

The Untouchable Son-In-Law: The Master Peregrine

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Chapter 3: I'll Never Get A Divorce

Under Finn Taylor's encouraging gaze, the Larson family's disbelieving gazes, and the envious gazes of everyone else present, Yvette Larson hesitantly walked toward the stage.

She handed the card over to the host.

The host took the card and showed it to everyone. It was clear that the number on the card was indeed '520.'

"Ah!" A piercing scream of envy resonated through the area, lasting for about a minute.

The host waved his hand, gesturing for the audience to calm down. "Hello, may I get your name?"

"Hello, I'm Yvette Larson."

"Oh, Ms. Larson. How do you feel about winning the grand prize?"

Yvette Larson was dumbfounded. In reality, she hadn't been the one who had won. Her husband had, but he had given her this opportunity.

"Delighted."

"Ms. Larson, this set of prizes looks like a dowry set. Ms. Larson, may I ask if you have a boyfriend?"

At the mention of this question, the audience perked up their eyes, waiting to hear the gossip.

The Larson family, on the other hand, was disgusted and embarrassed.

"I... I'm already married."

"Oh, Ms. Larson's already married. Then, is your lover present today? Can Ms. Larson's lover come on up?"

The audience was almost exploding with curiosity.

The Larson family wanted nothing more than to disappear into a hole at that moment. *'So what if she won a prize? Why did they have to bring up Yvette Larson's husband? That good-for-nothing piece of trash would be nothing but a disgrace to the Larson family if he were to go on stage.'*

Unfortunately, Finn Taylor was not self-aware. He walked up the stage with a smile plastered on his face and took the microphone from Logan Yeats.

Others might not have noticed one small detail.

When Yvette Larson had gone on stage, she had always taken the microphone from the host. When she finished speaking, she would return the microphone to the host again.

But the moment Finn Taylor went on stage, he had not only taken a microphone, but he had even taken Logan Yeats's instead of the host's!

"May I have your name, Sir?"

"Finn Taylor."

"Hello, Mr. Taylor. Don't you think these prizes seem like a dowry set? Do you want to propose to Ms. Larson again here?"

'Dowry! Is this compensation? Does Peregrine Hall think that they can compensate me for their betrayal with these small tokens?' However, Finn Taylor was willing to do anything to please Yvette Larson.

"As two become one, I take you with your faults and your strengths. I offer myself to you with my faults and my strengths. I will help you when you need help and turn to you when I need help. I choose you as the person with whom I will spend my life."

"Yvette, marry me!"

The Larson family's outing ended with Finn Taylor's proposal.

The whole Larson family was in chaos. There were those who were envious and jealous, those who were contemptuous, and those who were sour.

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"Yvette, I think you'd better divorce that piece of trash. What good is he? He even offended your grandpa today." The moment they returned from the birthday celebration, her mother—Linda James—started to criticize Finn Taylor.

The way she saw it, it was entirely Finn Taylor's fault that their family had ended up in such a state.

"Finn Taylor, here's the divorce agreement. Scram after signing it. You should know yourself best. Our family will never acknowledge you, and Yvette will never fall for you! If you have a conscience and don't want to drag Yvette down, you'd better leave after signing this." Linda James slammed a divorce agreement onto the table, forcing him to sign it.

"Here we go again. Old Master set this marriage up; we can't get a divorce. Do you want us to get chased out of the Larson family for being unfilial?" Francis Larson glanced at the divorce agreement and sighed helplessly while shaking his head.

"Old Master is already in heaven. Besides, we can always say that this jinx was the cause of Old Master's death. Why can't they get a divorce?"

"Francis Larson, have you ever considered your daughter's happiness? Her status in the company is falling because of her good-for-nothing husband. Now, she's been demoted to being a salesperson."

"Among all the girls in her generation in the Larson family, our Yvette is the prettiest. If she were to get a divorce, Peregrine Hall might even give Yvette a dowry. Have you ever thought about that?"

"Finn Taylor, you have to sign this today." Linda James slammed the table once again, expressing her firm attitude. She was not going to give in this time.

Finn Taylor looked at Yvette Larson without saying a word; he was giving her the final say.

It was true that he had dragged her down in the past three years.

If she wanted to divorce him, he would agree to it.

Yvette Larson walked toward the table under Linda James's excited gaze.

She picked up the divorce agreement. "Mom, I'm not getting a divorce from Finn Taylor." Then, she ripped the divorce agreement to shreds.

"Don't talk about how Grandpa won't allow us to get a divorce. Even if Grandpa agrees to it, I won't."

“Mom, for the past three years, Finn Taylor has been working hard for our family without a single complaint. What has he ever refused to do? Even if you raised a dog, you’d have feelings for it.”

Yvette Larson placed the shreds of paper on the table and turned to leave.

Linda James’s face turned completely dark. She jabbed her finger at Finn Taylor’s face, shouting, “Look at what you’ve done! It’s all your fault! You’ve ruined Yvette’s life; you’ve ruined our entire family’s life!”

“Scram! You’d better not come into the house tonight. Sleep outside! Scram!”

Finn Taylor left indifferently, chasing after Yvette Larson. “I caused trouble for you again.”

He then realized that there were tears at the corners of Yvette Larson’s eyes. He tried to wipe them away, but Yvette Larson landed a slap squarely on his face before he could do so.

“Finn Taylor, don’t act like you know everything. Just because I’m not divorcing you, it doesn’t mean that I’m in love with you. I just don’t want to go against the Old Master.”

“Who are you to touch me? I’d rather die than let you touch me. Didn’t you hear what Mom said? You’d better scam from the yard and sleep on the streets tonight.”

Finn Taylor smiled bitterly as he headed toward the main gate.

He didn’t care about that slap. Yvette Larson’s slap was for him, yet she was punishing herself too.

She hated herself for being unable to cut the Gordian knot. Perhaps, she was the cause of her own downfall.

When he reached the main gate, he suddenly stopped in his tracks. He turned around and fixed his gaze on Yvette Larson. “If I can change myself, will you fall for me?”

Yvette Larson chuckled. “Finn Taylor, such words are useless. Haven’t I given you the chance to do so in the past three years?”

“You had a chance to bring Quince Larson down today, but you were still nothing more than a good-for-nothing son-in-law! You’ll never change, and I’ll never fall for you.”

Finn Taylor shrugged helplessly and took out a cigarette from his pocket to light it. Then, he strode out of the house.

As Finn Taylor walked out of the gates, two words suddenly flashed through Yvette Larson's mind: *'Peregrine Hall!'*

"Was it just a coincidence between Finn Taylor and 'Abundant Life?' Which woman doesn't want to be protected by her man? Can you really change?"

The moment Finn Taylor walked through the gates, he took out his phone and scrolled through his contacts to find someone named 'Poisonous Tiger.' Then, he sent a message: "Let's meet up."