened? My daughter-in-law’s company borrowed 300 million dollars from your bank, and it’s only due next year, but you guys are already chasing her for payment. Do you think that we won’t be able to repay the loans? Fine, I’ll give you 700 million dollars. Take the extra as interest. Let’s have nothing to do with each other from now on. An apology? Why would I need an apology? We’re just returning the money we owe you. Five minutes? Fine, I’ll give you five minutes. If you don’t resolve it by then, I’ll make sure you lose your job.”

Wendy Jensen then hung up.

Time ticked by.

One minute.

Two minutes.

Three minutes.

Four minutes.

Just before five minutes were up, Yvette Larson’s phone rang.

It was the manager from the bank. “I’m so sorry, Ms. Larson; it was my fault. I shouldn’t have chased you for repayment of your loans when they’re only due next year. Please allow me to express my sincere apologies to you and your employees.”

Shock!

Utter shock.

Yvette Larson was completely speechless and at a loss for words! She had spent days mulling over how to resolve the situation with the bank, but it was to no avail. The company didn’t even have enough assets to return that much money, yet her mother-in-law had resolved it with just one phone call.

“Is there anything else bothering you?”