

UNTOUCHABLE

Chapter 311: Terrifying Experience

Karine James hadn't been that terrified when facing Diane Taylor. After all, it was her word against the other's.

She would simply deny it, and with Linda James helping her, nobody would be able to put the blame on her. But things were different now that Bruce Jones had appeared.

She had lost all rationality because of hate and had hired someone to kidnap the young girl in hopes of killing her. However, these were two different things.

"Are you very surprised to see me, Ms. James?"

Karine James was the only one who knew what she had done. Nobody else in her family had any idea about it, and that was why they were confused by Karine James's behavior.

"I don't know you. Why should I be shocked?" Karine James had no other choice but to pretend to be ignorant. *'I'll deny it as long as you're unable to take out any evidence against me.'*

Bruce Jones fumed as he observed Karine James.

But just as he was about to speak up, Finn Taylor waved him off. "There's no hurry. Why don't we take a look at the surveillance cameras from our house?"

"Surveillance cameras?"

The James family wasn't the only one that was shocked; even Linda James was.

"Mom, this is Number One Pacific Heights. Do you really think we wouldn't have any cameras?" Finn Taylor picked up a teddy bear by the television and shook it gently. A remote control then fell into his hands.

Everyone's faces fell.

Finn Taylor connected the remote control to the television. He then selected the footage from the day he had gotten drunk.

From the footage, it was clear that Karine James was the one who had started the fight. It also showed how Diane Taylor had tried to protect herself. Following that, the James family—including Linda James—had ganged up against Diane Taylor, smashed her phone, and even chased her out of the house.

Finn Taylor stopped the video and turned to the James family. "It seems like I was too kind and didn't nip the problem in the bud the last time."

Finn Taylor was referring to Lucy Williams's birthday when Linda James had brought the whole family to Los Angeles. It had ended with Karine James kidnapping Yvette Larson.

At that time, Finn Taylor had already warned the James family but had chosen to leave them a way out on his mother-in-law's account. However, they hadn't appreciated his kindness, and they were now acting as though nothing had happened.

"Bruce Jones, why don't you tell everyone about your encounter with Ms. Karine James?"

"Alright." The man took a step forward and started, "Ms. Karine James paid me 5,000 dollars and instructed me to kidnap Ms. Diane Taylor. She said it didn't matter what I did to Ms. Taylor, but I couldn't let her go before she gave me instructions."

'Kidnap Diane Taylor?' The James family was obviously shocked. *'Did Karine not learn her lesson from kidnapping her cousin the previous time? Did she already forget what Finn Taylor did to her that time?'*

Everyone turned their eyes to Karine James, yet the latter remained calm and collected.

She shrugged and denied everything. "Finn Taylor, where did you find this actor from? I don't know him. Do you have any evidence apart from his statement?"

Of course, Finn Taylor had already expected her denial. Since he had chosen to bring this to light, he wouldn't let anything fall through.

"You transferred 5,000 dollars to Bruce Jones. How do you explain this?"

Karine James smiled. "There's nothing to explain. My account was hacked a few days ago. In fact, he should return me my money."

Nobody could get more shameless than Karine James—she didn't even hesitate before giving that explanation.

"Alright, let's take it that your account was hacked. I'm sure that you don't know the rules people like Bruce Jones have." Finn Taylor deliberately paused for a moment.

For some unknown reason, Karine James's heart pounded, and she had an ominous feeling about this.

"Bruce, play the recording."

'Recording?' Karine James was stumped. *'Bruce Jones recorded our conversation?'*

"You don't have to look at me like that, Ms. James. In our line of work, we're always scared of people going back on their word, so we always keep evidence when we work." With that, Bruce Jones played the recording.

"Bruce Jones?"

"You've got the wrong number."

"A friend gave me your number."

"You've got the wrong number."

“5,000.”

“You’ve got the wrong number.”

“San Diego Bus Station, 5,000.”

“You’ve got the wrong number.”

“I’ve sent you the photo. Catch her and do whatever you want to her; don’t release her before I tell you to. I’ll give you another 3,000 after everything is completed.”

“Which friend?”

“Friends in heaven.”

“Deal.”

“Deal.”

Finn Taylor wanted to see how Karine James would deny everything in the face of solid evidence.

Everyone’s eyes turned toward the latter.

Her forehead was dripping with sweat, and her lips were trembling. She couldn’t even force a word out.

Eventually, she gave up and shut her eyes.

To everyone else, it seemed like she had admitted to it.

“Karine James, you made a foolish mistake!” Lucy Williams was incensed. *‘I gave no care to my own dignity to beg for the family’s jobs in the Larson Corporation, yet Karine has ruined everything.’*

“A life for a life—you have to pay for what you owe. Why don’t you tell us how your family intends to pay us for this?”

Not a single person in the James family dared to speak up.

“Why don’t we do as Karine James says and kidnap all of you? Diane will have full say over when you guys are released, and we’ll let your captors do whatever they want to you. What do you think about that?”

The James family was scared stiff.

They knew just how vicious Bruce Jones and his gang were. Who knew what they would face and how they would die at the hands of those men?

Of course, Karine James was the most terrified amongst them since she had once experienced that life in Los Angeles. At that time, Finn Taylor had handed her to people like that too.

That had been the darkest period of her life. Even now, she would have nightmares from time to time.

It was a terrifying and painful experience that would stay with her for the rest of her life..

Chapter 312: Diane Taylor's Leaving

"No, I'm not going with them." Karine James vehemently objected to it as though they were her enemies.

The arrogant attitude they had earlier was gone in an instant.

"Linda, why don't you help us out? Do you really want your family to die?" Lucy Williams finally spoke up. Instead of begging grandson-in-law, she tried her luck with her eldest daughter.

Even Linda James understood that her family had indeed gone too far this time and that they would never learn their lesson unless her son-in-law did something this time.

But looking at her mother's desperate gaze and hearing her siblings' groans, Linda James eventually asked, "Finn Taylor, as your mother-in-law, do you think you can let them off this once for me?"

"Shut up, Mom." Yvette Larson felt as though she was going to explode even before her husband said a word. *'Every single time, my mom will try to speak up for the James family without fail. If not for my mom backing them up, there is no way they would dare to cause havoc!'*

"Yvette, why are you raising your voice at me? They're your relatives too—they're your uncle and auntie. Can you really bear to let them suffer?"

Yvette Larson sneered. "Uncle? Auntie? Which uncle or auntie would steal money in their niece's company, and who else would hire someone to kidnap their own cousin?"

Yvette Larson was speaking the truth, giving her mother no chance of rebutting her.

Yet, the latter couldn't simply abandon her relatives. As such, she did what she did best—throw a tantrum. "I don't care! I don't care what you think. They're my relatives. If they die, I'll die too!"

Slap!

Finn Taylor slammed the fruit knife in front of Linda James. "Bruce Jones, take the James family down and beat them to death. Mom, end your life now and go along with your family."

Seeing the fruit knife in front of her, Linda James's face drained of all color, and she didn't dare to utter another word.

"Are you still going to keep up with that, Mom?"

Naturally, Linda James was too terrified to do anything. She sat in the corner without saying a word.

“Mom, I’ll spare their lives on your account, but they still have to take responsibility for what they’ve done. Bruce Jones, beat them up so that they’ll be bedridden for at least half a year. Then, throw them back to Los Angeles.”

Bruce Jones nodded.

With that, the James family was dragged away.

Looking around the empty house, Linda James felt emotions swirling within her. However, she didn’t dare to make a sound since she now understood one thing.

She had treated her son-in-law like a piece of trash in the past. As long as he didn’t do as she said, she would scold him or even beat him up. But after that incident with Frida Cameron, she had backed down a little. But now that some time had passed, she seemed to have forgotten about that incident and was even trying to boss Finn Taylor around again.

Finn Taylor had been treating them kindly in the recent months, not because he had suddenly become magnanimous but because he didn’t want to show his murderous aura. However, that didn’t mean that he would allow himself to be bullied.

This was why Linda James had gradually gotten bolder.

Just thinking about it now stirred up some regret in her heart.

...

Diane Taylor had suffered injustice, and besides, she had already been fired. If they wanted to hire her again, someone had to take the blame.

Eventually, the family decided that Linda James would be the best person to do it.

Of course, she refused. “Why should I? This is my house, and I’m her employer. Why should I apologize to her?”

Yvette Larson glanced at her mom. “That’s fine. You’ll be in charge of all the household chores from now on then.”

As expected, she knew her mother best.

That touched a sore spot, and the latter’s face fell.

Linda James made a last attempt at convincing them. “But why am I the only one doing it? Shouldn’t you guys do some household chores too?”

“Mom, this is Number One Pacific Heights. Finn paid for this place, so he shouldn’t have to do the household chores after spending so much money. Besides, I’m the one paying for the thousands of dollars worth of management fees on this house. I shouldn’t need to do any chores either.”

Linda James turned to her husband—her last hope. “What about him? Why doesn’t your dad need to do any chores?”

Francis Larson replied to her indifferently, “The day we got married, you promised that I would never need to do a single household chore anymore.”

She had indeed said so. At that time, the James family was only an insignificant family in Los Angeles, while the Larson family was a second-tier family in San Francisco.

She thought that she would live happily ever after by marrying the Larson family’s eldest son, and that was why she made that promise. Who would’ve thought that this day would come?

“I...” Linda James stuttered. Left with no choice, she eventually said, “Alright. I’ll go and beg her to return, ok?”

Linda James was fuming, but there was nothing she could do. As such, she headed out to buy some fruits and milk before visiting Diane Taylor.

Finn Taylor had arranged for the latter to stay in a hotel not far from Pacific Heights.

Linda James knocked on the room door.

The moment the door opened, Linda James spotted the young girl’s reddened eyes and tear streaks on her face.

“W-what’s wrong, Diane? Hasn’t everything been resolved? Finn has already lectured me for a long time at home. What if he thinks that I bullied you?” Linda James felt her head throb. *‘If Finn Taylor were to witness this sight, he would definitely think that I bullied the young girl.’*

“Auntie Linda, although we may have had misunderstandings, I know that you’re a good person. You’ve never scolded me or hit me. I’m only crying because of my own matters. Oh right, I have something to tell you. I’m going back to my hometown; I can’t stay in San Francisco anymore.” Diane Taylor then took 30 dollars out. “Mr. Taylor and Ms. Larson have been very good to me. I won’t be able to attend their baby’s birthday celebration, nor will I be able to come back to San Francisco again. Please take this money to them as a gift in advance.”

Linda James was stumped.. *‘What does she mean by this? I’m here to bring you back with me, but you’re leaving San Francisco? Finn and Yvette will definitely think that I bullied you!’*

Chapter 313: Happenings in the Village

Linda James was never going to take the blame for that. If she did it, she would find a way to shirk all responsibility. If all else failed, she would eventually own up to it.

However, there was no way she would take responsibility for it when she had never done anything.

“Hold on.” Linda James whipped out her phone and made a call to her daughter. “Yvette, come to the hotel with Finn. Diane says that she’s leaving San Francisco. I didn’t do anything; she simply said that the moment I arrived.”

Yvette Larson was comforting her employees after the mess the James family had created the previous day. They had faced injustice, and as a boss—as well as a relative of the James family—it was only right for Yvette Larson to comfort them.

But right at that moment, she received news that Diane Taylor was about to leave the city. Her first thought was that her mother said something wrong while apologizing, but the latter said that it had nothing to do with her.

That was strange. Thankfully, her husband was by her side.

“Something has happened to Diane. Let’s go have a look.”

Finn Taylor didn’t ask anything more and only continued with his questions once they were in the car.

“What happened?”

“Mom called and said that Diane is leaving San Francisco.”

“Did Mom do anything?” Finn Taylor wasn’t blaming her but trying to understand the situation. *‘That can’t be. If she did it, she wouldn’t have called.’*

“I don’t think so. From Mom’s tone, it seems like Diane has run into some trouble and wants to leave.”

No matter how much Finn Taylor thought about it, he couldn’t think of what could’ve happened.

Very quickly, the couple arrived at the hotel. They then got out of the car and headed upstairs.

Because the room door was left ajar, the couple spotted Linda James trying to persuade Diane Taylor.

From the tears on the latter’s face, they could tell that she’d been crying. But seeing that the two women were talking so peacefully, it seemed like Linda James was indeed not the culprit.

“You guys are finally here. Hurry up and help me out; I didn’t do anything.”

Diane Taylor wiped her tears away. “Mr. Taylor, Ms. Larson, you’re here. It really has nothing to do with Auntie Linda.”

Finn Taylor looked at the girl, asking, “What happened? Why are you crying?”

“Nothing. Oh right, Mr. Taylor, Ms. Larson, I’m leaving San Francisco. I was intending on staying until I got to attend your baby’s birthday celebrations, but I don’t think I’ll have the chance for that now. Please accept this gift from me.”

With that, Diane Taylor took out 30 dollars.

Yvette Larson blushed at the mention of a baby, but she very quickly returned to normal.

“Diane, we won’t take your money. Why don’t you tell us what happened? It’s obvious that you don’t think of us as your family since you’re not telling us anything. We can’t take your money then.” Finn Taylor was clearly trying to force her to spill the beans.

“Mr. Taylor, I can’t tell you anything. You won’t be able to do anything about it anyway.”

The man chuckled. "How do you know that I won't be able to do anything if you don't tell me anything?"

"It's too complicated. You don't have to get involved because of someone like me."

'What could possibly have happened?' Finn Taylor got more curious by the moment. "Diane, do you think this is a discussion? Do you think you'll be able to leave San Francisco without my help? Don't even think of leaving if you don't make yourself clear today."

Left with no other choice, Diane Taylor said, "Mr. Taylor, you don't have to bother yourself with this. I've already resigned, so I have nothing to do with your family anymore."

"Resigned? I was the one who signed your employment contract. Without my permission, you can't leave. Who do you think I am? You had better make yourself clear."

By now, Diane Taylor understood that there was no way she was going to leave the city if she didn't tell him what had happened. "Mr. Taylor, do you remember me telling you that my mother raised me alone? She was a widow, and there weren't many widows in our village. Recently, quite a few men arrived in our village. Those men once spotted my mom by the river drawing water, and they kindly offered their assistance. Just because of that, rumors about my mom have spread. I don't want to stay here; I want to be with my mom. Nobody will dare to bully her with me there."

Finn Taylor had thought that something major had happened because Diane Taylor had been crying and stuttering. Who would've known that it would be such a trivial matter?

"Pack your things. I'll go back with you."

"Huh?" Diane Taylor hadn't expected her employer to care about this matter. "No, no. You can't interfere in this matter. I understand your good intentions, Mr. Taylor, but you don't understand those people. You'll only get implicated if you go. They're completely unreasonable, and it's also complicated there. You might be in danger if you were to go with me."

Diane Taylor knew nothing about what her employer had done in the past; she simply thought of him as a rich man. As such, she objected to the latter going to the village with her.

"Danger? Diane, oh Diane. Do you know what kind of person your brother is? I'll let you see then. Oh right, where's your village?"

Seeing that Finn Taylor was so insistent, Diane Taylor knew that she had no way of convincing him otherwise. *'It seems like I have no choice but to try to protect him once we return.'*

"I live in Greenwich."

'Greenwich.' Finn Taylor chuckled. *'Greenwich is just north of New York. In that case, I'll have to bring Hunter Sullivan along.'*

"Alright, pack your things. I'll get us a chauffeur." He then made a call to Hunter Sullivan to pick them up.

Hearing that they were headed for Greenwich, the latter quickly made a call.

Because of the proximity of Greenwich to New York, many businessmen in Greenwich had tried to get on good terms with him. Because they were all businessmen who simply wanted to make money, he took them on, and they became his men.

Now, they would definitely come in handy.

Very quickly, Hunter Sullivan arrived at the hotel.

Finn Taylor arrived downstairs, and they set off for Greenwich..

Chapter 314: Entering a Pig Sty

Greenwich, Riverside.

It was just like any other ordinary village.

Gloria Kennedy headed out to the river to draw water as usual, but as soon as she stepped out of her house, she realized that someone had splashed filthy water on her doorstep.

She fumed. 'What have I done wrong? My husband is dead, and I worked hard to raise my daughters. I've never done anything wrong! Why are they trying to drive me into a corner? I haven't even offended them!'

Still, she had no idea who had splashed the water on her doorstep.

She headed out to draw water to clean the doorstep, but a couple of middle-aged ladies walked over just then.

"Oh, Gloria, why are you carrying your own bucket of water? Didn't I see some men helping you just a few days ago?" That woman's name was Hilda Acre.

"Hilda, you better watch what you say. Those men are just workers around here. They saw me struggling with the bucket and simply offered their help. Don't spout nonsense."

"Tsk tsk, are you the only one who struggles with carrying a bucket? Why don't I see them helping me?"

"Hilda, you're different. You have a husband, while she's a widow. Widows..."

"Hahaha." The three women burst out into laughter.

Gloria Kennedy was already used to this, so she didn't take it to heart.

"Oh, right. Gloria, I'm sure you don't know about something. Elder Taylor already knows about you seducing the outsiders, so he wants you to beg for forgiveness."

Gloria Kennedy stopped in her tracks. "Beg for forgiveness? Why? I didn't seduce anyone."

“Oh, you don’t dare to admit to what you’ve done? The whole village saw you seducing those men. Are you still going to deny it?”

“I said that I didn’t do it.”

“Don’t raise your voice at me. Go raise your voice at Elder Taylor if you dare.”

Gloria Kennedy could no longer hold her tears back.

It had been more than two decades since she had married into the Taylor family. After the death of her husband, many around her had advised her to get remarried, but she had refused. She wanted to be buried with her husband.

But now, the family head didn’t even believe her and wanted her to beg for forgiveness!

“Tsk, you must be guilty. Look, you’re already crying. We wouldn’t be able to put on such a show.” Hilda Acre continued making a dig at the other woman.

Just then, they heard a commotion.

They turned around to see the young men of the village gathered around an elder, walking toward them.

This elder was the head of the Taylor family—Garrett Taylor.

“Elder Taylor is here. Good days are ahead, Gloria. You don’t have to be a widow anymore.” The women didn’t have any grudge against each other and hardly even said more than a word to each other. Yet, it delighted the women to see Gloria Kennedy down.

Who knew what was up in their minds?

Very quickly, the group of men arrived in front of Gloria Kennedy’s house.

“Elder Taylor.” Gloria Kennedy addressed the man respectfully.

“Alright. You haven’t forgotten about your manners, but why did you do such a shameful thing?” Garrett Taylor shook his head in disappointment.

“I didn’t do it, Elder Taylor.”

“Alright, you don’t have to say anything. I know what you’ve done. What’s going on with you and those foreign boys? Gloria, you have to understand that you’re part of the Taylor family. How could you do such a shameless thing?”

She quickly shook her head, denying everything. “Elder Taylor, you’re mistaken. Those men only helped me because I was struggling.”

Hilda Acre cut in. “Nonsense. I clearly saw that man touching your hand.”

“Yes, I saw you guys hugging each other.”

“That’s right. The three of us were there and saw you guys acting so intimately. I felt second-hand embarrassment just looking at you.”

Gloria Kennedy was stunned. *'How shameless can they get? Why are you ganging up and cooking up stories about me?'*

"What are you saying, Hilda? They're spouting nonsense and maligning me!"

Garrett Taylor chuckled. "Maligning you? Do you mean that all three of them are lying?"

"Yes, that's right."

"Fine." He looked around and asked, "Who else saw what happened?"

Gloria Kennedy clenched her fists nervously.

Just then, someone spoke up. "I saw it too."

This person was named Hudson Taylor—Hilda Acre's husband.

"Stop maligning others. You don't even go to the river to draw water. What could you have seen?"

Hudson Taylor immediately retorted, "Who says? I just happened to go down to the river the other day. I wasn't the only one who witnessed that; many others saw it too."

"Yes, I saw it." Another man from the Taylor family stood forward.

"Me too."

Two, then three, then four...

It didn't take long for more than a dozen men to step forward to accuse Gloria Kennedy of doing so.

"Gloria, do you have anything to say now?" Garrett Taylor was fuming as he chided the woman.

But there was only a smile on her face. "Hahahaha! Don't you think this is funny, Elder Taylor? When have you ever seen these men go down to the river? Why did they happen to be there on that very day?"

"Are you still trying to say that they're accusing you of something you didn't do? Gloria Kennedy, you're really something. Do you think the whole village would come together to malign you?"

This was exactly what Gloria Kennedy didn't understand. *'I've done nothing against them, so why are they ganging up against me?'*

However, she wasn't going to admit to something she hadn't done.

"Elder Taylor, why are you trying to reason with this woman? You had better save your breath. I don't think our ancestors would care for her apology either. Let's just throw her into the pigsty," Hilda Acre suggested.

Gloria Kennedy could hardly believe her ears. "Elder Taylor, are you really going to throw me into the pigsty?"

'I've done nothing wrong, yet these people are treating me in this manner..'

Chapter 315: Moving

“Mm.” Elder Taylor eventually nodded after a moment of contemplation.

As soon as they got his approval, the young men grabbed hold of Gloria Kennedy, ready to throw her into the pigsty.

But just then, a few people rushed over and made a huge fuss. “Hold on.”

They looked like those village outsiders.

“Oh, look. Her boyfriend is here.”

“Sir, you’re mistaken. We have nothing to do with Madam Kennedy.”

Those men tried to speak up for Gloria Kennedy, but this made the villagers even more suspicious. *‘Why else would they be in such a hurry? Something has to be going on between them.’*

“My father may be old, but he isn’t senile. We don’t need an outsider to interfere in our family’s affairs. Besides, you’re the ones who ruined our family. It’s good enough that we’re not throwing you into the pigsty as well. How dare you cut in?”

Garrett Taylor was a narcissist that never listened to the opinions of others. He simply did whatever he liked, and that was also why Hilda Acre and the rest ganged up against Gloria Kennedy.

The one who was truly against the latter wasn’t the rest of the family but Garrett Taylor himself. When he had run to be the family head, it was Gloria Kennedy’s family who had spoken up, saying that he didn’t deserve the role because of his character.

This was why he held a grudge against them, and he naturally hadn’t forgotten about it just because of the passing of time. On the contrary, he buried it in his heart, waiting to deal the other a lethal blow at the right time.

“Sir, that’s wrong. You’re insulting both Madam Kennedy and us by throwing her into the pigsty. How could we stay out of this?”

Garrett Taylor hit the stick in his hand against the ground. “That’s ridiculous! Who are you to say that I’m insulting you?”

Garrett Taylor waved his hand, and the dozen young men behind him rushed forward, shoving the outsiders onto the ground.

The outsiders struggled, but they lost in numbers and had no way of fighting back against the others. They could only watch on as Gloria Kennedy was thrown into the pigsty.

There was nothing they could do.

“No!” the foreigners shouted helplessly.

Just then, a luxury car screeched to a halt in front of Gloria Kennedy’s house.

As the car door opened, Finn Taylor, Hunter Sullivan, and Diane Taylor got out of the car.

When the young girl saw her mother trapped in the pigsty, her heart broke. She rushed over, wanting to open the gates.

However, someone else from the family pushed her away.

Thankfully, Finn Taylor stepped forward to catch her in time. Otherwise, she might’ve gotten hurt.

“Pigsty? Who still owns a pigsty in this era?” Finn Taylor chuckled. *‘How could they be Taylors as well?’*

“Mind your own business, young man.” Garrett Taylor warned him off, annoyed.

“What if I insist on butting in?”

“You want to butt in? Fine, let’s see if you’re strong enough to do so then.”

As soon as Garrett Taylor finished his sentence, five to six young men gathered around Finn Taylor, wanting to scare him off with their numbers.

“So you want to fight?”

“Are you scared? Apologize and scam then.” Garrett Taylor was advanced in age but still had a nasty temper.

Finn Taylor merely smiled at the other’s request. “How dare you ask me to scam!”

“Brat, how dare you disrespect Elder Taylor?” The man closest to Finn Taylor had already rushed up. But before he could get close, the latter pinned him on the ground.

“I think you’d better charge forward together.” Finn Taylor had no interest in fighting these untrained men one-on-one.

The Taylor family was extremely proud, and they naturally wouldn’t take this insult lying down. In an instant, more than a dozen men charged forward in an attempt to take Finn Taylor down.

But before they could do anything, Hunter Sullivan grabbed hold of Garrett Taylor. “How dare you touch him, old man? You must be tired of living!”

Garrett Taylor struggled to break free from his grasp, but it was to no avail.

Now that Hunter Sullivan had their family head in his hands, the Taylor family members naturally dared not act rashly.

“Are you threatening me, brat? Hehe, I’ve held the reins of this family for decades. Do you think I’ve ever feared anyone?”

Hunter Sullivan chuckled, feeling that the old man was being ridiculous.

“What are you laughing at?”

“At you. Do you think you’re worthy of calling your family the Taylor family in front of him?”

“What, I’m the eldest in the Taylor family. Of course, I can.”

“Then, do you know who he is?”

“I don’t know, I don’t want to know, and I don’t need to know.” Garrett Taylor was too proud. To an ignorant fool like him, this village was his whole world.

The only Taylor family he knew was the one in this village.

“I’m warning you to let him go. Otherwise, you’ll pay for it later.”

“I’ve lived 92 years, and I’ve never shed a tear in my life.”

Hunter Sullivan didn’t know whether to laugh or to cry. *‘I’ve already tried my best to make this old man change his mind, but he refuses to do so. Since that’s the case, they can’t blame me for being heartless.’*

Bang! Bang! Bang!

Just then, five to six SUVs drove straight into the village and stopped only when they reached Gloria Kennedy’s house. After that, dozens of men got out of the cars.

Three men got out of the first car, and their auras were clearly different.

Everyone in the village recognized the men—William Duggars, Finley Kennedy, and Emery Kleine. They were the three biggest bosses of Greenwich, and their combined assets made up more than two-thirds of all the assets in Greenwich.

Each and every one of them was a renowned figure in the city. Who would’ve thought that they’d visit this village today?

‘Why are they even here?’ The first thought that came to the villagers’ minds was relocation. *‘Do they want to develop our village and move us away? We’ll get a good sum as compensation then. It’ll be no different from striking the jackpot!’*

Garrett Taylor looked expectantly at the three men as they walked toward him. He couldn’t wait to see how these men would have to bow down to the three men that had just arrived.

Seeing that they were indeed walking toward him, his heart thumped..

Chapter 316: Kneel Down

“Mr. Sullivan, we’re sorry for being late!” The three men walked up to Garrett Taylor but completely ignored him. The only one that mattered to them was Hunter Sullivan.

They gave a deep bow in unison, their expressions as humble as they could be.

Hunter Sullivan glanced at his watch. “You guys are ten minutes late.”

Fear was evident in the eyes of the three men being reprimanded. “Mr. Sullivan, we...”

They tried to explain themselves, but the other cut them off. “A slap for every minute.”

Hunter Sullivan’s words made him seem like a lunatic to the villagers. *‘Does he know who these people are? They’re the three most influential businessmen in Greenwich—William Duggars, Finley Kennedy, and Emery Kleine! He’s stupid enough to try to hold Elder Taylor hostage, but how could he not recognize these three men? In fact, he even asked them to slap themselves! Isn’t he just courting death?’*

Everyone shared the same thoughts, yet the unexpected happened—the trio started slapping themselves!

Besides, they didn’t even seem like they were simply putting on an act. They weren’t sparing any effort in slapping themselves.

‘What is going on?’

Very quickly, the three had slapped themselves ten times. Stuttering, the men then asked hesitantly, “Will that do, Mr. Sullivan?”

Hunter Sullivan didn’t put them in the spot. After all, he would need them to resolve this matter later on. “I asked you over because I needed a favor from you.”

Although the three men were prominent figures in the city, they were at the bottom of the rank when compared to Hunter Sullivan.

Hearing the latter’s words, the three men felt their hearts leap out of their chests. “Mr. Sullivan, don’t say that. You can just give your instructions.”

Hunter Sullivan didn’t beat around the bush and pointed at Diane Taylor. “She’s my distant relative, and that’s her mom. A few outsiders started renting a place in the village. They helped her mother out only once, and rumors started circulating in the village. Can you deal with it?”

The men were no strangers to such a situation. They quickly nodded before turning to the villagers. “Who’s in charge here?”

Garrett Taylor was already trembling in fear. Nonetheless, he stepped forward. “Me—I’m the eldest here.”

Hunter Sullivan released his grip on the old man.

William Duggars glanced at the man before casually asking, “Have you heard of the rumors?”

“Mr. Duggars, you can’t say that. They’re not just rumors; many of the villagers here personally witnessed it.”

The other man chuckled; he was used to seeing others lie to him. “Who saw it? Tell me all about it.”

He then grabbed hold of a random person by his side. “Come on. Why don’t you tell me what you saw?”

The person in William Duggars’s grasp had indeed stood out earlier, saying that he had seen it happening. But now that he was facing William Duggars, he was so terrified that his legs gave way. “Nothing. I didn’t see anything.”

William Duggars then turned to the rest. This time, he grabbed hold of Hilda Acre’s husband—Hudson Taylor.

The couple had made the biggest fuss just moments earlier, so everyone was waiting to see what he would say.

“I-I didn’t see anything either.” As expected, he crumbled in front of this influential figure.

“Who was the fiercest earlier?” William Duggars questioned the villagers. He was going to pick out the one who had blown this whole matter up.

Silence!

Nobody dared to say a word.

“Alright. Since nobody is saying anything, all of you are culprits.”

Eventually, the villagers caved under duress.

“She was the one; her name is Hilda Acre. She hates Gloria Kennedy, so she gave us money and made us collude to malign Gloria.” Someone pointed at Hilda Acre, spilling the beans.

The latter became the center of attention.

“So you’re the one?”

Hilda Acre was flustered now that she was being singled out by William Duggars.

“No, I’m not.” She subconsciously backed away as she said so.

“Hurry up and spill it. Did you accuse her of doing something she didn’t?” William Duggars pulled the woman over.

The latter recognized him. *‘There is only one way out if you go against William Duggars—death.’*

She couldn’t help but panic.

“Don’t get angry over this, Mr. Duggars. This...” Garrett Taylor tried to sweep this matter under the rug.

“Old fart, I’m already giving you enough respect. Who do you think I am? If you dare to lie one more time, I’ll make sure you won’t leave this place alive today.”

The villagers knew that William Duggars meant what he said. *'Even if she wants to die, we don't want to die just yet.'*

"Hilda, hurry up and spill the truth."

"Yes, hurry up! We all know that you were lying. What's the point of keeping up this act?" Everyone who had previously been on her side was now turning against her.

Eventually, Hilda Acre could no longer hold it in. "That's right. I made it all up to accuse Gloria Kennedy."

William Duggars let the woman go. He wasn't one to attack women anyway.

Garrett Taylor was the one he was after. Without that old man's support, the villagers never would've dared to do such a thing.

"Kneel down!" Garrett Taylor was already in his nineties, yet William Duggars was asking him to get down on his knees!

The old man felt as though his life was being threatened.

"Mr. Duggars, Elder Taylor is already 92 years old."

"If you don't get down on your knees, I'll make sure everyone from your family dies. I always mean what I say. Do you want to make a bet on that?"

'Betting with William Duggars? Of course, we wouldn't dare to do that. Who knows how many people he has killed to get to where he is today? Do you think he'd care if he has to kill us too?'

"I..." Garrett Taylor felt that he would lose all dignity if he were to kneel down, yet none of the villagers wanted to be sent on their way with the old man.

As such, someone stepped forward to kick Garrett Taylor in the knees. At his age, the old man had probably been seriously injured.

Yet, he had brought this all upon himself. As the eldest in the village, he should've treated everyone fairly. Instead of doing so, he had indiscriminately maligned Gloria Kennedy. Since he had created this situation, it was only right for him to face the consequences of his decision.

"Why aren't you guys kneeling too? Don't tell me that you weren't a part of this.."

Chapter 317: Fate

It was only right for Garrett Taylor to take responsibility as the village head, but what about the rest of the villagers? Hadn't they spread the rumors too? In fact, they had been even crueler than the old man.

William Duggars wouldn't even let the village head off, so there was no way he was going to let the others off.

The villagers lowered their heads, not daring to say anything. *'If we kneel down to Gloria Kennedy today, we'll lose all dignity in front of her in the future.'*

They were naturally reluctant to do so.

"What are you doing? Didn't you hear me?"

Yet, there was nothing they could do after the eldest of the village had already commanded them to do so. One by one, they fell onto their knees.

"Don't think that you can bully Gloria Kennedy after I leave just because you feel miserable. From now on, I'm taking Gloria Kennedy's family under my wings. If any of you dare to do anything to that family, you can wait to die."

Not a single person dared to take his words lightly. Even though they had been planning on taking their revenge earlier, those thoughts immediately dissipated after hearing the warning.

"Mr. Sullivan, will this do?" William Duggars turned to Hunter Sullivan.

He was in no place to make a decision—only Hunter Sullivan was. The latter called the shots here.

Hunter Sullivan glanced at the other, smiling. "Young man, I remember that you were only a bodyguard when I first met you. Others started following you when your boss died, and you got smug. I never thought that you would get so lucky and meet a benefactor."

William Duggars was confused by this.

Finn Taylor stretched his arm out—there were a few crumpled pieces of paper in his hand. "Take one."

William Duggars still didn't understand what was going on. In fact, he didn't even know who Finn Taylor was. But seeing that Hunter Sullivan didn't say anything, he reached out for a piece of paper.

He saw a string of numbers written on it: "1,000,000,000."

Finn Taylor nodded. "I'll make sure that all three of you will be worth more than one billion dollars within a year."

William Duggars was dumbfounded. *'What's going on? Isn't Hunter Sullivan the one in charge here? Why does it sound like this young man is bragging? Who is he?'*

Hunter Sullivan patted him on the shoulder. "Tell me more about your birthday and astrology sign when you're free. I'll get an astrologist to analyze it to see how lucky you are."

He couldn't help but sigh. *'I made great sacrifices to become a billionaire, yet William Duggars won't even have to do much to get into the same position. The latter was a bodyguard in the past, and all his fellow bodyguards were killed one after another. That was how he had become the top bodyguard up until the day his boss was assassinated. With nobody to inherit his boss's assets and the latter's men waiting to be paid, William Duggars was eventually voted to become their boss. This was how he lived a carefree life on someone else's accounts for the past few years, and now, he's going to become a billionaire!'*

“M-Mr. Sullivan, could you introduce us?” William Duggars wasn’t a fool. It was clear to him that Finn Taylor was more influential than Hunter Sullivan.

“It’s better if you don’t know anything. I’m warning you to keep your mouth shut about what happened today. You’ll be digging your own grave if you say anything about what you saw today.”

William Duggars naturally understood the dangers of getting involved with such big shots. “Of course, I understand. I won’t say a word about it.”

The other two men beside him immediately made an oath too.

“Diane, bring your mom home. We still have something left to do.”

Diane Taylor didn’t know what her employer was up to, but she didn’t pursue the matter. There was no need for a woman like her to know too much.

Once the mother-daughter duo left, Finn Taylor walked up and grabbed hold of Hilda Acre’s neck. Exerting a little force, he broke the woman’s neck and ended her life.

“I’m close to this family. If anyone still has any grievances and tries to do something funny again, you’ll end up just like her. Do you understand?” Finn Taylor knew that he had to beat it into these villagers so that they would never dare to take their revenge in this lifetime.

“Y-yes.” To be honest, they were all terrified. Not a single one of them dared to meet Finn Taylor’s eyes.

“Scram!” Finn Taylor spat out. He didn’t want to see them again.

Needless to say, the villagers quickly scrambled off.

As for Hilda Acre, her husband dragged her away.

Ignoring all of them, Finn Taylor headed for Diane Taylor’s house.

For some reason, William Duggars felt chills run down his spine as he watched the other walk away. *‘He’s a strong man—one that shouldn’t be trifled with. People like this hide their anger well, but once they explode, all hell breaks loose. I must follow him and never betray him!’*

Hunter Sullivan walked up to the outsiders. “Were you the ones who helped Gloria Kennedy?”

The men looked frightened. “W-we were just trying to be helpful. We didn’t think that we would bring such trouble upon Madam Kennedy.”

“Don’t worry about it.” Hunter Sullivan casually whipped out a bank card and handed it to the men.

“Here’s 150,000 dollars as a token of appreciation from Mr. Sullivan.”

The men held the card. Although it was merely a card, it felt weighty.

“What would you like us to do?”

“Stay here in this village and protect Gloria Kennedy. Make sure she doesn’t get bullied again.”

The men glanced at each other, dumbfounded. *'Gloria Kennedy seems just like any other ordinary woman. Why does she know such powerful men?'*

"Don't tell Gloria Kennedy about this. Just take it."

The men gave it some thought. *'Gloria Kennedy is a good woman. We can't let her get bullied. Since we'll help her out anyway, we might as well take the money.'*

They quickly thanked Hunter Sullivan, who waved them off.

Of course, Gloria Kennedy didn't matter. However, she had given birth to a good daughter.

Hunter Sullivan had met Diane Taylor before, and even he felt that she had done a good job taking care of Finn Taylor. Besides, they were both Taylors.

He had seen Master Peregrine address the young girl as his sister. Perhaps this was fate.

Finn Taylor walked into the house to see the young girl talking to her mom.

Seeing Finn Taylor enter, Gloria Kennedy immediately got up. "I'll go get some tea."

Her daughter hurriedly stopped her. "Don't give him tea made from those awful tea leaves. It'll upset his stomach. We don't even have a proper chair at home. The best I can do is to put some clothes over the stool so that it'll be more comfortable.."

Chapter 318: Exorbitant

Diane Taylor quickly took her clothes out of the closet and placed them on the chair, inviting her employer to take a seat.

The latter couldn't help but chuckle. "What do you take me for?"

Although Diane Taylor was a girl, she was well-educated and naturally understood what he meant.

Her mom had wanted to make tea for him, but she had refused, afraid that it would upset his stomach. She had even used her own clothes to pad the stool, afraid that it would dirty his clothes.

Diane Taylor and her mom had gone to such great lengths.

Finn Taylor turned to the older woman. "Auntie, don't mind her. You can just make tea with whatever tea leaves you have. Please do make more if you can. I'm sure those men outside are thirsty too."

Gloria Kennedy had spent her life in the village, and the only way she knew how to show her gratitude was by presenting the best she had to her benefactor. But earlier on, she had been stumped by her daughter's words and had been at a loss as to what to do.

Thankfully, Finn Taylor cut in. She quickly headed into the kitchen to make tea.

“Oh, it’s true that the tea we have at home doesn’t taste very good.”

Finn Taylor smiled as he sat down—he hadn’t sat down on the chair where the young girl had placed her clothes.

He wasn’t a pampered child. He’d never do that.

“We’re about done here. Well, will you return to San Francisco with me now?”

Diane Taylor wasn’t an ingrate. Now that Finn Taylor had already gone to such lengths, it would be ridiculous if she didn’t return with him. “Mr. Taylor, I’ll definitely go back with you.”

Very quickly, Gloria Kennedy came out with a pot of tea.

Finn Taylor turned to her. “Send it outside.”

“Aren’t you going to let them come in to have a seat?” She was stunned. *‘They helped us, after all. Shouldn’t we invite them in?’*

“This house doesn’t have any men. It wouldn’t be right for them to come in.”

Diane Taylor couldn’t hold in her emotions when she heard that.

...

Time flew by. After her short reunion with her mom, Diane Taylor eventually returned to San Francisco with her employer.

Although Gloria Kennedy remained in the village, nobody dared to bother her anymore. Everyone now knew that she had influential figures supporting her—figures that none of them could afford to offend.

To everyone’s surprise, Linda James had whipped up a whole meal in advance, waiting for Diane Taylor’s return!

Even Finn Taylor was shocked. *‘Since when did my mother-in-law change? To be honest, if she had acted in this manner throughout the past three years, our relationship would probably be much better.’*

At the table, Linda James even picked up a piece of meat and placed it on Diane Taylor’s plate. “Diane, I was wrong. I made you this meal. Will you forgive me?”

Diane Taylor was at a loss when faced with such sudden affection from the older woman, and she stood up in shock. “Auntie, I...”

Yvette Larson sat the young girl back down as she glared at her mom. “Spill it. What do you want?”

Linda James waved her off. “Nothing. What are you saying? I don’t want anything from you.”

Only then did Finn Taylor come to his senses. *‘So she needs a favor from me. No wonder...’*

“Forget it then. I won’t agree to whatever you say this week.” Yvette Larson was resolute.

But just then, Linda James let out a smile that made her son-in-law come to a realization. *'It looks like she really has something to ask of me—no wonder she changed so suddenly. However, I guess she's still the same. Nothing has changed. But it's true that she's become much better after going through those experiences.'*

"Actually, I do have something to tell you. Do you remember Auntie Melinda?"

"Who?"

"Auntie Melinda Lowe."

"Oh, I remember her now. Why do you ask?"

"Her son is getting married. I want you guys to attend the wedding with me."

Yvette Larson was indifferent. "I'm not going."

"Why not? They came to your wedding, so how can you not go?"

"Did they come to attend our wedding? They were here to make fun of us. Don't you remember how gleeful they were then?"

"Don't be like that. I already promised them that we would go."

Seeing that the mother-daughter duo was about to get into an argument, Finn Taylor quickly cut in.

"Alright, Mom. We'll go."

Linda James burst out into a smile and put a piece of meat on her son-in-law's plate as well. "See, my son-in-law knows what's up."

Her daughter rolled her eyes. "Son-in-law? That's not how you addressed him in the past."

Linda James felt a little guilty, but she wasn't in any place to make a rebuttal. It was true that she had wronged her son-in-law in the past.

After the meal, Diane Taylor started washing up the dishes, and Yvette Larson pulled her husband into the room. "Why did you agree to Mom's request? It's obvious that there's more to it."

Finn Taylor shook his head. "It's alright. As long as she's happy. It's no big deal anyway."

"Sigh, I just think that you've made the wrong move. It'll be difficult to back out of this."

Finn Taylor shook his head. *'None of this matters. Now that I've gone through so much, I understand that nothing matters more than a peaceful life.'*

"Come out, Finn!" Linda James suddenly called for him.

"See, trouble is calling."

Finn Taylor laughed but went out. "Mom, what's up?"

“Help me see which outfit looks best.” Linda James handed her phone over. The outfit did look good, and even the materials and workmanship looked top-notch. “You know that I’ve lived a hard life after marrying into the Larson family. I don’t have any nice outfits. Since we’re going to the wedding, I want to get a new outfit. What about this one?”

“Get it. How much does it cost?” Finn Taylor was prepared to transfer the money over to his mother-in-law.

“20,000 dollars.”

“What?” Finn Taylor thought that he had heard her wrongly. *‘20,000? Is she serious?’*

“Yes, 20,000.”

Yvette Larson observed the scene by the door. She heard her mom loud and clear, and she immediately rushed down. “Mom, are you mad? 20,000 for an outfit?”

Without delay, Linda James started sobbing yet again. “That’s right—20,000 is an exorbitant sum. After all I’ve done for the family, just asking for an outfit is too much..”

Chapter 319: Examination

Linda James was still Linda James after all. The meal hadn’t changed anything.

She wanted to buy an excessively priced outfit, but her daughter refused, and the only thing she knew to do was throw a tantrum.

Of course, Finn Taylor was already used to that.

“Mom, can you stop crying? I didn’t say that I wouldn’t buy it for you.” With that, he got ready to wire transfer the money over.

But he had no sooner taken out his phone than it was snatched away by his wife. “No, you’re not allowed to buy it. Mom, nobody is denying that you’ve made valuable contributions to the family, but have you ever thought about what buying this outfit signifies? You’re just materialistic and want everyone’s eyes to be on you when you attend the wedding. You want them to know that you’re rich, right? But do you think that’s worth it?”

Finn Taylor felt that his wife was wasting her breath. *‘Do you really think you can reason it out with her? If you could, she wouldn’t have treated me in that way over the past three years.’*

“Sigh, all I want to do is buy an outfit. Can’t I do even that?” Linda James was now rolling on the ground.

The other two members of the household arrived.

Even with the whole family staring at her, Linda James felt no shame at all. In fact, her acting got even more intense.

Finn Taylor pulled his wife to the side. "Forget it. If money solves the problem, it's no problem at all."

Money didn't mean a thing to Finn Taylor. There was no need to fight with his mother-in-law over money.

"No. If you give in to her this time, history will repeat itself." For some reason, Yvette Larson was resolute this time. "Mom, how much do you need?"

"20,000."

Finn Taylor was thinking that his wife might agree to it if her mother were to offer a smaller sum. However, Linda James was too unreasonable.

"Forget it. You two can fight it out; I can't convince either of you."

"20,000—just 20,000. Hurry up and transfer it to me."

"No way. Finn, I'll chase you out if you give Mom any money today."

Finn Taylor remained silent. He hadn't expected to be caught in the middle.

"Yvette, t-this outfit is actually..." Francis Larson stuttered. It seemed like he had something to say.

"Dad, do you mean you support Mom buying it too? But it costs 20,000!" Yvette Larson hadn't expected her usually frugal father to agree to her mom's request.

"This outfit looks very much like an outfit that your mom wanted to buy before our wedding. It was just that we didn't have money at that time. I actually support your mom getting this outfit."

Nobody had expected this backstory.

Still, Yvette Larson was suspicious. "Dad, don't tell me you made up a story to help Mom."

"No, of course not. I wouldn't lie to you."

In Yvette Larson's memory, her father had never lied to her. It seemed like he was telling the truth.

"Get up. I'll buy it for you."

Linda James immediately got up.

Yvette Larson handed the phone back to her husband, who immediately transferred 20,000 dollars over to his mother-in-law.

The transaction was a success, and the outfit was to be delivered that afternoon.

A smile was plastered on Linda James's face.

To be honest, this was the first time Finn Taylor had ever spotted such a sincere smile on her face. This could only mean that his father-in-law hadn't made that story up.

...

That afternoon.

A security officer arrived at Number One Pacific Heights with a delivery man. “Mr. Taylor, there’s a delivery for you. He says that it’s expensive and that you have to do a check on the item before signing off for it.”

Finn Taylor nodded. “Yes, it’s me. Come on in.”

The security officer was shocked; he had never expected the other to invite him into the house.

This was Number One Pacific Heights—the most expensive and luxurious house in San Francisco! He was nothing more than a mere security officer, yet the other had invited him in!

‘No wonder all the security officers are full of praises for Mr. Taylor. So many wealthy families live on Pacific Heights, but Mr. Taylor is the only one who ever greets us. That’s really amazing.’

The delivery man brought the item in and smiled slightly guiltily. “I’m sorry, but I have a shameless request. Because it’s so expensive, I’ll turn on my camera while you open the box to examine it.”

Finn Taylor nodded in agreement. It was best that they all kept their guards up. After all, it was worth 20,000 dollars.

Once the delivery man switched on his camera, he opened the box.

In that instant, everyone was stunned.

“You do it, Yvette.”

Yvette Larson was a woman and had a better understanding of clothes.

Finn Taylor had seen his wife analyzing her clothes in the bedroom for a long time today too. To be honest, he was moved by the sight. It proved one thing: he hadn’t married the wrong woman.

He was filthy rich. Any other woman would’ve become a spendthrift, but not his wife.

She insisted on running her company well and making a name for herself as a strong and independent woman. She didn’t want to be a piece of trash that only relied on her husband.

This was why she could spend 20,000 on an outfit.

Still, she analyzed it carefully. There was no way she would spend her money carelessly.

Yvette Larson took the outfit out of the box and examined it closely, not missing any detail.

On the other hand, the owner of the outfit—Linda James—simply stood by the side. She wanted to take the outfit out to have a look at it, but her daughter quickly put a stop to that. “Don’t touch it.”

Linda James was slightly confused. “But it’s mine.”

“Nobody is fighting with you over it, but don’t touch it before we’re done examining it. We’ll have trouble if you damage it.”

Her mom was speechless. *'Do I have needles on my hands? Why would I damage the dress? I just want to have a look at it.'*

"Sigh, don't think too much about it. Your daughter paid for the outfit, so just listen to her."

Linda James could only comfort herself inwardly. *'I didn't spend a single cent on this. I better just shut up.'*

Finally, after more than an hour's examination, Yvette Larson nodded. "There's nothing wrong with this. I'll sign off for it."

She had been way more detailed than the delivery man had expected, and his forehead was full of sweat. Hearing her words, he finally let out a sigh of relief..

Chapter 320: A Tricky Request

Right as the delivery man thought that it was all over, Yvette Larson handed the outfit to her mom. "Go try it on."

The delivery man asked tentatively, "Can you sign off the delivery now?"

"Not yet. We'll have to see how it looks." Yvette Larson decisively rejected his request.

There was nothing the man could do.

Very quickly, Linda James walked out in the 20,000-dollar-outfit.

Everyone was stunned the moment she opened the door. It wasn't because she was exceptionally beautiful in the outfit but that it was simply a complete change from her usual self.

She had been like a crazy housewife in the past, but this outfit made her seem like an affluent and influential lady.

Perhaps clothes did make a person.

"Does it look good on me?" Linda James asked her family hesitantly.

She was slightly anxious. Although she was materialistic, she was never one to spend her money without any thought.

There was a reason she had wanted to buy this 20,000-dollar-outfit. If it didn't look good on her, she would ask for a refund, even though it would be a pity to do so.

That was why she felt nervous.

"It looks good."

"Really?"

“Yes.”

Still unconvinced, she turned to her husband. “Do I look good in it? If I don’t, let’s get a refund on it.”

Francis Larson was unused to his spouse acting in this manner.

“Be yourself. I feel like I don’t even know you now,” Francis Larson confessed. Although it was nice to have his wife like this, it was difficult to adapt to her sudden change.

“What do you mean? Don’t spout nonsense. I’m asking you if I look good in this.”

“Sigh, that’s what I’m talking about. Yes, you look good.”

‘Pfft!’ Everyone else nearly burst into laughter upon hearing their conversation.

‘Everyone has told me that I look good, and even I feel the same.’ Linda James rolled her eyes. “Alright, we’ll sign for it.”

Yvette Larson gestured. “Hold on. Where’s the receipt?”

The delivery man quickly presented it to her.

“How about the certificate of authenticity?”

“Certificate of authenticity?” He was stumped.

“There should be a certificate of authenticity to say which designer made this outfit.”

“Oh... Oh!” He nodded. “That... We’ll need you to apply for that personally in our shop with your receipt.”

“We’ll get a refund then,” Yvette Larson said decisively before asking her mom to change out of the outfit.

‘She’s definitely a strong woman. How amazing!’ The delivery man was at a loss. “I-I’ll get someone to send it over now.”

“Now? Do you mean you didn’t bring such an important thing? Is that how your company works?”

“I...” The delivery man was rendered speechless. “Please give me a moment. I’ll speak with my manager.”

He then made a call to his manager.

Of course, Yvette Larson didn’t try to stop him. She knew that the other wouldn’t be able to make a decision and that she would eventually have to speak to his manager.

Very quickly, the delivery man got through to his manager and explained his situation.

The response he received was just as he expected, and he handed the phone to Yvette Larson respectfully. “Miss, our manager would like to talk to you.”

The young lady took the phone over and put the call on speaker mode. She then took out her own phone to record the conversation.

“Hello, Miss. I’d like to sincerely apologize for not sending the certificate of authenticity over with the outfit. I’ve sent someone over. I hope that you’ll understand.”

Yvette Larson replied, “There’s nothing to understand. You’re just not meticulous in your work. I question the way your company works, and I’d like a refund now.”

The manager hadn’t expected Yvette Larson to remain so resolute. “Please calm down, Miss. I heard my employee say that you’ve already examined the outfit and that there is nothing wrong with the quality. The only thing missing is the certificate of authenticity, and we’re willing to compensate you for that. You’ll get a 20% discount in our boutique whenever you shop with us in the future.”

“That won’t be necessary. I’ll take half-price on this outfit.”

The manager met all sorts of customers in his line of work, including those who loved to bargain. However, it was his first time encountering someone who tried to bargain for half price!

That was too brutal! If he were to sell it at 10,000 dollars, he would practically be giving the outfit away for free.

“Miss, that’s a little tough. We can’t do that.”

“Alright, we’ll get a refund then. The outfit is still in perfect condition, and I’m sure your camera would’ve recorded it. I hope that I’ll receive my money within 24 hours; otherwise, I’ll get my lawyer to send you a letter.”

Yvette Larson’s attitude rendered the manager speechless. “Please hold on for a moment, Miss. I’ll discuss this with headquarters.”

Yvette Larson smiled. “Ten minutes.”

She then hung up without giving the other a chance to say anymore.

That manager had wanted to explain himself, yet he was cut off so suddenly. He understood that he would probably be fired from his job if he didn’t handle this well.

He quickly made a call to headquarters, and thankfully, his call immediately got through.

He explained the situation as simply as he could, and headquarters quickly weighed the pros and cons. Unexpectedly, they agreed to it.

To be honest, the manager was stumped. *‘The company just bowed down to an individual!’*

Leaving his shock aside, he quickly made a call to the delivery man again.

The latter quickly accepted it and handed the phone to the young lady in front of him.

Just like before, Yvette Larson put the call on speaker and recorded the conversation.

“Hello, Miss. I’m sorry for keeping you waiting. I’ve discussed it with headquarters, and they’re willing to give you a 50% discount on this outfit.”

“Alright, but I want the actual value of this outfit to be stated on the certificate of authenticity.”

“This...” The manager was slightly confused. *‘She’s saying that this outfit should be worth 20,000, but we’re selling it to her at 10,000. Still, she wants us to certify that it costs 20,000? But that doesn’t make sense.’*

The manager was at a loss..