

UNTOUCHABLE

### Chapter 301: Every Family Has Its Hardships

“Why am I crying? I’m crying for my granddaughter. Do you think he’s the only one with a granddaughter? I have a granddaughter too! Now that I’ve lost, my granddaughter has to marry that guy!”

*‘Gabriel Gold acted so domineeringly earlier. Who would’ve thought that he’d care so much about his granddaughter?’* Finn Taylor sneered. “That young man is mature and steady, and he is even part of Peregrine Hall. Why don’t you like him?”

Hearing Finn Taylor’s words, the old man suddenly wiped away his tears and looked at the other in surprise. “Who are you? You seem to be quite familiar with happenings in Chicago.”

Gabriel Gold had thought that this young man was simply a fighter his younger brother had hired. But now, he was sure that this young man’s background wasn’t that simple.

Third Master Gold glanced at his elder brother.

“Kimberly, I’ll give you some money. Take Finn out for a meal.” Third Master Gold handed a wad of cash to his granddaughter.

The latter was naturally delighted that she had gotten pocket money and would even be able to spend time with Finn Taylor. She happily took Finn Taylor’s hand and skipped out.

Only after the pair left did Gabriel Gold speak up, “You stopped me earlier. Does this man really have such an impressive background?”

“His name is Finn Taylor,” Third Master Gold replied in no hurry at all.

“I know. You said that earlier.”

“He has another name—Timothy Taylor.”

*‘Timothy Taylor? Where have I heard that before?’* However, Gabriel Gold couldn’t put his finger on it.

“His father’s name is Jacob Taylor.” When Third Master Gold said so, his elder brother was so stunned that he was at a loss for words. “His mother is Wendy Jensen, his grandpa is Brian Taylor, and his grandma is Frida Cameron.”

With every name that came out, Gabriel Gold felt his heart leap out of his chest yet again. When his younger brother finally finished his sentence, he collapsed on the ground, not daring to say anything.

Half an hour passed before he finally stuttered, “H-he’s Master Peregrine?”

His younger brother nodded.

Gabriel Gold slapped himself viciously in the face before kowtowing to the main gate. "I-I'm going back to Chicago, so help me convey my apologies. Tell him that I didn't mean to offend him and that I hope he won't hold it against me."

Regret filled Gabriel Gold's heart. *'Master Peregrine! That's Master Peregrine we're talking about! How could I have gotten someone to fight against Master Peregrine? I must be courting death!'*

...

At the same time, Kimberly Gold had forcefully dragged Finn Taylor into a teahouse.

"I didn't know that your family has such family feuds too." Finn Taylor sighed, contemplating his life while sipping on his tea. *'Indeed, every family has its own hardships. The Gold family looks amicable on the surface, but there are such feuds bubbling under the surface.'*

"What did you think? We're all the same. It sounds like you've experienced a lot. The Larson family shouldn't be any problem to you."

Up until now, Kimberly Gold still had no idea about Finn Taylor's true identity. As such, she simply thought that the latter was thinking about the Larson family's matters. This was why she wondered why the Larson family's problems still plagued him.

The latter didn't give her any explanation because he didn't want too many people to know about his family. Although he could guess from Third Master Gold's behavior that the latter already knew about his identity, it didn't matter since the latter was bound to find out about it eventually.

However, it was best to keep such gruesome information from the young girl in front of him.

...

After finishing his cup of tea with Kimberly Gold, Finn Taylor headed to the Larson Corporation. It had been a while since he had picked his wife up from work.

Yvette Larson happened to be getting off work when he arrived, and she spotted him waiting for her at the entrance with a bouquet of flowers. "Why are you here?"

"To pick you up, of course."

"You could've just picked me up. Why did you get flowers?"

"They're for you."

Yvette Larson was both speechless and moved by his romantic gesture. She accepted his flowers before getting into the car.

As she sat in the front passenger's seat, she rubbed her temples.

"What's bothering you?"

"That bunch of relatives at home."

“I’m sure there’s more to come.”

“What’s going on?” Yvette Larson eyed her husband, who seemed like he was about to say something before stopping himself. *‘Could something have happened at home?’*

“Have you thought about why they’re here in San Francisco?”

“For a vacation?”

Finn Taylor shook his head.

“Why would they be here then?”

“The Larson Corporation used to be considered a second-tier company in San Francisco, and they didn’t even visit once then. Now that we’ve become one of the top three corporations, they immediately made their way here.”

Yvette Larson seemed to understand what he was getting at. “You mean that they want to work in my company?”

Finn Taylor nodded.

“That’s impossible. Do they think they’re capable enough to work for me?” Yvette Larson was clear about just how capable her relatives from the James family were. If she were to bring them into the company, they would probably bring the whole company down with them.

“I’m sure they won’t bring it up, but I can’t be so sure about Mom.”

*‘Linda James—will she really speak up for them? Mom knows exactly how they are. It’s no different from bringing leeches into the company by hiring them! Is Mom so unreasonable?’* Though her husband made sense, Yvette Larson refused to believe that her mom would be so shameless.

...

Number One Pacific Heights.

Not long after Finn Taylor and Yvette Larson headed out, the old lady said to her daughter, “Linda, we’re going to leave soon. It’s a long way away, and we might never be back. Take care of yourself.”

Linda James was stunned. “Mom, what are you saying? You’ve only been here for a few days, but you’re leaving already? Don’t you think you’re looking down on me? Besides, our house is huge, and we have so many empty rooms. You can stay as long as you want. Why are you in such a hurry to leave?”

The old lady sighed. “It’s true that we’re leeching off you. Look at Finn and Yvette’s attitudes toward us; they treat us like strangers.”

Her daughter quickly comforted her. “Mom, they’re still young. Don’t hold it against them.”

“I’m not holding it against them. It’s just that we have so many people in our family. It’s fine if we stay here for a couple of days, but we can’t possibly stay here for the long term. If we had jobs, we might move out. Unfortunately, we don’t know anyone in San Francisco, and it’ll be difficult to find good jobs..”

## Chapter 302: Tantrum

It was painfully obvious what Lucy Williams meant by that. She was clearly trying to tell her daughter that they wanted to remain in San Francisco but didn't have jobs. Moreover, they didn't know anyone in San Francisco who would be able to recommend them for jobs.

Didn't their family run a company? Wasn't it only right for them to invite her family members to work in the company?

"Mom, why don't I try talking to Yvette to see if she's hiring?" Just as expected, Linda James fell for her mother's trick.

"Will that be alright? Yvette doesn't have a very good relationship with us. What if she doesn't want us in her company?" Karen James spoke up just then. Although she sounded worried, she was actually forcing her sister to put in a good word for them.

"What about this? I'll tell her that I've already made a decision. I'm sure she won't refuse her mother's request." Just as expected, Linda James fell for yet another trick.

...

Just then, Finn Taylor and Yvette Larson arrived home. The latter was annoyed to even see her relatives around, and she was about to head upstairs with her husband.

But no sooner had she taken a step toward the stairs than her mother stopped her. "Why are you trying to escape so quickly? Don't you see that your elders are here?"

*'I wanted to go upstairs to avoid my relatives, but my mother has ruined that plan.'* Yvette Larson was frustrated. "Mom, I was at work for the whole day. Can't I get some rest?"

"Of course, you can, but I have something to tell you. You can go take a nap after that."

When she heard that, Yvette Larson's heart thumped—she had an ominous feeling about this. *'Is she going to speak up for those good-for-nothings from the James family and request for jobs on their behalf just like Finn said?'*

"Yvette, wasn't your company hiring just a while ago? Are you guys still hiring? Look, they are your relatives. Why don't you arrange jobs for them if you have any suitable positions in your company?"

*'Finn was right—this is why the James family is here. And Mom is even speaking up for them!'*

"Mom, I'm not the sole decision maker in the company. I have to discuss this with the board of directors." Yvette Larson chose the easy way out—delaying her decision.

It would be strange to get a decision even after holding a meeting with the board of directors. Besides, the answer was probably 'no.'

As the Larson Corporation's chairman, Yvette Larson had a way of resolving this.

"What do you mean, Yvette? Do you mean that you can't make the decision for your relatives to work in your company?" Linda James had already agreed to her family's request, but it now seemed like her daughter was unwilling to cooperate with her. She couldn't help but flare up at that.

"Forget it, Linda. I think we had better not put Yvette in the spot. It's true that it isn't good for us to go to your company," Karen James said sourly.

It was exactly because of this that Linda James felt embarrassed. She was the eldest in the family but had always been looked down upon. Nobody in the family had ever treated her as the eldest, and that was why she had always been looking for a way to prove her worth to the James family.

This seemed like an opportunity for her, yet her daughter was going against her!

"Yvette, are you still my daughter? My family wants to work in your company; they're trying to help you. Do you think that they'll slack off? Since you're going to hire employees, why can't you hire your own relatives? Since you look down on the James family, I'll leave this place right now since I'm part of the family too. I'll never step foot in Number One Pacific Heights ever again!"

This was just how Linda James was—she never once thought through anything rationally. The only thing she knew to do was throw a tantrum.

Yvette Larson had always tried to understand her mother in the past, but not this time. She had thought that giving in to the latter for the past three years would yield a positive outcome, yet reality proved to her that her mother was only getting more unreasonable with time. And this was why her husband had been humiliated for the past three years.

After all those hardships, the couple's relationship was finally improving. There was no way she would allow those leeches from the James family to ruin her family's relationship.

"Finn, help Mom pack her things. Since she doesn't want to live here, we'll let her have her way."

Linda James could hardly believe her ears. *'My daughter has just asked me to leave my home!'*

Instantly, she threw yet another tantrum.

She crumbled onto the ground. "Boohoo! My daughter doesn't want me anymore! I'm a useless old woman, boohoo!"

Yvette Larson simply watched as her mother sobbed, not trying to comfort the latter. She waited until the latter grew weary before slowly saying, "Are you done throwing your tantrum? Get up if you are; otherwise, I'll really take your word for it."

No matter how unreasonable Linda James was, she knew her limits. Whenever she threw a tantrum, her daughter would always try to satisfy her if it was within reasonable limits.

It was useless for her to throw a tantrum if her daughter had no way of satisfying her request. Since that was the case, it was simply better to stop. Otherwise, it'd be embarrassing for everyone.

As expected, Linda James grew silent after hearing those words.

Yvette Larson took her husband's hand in hers and headed upstairs without sparing the James family a glance.

The disdain in her eyes annoyed the family greatly. If not for the fact that they had a favor to ask of Yvette Larson, they would've started a fight a long time ago.

"Linda James, can't you even resolve such a small matter? I guess you don't care about your family or mother anymore." Lucy Williams had always been biased toward her second daughter and son and had always been mean toward her eldest daughter.

Linda James felt utterly miserable. *'I've already tried my best, but it's really too difficult. It's your fault for offending Yvette last time. How could Mom blame me for it? That's so unfair!'*

"Mom, I already said that we shouldn't have come. See, we're being ostracized and looked down on here. They're such a prominent family.. Do you think they would care about poor relatives like us?"

### **Chapter 303: The James Family's Ambition**

"Mom, you've really grown muddleheaded. Although we're relatives, I'm sure they don't treat us as relatives because we have no money. Even though she agreed to help us on the surface, I'm sure they're in cahoots and that it was nothing more than an act. It's the Larson family's company, and the chairman is your granddaughter. However, she simply pushed the decision to the board of directors. Don't you think she's just trying to get rid of us? You were right; it's only right to have the board of directors decide on matters regarding strangers. Aren't we no different from strangers then?"

"Mom, to think that you still think of this as your daughter's house and even brought the one and only chicken that you raised here. However, they're rich. I'm sure they won't even care about that. Forget it. In my opinion, I think we had better forget about this and leave. We better only get in touch with their family once we make a name for ourselves. Otherwise, we had better not embarrass ourselves." Henry James's words were like knives stabbing at his eldest sister's heart.

Linda James—who had already calmed down—was once again taken in. She turned to her family and promised, "Mom, Henry, Karen, just you wait. I'm sure that I still have the power to make the decision on this. It's just a matter of jobs."

With that, she marched up the stairs. Without even knocking or considering her daughter's feelings, she shoved the door open.

She then rushed in and stared at her daughter. "How many shares do your dad and I have in the Larson Corporation?"

Yvette Larson was stunned. *'My mother is still at it?'*

"I'm talking to you. How many shares do your dad and I have in total?"

"Dad is the eldest son of the Larson family, so he has 10% of the shares. As his wife, you have 5%. Together, you guys have 15%."

"Alright, 15%. Do I have any authority to hire employees then?"

Yvette Larson was fuming—she didn't want to answer that question.

"Let me ask you again. With 15%, do I have the authority to hire anyone?"

"Based on the company's rules, anyone with more than 10% of the shares can hire employees for non-managerial roles without seeking permission from the board of directors."

"Alright then. I'll hire my relatives—how's that?"

"Mom, can you be more rational? Do you think any good will come out of this?" Yvette Larson was so incensed that her head hurt.

"Didn't you say that I have the authority to do so? What, I'll assign them to low-level jobs and not managerial positions. Will that affect the company too?"

*'Mom has over-simplified the problem. Does she really not know the personalities of those from the James family? Even if they are to enter at the lowest ranks, they will definitely use their relationship with me to make their presence known in the company. Due to this, other employees naturally won't dare to offend their boss's relatives. As such, there is only one solution to this problem—refusing it.'*

"Mom, I don't want to talk to you. Anyway, I'll veto the decision as long as I'm the chairman of the company."

"Boohoo." Linda James started sobbing miserably, even hitting her head against the wall. "My life is so hard. I was bullied at home when I was younger, and now that I'm married and have a daughter, I'm still being bullied by my own daughter. Is this my fate? I'm not even asking for much. All I want to do is make a small decision, yet I still can't do even that."

Of course, her relatives downstairs weren't going to let this go either.

Her siblings shared a meaningful gaze before heading upstairs. "Linda, don't put Yvette in the spot. We'll just leave. It's true that we don't have technical skills; it won't be good for the company."

"That's right, Linda. Karen and I are used to lazing around, so I understand how Yvette feels. I'm sure she's worried about us affecting the company."

"Yes, we're not asking for high positions. We're asking for jobs as security officers or janitors. But since Yvette doesn't agree to it, let's not push her into a corner."

The siblings worked in perfect harmony, and their eldest sister foolishly believed them once again.

“Yvette, look at how kind your uncle and auntie are being. They don’t want to be leaders in the company; they just want to be security officers or janitors. Can’t they do even that?” Linda James was fuming, and her heart ached as she looked at her daughter.

Yvette Larson didn’t even know what to say. *‘I know that it’s best if I simply keep mum. Once I speak up, the Larson Corporation will be thrown into chaos. However, it seems like my mother won’t accept my refusal either.’*

“Mom, are they really my uncle and auntie? What kind of relatives would kidnap their own family? I was nearly...” Yvette Larson hated the James family to their guts. She hadn’t intended on bringing this up, but now that they were going to put on a pitiful act, she wasn’t going to back down either.

Unfortunately, Linda James didn’t buy into that and instead raised her voice. “Yvette, who hasn’t made a mistake? Do you mean that you’ve never made a mistake? It’s true that your uncle and auntie have let you down, but that’s in the past. Let’s not talk about it.”

Linda James was really downright foolish at times. This was her daughter—her biological daughter—yet she was asking her daughter to forgive those who had hurt her so deeply for the sake of her own dignity.

It seemed like the mother-daughter duo was on the brink of a huge fight.

Finn Taylor finally stepped in. “Mom, let’s not talk about it. We’ll arrange for them to work at the company when we go back tomorrow. Will that do?”

Now that Linda James had gotten her way, she pushed her limits. “Not just for your uncle and auntie. Make sure you hire everyone in the family.”

Finn Taylor nodded. “Alright. Mom, Yvette is really exhausted, so can we rest now?”

His mother-in-law finally nodded. “Fine, go have a rest. I’ll go make Yvette’s favorite fried chicken.”

She then left the room with the rest of the family.

Yvette Larson immediately shut the door and then turned to her husband. “You know that they don’t mean well. Why did you agree to it?”

Yvette Larson wasn’t scolding him. She merely felt bad for how he always made compromises for her sake.

But compared to Yvette Larson, the James family had been much more vicious to Finn Taylor. Back in Los Angeles, they had looked down on him. However, he had chosen to tolerate it for his wife’s sake..

### **Chapter 304: What Happened?**

“The time isn’t right, so I’ll let them have a break for now.” Finn Taylor didn’t hate the family any less than his wife did, but he wasn’t going to do anything to them for the time being since they hadn’t found Diane Taylor. *‘Who knows what the James family will do to the young girl. I have to locate Diane Taylor*



*and make the entire James family kneel before her as an apology. The previous lesson hadn't been enough, so I'm going to make sure they learn their lesson this time.'*

Hearing that, Yvette Larson understood that her spouse had his own plans. *'It seems like he has already thought everything through. Since that's the case, there is no need for me to continue worrying about it. What I have to do is manage the company well so that my relatives don't affect our operations.'*

As such, she handed the matter over to David Sullivan, instructing him to keep a close eye on them and not to let them access any of the company's confidential documents.

...

The next day.

For the very first time, the usually lazy family woke up early and even dolled themselves up in formal attire.

One might even have misunderstood that they were about to be appointed into senior positions in the Larson Corporation. In reality, however, Yvette Larson had only assigned them to insignificant roles.

*'Do they really have to dress up like that? Do security officers and janitors dress like this? Do they think that others will see their passion for their jobs through their clothes? I'm sure they're just trying to show off to the other employees that they're different.'*

"Yvette, you're awake. How are we supposed to go to the company today? Will the company send a car over to pick us up?"

Yvette Larson nearly burst out into laughter upon hearing that. *'Do you really think you're a big shot? Don't you know how you even got your job in the first place? But you're even treating yourselves as the boss!'*

"No, you had better think of your own way of getting there."

"You're not going to send a car here? Aren't we your relatives? Do you mean that the company isn't going to send a car to pick up the chairman's relatives?"

The James family was truly shameless.

"We start work at 8:30 sharp. If you're late, the company's rules are that you get a warning for the first time. Your bonus will be docked the second time, and you'll be fired for the third warning. Of course, those rules are for official employees. As for employees still on their probation, you'll be fired on your first time."

The James family was stunned. "Yvette, what do you mean? Do you mean that we're not official employees but on probation?"

Yvette Larson nodded seriously. "That's right; you're still on probation. Of course, I'll definitely keep my eye on you since you're my relatives."

Her relatives' eyes lit up at that. "In what way?"

They gathered around her.

She couldn't help but sneer inwardly at their actions. "Oh, others are usually on probation for three months. But since you're my relatives, one month of probation will do."

The James family was initially full of expectations, but they immediately rolled their eyes and walked away when they heard that.

Although Yvette Larson was calm on the surface, she was bursting with joy inwardly. *'I've finally gotten my revenge.'*

To be honest, Finn Taylor was rather worried about his wife's safety, so he personally sent her to the office today. Seeing that David Sullivan was around, he then left assured.

Before leaving, he instructed the other to take good care of his wife. Otherwise, the latter would have to answer for it.

In the entire company, David Sullivan was the only one who knew of Finn Taylor's true identity. As such, he wasn't going to treat the latter simply as his boss.

He knew that the company had only been able to reach such heights because of Finn Taylor. Hence, he had better do as the latter instructed and do it to the best of his abilities.

As soon as Finn Taylor walked out of the office, he received a call from Horned Serpent. They had finally been able to locate Diane Taylor after a few days' worth of effort.

As Finn Taylor headed to Hunter Sullivan's residence, Horned Serpent had already gotten everything ready.

The latter pointed at a location on the map and said, "She's here."

Finn Taylor took a good look at the map. "San Diego."

He came to a sudden realization. *'That's right. Diane Taylor's sister is in San Diego. It's only natural that she returned there to look for her sister after facing such injustice. How could I not have thought of that?'*

But Horned Serpent's next words stunned him. "She's not with Lindsey Taylor."

"She's not with Lindsey Taylor?"

*'What's going on? Lindsey Taylor is her only relative in the city.'* Finn Taylor couldn't help but worry about the young girl now.

Horned Serpent then hit a few keys on his keyboard, and a few photos appeared on his computer. "I've gotten the surveillance footage and these photos. They are the ones who kidnapped Diane Taylor."

The photos showed the young girl being abducted, and the images of those men were as clear as day.

"Let's go to San Diego."

With his command, the four guardians headed down to San Diego.

...

At the San Diego Bus Station.

Lindsey Taylor anxiously tapped her feet. She had received a call from Finn Taylor earlier, asking her to pick him up at the bus station because he had something important to tell her.

Finn Taylor had chosen not to tell her about her sister because he was afraid that she'd be overwhelmed.

However, Lindsey Taylor was no fool and immediately thought that the matter had to do with her sister. As such, she made a call to the latter.

Just as she had expected, nobody picked up the call.

*'It seems like something has indeed happened to my sister.'* Lindsey Taylor was thrown into a frenzy.

Just then, five men walked out of the bus station, and Lindsey Taylor waved at them.

It was Finn Taylor and the four guardians.

Lindsey Taylor jogged over and blurted out, "Mr. Taylor, how's my sister?"

The man sighed. *'I wasn't able to keep things under wraps. The young girl still managed to guess that something happened to her sister.'*

"Diane is missing."

"Missing? Why would she suddenly go missing?" Lindsey Taylor was confused. *'My sister has been working for the Taylor family all along.. Why did she suddenly go missing? What has happened?'*



## **Chapter 305: Amazing Kidnappers**

Lindsey Taylor stared at her sister's employer. "Mr. Taylor, I'm not trying to disrespect you, but my sister was doing fine in your family. What happened to her? Why did she suddenly go missing? You have to find her."

Finn Taylor had no intention of shirking responsibility. Through his observations over the past few days, he was almost certain that the James family was responsible for Diane Taylor's sudden disappearance.

Since the girl had only gone missing due to the feud between their two families, he had to take responsibility for this matter.

“I’m here to save Diane Taylor. Don’t worry.” With that, he handed his phone over to Lindsey Taylor. “After Diane left our house, she came to San Diego to look for you but was abducted by these men. Take a look at this; do you recognize any of them?”

Lindsey Taylor analyzed the photo closely but shook her head, helpless. “No.”

“Let’s go look for Arthur Jensen then.”

Arthur Jensen did have some influence in the city, and perhaps he would even recognize some hooligans from the underworld.

With Lindsey Taylor leading the way, the group quickly arrived at the Jensen family’s residence.

Lindsey Taylor was like a fish in water in the Jensen Corporation. In the short span of a few months, she had risen through the ranks and was now the Deputy CEO.

The speed at which she had been promoted was exceptional. However, Lindsey Taylor knew that it wasn’t because of her own abilities but Finn Taylor that she was being treated in this way.

“Mr. Taylor, why are you here?” Arthur Jensen was chatting with his daughter—Minnie Jensen—when the group arrived. He was clearly emotional because of Finn Taylor’s sudden appearance.

In just a few months, the initially willful Minnie Jensen had completely changed and was much more obedient now.

Instead of answering, Finn Taylor turned to Minnie Jensen.

Arthur Jensen understood what the other meant at once. “Minnie, go have something to eat with Lindsey and the rest. I have something to discuss with Mr. Taylor.”

Minnie Jensen was acute and realized that she wasn’t welcome, so she gestured for the rest to follow her.

Once they left, Finn Taylor took out his phone. “Take a look and see if you recognize them.”

Arthur Jensen took the phone over and scrutinized the photo closely. Unlike Lindsey Taylor, he had a wide circle of acquaintances. “Mr. Taylor, I recognize all of them. I can arrange for a meeting with them.”

Arthur Jensen took the initiative to make the offer—this was important. He had answered Finn Taylor’s question with the first sentence, but the next sentence meant that he was willing to offer his help.

However, his offer seemed rather low-key.

If Finn Taylor needed his help, he’d naturally talk about it. Otherwise, he wouldn’t.

One had to admit that Arthur Jensen was intelligent in that way.

“Are you sure that you’ll be able to arrange for a meeting?”

“Yes.” Arthur Jensen was overwhelmed with emotions; he knew what this meant. *‘Now, I’m officially in a working relationship with Finn Taylor! Of course, how long this relationship lasts will depend on my own abilities.’*

...

San Diego, in a basement.

Suddenly, someone kicked the door to the basement open, and Diane Taylor finally saw a glimmer of light.

She couldn’t adjust to the sudden brightness at first, but she very quickly adapted to it.

Her captors walked in with her lunch. Although they had abducted the young girl, they treated her pretty well.

They had brought her a full lunch with a drink to top it off. It didn’t even seem like they had kidnapped her.

“Hey, I’m getting a little confused. You’ve locked me up here, but you’re feeding me so well. Are you guys good guys or bad guys?”

The leader had a can of beer in his hand. He opened it and took a sip from the can as he sat down on the ground without any care. “I won’t hide it from you—we aren’t actually bad people. We were forced into doing this by our circumstances, but we’ve never taken any lives, nor have we beaten anyone up too badly. Basically, this is how we treat everyone we kidnap. We’re just after money. Why would we do anything too drastic? In the past, we released our captives after getting our ransom, and none of them have ever held it against us. In fact, we’ve even formed friendships with some of them.”

Diane Taylor picked up a piece of fried chicken. “This tastes pretty good.”

“Of course. I made it; I’m a good chef.”

Diane Taylor was taken aback. *‘Who are they? Their leader is even a chef!’*

“If you guys are willing to start working legally, I’ll introduce you to someone. His experience is even more amazing than yours.”

The leader took another sip of beer. “Tell me more.”

“Alright, let’s see. He’s a matrilocal son-in-law and is infamous for being a piece of trash. Everyone knows that he faced humiliation at the hands of his wife’s family for three years, but he stood up for me against a local tyrant when he saw me being bullied, not caring about his own safety. Everyone said that he’s useless, but he bought the most expensive villa in the city as a present for his wife.”

“...”

Diane Taylor was emotive as she described her employer, drawing the men in.

They were enraptured.

“Don’t you think his experience triumphs all of yours?” Diane Taylor finally finished, and she could tell that the men were stumped.

“I never thought that there would be such an impressive man in this world!”

“Oh right, what’s his name?”

“Why don’t you tell me your names first?”

“My name is Bruce Jones.” The leader introduced himself before the rest did the same.

“We’ve told you our names. Why don’t you tell us his name now?”

“His name is Finn Taylor.”

Bruce Jones mentally noted down the man’s name. “Ms. Diane, we’re really sorry. We still have to keep you here for a while longer.”

Diane Taylor waved them off. “Go ahead. I’m used to it.”

She even encouraged her captors to leave..



### **Chapter 306: We Released Her**

As they walked out of the basement, the captors glanced at each other.

“To be honest, I want to release this young lady,” said Bruce Jones.

But his subordinate piped up, “Boss, you should know the rules. If you let her go, it’ll be hard for us to remain in this line of work.”

“I know, but I don’t intend to take on any more such commissions after this. Although we’ve never seriously hurt anyone, people still think of us as bad guys. I can accept that, but I can’t let our children bear the burden too. Do you want all your descendants to be known as gangsters?”

Bruce Jones’s words touched their hearts, and they remained silent for a moment.

“Alright, I agree. We should let her go.” Someone finally supported him.

“Me too.” A second one.

“Me too.”

One by one, they agreed to their leader’s suggestion, eventually coming to a consensus.

“But I’m quite curious about that Finn Taylor the young lady was talking about. I’d like to meet him if possible.”

Just then, Bruce Jones’s phone rang—it was Arthur Jensen.

“Huh, Arthur Jensen?”

They were stunned. *‘We aren’t close to that man and are purely acquaintances. Why would he suddenly call us?’*

Bruce Jones gestured for his subordinates to remain silent before picking up the call. “Hello, Mr. Jensen. You want to treat me to a meal? Oh, you need my help? Oh, alright. I’ll be there on time.”

Bruce Jones hung up the call and turned to the others. “Arthur Jensen said that he needs my help. He’s organizing a banquet and is inviting us there.”

The group of men looked at each other. They had just promised each other never to do something like that again, yet Arthur Jensen had just called them.

If they were to go, they would go against what they had just promised each other earlier. Yet, they would offend Arthur Jensen if they didn’t do so.

“Why don’t we do this? Let’s release that girl. You guys leave San Diego right away, while I’ll meet Arthur Jensen alone.” Although Bruce Jones said it casually, they all understood that their boss was going to face Arthur Jensen’s wrath alone.

Of course, they weren’t going to let that happen. “No, that won’t do.”

“Sam, let her go. We’ll do this together.”

That man immediately nodded and opened the door to the basement. “Please come out, Ms. Taylor.”

Diane Taylor was stunned but walked out nonetheless. “What’s going on?”

She hadn’t been planning on escaping. There was no way she would’ve succeeded anyway.

“Boss, why don’t you say it?”

Diane Taylor looked at Bruce Jones. “What’s with all of you?”

He sighed. “Ms. Taylor, I’m sorry for everything we’ve done. After hearing your story, we were really touched. I think we shouldn’t waste our lives like this, so we’ve decided not to continue in this line of work. You should leave.”

Diane Taylor was stumped. “You’re letting me go?”

“That’s right.”

“B-but will those people let you off?”

“You’re such a strange woman. We kidnapped you, and you’re not leaving after we let you out. What are you doing? Hurry up and leave!”

Both Diane Taylor and Bruce Jones were at a loss.

Bruce Jones had kidnapped her but was now letting her go.

Diane Taylor had been kidnapped, but she was even worried about the other's safety.

In the end, the group of men even had to send Diane Taylor off. Only then did they rush down to the Jensen family's residence as though they were about to be executed.

...

The Jensen family's residence.

Arthur Jensen and Finn Taylor were seated in a small living room. As for the four guardians, they were guarding the compound.

Bruce Jones and his men would have no way of escaping once they entered—there was no way out for them!

Very quickly, they spotted a car driving into the compound, and five men got out of the car.

The four guardians nodded but remained in their positions.

"This way please, Mr. Jones." A man in black walked out of the house—he was Arthur Jensen's bodyguard. He gestured for the group to follow him into the living room.

Bruce Jones narrowed his eyes as he glanced at the bodyguard. *'It's clear that the latter is well-trained in martial arts. Perhaps I wouldn't be able to defeat this man if we were to go against each other. But with the combined efforts of the five of us, this man will be no match for us. Of course, we aren't here to pick a fight today.'*

With the man leading the way, the group of men arrived in the living room. The bodyguard then quickly retreated.

"Bruce Jones, you're finally here."

The group of men scanned the room.

There were only two men present—one of which was Arthur Jensen, whom they all knew. However, none of them recognized the young man sitting beside him.

"We're sorry for arriving so late, Mr. Jensen."

As soon as they sat down, dishes of food were served.

"Come on. Let's have a meal while chatting." Arthur Jensen started eating before the rest.

On the other hand, Finn Taylor sat there, unmoving. But that was exactly what unnerved Bruce Jones and his subordinates.

Arthur Jensen was known to be the richest man in the city, and he exuded an impressive aura. Yet, it paled in comparison to that young man.



Of course, they weren't going to initiate any conversation with him.

"Mr. Jensen, why are you looking for us?"

Arthur Jensen turned to Finn Taylor, who nodded. "Well, I have a distant niece who came to San Diego to look for me, but she suddenly disappeared. I heard that you guys have good connections in San Diego, so I wanted you to help me out."

Bruce Jones's heart leaped with joy. *'Arthur Jensen isn't asking me to hurt anyone. We don't have to go back on our promise!'*

"This is her photo. Have you seen her?" With that, Arthur Jensen placed the photo on the table and slid it in front of them.

When the group of men got a clear view of the girl in the photo, they were aghast. Beads of sweat then formed on their foreheads.

Finally, Bruce Jones stood up. "Mr. Jensen, I... We were the ones who kidnapped your niece."

Arthur Jensen narrowed his eyes. *'I hadn't expected the other to admit to it so easily. This is completely unlike what we had expected.'*

"Where is she now then?" Finn Taylor finally asked.

"W-we released her. I don't know where she is now.."

### **Chapter 307: Five Fools**

Bruce Jones and his men were clearly overwhelmed with emotions. *'We never thought that Diane Taylor would be related to Arthur Jensen! If the latter comes into the picture, things will become much more complicated.'*

"You released Diane Taylor?" It seemed incredulous to Finn Taylor. *'Didn't they kidnap Diane? Why would they release her?'*

"Yes, Ms. Taylor was very kind. We kidnapped her in a moment of folly, so we released her."

Finn Taylor didn't believe a single word. "You released her? Do you think I'll believe you?"

Bruce Jones was on the brink of tears even though he didn't know whom he was talking to. *'However, him sitting here alone is enough to prove his status. But it is true—we've let her go.'*

"I'm not lying to you. We were already intent on starting life afresh after this time. After Ms. Taylor told us a story, we decided to let her go."

"She told you a story? I think you're making a story up. Have you ever heard of captives telling their captors stories?"

Bruce Jones quickly waved his hands. “No, I think you’re mistaken. We might be kidnappers, but we’re different from the rest. We would never harm our captives, and we always treat them to delicious meals and buy them drinks. We’ve never done anything bad toward them.”

*‘Er...’* Finn Taylor hesitated. He had been observing their expressions, and it really didn’t seem like they were lying. *‘Could they really be telling the truth? If that’s the case, I might be able to take them in. They might be useful.’*

“Alright then. Why don’t you tell us the story Diane Taylor told you?”

“Fine, I’ll repeat it here.” Bruce Jones then retold the story Diane Taylor had told him earlier. “Ms. Taylor said that she has a brother named Finn Taylor. He’s a matrilocal son-in-law, and everyone says that he’s a piece of trash. But in reality, he’s a hero!”

While Finn Taylor’s heart bloomed with joy, he maintained a poker face.

Arthur Jensen felt awkward and wanted to stop them, but Finn Taylor stopped him instead. To be honest, the latter was now certain that the men had indeed released Diane Taylor.

They were fortunate to have released the young girl before Finn Taylor got to them—this had saved their lives. Otherwise, the only way out for them was death.

Once Bruce Jones finished his story, Finn Taylor asked, “What a nice story. Do you know Finn Taylor?”

Bruce Jones shook his head. “No, but I want to get to know him.”

“You want to get to know him?”

“Yes, we’ve gone through trials and tribulations, but this story gave us a lot of motivation and touched our hearts. If possible, we’d like to follow him. I just wonder if he would accept us with our backgrounds.”

Finn Taylor chuckled. “Haven’t you heard that everyone has their own talents? Why do you put yourself down? I know Finn Taylor, and I can introduce you to him. However...”

Finn Taylor left his words hanging, and the five men were anxious. “Sir, please tell us what you want. As long as we can do it, we’ll do our best to fulfill your request!”

Finn Taylor smiled and said, “Get me a cake. I want one from the bakery along Nile Street. Remember to run there!”

*‘Run there?’* The men were dumbfounded. *‘It would take at least an hour to reach Nile Street. A return trip would take two hours—almost equivalent to a marathon. Is he not trying to put us in the spot?’*

But they saw Finn Taylor’s resolute expression. *‘He’s not kidding? Is he being serious?’*

The five men glanced at each other before eventually nodding. They then headed out to get the cake that the man had asked for.

Only after they left did Arthur Jensen ask anxiously, “Mr. Taylor, how could you let them go just like that? What if they don’t return?”

“Then, they simply would’ve missed out on a once-in-a-lifetime opportunity.”

Finn Taylor’s words left him in deep contemplation.

Actually, he was no different from Bruce Jones—they were all trying to get on Finn Taylor’s good side in hopes of getting an opportunity to improve their lives. The only difference was that he knew Finn Taylor while they didn’t.

Thinking about what his daughter had done to Lindsey Taylor, he had done the same and apologized to Finn Taylor in this manner too.

Just then, the four guardians walked in. “Why did you let them go?”

None of them had received any instructions to catch them. As such, they rushed into the room, puzzled. *‘What is going on?’*

“They aren’t truly bad guys. They released Diane Taylor.”

“They released her?” Even the four guardians were stunned when they heard that. They clearly hadn’t expected that.

“That can’t be. Didn’t they kidnap her? Why would they let her go? Were they lying to you?”

“Let’s call Lindsey Taylor. We’ll find out if that was just a lie then.”

Before Finn Taylor could make the call, Lindsey Taylor had already called him.

When they all saw the name of the caller, they were dumbfounded. *‘Did they really release her?’*

Finn Taylor picked up the call and put it on speaker mode.

‘Mr. Taylor...’

“Hold on; let me guess. Is Diane back?”

Lindsey Taylor was shocked. “Mr. Taylor, you’re amazing. How did you know?”

“We’re at the Jensen family’s residence. Come on over.”

“Alright.”

They then ended the call.

“Let’s take a break. It’ll probably take those five men two hours to come back, and it’ll probably take the two girls even longer.”

*‘What does he mean?’*

“Although Diane has been released, she was held captive for a few days after all. I’m sure she would want to take a nice shower, put on some makeup, and dress up before coming. Don’t think that we’ll be able to see her right away.”

Everyone looked at Finn Taylor in awe. *‘He managed to pick up on these details too! I guess there’s a reason he’s the boss.’*

“Oh right, Arthur. You’ve treated Lindsey Taylor well, so it looks like I should reward you.” Finn Taylor suddenly changed the topic.

Arthur Jensen stood up immediately. “No, it’s only right for me to do that..”

### **Chapter 308: Conflict**

Finn Taylor chuckled. “You don’t have to beat around the bush with me. I know that you treated Lindsey Taylor well for my sake, so it’s only natural for me to reward you. You don’t have to say such things.”

To be honest, Arthur Jensen was pleased to hear Finn Taylor’s words. In the business circle, he had gotten used to hearing others trying to flatter him. It was rare to hear such sincere words.

“Oh right, Mr. Taylor. I have something to ask you.”

“Do you want to ask about my background?”

Arthur Jensen smiled in embarrassment, his expression giving his intentions away.

“Why don’t you ask them and see if they know anything about it?”

At once, Arthur Jensen immediately understood that even the four men in front of him didn’t completely know Finn Taylor’s background.

That was the truth. Even though they knew that Finn Taylor was from Chicago’s Taylor family and that he was Master Peregrine of Peregrine Hall, they knew nothing else.

There was no way he could’ve acquired so much power and influence with just those two identities. There was much more to it, but even the four guardians were clueless about that.

...

Two long hours passed, and Arthur Jensen stood up as he glanced at the clock.

There was nobody at the door.

“Mr. Taylor, do you think we made a wrong call? Do you think they left?”

Finn Taylor frowned. *‘They should be back by now. Did I really make a wrong judgment?’*

But just as everyone was doubting the five men, they stumbled into the room, full of injuries on their faces. Still, the cake was in perfect condition.

They entered the living room and placed the box on the table. It was hard to conceal the smile on their faces under the injuries.

“What happened to you?” Finn Taylor was stunned. *‘I only sent them to get a cake, but they seem to have gone into battle.’*

“Nothing much. It was bound to happen; I just didn’t expect it to come so quickly.”

“Be more specific.”

“Oh, we have rules in our industry and broke them by releasing Ms. Taylor. Thus, someone came to stir up trouble for us.”

Finn Taylor was slightly stumped. *‘I hadn’t expected that to happen.’*

He turned to Hunter Sullivan and nodded.

The latter immediately understood what Finn Taylor meant—he wanted him to resolve the matter. Although it was almost impossible for Bruce Jones and his men to do so, it meant nothing to Finn Taylor.

“Here’s the cake you wanted. Now that we’ve gotten it, will you give us Mr. Finn Taylor’s contact?”

The door opened just then, and the Taylor sisters walked in.

“Finn Taylor.” Diane Taylor rushed up to the man.

Hearing that name, Bruce Jones and his men were confused. “Ms. Taylor, is he the man you were talking about?”

Diane Taylor was slightly taken aback by the gathering of people in the house. She recognized Arthur Jensen—her sister worked in his company. *‘But why is Finn Taylor here too, and why are the men who had kidnapped me here as well?’*

“Ms. Taylor, is he the Mr. Taylor you were talking about?”

Diane Taylor nodded.

*Thud!*

With that nod, the five men immediately fell on their knees, their minds boggled. But they instantly understood one thing—Finn Taylor had set them a test earlier.

To be honest, it had been a strange test. But based on Diane Taylor’s description of Finn Taylor, it seemed like something he would do.

“Get up. Since you passed the test, I’ll naturally take you under my wings.”

Just then, Diane Taylor spotted the injuries on the men’s faces. “Mr. Jones, how did you get injured?”

“Diane, give each of them a toast.”

Although she didn’t understand why her employer instructed her to do that, she complied nonetheless. She poured herself a full cup of wine and downed it.

This frightened the five men. *‘What is Finn Taylor up to?’*

“Now that you’ve accepted this toast from Diane, you’ll be in charge of her safety from now on. I’ll hold all of you accountable if anything happens to her.”

Bruce Jones nodded, not daring to say anything.

“Diane, I didn’t make you drink this glass of wine to put you in the spot. Do you know how they got these injuries?”

The young girl shook her head.

“They went against the industry rules by letting you go, so someone is after them now.”

Diane Taylor cupped her mouth in shock—she had never thought that things would get so serious.

“Mr. Taylor, there’s no need to tell her such things.”

Finn Taylor stopped there. *‘Now, it’s all up to the two parties whether they’ll be able to put the past behind them.’*

Finn Taylor took a liking to Diane Taylor because she was hardworking and had a sweet mouth. He was going to bring her with him when he returned.

And now that Bruce Jones and his men were his subordinates, it was inevitable for them to bump into each other. Although the men hadn’t done anything to Diane Taylor and had even let her go, they had still kidnapped her after all.

Seeing that Diane Taylor had noticed him first upon entering the room and not Bruce Jones, he felt that the young girl probably still held something against the man. That was why he had made such an arrangement.

“Alright, let’s get back on track. Diane, why did you leave San Francisco?”

Diane Taylor then told him all about what the James family had done.

Finn Taylor turned to Bruce Jones. “If I’m not wrong, a woman named Karine James must’ve looked for you.”

The latter nodded. *‘He’s right.’*

“Alright, follow me back to San Francisco. It’s time to deal with some people.”

After leaving Lindsey Taylor with some instructions, Finn Taylor left with Diane Taylor.

The sisters hugged each other before leaving, both in tears. It had been a while since they last met, and neither of them had expected to meet again under such circumstances.

...

San Francisco.

The Larson Corporation.

Yvette Larson was in her office when an employee came in to inform her that the James family had taken away the items on their desk again.

This was the seventh time today.

Every time, Yvette Larson's reply was the same: "Alright, I'll pay you for it. Go back to work."

It felt as though she was making light of the situation, and it obviously annoyed her employees..

### **Chapter 309: Thief**

No sooner had that employee left than the door was pushed open once again.

Without even lifting up her head, Yvette Larson simply said, "Get out. Didn't I tell you to just report the costs to me? I'll reimburse you for it, so don't bother me anymore."

Finn Taylor stood at the door, confused. "Huh? It's me."

He had traveled a long way back from San Diego, only to receive such treatment.

Feeling that something was amiss, Yvette Larson finally raised her head to see that it was her husband at the door.

He walked up, shutting the door behind him. "What's going on?"

"Who else can it be but the James family? We never should've let them into the company. Now, they've started bullying others. They've taken everything they possibly can from other people's desks—from pens to tissues, and even an apple. I've already had a few employees telling me about this today. What can I possibly do? I just told them that the company would reimburse them for those things, but I'm sure that's not what they're after. It is injustice that they're feeling."

Finn Taylor glanced out of the door. *'These people are really shameless. I didn't think they would do such things on their first day here, but I must've underestimated them.'*

"I'll make sure they learn their lesson tonight."

"Have you found Diane?"

Finn Taylor nodded.

Yvette Larson was delighted.

Of course, the James family was continuing with their antics.

All of a sudden, a shrill scream broke the silence. “Ah! Which shameless fool stole my money? If you don’t have money, you could’ve told me. I would’ve donated some to you. Don’t you think you’re no different from a thief by taking all of my money from my drawer?”

The couple obviously heard the scream too and realized that something had happened. They rushed out to take a look.

By then, many employees had gathered around that lady, but they made way for the couple.

As they arrived in front of the desk, they spotted a young lady burying her head in her hands, sobbing.

Yvette Larson asked gently, “What’s going on?”

“Someone stole Sally’s money.”

Taking tissue paper, snacks, or pens were trivial matters, but stealing money was a whole different matter.

“Shut the doors.” Immediately, Yvette Larson instructed the security officers to lock the doors. She then glanced around the office. “Who stole the money? Own up now.”

There was pin-drop silence, and nobody admitted to being the thief.

“I’m going to count to ten. If nobody owns up to it, I’m going to call the police. We have surveillance cameras anyway.”

She pointed at the ceiling—there were no blind spots in the office.

“One.”

“Two.”

“Three.”

Every word seemed like a hammer coming down, but nobody felt anything. Only the person who had done it felt as though their heart was about to burst.

“Four.”

“Five.”

“Six.”

Everyone looked around, trying to spot if anyone was acting furtively.

Just then, Finn Taylor spotted Henry James and Karen James inching backward as though they were about to run. He immediately grabbed their arms.

“Finn Taylor, what are you trying to do?” Frantic, the pair struggled against him.

“Don’t tell me that you’re feeling guilty. Why are you trying to escape?”



“Guilty? Since when were we feeling guilty? Finn Taylor, you had better not accuse us without any evidence.”

Finn Taylor chuckled. “Don’t try to leave if you’re not guilty then. Whoever leaves is the thief.”

After that, he shoved the pair to the ground.

Not a single person took pity on them. In fact, they even cheered.

Although it was their first day at work, they ruined the atmosphere in the office. Now, there was even a case of stolen money.

It was only natural that nobody thought well of them.

“Seven.”

“Eight.”

As the numbers inched closer to ten, everyone held their breaths.

Still, nobody had stepped forward.

*‘Will Yvette Larson really call the police if nobody owns up to it?’*

“Nine.”

The atmosphere grew more tense.

Beads of sweat formed on the James family’s foreheads.

“Yvette, let’s forget about it. It wasn’t much anyway.” Unexpectedly, Sally stood up to persuade her boss to simply let the matter go.

That encouraged the James family.

Karen James—who had tried to escape earlier—added on, “Yvette, I’m not trying to say anything, but this isn’t a huge matter either. Maybe someone didn’t have enough coins to take the bus home and took some from Sally. I’m sure they intended on returning it, but they probably won’t dare to do so now that you’ve blown it up. It’s just a few dollars—there’s no need to make such a huge fuss. We’re all colleagues, so what’s the point in blowing this up?”

Henry James piped up too. “That’s right. Yvette, you’re still young and naive. If I were in your place, I wouldn’t deal with this so strictly. Yvette, why don’t you consider leaving me in charge of the company? I promise I’ll do a good job.”

There was probably nobody more shameless than Henry James.

Yvette Larson turned to Sally. “Alright then. Let’s get back to work.”

Hearing that, the James siblings shared a meaningful glance, understanding that they had nearly been caught.

Once the crowd dispersed, Finn Taylor and Yvette Larson headed to the security office to get a copy of the surveillance footage.

After a long day at work, everyone had left for the day.

Finn Taylor had tolerated the James family and hadn't done anything to them just so that he could deal with them in front of his mother-in-law at home. Otherwise, he'd never be able to get rid of them completely.

As they returned home, Linda James was already at the door waiting for them.

To tell the truth, Finn Taylor pitied her.

She was such a brainless woman, but it was true that she didn't have any place in the James family and had married a useless husband. She wanted to be a strong and independent woman, but circumstances didn't allow for that. That was why she had placed all her hope on her daughter. But such was fate—her daughter had married a 'piece of trash' too.

This was why she had vented all her anger on him!

### **Chapter 310: Afraid**

Actually, Linda James was quite a pitiful woman too. She wanted her family to get along with the Larson family as well.

Now, she waited at the door expectantly.

Unfortunately, her family was truly useless, and her hopes fell through.

"Mom, we're back." The couple greeted her.

Linda James was emotional. "Hey, you're back. That's good; I've already prepared dinner."

One could count with just one hand how many times Linda James had stepped into the kitchen to prepare a meal over the past three years. In fact, this was probably the first time she had taken the initiative to whip up a meal for the family.

Linda James awaited their good news, but things rarely went to plan.

Once everyone entered the house, Finn Taylor glanced at his wife, who nodded in agreement.

"Come have a seat."

Linda James was slightly confused as she looked at her son-in-law. "Is there something so important that we can't discuss after dinner?"

"I think we had better get this out of the way. I don't think I'll be able to stomach dinner otherwise."

Yvette Larson glared at her mom before the latter could say more. "Come and have a seat. Mom, you come over too."

Linda James was slightly afraid of her daughter. After all, the latter held the final say as to whether her family could remain in the company.

Although reluctant, the James family eventually took their seats on the sofa.

When everyone was seated, Finn Taylor finally spoke up. "I didn't want to expose this in the company, but now that we're home, it's best to clear the air about what happened in the office today. The surveillance footage told us everything, and I brought it back with me today."

Finn Taylor retrieved a hard disk from his bag.

By now, the James family was slightly flustered.

Henry James was the first one to speak up. "Finn Taylor, what do you mean by this? Didn't you say that you weren't going to pursue the matter anymore?"

Finn Taylor chuckled. "Don't worry. Since Sally doesn't want to pursue the matter, I won't. However, I have to find out what happened. I was afraid that I would be wrong if I were to view it alone, so I decided to invite all of you to view it with me. What, you guys look terrified. Do you know something that I don't?"

Henry James's eyes shied away from Finn Taylor's gaze. "What could I possibly know? Don't put words into my mouth."

Seeing Henry James's behavior, Finn Taylor knew he had caught the culprit. However, he was in no hurry.

Once the video was shown, the truth would be known to all.

Finn Taylor had obtained the surveillance footage starting an hour before Sally screamed. It was highly likely that her money had been stolen in the previous hour.

It would be hard to find anything out within that hour, so he started playing all four videos at the same time.

Nothing seemed out of the blue, and that naturally pleased the James family.

They glanced at Finn Taylor as though they were challenging him. '*See, you were making a mountain out of a molehill.*'

Of course, Finn Taylor was in no hurry either. They were bound to be exposed.

As the video played on, something finally happened.

Sally had left her desk—this was a key turning point.

If someone had stolen her money, it probably would've taken place after this. As expected, Henry James inched toward Sally's desk, even sitting in her seat. He then opened the drawer and took her money out.

At that moment, he had only placed the money on the table, not in his pockets.

But by then, Henry James was furious. "What's there to see? Kill me if you want!"

He stood up, wanting to leave.

But Finn Taylor naturally wasn't going to let that happen, and he pinned the man on the ground. "Do you really think that I won't dare to do anything to you?"

On the television, the video was running. By this time, Henry James had already placed the money in his pocket.

Just then, Karen James walked over. "Wow, you're even stealing money now!"

"Be quiet." Henry James then split the loot with his sister before they both left the scene.

Finn Taylor glanced at Karen James. *'I knew that she had to be involved in this somehow since both of them tried to escape this afternoon.'*

"Finn Taylor, let go of me. I won't run away." Henry James felt miserable being pinned down on the ground, and he started begging for mercy.

After giving the man a vicious kick, Finn Taylor loosened his grip. *'Escape? You must be kidding. We're on Pacific Heights. It would be strange if you were able to run away.'*

"How much did you steal?"

Henry James's eyes shifted as he said, "30 dollars."

"I'll chop off your fingers if you don't tell the truth."

"300 dollars."

Finn Taylor glared at the other.

"Fine, 700 dollars. That's the truth."

"Alright, the company's rules are that you have to pay ten-fold of what you stole. Hand 7,000 dollars over."

"7,000 dollars?" Henry James's face drained of all color. *'I don't even have that much money.'*

"It's alright if you don't have 7000. You can pay with your fingers." With that, Finn Taylor picked up a fruit knife and slammed Henry James's hand onto the table. He was about to chop the other's fingers off with the knife.

"Wait a minute; I do have 7,000."

*'My life is more important than money.'*

"I-I have some secret savings." Henry James eventually transferred Finn Taylor 7,000 dollars, throwing the family into chaos.

But this had nothing to do with Finn Taylor.

“Finn, we’ve already paid you. Let’s not pursue the matter anymore.” Henry James thought that his nephew-in-law wouldn’t harp on the matter anymore now that he had already paid the latter.

“We can close this case, but there’s something else that we have to take into account.”

“Another thing?”

*‘What’s he talking about? Is he talking about the tissues and other things that I stole? Is Finn Taylor even going to pursue such a trivial matter?’*

“Come in.” Nobody knew who Finn Taylor was talking to.

Right then, the door opened, and someone walked in.

Seeing that person, the James family’s faces were filled with terror. The one who walked in was none other than Diane Taylor.

“Diane Taylor, you...” Karine James immediately jumped up from her seat, visibly shocked.

“What, you look quite frightened to see me?” Seeing Karine James, Diane Taylor was no longer afraid.

“You must be quite terrified to see me.” Just then, another man walked in—Bruce Jones.

Karine James could no longer remain calm.

“Y-you...” She stuttered for a long time but couldn’t complete her sentence. It was painfully obvious how shaken she was..