

UNTOUCHABLE

## Chapter 291: Making Herself Stand Out

Yvette Larson was still in a daze after watching her mother-in-law's actions. She had never imagined the latter would resolve her troubles so easily when she had spent several days thinking of futile solutions.

"Is there no more?" Wendy Jensen frowned as she asked.

Her daughter-in-law turned to her husband and asked in a whisper, "Should I tell her about the Larson family?"

Finn Taylor nodded. *'By the looks of it, my mother is indeed planning on moving here for good. Since that's the case, there is no point in hiding that from her. Alright then. Since you like to do it, I'll leave everything to you.'*

"This company used to be my family's, but they sold it. Most of my relatives sold their shares and received cash in return, but there were a few insignificant ones who chose not to sell their shares and were even promoted because of that. When our company ran into some trouble, everyone from the family left—including those who chose not to take any money. At that time, the company was on the verge of closing down, and nobody said a peep about their shares. But now that we've grown our company to be worth billions, they're asking for two million dollars for their shares."

Wendy Jensen chuckled and grabbed a laptop from someone beside her.

*Tap tap tap.*

Her fingers flew furiously across the keyboard. Not long after, she turned to her daughter-in-law. "Call your relatives and ask them to take their money."

"Huh?" Yvette Larson was stunned. *'Didn't my mother-in-law do a good job in resolving the previous two problems? Why did she suddenly give in to them?'*

"Why are you looking at me? Call them."

Trusting Finn Taylor, she made the call.

Those people from the Larson family were initially still afraid that Hunter Sullivan was looking to teach them a lesson, but the temptation of two million dollars won out. Hence, they eventually returned.

"Yvette Larson, give us the money." The leader of the group was Spencer Larson, and he immediately asked for the money upon walking in.

"So you guys are the ones who hold 0.1% of our company's shares."

"That's right. Who are you?"

"I'm the financial consultant here. I'll bring Mr. Jensen over later, and he'll settle the accounts for you."

"Mr. Jensen? Who's that?"

"The manager from the bank, of course. The company has gone bankrupt, and we owe the bank 300 million dollars. Because of your shares in the company, you have to help pay 150,000 dollars."

Wendy Jensen's words scared them, but they calmed down very quickly. "Are you trying to trick me? The company was doing fine just now. Why would it suddenly go bust?"

Wendy Jensen turned the computer screen over to face them. "What's so strange about it? We lost more than 80% of our projects, and the bank has started to chase us for repayment. We don't have any liquid assets now. Why don't you give me a solution? What choice do we have other than declaring bankruptcy?"

Although these people from the Larson family weren't very capable, they still understood the information on the screen after working in the company for years.

The company indeed owed the bank 300 million. Now that they had no liquid assets, it was likely that they would declare bankruptcy at any time.

"Yvette Larson, this company has nothing to do with us. Didn't we say that we didn't want these shares when the company was sold? How could you have forgotten about that already?" Spencer Larson was about to lead his family away.

"Hold on; we can't just take your word for it. You had better sign this document as proof."

In the end, the entire family signed away their shares before scrambling out of the company.

"You guys have so many problems. Are there any more?"

Yvette Larson pointed at the computer and asked, "Are we really declaring bankruptcy?"

"They're fools but don't tell me that you're a fool too?"

Hearing her mother-in-law's chiding, Yvette Larson finally understood that she'd underestimated the former. "One last thing—my best friend has gone missing."

*Hehe!*

Wendy Jensen chuckled. "I'm tired. Take me home."

*'Isn't she going to solve my problems anymore?'* Yvette Larson's gaze was filled with confusion.

Her spouse shook his head with a chuckle. "Don't mind her; she's used to doing this. After settling most of your problems, she'll leave one to her subordinates. No matter what they do, she'll always point out some errors before dealing with it herself so that it'd make her stand out."

Shock!

Yvette Larson was in utter shock. She couldn't even imagine what kind of family her spouse had grown up in to have raised people like Finn Taylor and his mother.

With that, the trio returned to Number One Pacific Heights.

Just as they arrived at the gate and got out of the car, Linda James happened to walk out of the house.

She spotted Wendy Jensen at once. “Y-you...”

Her legs trembled at the sight of the other woman. It was obvious that the latter had made a deep impression on her the previous time.

“Why are you here?”

“What, am I not allowed here? My son bought this house. Is it wrong for his mother to stay here?”

Linda James wanted to retort the other or even chase her away, yet she couldn’t even bring herself to utter a single word. She was just a coward and didn’t even dare to make a sound when faced with someone like Wendy Jensen.

As they entered the house, Francis Larson and Diane Taylor spotted Wendy Jensen too. Even they were so frightened that they didn’t dare to speak up.

“You don’t have to be so nervous. I’m here to stay for good this time, not to make trouble.”

Hearing that, Francis Larson and Diane Taylor shrank back even more.

It was Linda James who spoke up. “Are you going to be here often?”

“What, am I not welcome?”

“N-no... You’re welcome here.”

Finn Taylor turned to his mother. “Since you’re going to stay here, you had better remember that we’re a family. Nobody should need to tread carefully around you.”

“Am I making them do that?” She turned to her in-law. “Am I?”

The latter was on the verge of tears, and she quickly shook her head in terror. Wendy Jensen exuded such a strong aura that it frightened her. “Of course not! You’re really kind!”

“See that? I’m not making their lives difficult.”

Her son sneered. “Diane, tidy up a room for her.”

The young girl nodded and quickly headed off.

“I’m not against you staying here, but remember that I’ll chase you out the moment you try to do anything funny.. Don’t forget who once laid here!”

## **Chapter 292: An Absurd Request**

Of course, Wendy Jensen would never forget what her son was referring to, much less Linda James and the rest. He was referring to that biased grandma of his—Frida Cameron.

She was a strong woman who wielded great power, yet she had died just like that in her grandson's hands.

That image was still fresh in his mother's mind.

Not daring to say a thing, Wendy Jensen quietly followed the young girl back to her room.

As for Finn Taylor and Yvette Larson, they returned to their own room.

The latter couldn't wait to ask her husband, "Why is she here?"

"A family feud. She lost and had nowhere to go, so she followed me back."

*'Family feud!'* Yvette Larson heard those words clearly. *'How powerful do they have to be to force Wendy Jensen out of the family? It has been three years, but I'm just starting to get to know my husband's family. Although I don't know much about them, I'm learning more as time goes by.'*

"How long is she going to be here for?"

"I don't know, but I'm sure she'll find a way to return to Chicago. We don't have to care about her." Given his understanding of his mother, she wouldn't give up just like that. If possible, she'd definitely try to return to the Taylor family.

"Oh right, you said that your best friend is missing. What's going on?"

"Willow called Clarine, and they went out together. Ever since then, Clarine has been missing."

*'Willow Stone.'* A sharp gaze flashed past Finn Taylor's eyes. "Willow Stone..."

"I'm not that weak. Since she's already done all that, I know that we can't be best friends. You can just say whatever you have to say."

"It's nothing much. It's just that all of her information is fake."

"All her information?"

"That's right. She told you that her parents were farmers who had the chance to come to America, right? All that is fake!"

Although she had already expected it, Yvette Larson couldn't help but be stunned when her husband exposed the truth. "So our years of friendship have been a lie."

Finn Taylor remained silent, not wanting to make any further comments. "Don't worry. I'll find Clarine."

"Oh right, the Larson family held their family meeting. I humiliated all of them, so much so that they couldn't go on with the meeting. However..."

“What?” Seeing how his wife was stuttering, Finn Taylor knew that something was wrong.

“As I was leaving, Vincent Smith arrived and tried to kidnap me. Thankfully, Hunter Sullivan saved me. You better not hold him accountable.”

“Why would I? He saved you.”

...

The next day.

Hunter Sullivan’s residence. All four guardians were present.

Finn Taylor turned to the owner of the house. “Have you caught them?”

“Not yet, but we have them under close surveillance.”

Finn Taylor didn’t even need to specify whom he was talking about, but the other could already guess. *‘Those people are really courting death by messing with Yvette Larson.’*

“Go ahead.”

“Alright.”

Finn Taylor then turned to Horned Serpent. “Clarine Landon is missing. Can you find her?”

“I’ve been trying for a few days, but it’s to no avail.”

On the very day that her best friend went missing, Yvette Larson had already approached Hunter Sullivan. At that time, Horned Serpent had exhausted all means to find that girl. Unfortunately, they had all been futile.

He hadn’t even gained any leads over the past few days. It seemed like the culprit was far more powerful than they’d expected.

“Oh right, what has that person been up to lately?”

“He’s missing too.”

They all knew who their boss was talking about—Mossback. He was a mysterious person who had turned up out of the blue.

Finn Taylor had always had an ominous feeling about him and had kept his guard up. “Do you think he has anything to do with Clarine Landon’s disappearance?”

“No.” Horned Serpent rejected that thought right away.

“How are you so sure?”

“He left San Francisco a long time ago. When he left, Clarine Landon was still in the city, and Willow Stone wasn’t even here yet.”

Finn Taylor nodded. *'It seems like there really is no connection between their disappearances, but why is Clarine Landon missing? Did she really go to look for Willow Stone? However, there's no point in me confronting her without any evidence.'*

"Master Peregrine, we do have a solution, but I don't know if it'll work."

"What is it?"

"Use the Master Peregrine Order. As long as she's still in the country, we'll definitely be able to find her."

The Master Peregrine Order wasn't something that could be used so frivolously—it would throw the entire country into chaos. If he were to use it for Clarine Landon, he would only be exposing her to the public, and her name would be known throughout the country's business circles.

Would that be beneficial to her?

"Let me think about it."

They all knew that Peregrine Hall wasn't just child's play, so they dared not say more.

...

When he returned home, Finn Taylor spotted yet another person at home—Megan Daimler.

"Why are you here?"

The young girl's face was flushed, but she didn't say a word.

Finn Taylor could feel that something was wrong, but he couldn't put a finger on it.

"I was the one who called her here. What's wrong?" It was Wendy Jensen.

*'If I'm not wrong, my mother had only met the young girl for the first time yesterday. Besides, they hadn't even said much to each other at the dinner table. Yet, my mother invited her to our house just a day later!'*

"Do you guys know each other very well?"

"I'm from Chicago and don't know this place well. I heard that Megan has been here in San Francisco for some time, so I got her to accompany me here."

Finn Taylor chuckled. *'Does my mother really think I'd buy that lie? Just as I expected, Wendy Jensen isn't going to take this situation lying down. It has only been a day, and she's already trying to stir up trouble.'*

"Do you think that's appropriate?" Finn Taylor answered his mother's question with his own.

"What's wrong? I'm here alone, and I'm unfamiliar with this place. I think it'd be good to have someone I know with me."

"So you want her to stay here in our house?"

“Why not? Don’t you have a lot of empty rooms here? If you don’t want to spare her a room, I’ll let her bunk with me.”

Finn Taylor was utterly dumbfounded by his mother’s suggestion. *‘This is my house—the house I share with my wife. It’s inconvenient enough to share it with our parents, but now, she’s asking me to let a stranger in! Does this seem right?’*

“What, I’m your mom. I’ve never crossed the line, and I’m just bringing a friend home. Is that wrong?”

“T-that... That’s not what Finn means. We’ll go tidy up the room now.” Yvette Larson was so frightened she quickly stepped forward..

### **Chapter 293: Apology**

“That? You called me ‘that?’ What a good name! Your parents taught you well! Is that how the Larson family raised their daughter?” Wendy Jensen turned to her in-laws, chiding them for their daughter’s upbringing.

“You can scold me, but don’t bring my parents into the picture.”

“Alright, let’s talk about how you addressed me then. What am I to you? ‘That?’” Wendy Jensen cornered her daughter-in-law, so much so that the latter struggled to breathe.

“Mom...” Eventually, Yvette Larson could no longer take the pressure and uttered a single word.

“You sound very aggrieved. What, do you not consider me to be your mom?”

Yvette Larson was on the verge of tears, not knowing how to respond.

“Megan, did your master teach you how to treat your elders?”

The young girl immediately gave a deep bow. “Mom!”

“Good.” Wendy Jensen picked Megan Daimler’s hand up in satisfaction and led her toward the room.

After they left, Yvette Larson rushed into her husband’s embrace in tears.

The latter took hold of her hands, and he was now starting to regret his decision to bring his mother home. Yet, it would be hard to send her away.

At dinnertime, Wendy Jensen dragged Megan Daimler to sit at the head of the table, rendering Finn Taylor speechless. “Do you think it’s appropriate for her to sit there?”

*‘It’s the head of the table we’re talking about. Others might misunderstand and think her to be my wife!’*

“It’s just a meal. Why do you have so many rules? If that’s the case, you guys can go ahead. We’ll eat in the kitchen.” Wendy Jensen stood up with that, leading Megan Daimler to the kitchen.

Seeing this, Yvette Larson immediately tried to persuade her mother-in-law. "Mom, you're the head of the family. You can sit wherever you want; you don't have to care about what he says."

Although unwilling and reluctant, Yvette Larson still dragged her mother-in-law back to the table.

Neither Linda James nor Francis Larson dared to say a word.

Wendy Jensen suddenly asked, "Whose name is this house under?"

Slightly embarrassed, Yvette Larson answered, "It's under my name, Mom."

"You're the daughter-in-law of the Taylor family. It's only right that we give you a property."

Both Yvette Larson and her mom thought that Wendy Jensen meant to take the house back from them, but that wasn't the case.

"Finn, it seems like you're doing well now. When are you going to buy your mom a house like this? Don't forget about me just because you have a wife now."

Finn Taylor immediately slammed his fork down on the table. "Stop talking while eating."

"Are you lecturing me, Finn Taylor?"

"Yes, that's exactly what I'm doing as the head of the Taylor family."

"If you're that impressive, why didn't you chase those three people out of the Taylor family? Why did you bring me here?"

"You can go back now. Do you think I can't tell that they're just threatening me? I know they won't kill you."

Finn Taylor was no fool. It was obvious Benjamin Taylor would never dare to kill his mother.

Wendy Jensen had done too much in Peregrine Hall, and they'd lose too much without her. If they were to kill her, they'd probably die miserable deaths too.

In this way, the meal proceeded under this stiff atmosphere.

And this was only the beginning.

The next day.

Wendy Jensen looked at her daughter-in-law. "Can you cook?"

"I know the basics."

"What do you mean? You can't just enjoy everything without doing anything after marrying into the Taylor family. How many meals have you made since marrying into the family? Ask your husband. It's only right for you to take care of your in-laws. Hurry up and get some groceries; I want you to cook today."



Finn Taylor couldn't deny that his mother had spoken the truth. It was true that he had been the one cooking ever since they got married, but he had done so willingly.

He couldn't request that of his wife.

"We have a caretaker." Finn Taylor said only one sentence, but his mother quickly retorted.

"I know we have a caretaker, but she isn't your wife. Her food doesn't taste like something that is cooked by my daughter-in-law. I'm just asking your wife to cook for me. What's wrong with that?"

Seeing that the mother and son were about to break into another argument, Yvette Larson quickly stepped in. "Don't say anything, Finn. Let's go get the groceries."

She then dragged her spouse out of the house.

Only after leaving Pacific Heights did she finally let out a deep breath.

It had been too oppressive at home for the past two days. It seemed like she couldn't even breathe without getting lectured.

"I shouldn't have brought her here." Finn Taylor's gaze was dark, and he was pondering how to send his mother back.

But his wife shook her head. "I would've needed to face this eventually. I'll just take it as training."

Finn Taylor stroked his wife's head. "I'm sorry for making you go through this."

"What is this compared to what you went through over the past three years?" The more she interacted with her husband, the more she realized just how extraordinary he was. Yet, he had chosen to endure three whole years of humiliation for her sake.

Thinking about that, Yvette Larson swore to make this meal right. Otherwise, she'd embarrass him and convince his mom that he had married the wrong woman.

As they arrived at the supermarket, Finn Taylor picked up a vegetable and asked his wife, "What is this?"

"This? A vegetable?"

"Hahaha. What about this?"

"A vegetable too."

"What is this then? Is this a vegetable too?" Finn Taylor was about to die from laughter. He had just realized how clueless his wife was about groceries.

He had picked up cabbage, lettuce, and cauliflower, yet the answers he got from Yvette Larson were the same—they were simply vegetables.

"Am I wrong?"

"No, you're right. But this is cabbage, this is lettuce, and this is cauliflower." Finn Taylor simply pointed the different vegetables out to his wife.

“You’re a woman, but you can’t even differentiate between vegetables. You’re no different from a fool,” commented a foolish man beside them.

*‘I don’t care how you treat your wife, but who are you to speak ill of mine?’* Finn Taylor immediately shielded his wife behind him. “I dare you to say that again.”

That man backed off, a little stunned.

Of course, Finn Taylor wasn’t going to let him off so easily. He casually picked up a tomato, throwing it at the other.

As the latter backed away, he slipped on the tomato and fell to the ground with a loud thud.

“Apologize.” Finn Taylor pointed at that man, demanding an apology for his wife.

“Why should I apologize? I’m just stating facts..”

## **Chapter 294: Culinary Contest**

The man on the ground felt that he had simply spoken the truth and refused to apologize.

However, Finn Taylor was never going to allow anyone to speak ill of his partner. *‘I don’t even say anything about her. Who are you to spout such nonsense?’*

With a skilled move, Finn Taylor landed a kick on that man’s neck.

The latter’s face flushed red, and he felt as though he was about to suffocate.

Finn Taylor grabbed him up from the floor and slapped him in the face no less than 20 times. “I’m saying it again. Apologize.”

Eventually, that man was subdued by the other’s strong aura. He stuttered but still spat out clearly, “I’m sorry.”

Finn Taylor was never an unreasonable person, but he couldn’t simply let the other man off because the latter had indeed insulted his wife. Yet, he would be the one at fault if he were to pursue the matter any further.

Seeing the state Yvette Larson was in, Finn Taylor was almost certain that she wouldn’t be able to pick out any ingredients alone, so he helped her out.

Along the way home, he gave his wife clear instructions on how to make some simple dishes.

Yvette Larson didn’t disappoint, and she managed to repeat all of the steps back to her husband. Unfortunately, cooking wasn’t a matter of memorizing steps but training through experience.

To be honest, Finn Taylor was worried about his wife.

When they arrived home, Finn Taylor spotted his mom eating some fried shrimp.

“You guys are finally back; I would’ve starved to death if you took any longer. Thank god Megan made something for me to eat.”

Her son clenched his fist, incensed. *‘I had taken the effort to go out to get groceries with my wife. However, not only does my mother show no concern toward us, but she is also only concerned about another girl. What does she mean by that?’*

“Now that you’re back, hurry up and get down to cooking. I want to see your culinary skills.”

Although Yvette Larson felt uncomfortable with the situation, she had no choice but to enter the kitchen. She was Wendy Jensen’s daughter-in-law after all—it was only right that she swallowed her pride and endured this.

Soon, all kinds of sounds could be heard from the kitchen. It sounded as though Yvette Larson was fighting a world war in there.

Worried, her husband was about to check on her when he was unfortunately stopped at the door. “Stop right there!”

He turned back. “What’s wrong?”

“A man should never be in the kitchen. Why are you going there?”

Ignoring his mother, Finn Taylor walked straight in.

*Boom!*

The moment he walked into the kitchen, the pan erupted in flames.

Yvette Larson was scared stiff. Thankfully, her husband came just in time to cover the pan in her place.

In an instant, the fire was extinguished.

Wendy Jensen happened to walk in at just that moment. She then picked the lid up and walked off without a word.

Yvette Larson had spotted her mother-in-law eating Megan Daimler’s fried shrimp, so she wanted to make that dish too. She even promised herself that she’d make something even better than the other!

However, the shrimp in the pan were now charred beyond recognition.

It wasn’t just Wendy Jensen who wouldn’t be able to stomach that; even she herself wouldn’t.

Yet, the next scene stunned both women.

Finn Taylor scooped up all the shrimp from the pan before starting to savor them.

*‘Er...’* The sight dumbfounded them.

Even Yvette Larson thought that it wasn’t right for her husband to do so.

“Don’t eat this, Finn. It’s true that my culinary skills aren’t up to par; I’ll work hard to improve.” She walked over, wanting to take the dish away.

Yet, Finn Taylor picked up a shrimp and fed it to her. “Taste it.”

Yvette Larson knew that it would taste awful, yet her husband had already tasted it. Out of respect, she eventually picked up a shrimp and tasted it.

Her face was filled with complete disbelief the moment she placed the shrimp in her mouth. *‘This... It’s delicious. Something is wrong. How could that be? I don’t cook so well.’*

Yvette Larson could hardly believe what was going on. As such, she picked up a second piece of shrimp, realizing that the flavors were growing on her.

Now, the couple was practically fighting with each other for what remained of the dish.

Their strange behavior confused Wendy Jensen. *‘Does it really taste that good, or are they just putting on an act for me? But looking at their expressions, it doesn’t look like they’re lying.’*

Intent on exposing the couple, Wendy Jensen walked over, picked up a piece of shrimp, and ate it. However, she was shocked after doing so.

Words couldn’t describe how delectable the dish was!

*‘B-but we all saw how Yvette Larson was in the kitchen earlier!’*

It was obvious that Yvette Larson’s dish won over Megan Daimler’s.

Of course, Wendy Jensen wasn’t one to lie for the sake of keeping her dignity—that was the difference between her and Linda James.

She simply walked away, unwilling to say another word.

Only after she left did Yvette Larson turn to her husband. “What’s going on?”

She wasn’t a fool and didn’t believe that her culinary skills were that impressive.

“I added something while plating it.”

Yvette Larson knew that her spouse must’ve done something to it. There was no way she could’ve whipped up such a delicious dish.

“It’s so difficult to deal with in-laws.” Yvette Larson hugged her husband, pouting gloomily.

Finn Taylor had been living with the Larson family for the past three years and had endured whatever the family had thrown at him.

Now, things were different.

Wendy Jensen was starting to make things difficult for her now, and she was in no place to retort the former as her daughter-in-law.

“Shall we buy another house and move out?”

“No way.” Yvette Larson rejected that suggestion right away. It wasn’t because she didn’t want to spend that money. After all, buying another house wouldn’t be difficult for her.

However, she knew that she couldn’t shy away from this problem forever. She’d eventually have to deal with this relationship.

“Let’s go shopping in the afternoon,” Wendy Jensen said as she walked out of her room before returning to the room again.

She wasn’t discussing it with them but informing them. It was as though she was giving a command.

Finn Taylor had the urge to rush up and have a chat with his mother, but his wife pulled him back.

“I’m the one at fault. Mom has been here for so long, but I haven’t bought her anything. It’s just as well that we go out this afternoon so that I can get her some necessities.”

Finn Taylor was speechless.

“Oh right, is there anything she likes or hates?”

“She’s unpredictable.”

Wendy Jensen always thought of herself as the best. As such, she didn’t have any fixed preferences. In her own words, she couldn’t let her subordinates get to know her too well..

## **Chapter 295: Unpredictable**

If Yvette Larson knew what her mother-in-law liked, she would’ve been able to buy something to please the latter. But now that her significant other had told her that Wendy Jensen was unpredictable, there was nothing more she could do.

“Don’t think too much about it. If she keeps putting you in the spot, leave and ignore her.”

*‘Pfft!’*

*Yvette Larson merely smiled. ‘I’d never dare to do that. If I were to do that on my first shopping trip with my mother-in-law, I’d probably be reminded of it for decades—or even my whole life. There is no way I’m going to get a divorce from Finn. As such, I will just have to deal with whatever my mother-in-law throws at me.’*

*‘This is probably how my husband survived the countless scoldings and beatings from my mother. All he could do was pretend not to have seen or heard any of the Larson family’s disdain. Since Finn loves me so much, I’m sure I can do the same for him.’*

That afternoon, the group of four set out shopping—Wendy Jensen had brought Megan Daimler along.

To be honest, Finn Taylor was curious as to what had happened between the two women at the chess association that night. *'Why does it seem like two strangers have suddenly become so familiar with each other over the span of just one night. Is it because I don't understand women well enough?'*

Usually, women would be closer to their granddaughters-in-law. Why? Because an enemy of an enemy was a friend.

Granddaughter-in-laws shared the same enemy as grandmothers-in-law. Similarly, Wendy Jensen and Megan Daimler shared an enemy—Yvette Larson.

Based on their interactions that night, Wendy Jensen was clear that the young girl liked her son. As such, she had told the latter that she'd definitely find a way to help her win Finn Taylor's heart as long as she came to San Francisco.

Unexpectedly, Megan Daimler indeed arrived in the city after just a day of contemplation.

"Megan, let me ask you something." Finn Taylor suddenly thought of a question while driving.

"Huh?" Megan Daimler was clearly overwhelmed with emotions when she heard the man calling her.

"Have you heard of Maximus Brugel?"

*'Maximus Brugel!'*

Hearing that name, Wendy Jensen immediately cut her son off. "What do you want to know? You're going to drag too many people into this once you talk about it. Some people in this car still don't know about it."

She was obviously talking about her daughter-in-law, not Megan.

Talking about Maximus Brugel would inevitably lead to a discussion about Peregrine Hall. Once Yvette Larson knew about its existence, she would be swept into its mess as well.

As such, Wendy Jensen wasn't meaning to discipline her son, nor was it because she looked down on her daughter-in-law. Quite on the contrary, she was trying to protect the latter.

This was also why Finn Taylor had said that his mother was unpredictable. It seemed as though she hated his wife back at home, but it now seemed like she was trying to protect the other.

"Fine. Take it as though I didn't say anything." Finn Taylor wasn't trying to ask about anything important anyway. He simply wanted to know if Jessica Daimler had left with Maximus Brugel.

Very quickly, the group arrived at the mall.

As they got out of the car, Wendy Jensen pointed at the mall. "Yvette, you can decide on our schedule for today. We'll go to whichever boutique you want."

The latter was stunned, unable to understand what her mother-in-law was up to this time.

"You, shut up," Wendy Jensen said while pointing at her son.

“Who are you to order me around?”

Yvette Larson was only taking orders from Wendy Jensen out of respect for the latter as her daughter-in-law.

*‘Is she serious about lecturing me like that? Has she already forgotten that we don’t share such a close relationship? Think about what I’ve faced at the hands of the Taylor family over the past 20 years, and what have you done as my mother?’*

Yvette Larson was slightly nervous that she’d make a mistake, but she gained confidence as she glanced at her husband.

She led the group to a bubble tea shop and bought each of them a drink based on their preferences.

From time to time, she’d steal a glance at her mother-in-law. What disappointed her was that the latter didn’t even take a sip of the drink. *‘Maybe she doesn’t like such sweet things.’*

But thankfully, Wendy Jensen didn’t simply throw the drink away and instead held it in her hand.

“Mom, there’s a boutique right ahead. Shall we go and see if there’s anything you like there?”

Wendy Jensen smiled. “I said that I’ll follow whatever you plan.”

Yvette Larson then led the rest into the boutique.

“Mom, have a look around and see if there’s anything you like.” Yvette Larson didn’t dare to make a decision, afraid that she’d make a mistake.

“Are you buying me clothes?”

“Mom, I’ve never bought you anything. I’ll buy you anything you like.”

“Since you’re the one paying for it, you can pick one out for me.”

Yvette Larson had already guessed that this would be her reply, but it was one she detested.

It was the worst possible answer.

Now, things were up to fate. Perhaps her mother-in-law would hate the piece that she herself liked the most.

Even so, Yvette Larson couldn’t say anything. All she could do was put her heart into picking an outfit out.

Eventually, she made up her mind on a white outfit. It looked domineering, and she remembered her husband mentioning how Wendy Jensen liked to feel as though she was on top of everyone else.

*‘In that case, she’ll probably like this outfit.’*

As Yvette Larson handed the outfit over to her mother-in-law, the latter narrowed her eyes and took a glance at her. She then picked up the outfit and handed it to Megan Daimler.

Yvette Larson's heart thumped. *'Does she not like it?'*

As they walked out of the boutique, Yvette Larson suggested heading to a boutique that sold handbags.

But for some reason, Wendy Jensen suddenly said. "Let's go home."

Although nobody knew why she was suddenly in such a bad temper, they all agreed to head home.

Upon reaching home, Wendy Jensen headed straight for her room, never even touching that outfit once.

Yvette Larson quickly pulled her husband to the room. "Finn, did I buy the wrong outfit? Your mom doesn't seem to like that outfit."

He shook his head. "She didn't like that cup of tea, but she liked that outfit."

Yvette Larson was confused. *'My mother-in-law held that cup of tea even if she didn't take a sip from it. Conversely, she wasn't even willing to touch that outfit and had come right home.. So why is Finn saying that?'*



## **Chapter 296: Maximus Brugel's Advice**

*'She held onto something that she didn't like but got angry at something she liked.'* Yvette Larson felt that the situation was incredulous, but Finn Taylor knew that was just what his mother was like.

By acting in this manner, others would never be able to understand her fully. The reason why she had gotten angry was that Yvette Larson managed to pick out her favorite outfit.

That put her ill at ease, and that was why the shopping trip had ended so abruptly.

...

The next day.

"You're leaving?" Finn Taylor realized that his mother had already packed her bags. *'How absurd. Just because Yvette managed to guess which outfit she liked yesterday, she's going to leave? How petty!'*

But Wendy Jensen nodded seriously. "I'm going back to Chicago today."

"Aren't you afraid that those people from the Taylor family will bully you?"

"What, are you worried about me?"

Finn Taylor didn't reply to her, not wanting to give her any chance to go any further.



Yvette Larson looked at her mother-in-law. "Mom, are you uncomfortable here? Why are you in such a hurry to leave?"

The latter chuckled. "Are you being sincere or just being polite?"

"Mom, I really hope that you'll stay as long as you want here."

"Oh, in that case, I'll let Megan stay here. Will you agree to it?"

Yvette Larson remained silent.

"Leave if you want to. Why do you have to say such things?" Finn Taylor immediately spoke up, unable to tolerate it any further.

Unexpectedly, Wendy Jensen did just that and returned to Chicago with Megan Daimler.

Seeing the pair walk off, Yvette Larson's heart thumped rapidly. "Is she really gone?"

Even up until now, she was still confused as to why her mother-in-law had chosen to leave just like that. It didn't seem like something she would do.

Finn Taylor kept mum. He knew that his mother must've found a way to get back at those three people from the Taylor family. *'Given her personality, she wouldn't have stayed in San Francisco for long anyway. She would've returned to Chicago sooner or later, but what confuses me is where she got help from.'*

"I haven't been to the office in a few days. I'm going down to take a look at things today." Ever since Wendy Jensen arrived, Yvette Larson hadn't been to the office. Hence, she decided to make a trip there.

"Alright, I have some things to deal with too."

As such, the couple left.

Finn Taylor was planning on seeking Willow Stone out. Although he felt that the latter had only kidnapped Clarine Landon to threaten her best friend and wouldn't harm Clarine, he couldn't help but worry since they hadn't been able to find her for a long while.

But just as he stepped out of the house, he bumped into someone—Maximus Brugel.

*'Wait a minute!'* Finn Taylor couldn't help but be stunned when he met the old man. *'Didn't he leave with Jessica Daimler? I didn't think that he'd still be here.'*

"Are you surprised?"

"Slightly. I heard some rumors about you."

"The rumors are true—I'm about to leave. It's just that I haven't left just yet."

"Are you going to come back?" Finn Taylor didn't try to pry into what the other was planning, nor did he try to keep the other. He just wanted to know if this was the last time he'd meet his master.

“That’s hard to say. I might never come back again. Come on; let’s go have a drink.”

*‘A drink! I’ve never seen Master drink! Master once told me that alcohol would numb one’s nerves and that he couldn’t afford this since he had to remain sober at all times. However, here he is inviting me for a drink today!’* Although shocked, Finn Taylor found a bar and ordered all sorts of alcohol for them to share.

“Your mother has returned, right?”

“Was it because of you?” Finn Taylor knew that his mother must’ve received some help from someone, but he’d never expected that someone to be his master.

“I didn’t really help much; I just don’t want to see the Taylor family fighting again. With me around, I can assure you that there won’t be a family feud for another three years. However, I can’t make any promises about anything that happens after. You have to grow up quickly in these three years.”

Finn Taylor was slightly indignant. “Master, do you think I’m not ready to go against them now?”

“Do you really think that they’re that simple? Besides, they’re not your only enemies.”

Finn Taylor poured a glass of beer for the old man. “Master, it seems like you have more to say.”

“Let’s not talk about the Taylor family that has been running the family for decades. There’s still your younger brother, who has Gremlin behind him. That person who declared you a jinx and your brother a saint must’ve built up quite a lot of power by now. By my guess, he must’ve extended his reach to you by now. Have any strange people appeared around you?”

*‘Strange people?’* Finn Taylor’s first thought was Ginger. *‘Is he talking about Ginger?’*

“Oh right, I’ll give you one last hint. Do you know about Eugene Taylor?”

*‘Eugene Taylor?’* Finn Taylor shook his head. *‘I’ve never heard of that name.’*

“Your father is Jacob Taylor. His father was Brian Taylor, and Brian Taylor’s father was Emmanuel Taylor. Your great-grandfather wasn’t the eldest in the family, but he was the most talented one. Eugene Taylor was the eldest of the Taylor family. There was quite a bad struggle in the family at that time, and your great-grandfather eventually won. Eugene Taylor chose to leave the Taylor family, and rumor has it that his descendants have made quite a name for themselves. You have to be careful.”

Finn Taylor knew his master well. If Eugene Taylor’s family was insignificant, the latter wouldn’t even have mentioned them. But now that he had, it was obvious that this family couldn’t simply be ignored.

The thought of that worried Finn Taylor. *‘It seems like I will have to get Horned Serpent to investigate Eugene Taylor’s family.’*

After their short chat, the pair had their fill of alcohol, only bidding each other farewell after getting themselves drunk.

As Finn Taylor watched his master walk away, he wondered if he’d ever get the chance to meet the latter again in this lifetime. He didn’t have many memories of how he managed to stumble home.

...

Number One Pacific Heights.

The family had received yet more unwelcome guests—Linda James’s relatives, including Henry James, Karen James, and Karine James.

After being beaten down by Finn Taylor, they realized just how powerful the Larson family was. Then, they’d started paying more attention to the Larson family and learned that Yvette Larson’s company had become the second-largest company in the city.

It was because of this that they came today..

## **Chapter 297: Unwelcome**

The James family was truly shameless.

They had gotten into such a tussle in Los Angeles that they were practically no longer on speaking terms.

Karine James and Weston Shaw had found someone to kidnap their cousin, leading them to be raped and becoming paralyzed respectively. Even the matriarch of the family—Lucy Williams—had been forced to go down on her knees to apologize to Finn Taylor.

Even so, the family was still shameless enough to come all the way to San Francisco. In fact, they were no less shameless than they had been before.

They were sprawled out on the sofa, casually tossing the fruit peels onto the ground. This left the poor young girl—Diane Taylor—scrambling to clean up after them.

“There’s a trash can here. Why can’t you throw them into the trash can?” Diane Taylor could no longer hold it in and tried to remind them gently.

*Slap!*

No sooner had she finished her sentence than she got slapped in the face. “Who are you? You’re just hired help! How dare you speak to me like this?”

Diane Taylor was dumbfounded. *‘I only tried to give them a gentle reminder, yet they’d brutally slapped me!’*

“I didn’t mean anything. I just hope that you won’t throw your rubbish all over.”

“What do you mean? We’re at home, so it’s only right that we do whatever we want. If we throw our things into the trash can, why would we need you around?”

Karine James was the only unreasonable one in her immediate family.

Karen James was similarly senseless as she lectured Diane Taylor.

The young girl was on the brink of tears, but just then, Finn Taylor returned home.

The former was overwhelmed with emotions.

As for the James family, it was as though they were facing an enemy. His presence frightened them so much that they quickly sat upright in their seats.

But when they took a closer look at Finn Taylor, they immediately let their guards down. He was drunk and couldn't even steady himself.

'F\*ck!' Karine James immediately rushed up and slapped Finn Taylor. Thinking about what she had experienced in Los Angeles, she had the urge to kill the man.

But just as she was about to slap him a second time, Diane Taylor stepped in. "Don't hit Mr. Taylor."

"You b\*tch! Who are you? Why do I have to get your permission to hit him?" Karine James tried to shove the other away, but the latter refused to give in.

Karine James tried for a long time, but it was in vain.

Diane Taylor would protect her employer with her life. As long as she was around, she wouldn't let anyone hurt him.

"Karine, stop making a fuss. Don't you know why we're here today? Will you be able to bear the responsibility if we fail?" Her grandmother suddenly spoke up, causing her to come to an abrupt halt.

Taking advantage of this, Diane Taylor took the chance to send the drunk man back to his room.

With the pair no longer there, Karen James said, "Karine, what will happen if that caretaker tells that piece of trash about what happened earlier?"

Everyone had been very worked up and had wanted to punch Finn Taylor themselves to get back at him too. But now that they'd calmed down, they were all terrified to the core.

Just then, Linda James and her husband returned from a grocery run. They were obviously displeased by the state their house was in, yet they weren't in any place to say anything because the others were still their relatives.

"Linda, I can't stay here anymore." Lucy Williams was about to burst out into tears.

'Why is my mother suddenly saying such things?' Linda James was confused. "Mom, I just came back. What are you talking about?"

"Finn Taylor came home just now, and he wanted to beat us up when he saw us. That's why Karine tried to fight back by slapping him. Although he was drunk and probably won't remember this, Diane Taylor saw everything. What will happen to us if she tells him that Karine hit him? Ah, I'm going to die. I'm really going to die." Lucy Williams was much more dramatic than her daughter, and Francis Larson felt as though his head was going to explode.

“What are you saying, Mom? Since Finn was the one who threw the first punch, I’ll definitely get him to apologize to you.”

“I can’t accept his apology. I’m afraid I’ll lose my life.”

“What shall we do then?”

“Chase that caretaker away. That will do.”

*‘Chase Diane Taylor away? But she has a good relationship with Finn. He’ll probably flare up if we were to do that.’*

“I-I don’t think that’s a good idea.”

“Forget it; let’s go. The Larson family is rich after all. Their caretaker means much more to them than their poor relatives.” Lucy Williams acted as though she was about to leave.

“Mom, I’ll ask her to leave. Will that do?”

“Hurry on.”

Linda James felt miserable.

Not long later, Diane Taylor came downstairs.

“Diane, I have something to tell you.”

Diane Taylor looked at Linda James and said, “Do you want me to keep this a secret? That is impossible. I’m going to tell Mr. Taylor everything truthfully.”

*Slap!*

Linda James slapped the young girl viciously. “Diane Taylor, do you have to cause a fight in our family? You’d better remember that we’re relatives, while you’re only our caretaker. I’m firing you right now—scram!”

Diane Taylor cupped her face, a look of aggrievement on her face. “No, I’m not leaving before Mr. Taylor learns of the truth.”

“You’re not leaving? You’d better be careful then.”

“Diane Taylor, I heard that you’re still a student. I’m sure you don’t want rumors about you to spread, right?” Karine James snatched the young girl’s phone away and smashed it on the ground.

Karen James and the rest then dragged Diane Taylor toward the bottom of Pacific Heights.

Diane Taylor was a young girl, and there was no way she’d be their match. Eventually, she chose to make a compromise and leave for the time being.

However, she wasn’t going to give up just like that. Once she had the chance, she would definitely look for Finn Taylor and tell him everything that had happened.

When Yvette Larson returned home and saw the James family in her house, she couldn't help but furrow her brows.

"Yvette, what do you mean by this? It seems like you don't welcome us."

"That's true.. You're not welcome here!"

## **Chapter 298: Full of Lies**

Yvette Larson wasn't going to bother putting up with the James family. Without mincing her words, she told them that they weren't welcome.

The James family gritted their teeth, but they pretended not to hear her. Otherwise, they would've started a fight with her.

However, they were here to ask the other for a favor, so they couldn't afford to offend her now.

Yvette Larson glanced around the house, realizing that the living room was filled with the James family's members. Yet, she didn't spot her parents, Diane, or Finn.

"Where are they?" Yvette Larson eyed her relatives.

"Er... In the kitchen."

*'They're all in the kitchen?'* Yvette Larson walked to the kitchen, slightly suspicious, but all she saw was her parents working tirelessly. "Why are you guys the ones cooking?"

*'Did they wake up on the wrong side of the bed today? They're actually cooking!'*

"How could you still have the cheek to say that? Finn got drunk and messed up the living room."

*'Finn might be drunk, but it's impossible for him to have made that mess.'* Yvette Larson naturally wasn't going to take her mother's words at face value. "Where's Diane then?"

In the past, Finn Taylor had been in charge of cooking. Later on, they moved to Number One Pacific Heights and handed that task over to Diane Taylor.

Something had to be wrong for her mother to be working in the kitchen.

"I'm angry just thinking about it. That young brat has such a fiery temper—she went home."

"Went home?"

"Yes, Finn made such a huge mess that she said that she wouldn't clean the area up. She resigned and went home."

Yvette Larson sneered. *'My mother's stories don't sound the slightest bit believable.'*

She turned around, not wanting to listen to her mother's lies. After that, she returned to her room to see that her husband was indeed drunk.

She sat herself by Finn Taylor's side and started taking care of him.

In the kitchen, Linda James's arms ached after preparing only a few dishes. "Argh, that darned Diane Taylor. I don't want to cook."

Her husband glared at her. "How dare you say that? You were the one who fired her."

Linda James nearly burst out into tears. "It was her fault. She witnessed something she shouldn't have."

Francis Larson sneered. "Do you really believe the nonsense your relatives spouted?"

Linda James wasn't dumb, and she knew that it was more than likely she'd been taken for a ride too. However, what choice did she have?

They were her family, and that was her mom they were talking about. Could she really chase them away?

...

The next day, Finn Taylor woke up groggily, his leg feeling numb as though it no longer belonged to him.

He glanced at his leg, only to realize that his wife had fallen asleep on his leg.

He'd been sleeping under covers, while his wife wasn't. It seemed like she had been taking care of him through the night.

*'She must've wanted to take a nap but eventually fell asleep. She probably didn't expect to fall asleep in this manner.'*

Just then, Yvette Larson woke up too. She then looked at him emotionally. "You're awake?"

"Yes, thanks for taking care of me."

"Did you drink too much last night?" This was the first time her husband had ever gotten drunk. In fact, this was the first time she had ever seen him drink any alcohol.

"My master came to look for me yesterday, saying that he might never return, so I had a drink with him."

Yvette Larson nodded. "Does your head still hurt?"

He shook his head. "Not anymore."

"That's good. Oh right, we got a few unwelcome guests yesterday."

"Unwelcome guests?" Finn Taylor was in a daze. It was evident that he didn't remember anything from the previous day.

"The James family is here."

"The James family!"

*'What are they here for? Have they already forgotten about the lesson I taught them last time? Are they still trying to stir up trouble for us?'*

"Oh, right. Diane Taylor..."

"What's wrong?"

"Mom said she resigned."

*'Sigh, I really shouldn't drink any alcohol. Maximus Brugel did tell me to remain sober all the time, so this is the first time I drank and got drunk. Now, so many things have happened!'* Finn Taylor picked up his phone and made a call to Diane Taylor.

However, the latter's phone was switched off, and nobody picked up the call.

He tried again, but the result was the same.

"I can't get through to her." Finn Taylor put his phone down and shook his head. *'It's impossible for Diane Taylor to have resigned on her own accord. Something must've happened, and the James family is definitely involved!'*

"Let's go and meet them." Finn Taylor stood up, and the couple walked out of their room.

The James family was still lazing around in the living room, where fruit peels were still strewn across the floor.

As for Linda James and Francis Larson, they were still in the kitchen.

"Call them over."

Yvette Larson quickly ran into the kitchen and called her parents out. Her husband then dragged a few chairs over for her.

Finn Taylor leaned against the backrest of his seat, scanning the room. "Who can give me an explanation as to why Diane Taylor left?"

The James family glanced at each other, not saying a word.

Left with no other choice, Linda James stood up and said, "Finn, what do you mean by this? She's just a caretaker, so what if she left? Are you going to kill us because of that?"

Her daughter quickly cut in. "Mom, don't be unreasonable. We just want to know why she left."

"Reason? The reason is that Finn came home drunk yesterday and made a mess. Diane Taylor asked him to stop throwing things around, but Finn said that it was her job to clean the house anyway. They started fighting, and Diane eventually chose to resign."

Finn Taylor chuckled. "Mom, do you mean that I forced Diane to leave?"

"That's right. Look around you; don't you think the place is filthy? You were the one who made this mess."



Finn Taylor wasn't blind—he had seen the James family throwing their trash around earlier. *'My mother-in-law is clearly making up a story.'*

"Oh, it seems like I might've made a mistake while I was drunk then." Finn Taylor stood up and walked out of Number One Pacific Heights with his wife..

## **Chapter 299: Diane Taylor's Been Kidnapped**

After walking out of Number One Pacific Heights, Yvette Larson pointed back at the house. "Do you really believe their nonsense?"

Finn Taylor naturally didn't believe a single word they'd said, but he had something more important to do—find Diane Taylor.

He was clear about just how evil and vicious Karine James was—she could kidnap her own cousin for her own self-interests. If she could do this to her own relative, who knew what she would do to a stranger like Diane Taylor?

After leaving Number One Pacific Heights, Diane Taylor had gone to San Diego to look for her younger sister.

At the San Diego Bus Station.

Diane Taylor hadn't told anyone about her trip here. Since her phone was broken, she couldn't even make a call.

She had to find Lindsey Taylor as quickly as possible. She didn't dare to return to San Francisco without her sister's support.

Of course, she wasn't an ingrate. She had to tell Finn Taylor about what actually happened.

She trod along the road with a huge suitcase in tow, almost on the verge of tears.

Just then, a van screeched to a halt in front of Diane Taylor. Three to four men then hopped out of the car, surrounding the young girl. "Miss, where are you headed to alone? Why don't we give you a ride?"

Diane's instincts told her that these men weren't up to any good. *'I'm sure they're not offering me a ride out of kindness.'*

"Thanks for your offer, but my house is just ahead." Diane Taylor pointed at a neighborhood ahead. Of course, that wasn't where she lived.

But even so, her words were of no use. The men showed no signs of leaving. "Since you're grateful to us, why don't you invite us to your house for a drink?"

Diane Taylor glared at them. "Who are you? I'm going to call the police if you don't leave."

The leader of the gang chuckled. "Do you have a phone?"

The young girl was stumped. *'They know that I don't have a phone on me. That means the James family must've sent them here!'*

"Did the James family send you guys?"

That man chuckled. "Who cares who sent us here? Anyway, someone wants your mouth shut. If you don't resist, we'll release you in a few days' time. As long as you don't cause any trouble for us, we'll feed you well. Otherwise, we'll make sure you learn your lesson."

The men then forcefully dragged Diane Taylor into the van. After that, they tied her limbs up and covered her eyes and mouth with duct tape.

By the time Diane Taylor regained her sight, she had already been led to an underground room.

The four men were still by her side.

"Don't worry. We won't do anything to you, nor will we kill you; we just need to get paid. Someone wants you gone for a few days. Once everyone forgets about you and nobody searches for you, we'll naturally let you go. Just cooperate with us, and it'll be easy for all of us."

Diane Taylor remained silent. She knew that there was no point in going against her captors and that she had better just do as they said for the time being.

But at the same time, she understood that it would be disadvantageous to Finn Taylor the longer she stayed here. *'It seems like those people are still after Mr. Taylor.'*

"Sure, I'll cooperate with you. Can you release these ropes first?" Diane Taylor tried communicating with her captors to start off with.

"Untie them."

What surprised Diane Taylor was that the men released the ropes binding her without any hesitation.

"This might be a basement, but it's not that bad. We have a bed and bathroom for you. If you get bored, there are books there for you as well. We'll also send you food on time. But if you don't behave, don't blame us for being rough. You should know that we're used to resorting to violence in this line of work. It doesn't matter what we do since it's all the same once we get caught."

That man even tightened his belt, hinting at what he'd do.

Diane Taylor backed away in fear.

"Let's go." The man who had spoken was clearly their leader.

With that, the men followed him out.

Left alone in the basement, Diane Taylor explored the space, only to realize that the space was well-secured.

It seemed like it'd be a struggle to get out.

...

San Francisco.

At Hunter Sullivan's residence, the four guardians were all focused on tracking down Diane Taylor's whereabouts.

It wouldn't have been difficult. Unfortunately, Diane Taylor had lost her phone, so it was difficult to determine her exact location.

Just then, Finn Taylor received a call from Kimberly Gold. "Finn, hurry and come to our house. Something has happened to the Gold family."

*'Something has happened to the Gold family?'* Finn Taylor was utterly confused. *'The Gold family is the most influential family in the city. What could possibly happen to them?'*

But hearing how anxious the girl on the other end of the call was, he didn't dare to delay any longer.

He set off for the Gold family's residence immediately.

...

San Francisco, the Gold family's residence.

A few uninvited guests had arrived at the Gold family's residence—people from Chicago's Gold family—with Gabriel Gold leading them.

Gabriel Gold was an elder in the family, and even Third Master Gold had to be respectful toward him.

Why was he here today? It turned out that the Gold family in Chicago had run into some business troubles and was planning on arranging a marriage of convenience with another family. Through their discussions, the family eventually decided on sending Katherine Gold away. However, she already had a lover and refused to budge.

Now, Gabriel Gold was here in San Francisco to take Kimberly Gold away as a substitute for his own granddaughter.

Katherine Gold was unwilling to marry into the family, and naturally, so was Kimberly Gold.

As such, the two old men decided to have a duel. Whoever lost would send their granddaughter to the other family.

It was then that Kimberly Gold called Finn Taylor. No matter how she thought about it, she couldn't put her mind at rest by leaving her fate in someone else's hands.

Only Finn Taylor would be able to save her.

"It's been a while. Why hasn't that person you're talking about arrived yet? Why don't you just admit defeat now? You had better think it through. You guys were chased out of Chicago and had no choice

but to settle in San Francisco. Once you get married into that family, your situation will be different—whether it's in the Gold family or outside. When that time comes, you'll be allowed back to Chicago..”

### **Chapter 300: Something Has Happened to the Gold Family**

“Gabriel Gold, who are you to threaten me like this in my own home?” Third Master Gold wasn't afraid of the other. *‘Who cares if you're my elder brother? How dare you insult my precious granddaughter? It's good enough that I haven't beaten you up here.’*

“What do you mean? Am I not telling the truth? Your family is quite pitiful. When you were in Chicago, you guys lived in fear and had to treat everyone in the family so respectfully. I'm sure you don't know that everyone voted for your family to leave Chicago.”

To be honest, Third Master Gold had indeed been unaware of this.

He was rather amiable and hadn't offended anyone in Chicago. He had even been friendly with everyone else. So why had everyone voted to chase his family out of Chicago?

“Let me tell you why then: It was because your family was too powerful. Everyone wanted a share of your business. If your family remained in Chicago, your family would eventually take over the company. What would we get then?”

Third Master Gold narrowed his eyes, resisting the urge to punch his elder brother. “So you mean that we still won't be able to return to Chicago even if Kimberly marries into the family.”

Gabriel Gold chuckled. “That's right. You're not as foolish as I thought; I was just lying to you earlier. Do you think the Gold family would allow you back? They've already betrayed you once. Don't you think they'd be stirring up trouble for themselves if they allow you to return?”

Third Master Gold was incensed. He had the urge to rush back to Chicago and take revenge on his family.

“Oh right, I haven't introduced you to each other. This is a Muay Thai master from Thailand; I personally witnessed him killing an elephant. I wonder if the master you're inviting here is that strong.”

The Muay Thai master was named Zac Gold.

He threw a punch toward a tree that had a trunk with a width of a whole arm span. Yet, a single punch felled the tree!

Both Kimberly Gold and her grandpa were left in shock. They had initially been confident that Finn Taylor would be able to subdue the other fighter, but now, they were no longer certain of that.

*'Is my fate already decided? Will I have to leave my grandpa and marry into that family?'* Just as she was contemplating her future, someone pushed the door open.

Finn Taylor then walked in.

Unlike before, Kimberly Gold's expression didn't light up even after seeing him. Now, she even blamed herself.

She wasn't just worried about herself; she was also concerned about Finn Taylor's safety. After witnessing just how powerful Zac Gold was, she could only imagine how seriously injured Finn Taylor would get in a fight against him.

*'If I had known just how strong that man was, I wouldn't have called Finn Taylor over! Given my understanding of the latter, he will definitely stay until he resolves the matter. It won't matter what others say.'*

"Kimberly, tell me everything that happened," Finn Taylor said as he looked at the tree in the yard. He was now certain that something had happened to the Gold family.

"Are you the master they were talking about? Come here. This is Master Zac Gold; why don't you two have a go?" Gabriel Gold quickly brought Zac Gold out.

"Third Master Gold, don't hide it from me. Tell me exactly what's going on." Finn Taylor glanced at the two strangers warily. *'From the looks of it, this isn't just any simple problem.'*

Third Master Gold then filled the other in on everything that had just happened.

Upon hearing the explanation, Finn Taylor couldn't help but chuckle. *'I thought that something major had happened, but it's nothing more than a duel.'*

He glanced at the so-called master of Muay Thai in front of him. "Alright then. How are we going to have this duel? Are we going to have any rules, or is this going to be freestyle?"

Before Zac Gold finished his words, Gabriel Gold spoke up. "Don't—we're all family. There's no need to take anyone's life here."

Freestyle meant that there were no rules and that even taking one's life was acceptable.

Gabriel Gold was only here to take Kimberly Gold away. He didn't want to put another life at stake unnecessarily.

"Alright, I guess you've saved your own life with those words." Finn Taylor had deliberately posed that question. His question hadn't been meant for Zac Gold but Gabriel Gold.

He wanted to understand the latter's attitude toward Kimberly Gold. If the latter went all out just to achieve his goals, Finn Taylor naturally wouldn't let him off so easily either.

However, it seemed like the old man still had a little conscience.

Finn Taylor and Zac Gold took their places.

Gabriel Gold's expression was unusually calm. After all, everyone had personally witnessed just how strong this Muay Thai master was.

There was no doubt about it.

On the other hand, Third Master Gold and Kimberly Gold were fraught with worry. *'What if something happens to Finn Taylor here? Besides, both of us know of his true identity. If something were to happen to Master Peregrine, the Gold family would definitely face retribution.'*

Third Master Gold was clear about this, yet he was sure that his elder brother wouldn't believe him even if he were to tell the latter the truth now.

The latter would simply shake it off as a made-up story.

*Bang!*

The duel began, but it ended in the blink of an eye. Nobody had clearly seen what had just taken place, but the duel had already ended.

Zac Gold clutched his stomach and crumbled onto the ground, unable to move. On the contrary, Finn Taylor was standing there, calm and collected.

Earlier on, everyone had placed their bets on Zac Gold, thinking that Finn Taylor would be in trouble this time. Yet, the results were so unexpected.

"Boohoo." Gabriel Gold was an interesting character. He had been so full of himself just moments earlier, but he now gave no care to his own dignity and broke down in tears on the ground.

He was one of the most senior members of Chicago's Gold family and maintained a strict demeanor in front of the family. Yet, he was behaving no differently from a young child now.

Finn Taylor frowned.. "Why are you crying?"