

The Untouchable Son-In-Law: The Master Peregrine #Chapter 31 - Quince Larson's Evil Plan - Read The Untouchable Son-In-Law: The Master Peregrine Chapter 31 – 35

Chapter 31: Quince Larson's Evil Plan

Eleanor Larson was reluctant to slave away for the rest of her life, much less rely on Quince Larson. She also felt that this was an opportunity for her.

'Alexander Scott—the head of Seattle's Scott family; he is a prominent figure. If only I could be Alexander Scott's woman, even if I'm just a mistress. Perhaps with a little luck, I might even be able to rise above everyone else because of that.'

Seeing his cousin walking toward Alexander Scott, Quince Larson naturally understood her intentions. To be honest, he also hoped that she would succeed.

Currently, Yvette Larson was being backed by the Sullivan family of New York. That would be a hindrance to him no matter what.

If Eleanor Larson could strike up a relationship with the Scott family of Seattle, he had confidence in convincing the Scott family to support him.

As such, he decided to take his leave. After all, he had come only to witness the grand birthday party today.

Now that the party was over, there was no point in him staying here anymore.

Eleanor Larson walked up to Alexander Scott, placing her hand on his back.

Alexander smiled. *'Now, I can't help but gain a deeper respect for Master Peregrine. Master Peregrine even expected Eleanor Larson to try to hook him up. He had even allowed me to accept her seduction. When the time is right, he will have a use for that.'*

...

The peak of Pacific Heights.

Yvette Larson leaned on her husband as she gazed at the stars in the sky. "I'm so cold."

“Are you cold? Let’s go home then.” Finn Taylor regretted his words the moment he said them.

His wife was clearly giving him an opportunity. He could’ve hugged her or even gone further than that, but he had chosen a dead-end for himself.

Yvette Larson huffed.

It was rare for the couple to be so romantic with each other, and she had intended to give Finn Taylor a chance.

‘Why is this man so upright and dumb?’

“Then, why don’t you wear my clothes?” Finn Taylor tried to salvage the situation. Unfortunately, some things would never return once they were gone.

“What for? Let’s go home.” With that, Yvette Larson turned around. Obviously, she was still fuming.

To that, Finn Taylor only felt that he had wasted a golden opportunity.

He had spent a fortune hosting this grand birthday party, but this was how it had ended up.

“Oh right. Finn Taylor, be honest. Where did you get the money to rent the peak of Pacific Heights?” Along the way home, Yvette Larson felt that something was amiss.

It was romantic indeed, but where had that money come from?

“The money from the late Old Master.”

Yvette Larson wanted to say something but held her tongue. She wanted to know how much the Old Master had actually given her husband at that time, but that sum of money had nothing to do with her.

If she were to ask about it, it would make it seem as though she was after his money.

...

The next day.

Yvette Larson returned to the office in a joyful mood.

Eleanor Larson was in a similarly joyful mood. The previous night, she had successfully crawled into Alexander Scott's bed.

Now, she had full confidence in chasing Yvette out of the company and the Larson family with the Scott family's power.

"Wow, wow, wow. Someone's bursting with joy."

"Many people in San Francisco witnessed the grand birthday party last night. Tell me; we're all women. You both had birthdays yesterday on the 20th, but why is there such a huge difference between the two of you? Some people have the chance to celebrate their birthday at the peak of Pacific Heights and be the object of envy of all of San Francisco while others can only hide at home, eating some tacos."

Eleanor Larson took a dig at her cousin.

Yvette Larson was in a good mood today and didn't want to get into an argument with such a brainless woman.

"Why are you all standing at the entrance and not going in? Yvette Larson, how's your investigation going? Have you made any progress? You'd better remember what you told me."

Was it simply just a coincidence that they both turned up at the same time? As long as Eleanor Larson mocked her, Quince Larson would always appear right in time to join her.

"I still have five days. Why are you in such a hurry?" Yvette Larson huffed and strode into the office.

"Humph! Why is she being so arrogant? I'll see how she explains herself in five days' time!" Eleanor Larson was upset with her cousin's attitude. She always saw herself as an older sister.

As such, she would find a way to ruin Yvette Larson's life.

"Come to my office. I have something to tell you." With that, Quince Larson headed toward his office.

Eleanor Larson clenched her fist, feeling upset inwardly. But for now, she dared not fall out with her cousin. Thus, she could only follow him obediently to his office.

When Eleanor Larson entered the office, Quince Larson shut the door. "How did it go last night? Did you do it?"

“What?” Eleanor Larson acted as though she didn’t understand his words.

But Quince Larson had already guessed that she would put on an act. There was no way Eleanor Larson would speak so freely about such things.

“Let’s talk about the project. To be honest with you, I was the one who arranged for those rogues to make trouble for Yvette Larson.”

Eleanor Larson’s jaw dropped, and her gaze was filled with disbelief. “Brother, you… Don’t you know of the consequences of this matter if Grandpa finds out about it?”

“Consequences? You can go ahead and tell him if you dare. Do you think you’ll be able to take my place if I fall out of favor?”

‘Given Grandpa’s personality, he’ll eventually hand the Larson family over to me. Even if I’m struck down now, Grandpa will eventually hand the reins of the family over to me. If you dare to expose me now, you’ll die an awful death after Grandpa is gone.’

Quince Larson had purposely said so as a reminder to Eleanor Larson.

‘She had better understand that she still has to listen to me even though she successfully struck up a relationship with the Scott family.’

“Of course, you don’t have to worry. I’m not that dumb. I wasn’t the one who personally arranged for those rogues; they don’t know that I’m the one behind everything. It was Seth Fleming, the Fleming family’s Young Master, who arranged everything.”

“If Yvette Larson doesn’t find Seth Fleming within five days, she’ll have to keep to her promise and leave the company. Of course, I do hope that she can find Seth Fleming. You should know that Seth Fleming’s younger brother, Sean Fleming, has had a crush on her for the longest time.”

“What do you think will happen if Yvette Larson goes to the Fleming family to talk it out? Do you think that she’ll come back in one piece and untouched?”

Quince Larson made Eleanor Larson shiver in cold sweat.

She was thankful that she hadn’t gone so far as to make her cousin an enemy yet.

Quince was truly a vicious man. No matter what, Yvette Larson was his cousin—they were all Larsons. Yet, he dared to use such vicious methods to deal with her.

“Eleanor Larson, I need you to do me a favor.”

“What… what favor?” Now, even Eleanor Larson was slightly afraid of her cousin.

“Think of a way to let that piece of trash, Finn Taylor, know about the Fleming family stirring up trouble.”

“Ah?”

Chapter 32: Heading to the Fleming Family’s House

Quince Larson’s plan couldn’t get any more vicious. He had asked Eleanor Larson to tell Finn Taylor about the instigator behind the whole matter.

What would he do after learning about it?

Firstly, he could choose not to let Yvette Larson know about it. Then, she would have to resign from her position.

Once she resigned, Quince Larson would tell her that her husband had already known about the instigator behind the whole thing. It was just that he hadn’t told her about it.

The couple was sure to get into an argument then, and they might even get divorced.

What would happen then? It would be going against the late Old Master’s wishes.

That way, Yvette Larson’s family was sure to be chased out of the Larson family.

His grandpa cared most about filial piety and the family’s reputation.

Of course, Finn Taylor could choose a different route: telling Yvette Larson about the instigator.

What would that lead to? She was sure to head to the Fleming family for a discussion to avoid having to resign from the company.

This was what Quince Larson hoped to see.

Yvette Larson would go as a virgin, but she definitely wouldn’t return untouched.

She had a husband at home, yet she bedded another man. There was no way his cousin would still have the dignity to live after doing something that humiliated the entire family.

Quince Larson would then consult the elders and advise them to cut her family out of the Larson family, driving Yvette Larson into a corner.

...

Finn Taylor sat at the gate, smoking as he gazed at the street.

It had been several days since he started sitting here, but it wasn't because he was bored.

He was sitting here because he was looking for someone. To be more accurate, he was looking for a beggar.

This beggar had been begging around Finn Taylor's house for three years.

Ever since he had married into the Larson family, he had seen that beggar every day. But in the past week, that beggar had suddenly disappeared.

If it were any ordinary beggar that had gone missing, he wouldn't have spared a thought. However, that beggar was different.

When Finn Taylor had been beaten for the first time at his wife's house, he had chosen to escape the Larson family out of frustration.

At that time, the beggar had offered him a cigarette and taught him many life principles. It was only then that he realized how difficult it was being a beggar.

Perhaps that beggar had only turned to this route because of other difficulties, just like he had become the Larson family's matrilocal son-in-law because he had no other choice.

"Oh, what are you looking at, piece of trash?" Just then, Finn Taylor heard a very disconcerting voice beside him.

He lifted up his head to see Eleanor Larson.

This woman tried to go against him in every way, and that was why he had set up a trap to deal with her.

'Right now, she probably has full confidence that she's now in a relationship with Alexander Scott. Is she here to boast about herself? Or to declare war?' No matter which one it was, Finn Taylor was fearless.

"Do you know about your wife making a bet with Quince Larson?" Eleanor Larson snatched the cigarette from Finn Taylor's hand and flung it to the ground, extinguishing it.

She hated the smell of cigarettes, especially the cheap kind that Finn Taylor smoked.

“A bet?”

“There was some trouble with the project with Xander Corporation. Some rogues have been stirring up trouble, and your wife agreed to resolve the matter within the week. Otherwise, she would resign from her position.”

Finn Taylor clenched his fist. *‘It’s you again, Quince Larson.’*

“Your wife has five days left, but she hasn’t found the root cause of the problem.”

“What are you trying to tell me?” Finn Taylor knew that she was here for a specific reason, but he couldn’t guess the reason.

“I know who’s behind those rogues.” She finally got to the main point.

“Tell me.”

“Why should I?”

“...” Finn Taylor retrieved another cigarette and started smoking.

He was in no hurry. It was obvious that Eleanor had purposely come here to tell him this secret.

‘I’ll wait for you to tell me about it, then I’ll see if I can accept this secret.’

“I’ll tell you if you say that you’re a piece of trash.”

Finn Taylor’s fists were clenched tightly, and the veins on the back of his hands popped up.

In the end, that girl’s voice and image appeared in his mind.

“I’m a piece of trash.”

“Who’s a piece of trash?”

“Finn Taylor is a piece of trash.”

“Hahahaha...” Eleanor Larson burst out into laughter and couldn’t stop smiling.

“Tell me who the instigator is.”

“Alright, alright, I’ll tell you. It’s Seth Fleming from San Francisco’s Fleming family. You can deal with him if you’re capable enough.” Then, she left with a wide smile still plastered on her face.

She had completed her mission and had even heard Finn Taylor admit that he was a piece of trash.

It was a double blessing.

Now, she simply had to sit back and relax to watch what would happen.

Once Eleanor Larson walked a distance away, Finn Taylor took out his phone and made a call to the four guardians.

He had two missions for them.

Firstly, he wanted to know how true the information that Eleanor Larson had told him was.

Secondly, he wanted to find out who that beggar was, where he had gone, and why he had gone missing.

Upon receiving his order, the four guardians set out to work immediately.

Right before dinnertime, Finn Taylor received news from Logan Yeats.

Eleanor Larson was right; it was indeed the Fleming family backing those rogues.

Finn Taylor pushed open the door to his wife's bedroom and saw her playing video games.

'Huh!?' He knew that his wife was never one to play video games. 'Something is amiss.'

He walked over, yet she didn't chase him out.

It seemed like Yvette Larson's impression of her husband had improved drastically because of the birthday party.

"Are you having fun?"

"Ah! I want to kill someone!" Yvette Larson yelled out, venting the unhappiness in her heart.

Finn Taylor didn't say anything and simply sat by the side, watching her play.

Bang!

Yvette Larson was shot in the head, and the game ended.

She flung the game console onto the bed in a huff.

“Are you annoyed? Is it because of those rogues who are stirring up trouble for you?”

Yvette Larson looked at her husband in amazement. “How did you know?”

“I’ve already investigated the matter; it’s the Fleming family.”

“The Fleming family? It’s them? Why would they do that? We have nothing against them.”

“Who knows? Let’s go to the Fleming family’s house tomorrow. I’ll follow you there.”

After giving it some thought, Yvette Larson decided not to refuse him. “Ok.”

The next day.

Yvette Larson headed to the Fleming family with her husband.

Quince Larson had already found out about it when she was still on her way there. Upon learning of it, he was over the moon.

He seemed to be able to visualize the scene where Yvette Larson humiliated herself and was chased out of the Larson family.

The Fleming family was a top-tier family in San Francisco. Although they weren’t in the top ten, they were still leagues ahead of second-tier families like the Larson family.

When Finn Taylor and Yvette Larson reached the Fleming family’s gate, a few security officers walked up to stop them.

From a simple glance, Finn Taylor could tell that the security officers were skilled in martial arts. One had learned Taekwondo, while the other had learned Muay Thai.

“Who are you?”

Chapter 33: Meeting with The Fleming Family

“Yvette Larson from the Larson family of San Francisco.” Finn Taylor took the initiative to introduce his wife.

The security officers seemed to be expecting them. They glanced at each other and gestured for them to enter.

When the couple walked forward together, one of the security officers stopped Finn Taylor. "Who are you? You can't enter."

"Her husband, Finn Taylor."

Pfft!

The security officers burst out into laughter. "Oh, you're the infamous, good-for-nothing matrilocal son-in-law of San Francisco's Larson family."

"You're famous in San Francisco. I'm sorry for not recognizing you earlier, but you aren't allowed to enter."

Even though Finn Taylor had already announced his identity, the security officers refused to let him in.

Finn Taylor shrugged. "Alright then. We'll visit another day."

He then turned to leave with his wife.

"Why are you guys leaving? My subordinates are just incompetent. You could've just called out for me." A man with a cigar in his hand was looking toward the gate from the gardens.

Finn Taylor turned back and spotted Seth Fleming.

He narrowed his gaze. *'Based on what Eleanor Larson told me, it was Seth Fleming who stirred up trouble for my wife.'*

"Mr. Fleming, this is our third time meeting each other. Aren't you going to invite us in?" Although Yvette Larson was fuming inwardly, she put up a pretense and forced a smile out.

She had no other choice. After all, the Larson family was no match for the Fleming family.

"Haha, our fates are quite intertwined. I haven't congratulated you for winning the 'Best Charitable Organization' award yet. Come on in, Ms. Larson."

Yvette Larson remained unmoving but glanced at Finn Taylor beside her.

"Sigh, I'm sorry for the incompetence of my subordinates. Don't mind them, Ms. Larson. Come on in too, Mr. Taylor."

Although Yvette Larson wanted to settle the matter, she understood that entering the Fleming family's house was like entering the lion's den.

Without her husband by her side, she never would've dared to turn up alone.

As the couple walked into the Fleming family's house, Seth Fleming led them into a secluded room.

In front of it was an artificial mountain with an artificial pond by the side. It felt relaxing and peaceful sitting here to enjoy a cup of tea.

"Mr. Fleming, I'm not going to beat around the bush. There have been some people standing in the way of our progress in our project with the Xander Corporation. Mr. Fleming, you're a prominent figure in San Francisco. I don't know any prominent figures, and I've only met you twice. I've come today to ask for your help." Yvette Larson spoke in a very humble tone.

She did not expose Seth Fleming as the one instigating those people. She simply said that he had a high position and could settle the matter.

Seth Fleming took a sip of tea and furrowed his eyebrows but remained silent.

"Mr. Fleming, I understand that there are rules. 15,000 dollars—how's that?"

Seth Fleming chuckled. "This tea in front of you is Panda Dung tea. It's one of the rarest kinds of tea and is worth millions per pound. Just that cup in front of you costs at least a thousand. Do you think I'd care about 15,000 dollars?"

Yvette Larson was fuming, but she ate humble pie again. "Mr. Fleming, I think you've misunderstood me. 15,000 is just to chase those people away and to convince them not to bully a small family like the Larson family anymore. As for Mr. Fleming, you'll receive 150,000."

"150,000?"

"Mr. Fleming, it's 450,000." Yvette Larson had to resist the urge to scold and punch someone.

Her limit was 700,000. If it went above that, she wouldn't even be able to make the call.

Now, the price was already at 700,000.

"If it's 450,000, I'd be quite interested. However, money doesn't mean much to me. For a man of my status, money isn't something I'm concerned about anymore."

Just then, a man entered the room.

Finn Taylor looked over to see Sean Fleming, who had been beaten up by the four guardians under his instructions.

Sean Fleming's gaze was filled with lust as he looked at Yvette Larson. "Ms. Larson, you said you don't like to beat around the bush. I'll be frank with you—I was the one who arranged for all those rogues. It's possible for me to be magnanimous, and I won't even take a single cent from you. However, my younger brother has had a crush on you for a long time. He even waited at your office to pick you up and confess to you. Ms. Larson, how could you be so cruel as to ignore his feelings?"

Yvette Larson was a little frightened, and she instinctively shrank toward her spouse. "I have a husband. Seth Fleming, you'd better not play around."

"A husband? Hahaha. Yvette Larson, the entire San Francisco knows that your husband is a good-for-nothing matrilocal son-in-law who hasn't even touched you once in the past three years. If you give yourself to my younger brother tonight, I promise you that the Fleming family will definitely support the Larson Corporation, the Larson family, and even you in the future. Nobody in San Francisco will ever dare to rebuke you."

Seth Fleming was arrogant. Of course, he had the right to act that way.

He was the Young Master of the Fleming family, a top-tier family in San Francisco.

He was the epitome of a rich, handsome, and tall man from the upper class. He was a Prince Charming in the eyes of many.

Sean Fleming strolled toward Yvette Larson and stretched out his hand, wanting to take her hands into his.

Finn Taylor gave a gentle tug and pulled his wife half a meter away, leaving Sean Fleming hanging.

"You piece of trash, you ruined it for me!" Sean Fleming's blood was boiling. *'I had nearly succeeded earlier, but that piece of trash ruined the moment for me.'*

"Sean Fleming, I'll leave this matter to you. If you can't even deal with a piece of trash yourself, you'd better not call yourself my younger brother." With that, Seth Fleming turned to leave the room.

Whatever followed had nothing to do with him. It all depended on Sean Fleming whether he could get what he wanted.

...

In the office of the Larson Corporation's CEO.

Quince Larson chuckled. "Eleanor, are you serious? That useless thing actually admitted that he's a piece of trash?"

"Of course! He admitted to it right in front of me, and I nearly died from laughter. I regret not using my phone to film that moment down." Eleanor Larson smacked her head as she said that, expressing her immense regret.

"Look at the time. Yvette Larson should be at the Fleming family's house now."

"Oh yes, they should be there. They should've been chatting for quite some time now."

"Chatting? Hahaha. Are you sure it's just a discussion? I'm afraid that by now..." Quince Larson let out a smug smile.

Although his cousin was smiling too, her smile concealed her immense fear.

'We are all Larsons. This time, Quince Larson has gone too far. Yvette Larson is going to die in my cousin's hands this time.'

Although it was true that she had gotten together with Alexander Scott, there was a limit to how useful it would be.

'What if Quince Larson decides to make use of that...' Eleanor Larson couldn't help but shudder in fear at the thought of that!

Chapter 34: Chaos in The Larson family

Sean Fleming glanced at Finn Taylor and shook his head. 'This man is ridiculous.'

In the past, Seth Fleming had thought that the latter had to be a prominent figure. After all, he had been respected at the All Stars Hotel.

However, he had never expected him to be the infamous, good-for-nothing matriloal son-in-law of San Francisco, Finn Taylor.

There was nothing he could do right.

It was humiliating for a man to live his life in this way.

“Yvette Larson, are you a fool, or are you just pretending to be one? Look around you. Where are you? It’s the Fleming family’s house. You can’t blame me since you were the one who threw yourself into my arms. Piece of trash, you’d better scram. If you dare to stand in my way, I’ll get someone to break all your bones!” Sean Fleming whistled, and immediately, four bodyguards appeared.

They rubbed their palms while staring at Finn Taylor, their gazes full of hostility.

Yvette Larson was afraid and shrank before her husband—she was scared stiff. *‘I never should’ve been so impulsive to turn up here with only Finn Taylor. I regret even coming to the Fleming family’s house. We should’ve invited Seth Fleming to a restaurant instead. Am I really going to lose my virginity here?’*

“Oh, what’s going on?” Just then, they heard an authoritative voice.

Seth Fleming turned and felt immense fear in his heart when he realized that he had a visitor.

This person was none other than the true head, Hunter Sullivan.

“Seth Fleming, don’t you think that you’ve done me dirty by standing in the way of my collaboration with the Larson family?” said Hunter Sullivan as he walked into the room.

When he saw Sean Fleming trying to throw himself at Yvette Larson, he smiled. “Oh, who’s this? I think I saw him on the news. I heard that he was stripped naked and hung on a tree. Seth Fleming, is he part of your family?”

Sean Fleming’s face turned pale, and he didn’t dare to respond. “Mr. Sullivan, he’s my younger brother—Sean Fleming.”

“Wow, he’s young and handsome. He’s even learned human art.”

The most humiliating thing Sean Fleming had experienced in his entire life was having been stripped naked and hung on a tree that night.

His heart was full of grudges due to Hunter Sullivan bringing the matter up.

“What’s wrong with you? How dare you mention that?”

“Beat him up!” With Sean Fleming’s order, the four bodyguards rushed toward Hunter Sullivan.

Seth Fleming was so stunned by the sight that he shut his eyes. *‘My brother has gotten himself into trouble—big trouble.’*

Bang! Bang! Bang!

After throwing out only four moves, he returned to his original position as though nothing had happened. However, the four bodyguards from the Fleming family were crumpled on the ground in front of him.

“Sean Fleming! Kneel down and apologize to Mr. Sullivan!” Seth Fleming felt fear like he had never felt before. *‘This is Hunter Sullivan, the head of New York’s Sullivan family. Sean Fleming, is your brain dead? How could you do that to him?’*

Unfortunately, Sean Fleming had been pampered growing up. Anyway, he would never get to inherit the company. As such, he had set his life goal on becoming a rich second-generation heir from a young age.

This was his family’s turf. There was no need to be afraid of anyone.

“Why? Do you think that I’ll be afraid of you just because they’re here? You’d better know that you’re in the Fleming family’s house now.” Sean Fleming was full of confidence and perfectly fearless.

Unfortunately, his words made Seth Fleming sigh even more. *‘What a pity. This is my younger brother.’*

“Cripple!” The moment Hunter Sullivan finished his sentence, someone walked in.

He punched Sean Fleming’s calf, and they all heard a loud crack. His bone had been broken.

From now on, Sean Fleming was crippled. He would spend the rest of his life in a wheelchair.

After completing his task, that man quickly returned to his position outside the room.

Discipline was key, and nothing could go wrong.

Seth Fleming was shivering in fear, and he quickly knelt in front of Hunter Sullivan. “Mr. Sullivan, this is a misunderstanding.”

“Give me a reason not to kill you.”

“I will. The one behind this isn’t me but Quince Larson.”

“Hehe, do you think that you can cheat me just by conjuring a name up? Quince Larson is from the Larson family. Why would he ruin his own family’s business?”

“He’s envious of Yvette Larson and is afraid that she would ruffle his position in the Larson family with this project.”

Hunter Sullivan nodded. He had already found out all he wanted to know.

He got up and walked up to Yvette Larson. “Ms. Larson, you should’ve come to look for me when you encountered problems in the project.”

Yvette Larson had narrowly escaped death. If Hunter Sullivan hadn’t turned up in the nick of time, something bad would’ve happened to her.

At that moment, she was still in a trance and couldn’t utter a single word.

“Tomorrow, the Larson Corporation! Seth Fleming, I hope that you’ll turn up to denounce Quince Larson. Otherwise, I’m not sure how many of the Fleming family members will still be alive.”

Hunter Sullivan strode off with a hundred people following him.

They walked in synchrony as a whole unit.

Finn Taylor returned home with his startled wife. Then, he went out.

...

Starbucks.

Finn Taylor took a sip of his latte and shook his head.

Hunter Sullivan quickly took the latte away, rushing to get a cup of cappuccino instead.

Finn Taylor took another sip before splashing it on the other.

There was not a single complaint from Hunter Sullivan before he left to get another cup of coffee.

He had made that round trip three times before Finn Taylor looked at him. “Do you have any complaints?”

“Of course not, Master Peregrine.”

“Do you really have no complaints, or is it not the right time yet?”

"I... Master Peregrine, I really didn't notice it. None of my subordinates informed me of it."

"Oh, so you'd only have found out when something happened?"

"Master Peregrine, I'm willing to bear all responsibility."

"Alright, transfer half of the Sullivan family's assets to Yvette Larson. Remember to help her get a Swiss bank card, and don't tell her about it."

The Sullivan family of New York! They were one of the most prominent families in the country!

Half of their assets could easily bring one into the Forbes list. Even so, Hunter Sullivan dared not refuse Finn Taylor's request.

"Yes, I'll do it right away."

...

The next day.

Joseph Larson walked into the Larson Corporation. It was the first time in a long while since he had visited the company.

It was Quince Larson who had invited him over. He had told his grandpa that there was chaos in the Larson family, something so serious that he didn't even dare to write it out.

He had invited his grandpa to the company to announce the matter in front of the entire Larson family.

Chapter 35: Slut

The Larson Corporation's conference room.

Joseph Larson sat at the head of the table and glanced at the clock. "Quince, what's going on? Half an hour has already passed. Just tell me if you have something you want to say."

His grandson had invited him here, saying that something major had happened in the family. It was so serious that it couldn't be written in the books. However, he had been here for more than half an hour, but Quince Larson had yet to say anything.

The Old Master was starting to get a little impatient.

“Grandpa, the person Brother is talking about isn’t here yet. Just wait patiently.” Eleanor Larson looked out of the door and realized that Yvette Larson hadn’t arrived.

As such, Joseph Larson cut in. “I’ll give you another five minutes. If you don’t say it, I’m going back.”

He slammed his watch on the table. The wait had made him uncomfortable.

“Forget it, I’ll just say it. Grandpa, I received reliable information that the one who has been in the way of our collaboration with the Xander Corporation is the Fleming family. Yesterday, Yvette Larson went to the Fleming family’s house. Her way of solving the matter was to give herself to the Fleming family’s Young Master, Sean Fleming.”

Hiss!

The moment Quince Larson said that, there were sounds of people sucking in their breaths.

The Larson family members started whispering amongst themselves.

“Did Yvette Larson do it with someone else?”

“That can’t be. Finn Taylor didn’t even touch her once in the past three years. Do you think she would let someone else touch her?”

“I can’t say. That woman is capable of doing anything to protect her position within the family.”

“I didn’t expect that. She looks like quite a pure and innocent girl. I didn’t think she would do something like that that tarnishes the family’s reputation.”

“That’s right. She already has a husband. How could she give her body to another man? Is she a slut?”

Joseph Larson was fuming, and he slammed his fist onto the table. “Quince Larson, you’d better not be lying. You and Yvette Larson can do anything to fight for the position of family head, but she’s your cousin. I also won’t forgive you if you slander our family.”

“Grandpa, I have had some interactions with Seth Fleming of the Fleming family. He was the one who told me about it, so it can’t be wrong.”

Seth Fleming.

Who was he?

Everyone present knew about him.

In reality, not only had the Fleming family's head stopped caring about the company's matters, but the Young Master—Seth Fleming—had also taken over the reins a long time ago.

He was a prominent figure in San Francisco and a member of the upper class in San Francisco.

He bore no grudges against Finn Taylor and Yvette Larson. As such, there was no way he would cook up a lie to denigrate Yvette Larson.

“Grandpa, that slut did such a thing, yet she's still the Deputy CEO of the Larson Corporation! I disagree!” The moment Eleanor Larson expressed her displeasure, the other Larson family members quickly followed in her footsteps.

“Yes, I disagree as well. If others learn that the Larson Corporation's Deputy CEO is someone like that, what will they think of the rest of the Larson family?”

“That's right. We shouldn't just kick that slut out of the company. We should also kick her out of the Larson family.”

Inwardly, Quince Larson felt exceptionally pleased when he saw the entire Larson family coming together, wanting to kick Yvette out.

Screech!

Just then, the conference door opened.

Yvette Larson walked in, and dozens of eyes shot toward her.

Behind Yvette Larson was Finn Taylor.

Yvette Larson hesitantly took her seat while her husband simply stood behind her without saying a thing.

“Yuck! Do you smell that stench?” No sooner had Yvette Larson sat down than Eleanor Larson started to mock her.

“What do you mean by that, Eleanor Larson?”

“Shouldn't you know best what I'm talking about?”

“Did you get up on the wrong side of the bed today? Why are your words so nasty?”

“Oh, someone did something unspeakable, but she won’t let anyone else talk about it.” Eleanor Larson rubbed her nose in disgust.

“Yvette Larson, I heard that you went to settle the problem with the project yesterday. How did it go?” Unlike his cousin, Quince Larson wasn’t going to start an unnecessary fight.

He brought everyone back to the main topic with just one sentence.

“It’s settled.”

“Settled? Who was the one behind it?”

“The Fleming family of San Francisco.”

The moment Yvette Larson said those words, the entire Larson family came to a realization and looked at her in disdain.

Even Joseph Larson frowned. *‘Could it be that Quince Larson spoke the truth? I was blind to have trusted Yvette Larson. I didn’t think she was such a person.’*

“Oh, the Fleming family. Why did the Fleming family suddenly listen to you and decide not to obstruct our collaboration anymore? How much money did you spend?”

“Nothing.”

Pfft!

The entire Larson family nearly burst into laughter. *‘Is Yvette Larson crazy? Why is she answering all of Quince Larson’s questions so honestly? There’s no way she will ever clear her name this time.’*

“Yvette Larson, the Fleming family is much more powerful than us. Why would they listen to us when you didn’t even give them any benefits? Don’t tell me that you used some shameless methods. Why don’t you tell all of us here how you did it.”

“Quince Larson, what are you trying to say?” Yvette Larson was fuming. She already had a premonition of what her cousins were trying to insinuate.

“Then, let me ask you a question. Did Sean Fleming try to rape you when you went to the Fleming family’s house yesterday?”

The moment Quince Larson asked this question, all eyes, including Joseph Larson’s, were on Yvette Larson.

Everyone knew what this question was insinuating.

“Yes!” Yvette Larson didn’t want to hide the truth, nor did she want to cook up a story. As such, she replied earnestly.

However, this caused the entire Larson family to misunderstand her.

“Kneel down!” Joseph Larson was so infuriated that his mustache flew out of place. He slammed the table, demanding his granddaughter to kneel down.

“Grandpa, I didn’t do anything wrong. Why should I kneel?”

“You didn’t do anything wrong? You’re married, yet you dare to do something so shameless. Do you really think you did nothing wrong?”

“Grandpa, it’s true that Sean Fleming tried to rape me, but he didn’t succeed.”

Quince Larson sneered. “Yvette Larson, where did you meet Sean Fleming yesterday?”

“In the Fleming family’s house.”

“How many people did you bring there?”

“Only Finn Taylor.”

“Was there anyone in the Fleming family who helped Sean Fleming deal with you guys?”

“Yes!” Yvette answered every single one of her cousin’s questions.

Quince Larson stopped his questioning; he had already made it clear. *‘Yvette Larson, you’d better not try to deny it; it’s useless. You headed to the Fleming family’s house along with a piece of trash. Going into the Fleming family’s house is like going into the lion’s den. Could you really have left untouched?’*

“Yvette Larson, you’ve truly disappointed me. I thought that Francis Larson was mature and would be able to raise a mature daughter. I never expected him to raise such a shameless slut!”