

UNTOUCHABLE

## Chapter 321: Not Spending Any Money

Although he was faced with a challenge, the manager eventually agreed to it. *'I have to be adaptable. Since headquarters has already made a compromise, there's no need for me to rigidly stick to the rules as well. But why did they give in this time? Haven't they always been on my side? Isn't their policy never to back down when customers try to bargain? What's going on this time?'*

"Alright, I'll deliver the certificate to you personally right away."

"Ok." Yvette Larson hung up and returned the delivery man his phone.

The latter was stunned. *'Headquarters gave in, and so did my manager. How could that be? But since they've already chosen to compromise, there's no need for me to think too much about it. It'll only get me in more trouble.'*

Very quickly, the manager arrived at the foot of Pacific Heights. Unfortunately, he couldn't enter based on his status alone.

Finn Taylor glanced at the security officer.

When they entered, Finn Taylor had instructed his father-in-law to entertain the guests.

That stumped the security officer. *'I never thought that I would ever meet the owner of Number One Pacific Heights. However, not only have I met him, but he's even treating me so kindly! Even if I tell others about this, I'm sure they won't believe me. They have to experience this first-hand; otherwise, they'll think I'm mad.'*

"Mr. Taylor, hand this to me. I'll go pick him up." He excitedly rushed out of the house.

Finn Taylor smiled. He wasn't one to look down on others as long as they were kind. On the contrary, he wouldn't hesitate to step on anyone with evil intentions, no matter how rich they were.

Very quickly, the security officer returned with the manager.

The latter immediately bowed to everyone, making a sincere apology. He then handed two documents to Yvette Larson. The first was the certificate of authenticity, and the second was the valuation certificate.

Seeing this, Yvette Larson quickly signed off on the delivery slip.

Now that the matter was resolved, Finn Taylor suddenly asked, "Did you mention our name when you called headquarters?"

The manager was slightly confused, not understanding what the other was asking about. Nonetheless, he replied seriously, “No, we view our customer’s confidentiality as key. However, headquarters can check the files if they want to find out.”

“Alright, I understand.”

The manager was still confused.

Once their guests left, Yvette Larson walked up to her husband. “What did you mean earlier?”

“Nothing much. I know their boss, so I just want to know if I owe her a favor now.”

“She’s your friend?”

*‘Why does he have friends everywhere?’*

“Don’t tell me that you’re the friend you’re talking about.”

“Sigh. Oh, right—Mom, when is the wedding? We should get ready for it too.”

Finn Taylor quickly avoided the topic, and that made his wife even more suspicious. *‘Is this company really Finn’s? That’s not entirely impossible; otherwise, why did he transfer the money without any hesitation?’*

“We still have a week, but you guys can start getting ready for it if you want to.”

Before Finn Taylor said anything, his wife spoke up. “Alright, let’s get some new clothes too. That boutique earlier seems quite good, so let’s get our outfits from them as well. Finn, how much of a discount are they going to give us?”

*‘From the looks of it, my wife has already guessed what’s going on. I won’t be able to keep this under wraps for much longer.’* Finn Taylor’s eyes lit up. “I’ll bring you straight to the headquarters then.”

“Alright.” Yvette Larson agreed.

Finn Taylor felt helpless, but since his wife had requested it, he wasn’t going to refuse.

The couple drove toward the headquarters.

As they drove further away from the city center, Yvette Larson got more confused.

They were clearly headed for Los Angeles.

“We’re going to Los Angeles?”

“Yes.”

“Do you mean that the boss is...” Evidently, Yvette Larson already had her answer but held her tongue.

“Yes, Chloe Yeats.”

Yvette Larson felt dizzy. *‘I was right. This outfit is from Chloe Yeats.’*

Finn Taylor didn't even bother informing anyone about his arrival and simply walked into the office.

Nobody stopped him along the way.

Of course, the couple was confused by that. *'What is going on?'*

But when they arrived on the second floor, they spotted Finn Taylor's photo on the wall.

*'This... What am I to them? No wonder they looked at me so weirdly.'*

Finn Taylor pushed open the door to Chloe Yeats's office, wanting to say something when he saw a young girl in the office.

The girl was about five to six years old and had exquisite features. She was dressed in a vintage dress, and the airy bangs covering her forehead and her sweet smile were enough to dispel any negative thoughts.

"Mr. Taylor, why are you here?"

Finn Taylor pointed at the girl. "Is she your daughter?"

The other nodded. "That's right."

*'What? How is that possible? She was still single when I last came to Los Angeles. It has only been a few months since then, yet her child is already five or six?'*

"Haha, I'm kidding! She's our model. Ellie, say hi!"

Ellie walked up to Finn Taylor, revealing a mandarin orange in her hand. "Here, for you."

Finn Taylor picked it up, peeled it, and returned half to the young girl. He then handed the other half to his wife.

"How adorable." Yvette Larson sighed.

Her husband whispered in her ear, "Why don't we have one too?"

She rolled her eyes, ignoring the other. "Do you have anything that will suit us? We're supposed to attend a wedding, but we don't have any clothes for it."

Chloe Yeats typed something on her keyboard while saying, "You could've just done that on the internet. Why did you have to come over?"

"Isn't it obvious? I don't want to spend any money."

Chloe Yeats acted as though she was about to vomit blood. "Finn Taylor, you're a big boss. Do you not feel bad for saying that?"

"Oh right, I want a reimbursement for these 10,000 dollars too." Finn Taylor shamelessly handed the receipt over to Chloe Yeats..

## Chapter 322: Wedding

Chloe Yeats looked up the couple's payment information on the computer.

As Finn Taylor handed a piece of paper over, she intuitively reached out of it. However, the contents of the paper shocked her. It was a receipt—one from her company.

"10,000? Mr. Taylor, don't you think you're being very shameless by getting clothes from me before asking me for a reimbursement?"

"Sigh, it's up to you whether you reimburse us or not."

Chloe Yeats's head throbbed, but there was nothing she could do. "Fine, I'll reimburse you. Will that do?"

She was about to transfer the money to the man when he cut in. "Hold on. I have something to show you."

He then took out the valuation certificate. "The outfit is worth 20,000. Why don't you transfer me 20,000?"

"I..." Chloe Yeats was at an utter loss for words. *'This man is hopeless...'*

"Wow. You spent only 10,000 with my company, but you're asking for 20,000? Not only did you get what you wanted, but you even earned 10,000! I'm making losses here!"

Chloe Yeats nearly vomited blood, yet she was in no place to be petty about money with Finn Taylor. Their relationship couldn't be measured in monetary terms.

"Come here and take a look at these outfits." Chloe Yeats turned the monitor toward the couple.

At the same time, Finn Taylor received 20,000 dollars in his account.

Finn Taylor gave no care to it as his wife walked up and started meticulously analyzing the outfits.

To be honest, Chloe Yeats had chosen fine pieces for the couple—they suited them well.

"Do you have the samples here?"

"Of course." Chloe Yeats made a call to her subordinates, instructing them to bring the outfits up. "You guys came just in time. We just finished making these samples yesterday."

The outfits were sent to the office in no time, and Yvette Larson's face was filled with awe as she gazed at the clothes. *'They're even more beautiful than I expected.'*

"They're not bad. I'll take them."

Finn Taylor was about to leave with the outfits, but his wife stopped him. "Hold on. It's about mealtime, so let's have a meal before we go."

Finn Taylor smiled cheekily. "How could I do that? I'm having a free meal after getting free clothes?"

Yvette Larson rolled her eyes. "What are you saying? We should be the ones treating Chloe."

Her husband replied, "How much would that cost? She's the boss of a company. Don't you think that's not right?"

Chloe Yeats quickly stood up. "Of course, it's alright. We're just a small company, so I can't afford to treat you to a meal."

Anyone who didn't know them might misunderstand that they were so poor that they had to argue over the bill; perhaps they were even on bad terms with each other. But in reality, they were affluent people that were close to each other.

At the table, Chloe Yeats tested them. "There's something I want to ask about. The James family was thrown out at the Los Angeles Bus Station."

What she wanted to know was whether Finn Taylor was on good terms with the family. From her observations, they weren't on good terms. However, the James family was indeed the latter's in-laws.

So what was going on?

"I got someone to beat them up."

Chloe Yeats had her answer.

"As long as you don't kill them," Finn Taylor added.

He was too soft-hearted toward that shameless family.

Chloe Yeats merely nodded without saying anything. There was no need to explicitly put it out there.

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When they returned, Yvette Larson turned to her husband. "I left some money on Chloe's desk earlier."

She thought that she would get lectured, but her spouse simply said, "I saw it."

"You saw it? Why didn't you stop me then?"

"Hahaha, I was just playing around with her. I'll pay her for the clothes."

A week flew by, and it was the day of the wedding.

Linda James had already gotten dressed early in the morning and was all ready to head out. However, the couple hadn't woken up even at eight in the morning.

Linda James knocked on their door. "Yvette, Finn, it's time to get up. It's already ten."

The couple was deep in sleep, but their eyes immediately shot open as they blearily glanced at the clock. *'Eight o'clock.'*

They were speechless.

"Mom, it's only eight. Why did you wake up so early?"

"Eight? I guess I saw the clock wrongly. Hurry and wake up."

The couple wanted to sleep in, but Linda James made so much noise that it was impossible to do so. Left with no other choice, they could only get out of bed.

When they were done washing up, Linda James immediately said, "Let's go, Yvette."

The latter was speechless. "Mom, it's only half-past eight. You want to leave now?"

"We're good friends, so we should go help out."

"Mom, can you stop being so foolish? They'll treat us as fools if we turn up so early. Besides, you just want everyone to pay attention to your dress, right? The later you show up, the more attention they'll pay to you."

Linda James gave it some thought. Her daughter did make sense, so she eventually gave up.

Yvette Larson could only heave a sigh of relief. *'Thank god I managed to convince Mom. How awkward would it be if we showed up too early?'*

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San Francisco, Forest Hotel.

It was a popular wedding location, and there was a large field within the hotel premises meant for weddings.

At around ten, the field was already filled.

Seeing several guests walking over, Melinda Lowe quickly stood up to welcome them. "You're here."

"Of course."

She then looked around. "Where's Linda James?"

"Maybe she won't show up," someone commented casually.

However, this piqued everyone's curiosity. "Why not?"

"Didn't she say that she was coming with her son-in-law? Don't you know his situation? Do you think she'd come?"

The other gave it some thought. "That's true. Don't we already know her well enough? If she wanted to come, she would've turned up a long time ago. Maybe she really isn't coming."

Melinda Lowe was disappointed. “How disappointing. I wanted to see how useless her son-in-law really is. Everyone is talking about how the Larson family has made a name for themselves, but so what? They have such a useless son-in-law..”

### **Chapter 323: Messy Relationship**

Melinda Lowe, as well as all the other guests, looked down on Linda James. It wasn't because they had any grudges against her but simply because she had once been the poorest amongst them.

But now, she was the richest. It was only natural for them to feel bitter about it.

But right then, Linda James showed up.

“Hey, she's here.” They had just been discussing how the latter wouldn't turn up, so her appearance was like a slap in their faces. It annoyed them deeply.

Then, they spotted Linda James's outfit. Leaving aside the brand, it was clear from just one look that it was a quality item.

This made them even more sour.

Linda James had been observing their expressions as she walked over, and she could feel their bitterness. Instead of feeling angry, she was over the moon.

Just as the group of friends was about to explode, they spotted a young couple behind Linda James. They recognized the lady—she was Yvette Larson, Linda James's daughter.

Seeing that she was holding that man's hand, it was clear that the young man was Linda James's useless son-in-law—Finn Taylor.

Who would've thought that the piece of trash would dare to show up for the wedding?

“Oh, Linda James. You must've come a long way from Number One Pacific Heights.”

Linda James pretended to glance at her watch. “Sigh. Finn, didn't you say that it would only take ten minutes to come here in your Rolls-Royce? Why is it 11 o'clock already?”

*'Rolls-Royce?'* They had heard it clear as day. It was obvious that Linda James wasn't chiding Finn Taylor but letting them all know that he had a Rolls-Royce.

They rolled their eyes, pretending not to have heard anything.

“Linda James, is this son-in-law—Finn Taylor?” Someone finally brought the topic back to Finn Taylor. However, they didn't know that this was only the beginning.

There was much more to come.

“Come over, Finn. Say hello to them.”

Finn Taylor politely walked over to greet the ladies. There was nothing he could say in rebuttal.

“The wedding is about to start, so please excuse me for a while. We’ve placed name cards at the seats, so please look for your seats.” Melinda Lowe then walked away, leaving the guests to look for their seats.

They all found their seats in no time, with the exception of Linda James.

The other ladies were seated close to the front, but even after walking around the venue, Linda James couldn’t find her seat.

Finn Taylor remained silent and headed straight for a table. There, he found a name card with his mother-in-law’s name, as well as his and his wife’s. “Here, Mom.”

Linda James nearly flared up when she saw where her son-in-law was standing. *‘Isn’t this the most isolated area in the whole venue? What does Melinda mean by this? How could she put me here? Doesn’t that mean she doesn’t treat me as her best friend?’*

Finn Taylor had noticed this table as soon as he entered.

It was different from the others. More importantly, there were only three chairs at the table, unlike the others that had ten.

He had suspected that the table had been prepared for his family of three, and it indeed was.

Linda James glanced at her name card on the table, wanting to reason it out with her friend.

However, her daughter sat her back down. “I told you not to come, but you insisted on coming. See, you’re being insulted now. What’s the point of trying to reason it out with them? What are you going to tell Auntie Melinda? That you’re not in a good seat? Then, she’ll just tell you that she’s treating you well by giving you a table for your family alone. Based on your personality, I’m sure you’ll ask her why she placed you in such a remote corner. However, she can say that there are only three of us at the table and that it wouldn’t look good if she placed us nearer to the center.”

“She could even say that it’s my first time here with Finn and that she’s protecting us by letting us sit alone. Have you thought about how you’ll answer those questions? They prepared this a long time ago, while you only found out about this today. Don’t you think that she would’ve thought all these questions through? You’ll become a joke if you go and make a fuss now. You were already laughed at during our wedding. Do you want the same to happen at someone else’s wedding?”

Yvette Larson made complete sense, and her mother had no way of rebutting her.

“Then, do we have to just take her insults?”

Yvette Larson glanced at her husband. “Have you forgotten who your son-in-law is?”



It was only then that Linda James remembered how impressive her son-in-law was. It was clear that those women looked down on the latter, but they never would've imagined that this man was the most powerful in the entire venue.

"Do you mean you can salvage the situation?"

"What situation? Do you want her son to get divorced or everyone here to die?"

Linda James was stunned. "Don't scare me. I don't want anyone dead. I just want to be respected."

"That's easy. Just wait and see then."

The wedding started very soon.

The groom appeared very quickly and made his speech. Soon after, the bride made her appearance.

The couple then started expressing their affection for each other, but everyone knew they were just words.

The wedding was just a show for them, their parents, and their guests. Perhaps they were even tricking themselves at the same time.

Many thought that they would remain faithful to their partner for the rest of their lives, only to realize that there were many more who deserved their love.

The couple then exchanged rings before making a toast to their guests.

Finn Taylor observed everything coolly. This was what he was waiting for.

He wanted an explanation as to why they had sat the family here. If they were nice about it, he'd be nice to them too. Otherwise...

Finn Taylor picked up a wine glass and swirled the cheap wine around. The wine was as murky as the couple's relationship..

## **Chapter 324: A Toast**

Melinda Lowe's son was named Ronan Simpson. He was an ambitious young man who worked as a human resources manager, and his salary was average—about 50,000 a year.

His wife was young and beautiful, and she had graduated from a top university too.

They were a perfect match for each other.

With a glass of wine each in their hands, the newlywed couple walked toward the family of three.

Melinda Lowe immediately apologized. "Linda, it's my fault for putting you here. I'm so sorry. The others came alone, but you came with your family, so I had to arrange a separate table for you. It wouldn't

have been nice to put this table of three in the middle, so I had no choice but to put you here. I hope you understand me, Linda. See, I've brought my son and daughter-in-law to give you the first toast. How's that for you?"

If not for the fact that Linda James had already heard her daughter say the same things, she would've believed the other.

"Thank you for taking time out to attend our wedding today. I would really like to thank the both of you, Ms. Yvette Larson, Mr. Finn Taylor."

Finn Taylor had no idea what Ronan Simpson was up to by doing this, but he didn't cut in. *'Let's see what he's trying to do. He'll definitely reveal something by accident if he's up to something.'*

"Actually, I would really like to thank the both of you. Compared to the others, it feels different when you're here today. All of our friends in San Francisco know that Finn Taylor is the matrilocal son-in-law of the Larson family and that the wedding three years ago was a joke. I thought that you guys would have a phobia of weddings and wouldn't attend ours, but you've come to give us your blessings today. Here's a toast to the two of you—I wish you happiness too." Ronan Simpson raised his glass.

His actions seemed refined and polite, yet every word was like an insult to the couple. If he had only talked about Finn Taylor, the latter might not have gotten so angry. However, he had brought Yvette Larson into the picture as well.

*'Excuse me for what I'm going to do to you then. I'll make sure you regret what you just said.'*

"Ronan Simpson, I think you better hold on before you drink that glass of wine."

The other man smiled. "What, does it not taste good?"

There had been no conflict between the two men. In fact, they didn't even know each other.

He was only putting Finn Taylor in the spot because he had heard from his mother how the latter had been living off his wife ever since getting married. He didn't even need to work to live in Number One Pacific Heights. He did nothing and got everything, enjoying whatever Yvette Larson earned.

This naturally annoyed Ronan Simpson. *'I slave off in the company but only earn 50,000 dollars a year. You don't even do anything, but you get more than 500,000! Why do you deserve that?'*

"It has nothing to do with the taste. I'm just afraid that you will choke on your wine."

"Choke? Why would I choke on my wine."

"You said earlier that I'm the matrilocal son-in-law of the Larson family, and that's right. However, did you know that my wife is still my wife and that she didn't give up on me even at my lowest? As for you..." Finn Taylor chuckled but didn't continue.

"Finn Taylor, what do you mean? Don't spout nonsense."

"I'm not spouting nonsense. Why don't you ask your wife how many other men she's had?"

Because of what Ronan Simpson had done earlier, all eyes were on him. As such, they heard Finn Taylor's words too.

Some guests had already started talking among themselves. "Do you think Finn Taylor is telling the truth?"

"Probably not. He's just a useless matrilocal son-in-law, so what would he know?"

"But he sounds like he knows something that we don't."

"I don't think so. He doesn't know Ronan Simpson personally."

"That's true."

Although the majority didn't believe Finn Taylor, their words were still unbearable to Ronan Simpson.

"Ronan, I'm going to the washroom." Just then, Rachel Kleine excused herself.

This brought about many more questions.

"Did you see that? She looked nauseous when she left. Is she pregnant?"

"Do you think the child is Ronan Simpson's?"

"That's nonsense. Of course, it is. Could it be yours?"

"But I heard Ronan saying that they weren't planning on having kids for the next three years."

"Perhaps she isn't pregnant then. Maybe she just had too much to eat."

Rachel Kleine might've gone to the washroom, but Ronan Simpson was still around. He heard every word that his guests were saying, and each was like a stab to his heart. "Finn Taylor, I want you to apologize for spouting nonsense."

"Nonsense? What did I say?"

Earlier, Finn Taylor had to resist the urge to punch the other when he had talked about Yvette Larson. But now that others were talking about his wife, he couldn't take it.

Yet, this was only the beginning.

It was only wise to keep one's enemies close. Before coming for the wedding, Finn Taylor had already instructed Hunter Sullivan to investigate the couple. Hence, the former already had everything he could possibly know about them ever since they were in middle school.

The information came as a shock!

Initially, Finn Taylor hadn't intended on doing anything with the information. After all, it had nothing to do with him. However, Ronan Simpson had provoked him.

The latter wasn't one to take bullying lying down.

“Finn Taylor, I want you to apologize for smearing our names. If you don’t apologize, I’ll get my lawyer to send you a letter. I’ll sue you and make sure you get executed!”

Finn Taylor chuckled. “Are you sure you want me to talk about your wife?”

The gaze of the other man darkened. “Go ahead. Let’s hear what you have to say..”

## Chapter 325: A Wrong Move

Ronan Simpson didn’t believe a word Finn Taylor was saying. *‘What would a piece of trash like him know? How dare he act as though he’s so smart? Let’s see what kind of story he’ll come up with. If he can’t say anything, I’ll use this to demand compensation from them. Isn’t your family rich anyway? Don’t you stay at Number One Pacific Heights? Great, I’ll make your family pay me in the millions, if not a billion. Otherwise, I’ll make sure you go to jail.’*

*‘Let’s see what you’ll do then, Finn Taylor. I wonder if you would spend a billion for Yvette Larson’s sake. Rumor has it that your relationship has improved and that you guys are loving, but I’m not buying that. Loving? Love only comes when you have the right background. Do you guys even match each other? You two are worlds apart! And do you know what will result from that? There’s only one outcome—nobody will care about you even if you die.’*

“They say that your wife is pregnant.” Finn Taylor pointed at the other guests.

“My wife isn’t pregnant, and so what if she is? She’s already married.”

“Yes, it’s true that she’s already married. It’s fine for her to be pregnant, but have you ever thought about who the child’s father is?”

Ronan Simpson picked up the wine bottle, about to smash it against Finn Taylor’s head. “Finn Taylor, you better watch your words. Who else could be the father of my child?”

Finn Taylor smiled and took out a photo—in the photo, everyone could clearly see Rachel Kleine holding onto the arm of another man as they shopped. “Do you recognize this man? Don’t tell me that you’re the man in the photo.”

“This...” Ronan Simpson was stumped.

The whole venue erupted into an uproar. “That doesn’t look like Ronan Simpson.”

“What do you mean it doesn’t look like him? It isn’t him.”

“Do you mean that Rachel Kleine cheated on him?”

“Haha, I can’t be too sure about that.”

Every word was like a knife to his heart.

“Finn Taylor, he is Rachel’s relative.” Although Ronan Simpson didn’t recognize that man, he could only grit his teeth and swallow the injustice for now. He couldn’t possibly admit to his wife’s infidelity in front of all his friends and family.

“Oh, a relative.” Finn Taylor smiled and took out another photo. “Relative? They were sleeping on the same bed though.”

The photo in Finn Taylor’s hand depicted Rachel Kleine in bed with that man.

Ronan Simpson wanted to punch the other man, but he couldn’t. He had to follow through with his lie. “You’re overthinking it. Maybe they were tired and sat on the bed. It was cold that day, and that’s why they covered themselves with the quilt. I was there too.”

Ronan Simpson looked expectantly at the other, seeing if he had more evidence. He had already brought himself into the picture just to complete the lie.

To be honest, Finn Taylor had to give it up to Ronan Simpson for giving up his own dignity to help his wife. However, one eventually had to pay for their mistakes, and this was but the beginning for the latter.

“Ronan, oh Ronan. I really admire you. How do you explain this then?” Finn Taylor took out three photos at once.

The first was of Rachel Kleine heading to the hospital for a checkup with that man.

The second was a checkup that showed the child was healthy.

The last was the expected delivery date of the child.

“From the expected delivery date, I guess that she got pregnant in October. If I’m not wrong, you were overseas at that time.”

Ronan Simpson couldn’t rebut the other. What else could he say to convince everyone?

“Oh, right. If you think that it’s over, this is only the beginning. Here’s the record of your wife’s abortions. She had one in the first year of high school, the third year of high school, the first year of college, the second, the fourth, and two years after graduation. She’s had six in total.”

“I think you only got to know her in the third year after her graduation, right? I guess she got tired of fooling around and wanted to get married. Although you don’t earn much, you’re not that bad. Oh yes, your wife’s graduation certificate is also fake by the way. She didn’t graduate from a renowned college but a technical one.”

*‘Fake. Fake. Everything is fake.’* That was the only word in Ronan Simpson’s mind.

Just then, his wife returned.

She was still unaware of the situation, and Yvette Larson turned to her. "Rachel, I heard that you graduated from one of the top colleges in the country. Can you help me search for information on the intranet?"

Without any hesitation, she replied, "What intranet are you talking about?"

*'Great, this just proves that whatever Finn Taylor said earlier was right. How could you not know about the intranet if you're a graduate? You should know it like the back of your hand. It should be the most important thing while writing your thesis. How could you forget about something like that?'*

"B\*tch! You b\*tch!"

*Slap!*

Ronan Simpson slapped his wife's face viciously.

The latter was still in a daze. Even up until now, she still had no idea what had happened. *'I just went to the washroom, and now, I'm being insulted!'*

"Tell me what your highest educational qualifications are. How many times have you gotten abortions? Whose child are you carrying now?"

Rachel Kleine fell onto the ground, yet nobody stepped forward to help her. Nobody cared for someone as shameless as her.

"Ronan Simpson, stop scolding Rachel Kleine like you're a good person." Finn Taylor scoffed before taking a photo out; it was one of Ronan Simpson touching his secretary in the office. "Did you think that nobody would find out about your affair with your secretary? Both of you are scum; neither is better than the other."

Ronan Simpson had put on an air of superiority up until a moment earlier, but there was nothing he could say now.

Right then, his phone rang. "Ronan Simpson, I'm officially informing you that you've been fired."

He was left in a daze.

It was a call from his boss.

*'Why have I suddenly been fired?'*

"Boss, w-why am I being fired?"

"What, did you think we'd never find out about your embezzlement? We're conducting our investigations now. You can wait to be sued."

Ronan Simpson crumbled onto the ground..



## Chapter 326: Sending Master Peregrine Off

*'I didn't want to go so far, but since you were so rude to us and treated us this way when we came all the way to your wedding, I'll let you see what the consequences of offending me are.'*

It was naturally because of Finn Taylor's instructions that Ronan Simpson was fired. The company he was working for had always collaborated with Hunter Sullivan. Without the latter, they would probably lose 80% of their revenue.

A human resources manager didn't mean much to them.

Finn Taylor simply told Hunter Sullivan to let them know.

He got up and smiled blandly as he looked around the venue that was in a mess. "Oh, right. You gave me your blessings earlier, so it's only right that I do the same."

With that, Finn Taylor picked up his wife's hand and walked out.

Of course, Linda James wasn't going to leave. She had to stay to watch the show.

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When the couple returned home, they saw a piece of paper on the table. There was a short message on it: "Come to Grand Hotel if you want to see Clarine Landon alive."

Grand Hotel.

The couple shared a glance, shock evident in their eyes.

This was the hotel Willow Stone was staying in.

They had suspected that Willow Stone had kidnapped Clarine Landon, but there was nothing they could do since they had no evidence.

Finn Taylor had instructed Horned Serpent to look for the young lady, but it was to no avail. However, the former believed that the kidnapper would eventually get in contact with them if they had kidnapped Clarine Landon with a motive.

But now, it looked like the other party could no longer hold it in.

"Dad, where's the paper from?" The couple had been away at the wedding, and Francis Larson had been the only one at home. Finn Taylor wanted to know how the paper had turned up.

"This? I don't know." Unfortunately, Francis Larson didn't know either.

Finn Taylor thought it strange, so he checked the surveillance footage. What surprised him was that it was a bird that had brought the piece of paper in!

*'Who sent it here? Is it really Willow Stone?'* Filled with doubts, Finn Taylor headed to Grand Hotel. However, he didn't allow his wife to tag along.

It was too dangerous.

There was no way Finn Taylor was going to risk his wife's life.

...

Willow Stone learned of Finn Taylor's arrival at the hotel.

*"Finn is here? What's going on?"* The young lady was shocked. *'Is he here for me? That can't be. I haven't contacted him recently. Do you mean he's willing to get together with me now? But that's impossible. I haven't heard about Finn and Yvette getting into a quarrel lately.'*

Actually, Finn Taylor had always thought that Willow Stone was the culprit before arriving at the hotel. But after arriving at the hotel, he spotted two men in black—as well as an elder in a robe waiting for him.

As he walked in, the three walked forward.

"Timothy Taylor."

Finn Taylor was confused. *'They're not calling me Finn Taylor but Timothy Taylor. Willow Stone shouldn't know of that name, so who are they?'*

"Lead the way." Finn Taylor knew that there was no point in saying anymore and that he would only understand what was going on after he met the other.

He followed the trio upstairs. Unlike what Finn Taylor was expecting, they weren't headed to the ninth floor but the eleventh.

*'Wait a minute! What's going on? Is Willow Stone not the one behind this?'* Doubts formed in Finn Taylor's mind as he opened the door and walked into the room.

The two men in black didn't follow him in but stood guard at the door. Only that elder followed him in.

Upon walking in, Finn Taylor spotted a couple in the room.

The man was leaning against the table, a wine glass in his hand as he sipped on the wine from time to time.

As for the lady, she was seated in front of the piano, playing a song that Finn Taylor didn't recognize.

Finn Taylor didn't interrupt her, simply listening to the tune.

Only when it ended did the lady turn around. "Hello, Timothy Taylor."

The elegant young lady was different from the kidnapper Finn Taylor had in mind.

"Do you guys have Clarine Landon?" Finn Taylor wasn't interested in anything but Clarine Landon's safety.



“Don’t worry. She’s fine.”

“I want to meet her.”

“You can make a call to your wife. She should’ve reached your house by now; we released her.”

*‘They released her?’* Finn Taylor was confused. *‘Who are they? What do they want? They spent so much effort to kidnap Clarine to call me here. But now that I’m here, they released her?’*

Before he could make the call, his spouse called. Just as the woman had said, Clarine Landon was back—safe and sound.

After hanging up, Finn Taylor turned to the mysterious woman in front of him. “Who are you? What do you want?”

The woman didn’t have any time to say a thing before the man spoke up. “Why are you raising your voice? How did your family raise such a piece of trash? How could you be so rude to your relative?”

*‘The Taylor family? Relative?’* Finn Taylor could sort of guess what was going on.

“My name is Melanie Taylor, and his name is Levi Taylor. We’re technically your cousins.”

Finn Taylor had already guessed so. “Are you Eugene Taylor’s descendants?”

“How dare you call him by his name?”

“Hehe!” Finn Taylor could hardly be bothered with the other. Although Eugene Taylor was his grandfather’s elder brother, the three of them were of equal status. Besides, they hadn’t had much interaction after that falling out.

*‘I’ll call that old man whatever I want.’*

“Let’s not waste time. Why did you call me here?”

“There’s something to discuss with you. Brian Taylor is missing, Jacob Taylor is dead, and Donovan Taylor is locked up in the dark pool. Timothy Taylor, you’re just a useless matrilocal son-in-law. There’s nobody left in your branch who can head the Taylor family. Our family is here to ask you to hand over the position of Master Peregrine. What do you think about that?” Levi Taylor was stern, and he had no intention of discussing the matter.

Although Finn Taylor had no interest in being Master Peregrine, others could dream on about him handing the position over..

## **Chapter 327: I’ll Send You Off**

“Dream on!” Finn Taylor answered decisively.

Of course, Levi Taylor had expected this response. “Interesting. You’re such a small fly, yet you want to go against us? Chicago’s Taylor family might be impressive, but have you ever heard of the Taylor family from South-East Asia?”

*‘The Taylor family from South-East Asia?’* Finn Taylor suddenly thought of it.

They were one of the top families of the whole region. The Taylor family of South-East Asia controlled the entire region and had a widespread influence across the wall.

*‘Is this the family that Eugene Taylor established? If that’s the case, they’re really formidable opponents.’*

“It seems like you recognize our family. You better hand the position of Master Peregrine over to us then. Actually, we don’t have any ill intentions. We’re from the same family. If not for the family feud at that time, we wouldn’t have left Chicago. Now that we’re back, we’re going to lead the family back to glory again. Isn’t that good?”

Levi Taylor made it sound like a good plan, but it sounded like nonsense to Finn Taylor.

“There’s only one Taylor family—my grandpa’s. I don’t care what happened before that.” The only one he cared about in the family was Brian Taylor. The feuds between the previous generations had nothing to do with him.

“It seems like you’re really not afraid of dying. We came prepared not to let you leave alive today. You better think about it—who will protect your wife if something happens to you?”

*‘Using Yvette to threaten me?’* Finn Taylor chuckled. *‘Something will really happen to Yvette if I give in to them. Only if I deal with them will they not dare to touch Yvette. Besides, what they’re really after is the position of Master Peregrine. Do they really think they can make the rest of Peregrine Hall listen to them? They must be kidding. I’m sure they won’t dare to kill me.’*

“Are you really going to keep me here?”

“So what if we do? Uncle Sam.”

The robed man named Uncle Sam rushed toward Finn Taylor.

Finn Taylor dodged easily. From the elder’s movements, he could clearly tell that the other was well-trained. *‘He isn’t just any ordinary person, but so what? Am I going to give in to them just because of that?’*

“Where are you from?” Finn Taylor dodged while trying to get information out of the other man.

But Uncle Sam ignored him.

“My master once gave me a piece of jade. Anyone from the same sect isn’t allowed to do anything to me.” With that, Finn Taylor took out a piece of jade.

Uncle Sam stopped in his tracks and glanced at Finn Taylor with a dark gaze. “What’s your relationship to him?”

“I’ve only met the master once, but he said that my fate is intertwined with the sect. He gave me the piece of jade—saying that it would come in handy one day—so that his disciples wouldn’t go against me.”

*‘So that his disciples wouldn’t go against him?’* Uncle Sam dazedly walked forward and picked up the piece of jade. Then, he fell on his knees all of a sudden.

“I’ll send you back.” A moment later, he stood up.

His words shocked the other three in the room. “What do you mean, Uncle Sam?”

Levi Taylor was the first to speak up, but Uncle Sam ignored him too. In fact, he had already opened the door for Finn Taylor.

Levi Taylor was about to chase after the pair when Melanie Taylor stopped him. “Let him leave. It’s easy to kill him, so we’ll let him off this time.”

Yet, Levi Taylor was indignant to let his cousin leave just like that.

Uncle Sam was naturally only one of his many assassins, but they had never planned on letting Finn Taylor leave today. Who would’ve thought that such a dramatic scene would occur? Their plans had failed this time with Uncle Sam protecting him.

He was just lucky this time.

Uncle Sam merely sent Finn Taylor to the lobby before leaving. He had no plans of stepping out of the hotel.

From her room, Willow Stone saw the scene panning out.

She was curious why he had come to the hotel. She had already sent someone to investigate it, and she believed that she would get her answer soon.

The door opened just then, and someone walked in—his name was Winter.

“What did you find?”

“Finn Taylor went to the eleventh floor. Someone booked out the entire floor; his name is Levi Taylor.”

“Levi Taylor? Have you found out about his background?”

“Yes, he’s the young master of South-East Asia’s Taylor family. His father is the family head—Jefferey Taylor.”

“South-East Asia’s Taylor family? Finn Taylor? Do you mean that Finn Taylor is from that family?” Willow Stone was slightly confused. *‘I’ve been trying to figure out the other’s true identity, but it was to no avail. But this time, things are looking up.’*

“Continue to look into this.”

Winter nodded.

As Willow Stone gazed at Finn Taylor walking away from the hotel, she let out a meaningful smile. *'You want to escape from my grasp? You're still wet behind the ears. You'll never imagine the pain I went through. There's no way I'll let anything I want to slip out of my grasp.'*

...

When Finn Taylor returned home, Clarine Landon was there too.

"Are you feeling alright?"

"Yes."

"What did the two of them do to you?"

"The two of them?"

Finn Taylor was trying to get leads to the Taylor siblings from Clarine Landon, but it seemed like she hadn't even met them.

"Nothing much." Finn Taylor had underestimated them. *'With their statuses, it's obvious that they wouldn't have done it personally. How could they meet Clarine Landon?'*

"What's going on, Finn? Was it Willow?" Yvette Larson still held out one last shred of hope for her friend. As such, she posed that question in a hurry.

Finn Taylor shook his head. "It wasn't her."

But he also added, "However, Willow Stone's background is very mysterious, and even I can't get anything on her. You two better be careful around her."

The two best friends felt helpless.

The three of them had been the best of friends, yet they were like strangers now. It was as though they didn't even know her.

"Oh right, you guys better just stay at home for now. It might be dangerous out there." Finn Taylor couldn't put his mind at rest since Melanie Taylor and Levi Taylor were still out there..

## **Chapter 328: Moving**

"Oh, right. Yvette, where are the wedding photos you took?" Clarine Landon suddenly remembered that her best friend had gone to take wedding photos with her husband, but she hadn't heard anything about it ever since.

"Oh, I nearly forgot about it. Alright, we'll collect the photos before going to visit the children this afternoon then." Of course, Yvette Larson was referring to the orphans at Mercy Orphanage.

Mercy Orphanage was a sore point for both young ladies.

The Larson family had organized a charity ball with the Gold family for the orphanage, and it was there that Willow Stone had ended their friendship.

*'If we didn't have that ball, would we still be friends?'* Although she knew that it had nothing to do with the ball and that it was only a matter of time before their friendship ended, Yvette Larson still held onto that hope.

She then made a call to Jamie Little, telling the latter that she would be collecting the photos later in the day before visiting Mercy Orphanage.

Jamie Little was very grateful toward her. If not for her and Finn Taylor, the orphanage would've needed to shut down.

But things were now improving by the day, and the orphanage had even accepted even more children. More importantly, the children were doing even better than before.

That meant the world to Jamie Little. The orphanage was her home, and it delighted her to see the orphanage getting better by the day.

That afternoon, the trio set off.

When they arrived at Jamie Little's studio, the latter had already prepared the photos.

Although Clarine Landon had already mentally prepared herself, she was still overwhelmed with emotions when she saw her best friend's wedding photos. "Yvette, you look so gorgeous. I can't believe you're married."

Yvette Larson rolled her eyes. *'I've already been married for three years. This was just a photoshoot to make up for the first one. She's exaggerating it!'*

"Finn, do you see how beautiful Yvette is? You better treat her well; otherwise, I'll make sure you'll pay."

Finn Taylor felt beads of sweat dripping down his forehead. *'What's wrong with Clarine? We've already been together for three years. She's making it sound as though we're not married.'*

"Jamie, have you told the director about our visit?"

The young lady nodded. "Yes, she's looking forward to your visit." Jamie Little suddenly giggled. "Oh, right. Mr. Taylor, Ms. Kleine invited someone else too."

Finn Taylor thought that her expression seemed a little strange. "Who?"

"Harvey Little."

"Harvey Little?" Finn Taylor chuckled, suddenly remembering that he had made a bet with that man.

At that time, he promised to change the orphanage. On the other hand, Harvey Little—who had grown up in the orphanage—hadn't offered any help. In fact, he even mocked Finn Taylor and said that he would pretend to be a dog and bark like one if the latter managed to change the orphanage's circumstances.

Anyone had the right to say that—anyone but Harvey Little.

He had grown up in the orphanage, so saying something like this meant that he hoped that the orphanage would fail. That was no different from cursing out one's ancestors.

It was good enough that Finn Taylor hadn't punched him right then and there.

They quickly drove off toward the orphanage.

When the group arrived at their destination, they were stunned.

The last time they visited the orphanage, the compound was very average. However, it was obvious that it had undergone a drastic change for the better.

The trio got out of the car and looked in to see the director playing with the children.

Seeing that the group had arrived, the director left the children and walked over. "Finn Taylor is here."

"Ms. Kleine, this is my wife—Yvette. You've met. This is her best friend—Clarine. You've met before too."

"Yes, I've met both of them. Come in and have a seat." The director brought the trio into the meeting room.

Previously, the meeting room was a simple room built out of wooden planks. Now, it was well-constructed with concrete. Not only had it become bigger, but they had also placed a few sofas in the room.

Last time, the director had served Finn Taylor with name-brand tea. This time, she was serving him coffee made out of coffee beans.

"Ms. Kleine, you've done a good job sprucing this place up."

"It's all thanks to you, Mr. Taylor. Our children are split into five groups, and we received 15 offers this month. The money we got from the shows was enough to help make these improvements."

Finn Taylor nodded in delight.

"That's great, Ms. Kleine. Have you guys received the money?" Just then, they heard a voice—it was clearly Harvey Little's.

Seeing that Finn Taylor was around, he furrowed his brows. "Why are you here?"

Obviously, he had no idea that Finn Taylor was going to be here.

"Jamie Little, you must've called me over for his sake."

The young lady laughed. "What, are you afraid? Weren't you very confident when you made that bet? You said that you would kneel down if we managed to turn this place around."

That memory suddenly appeared in Harvey Little's mind. He had indeed made a bet with the other man.

“Jamie Little, you owe me a lot. How dare you trick me like this? Don’t you feel bad for doing this?”

Jamie Little slammed his fist down on the table. “Harvey Little, if we want to talk about being heartless, you’ll be the first candidate. This is Mercy Orphanage—your home. Without this place, you’d be dead. You didn’t even offer a single cent when we needed money, but now that we’ve managed to turn the situation around, you’re calling me heartless?”

Harvey Little ignored her and smirked at Finn Taylor. “You must be a fool to think that I would really kneel down in front of you.”

Finn Taylor knew that the other would never admit to the bet. The latter would never do such a thing based on his personality and character.

“Ms. Kleine, I won’t beat around the bush. I’ll be honest with you—I wasn’t willing to give you any money because a large corporation has its eyes set on this place. They wanted me to convince you to move away. They offered quite a huge sum of money—1.5 million dollars.. Why don’t you think about it?”

### **Chapter 329: Unreasonable Request**

Harvey Little’s words sounded ridiculous. He had grown up in the orphanage, yet not only did he not help them when it mattered the most, but he had even tried to kick them while they were down.

The director could no longer hold herself back. She rushed up and slapped the man in the face. “You’re too much, Harvey Little. Do you even have a conscience? You want to demolish this place?”

But Harvey Little didn’t feel an ounce of guilt. “Ms. Kleine, you’re going too far with your words. What era do we live in? Everyone cares only about their own self-interests. Think about it—you’ll get 1.5 million if you move away. With that money, you’ll be able to get a better place for the children. Isn’t that good?”

Harvey Little sounded logical, but the director wasn’t one who cared about money. Otherwise, she wouldn’t have devoted her whole life to the children here.

She didn’t just have feelings for the children but also the land. Even if she did keep the name of the orphanage, it wouldn’t feel the same if she were to move away.

Harvey Little infuriated the director.

“Ms. Kleine, you better think it through. It’s not as though the move won’t happen just because you oppose it.” Since he had failed to convince her, he was going to try threatening her.

The director was so furious that she no longer wanted to say anything. She sat paralyzed on the chair.

Finn Taylor stood up and glanced at the other man.

“What, do you still expect me to kneel down before you?”

“Of course not. It’s all thanks to me that the buildings here were renovated, so you should at least tell me who wants the orphanage gone.”

The director could only hope that Finn Taylor would resolve the matter on her behalf.

“Alright then. It’s the Anderson family from New York.”

“Is it Rebecca Anderson or Raymond Anderson?”

*‘Wait a minute!’ This was the first time any of them saw surprise on Harvey Little’s face. ‘I’ve been looking down on Finn Taylor, but he knows the Anderson family? And he can even name them?’*

“Raymond Anderson.”

“Oh, Raymond is quite generous. He shouldn’t have offered only 1.5 million, right?” Finn Taylor’s question embarrassed the other man.

“That’s confidential.”

“Confidential? Alright, I won’t ask you about it then. You can make an offer, but so can I. 15 million—if you make an offer of 15 million dollars, you’re welcome to demolish this place.”

“15 million for this dilapidated place? Have you gone mad?”

“Watch your words. No matter how dilapidated this place is, it’s where you grew up. I think you had better go talk to Raymond Anderson about this.”

Harvey Little was about to speak up when the director cut in.

“Shut up. 15 million—I want 15 million too. Don’t you want us to move? Let’s see if you can cough up 15 million.”

*Harvey Little was confused. ‘I lived with the director for more than a decade. We should have a close relationship, so why did she choose to support him instead of me? But I know that 15 million dollars are way out of my league. I have to let Raymond Anderson know about this and let him make the decision.’*

Thankfully, Raymond Anderson seemed to be paying close attention to the matter and was currently in San Francisco. Otherwise, he might’ve needed to make a trip to New York.

“Alright, I’ll go look for Mr. Anderson now. I’m going to get this place demolished for sure.” With that, he turned to leave.

Once Harvey Little left, the director shouted, “B\*stard! B\*stard! B\*stard!”

“Why would Harvey do that?” Jamie Little was still in a daze. *‘He looks like he’s getting along well. Does he really have no feelings for this place?’*

Finn Taylor chuckled. “That’s simple. He just has an inferiority complex, and that’s why he wants to destroy his past. Of course, it’s a plus that he’ll earn a huge sum out of it at the same time.”



Jamie Little was still confused. *'Do you mean that he wants to demolish the orphanage just because he doesn't want to admit that he's an orphan?'*

"Don't get angry over this, Ms. Kleine. Why don't you think about how you want to punish this traitor?"

"What do you mean?"

"You'll find out in a while."

Harvey Little walked out and spotted a Ferrari outside. He had seen the Ferrari there last time—of course, he hadn't paid much attention to it back then. But this time, he finally realized that it was probably Finn Taylor's.

He was indignant because his car was just an ordinary Buick.

Very quickly, he arrived at Raymond Anderson's residence.

As he rushed into the house, he spotted Raymond Anderson enjoying a cup of tea. Needless to say, the latter was annoyed by the other's sudden appearance.

"Mr. Anderson, I've run into some problems with the orphanage."

"Oh, what kind of problems?"

"I don't have enough money. They want 15 million dollars in compensation."

*'15 million dollars?'* Raymond Anderson's hand shook, and tea spilled all over the floor as he frowned.

"That can't be. I've seen the orphanage, and it's worth 1.5 million at the very most. I'm already offering 3 million, so it should be more than enough. How could they be making such an unreasonable request?"

"Mr. Anderson, it would've been easy to solve since the orphanage was facing financial difficulties, but they met a benefactor."

"Benefactor? What do you mean?"

"Someone worked with the orphanage. With a stable source of income, they don't lack any financial support now."

"Oh, how interesting!"

"Mr. Anderson, that man was the one who asked for 15 million dollars. He's the one who made such an unreasonable request and is standing in our way."

"What's his name?" For some reason, Raymond Anderson had an ominous feeling about this.

"Finn Taylor."

*Thud!*

The teacup smashed into pieces as it fell to the ground.

“Take me there.” Raymond Anderson knew that he had offended Finn Taylor. *‘I have to rush down to Mercy Orphanage and apologize to the latter at once. Otherwise, I’ll be doomed.’*

But Harvey Little still had no idea what was going on. He thought that the man wanted to deal with Finn Taylor. After all, Raymond Anderson was a formidable figure in New York.

*‘There’s no way Finn Taylor will dare to go against Raymond Anderson.. How dare he expect me to kneel down to him? He should be the one kneeling down to me!’*

### **Chapter 330: Cold Shoulder**

Just like that, Harvey Little arrived at Mercy Orphanage with Raymond Anderson. After that, the latter rushed into the orphanage.

Still not sensing anything amiss, the former strolled in without any sense of urgency.

“Hurry up, Harvey. Where are they? Where’s Mr. Taylor?”

To Harvey Little, Finn Taylor was just an insignificant character. He had never thought that the latter would be anyone of importance. As such, he hadn’t realized that Raymond Anderson was addressing Finn Taylor as ‘Mr. Taylor.’

It was obvious that the former respected him. Unfortunately, Harvey Little hadn’t caught on.

Walking into the meeting room and realizing that the group was still there, he rejoiced inwardly. *‘I was so worried that Finn Taylor would’ve left. Thank god they’re still here.’*

He hated Finn Taylor and had a crush on Jamie Little. Ever since he was young, he had thought of the other Little as his girlfriend. But the last time he came, he had clearly seen Jamie Little treating Finn Taylor as her crush.

That was when Finn Taylor had become his enemy.

If Finn Taylor wanted to go east, he’d go west. He would do everything that Finn Taylor didn’t want to do.

*‘It’s not like I really want to demolish Mercy Orphanage. It’s your fault, Finn Taylor. You forced me to do it.’*

It was difficult to understand his logic. It was clearly his fault, yet he was trying to push the blame to someone else.

“Finn Taylor, I’ve invited Mr. Anderson over. I’m going to make sure you get down on your knees.”

“Oh, Raymond Anderson is here.” Hearing that Raymond Anderson had made a personal trip here, Finn Taylor’s lips curled up into a smile.

Everything was under his control, but the director didn’t know that.

She was now in a frenzy because she had heard of Raymond Anderson too. *‘He’s a famous entrepreneur from New York and has even been listed on the Forbes list. There’s no way we’d be able to stand up against such an influential figure. All we can do now is try to negotiate with him in hopes that he’s a kind and understanding person that will give up his plans once he learns of our story.’*

But needless to say, self-interests mattered most to businessmen. As such, the director didn’t have much hope of convincing the other.

“What, are you afraid now that you hear his name?” Harvey Little was arrogant and tried to beat the other down using Raymond Anderson’s name.

He was really shameless.

“Come on; invite Raymond Anderson in. Let’s see how afraid I’ll get.”

Harvey Little sneered. *‘Why is he still trying to put on an act even now?’*

“Mr. Anderson, this is Finn Taylor. He’s the one who is standing in our way.” Harvey Little invited the other in.

Unexpectedly, Raymond Anderson immediately gave Finn Taylor a deep bow. “Greetings, Mr. Taylor. I’m Raymond Anderson of New York.”

His tone was extremely humble. Because of his relationship with Hunter Sullivan, he had learned of the current situation of the Taylor family young master that none of them had thought well of.

He would never dare to cause any trouble for Finn Taylor. Otherwise, he might even lose his life.

“Raymond Anderson, it seems like your business is doing well. You must be doing so well that you’re even demolishing orphanages.”

“I wouldn’t dare to do that, Mr. Taylor.”

“You wouldn’t dare to do that? It seems like you would. If not for me, you would’ve demolished this place. What, is your family going bankrupt, and that’s why you need this money?”

Raymond Anderson was rendered speechless at the young man’s chiding. If anyone else had spoken to him in this manner, he would’ve retorted them. But this was Finn Taylor—Master Peregrine!

“What’s wrong, Mr. Anderson?” Harvey Little had invited him over to deal with Finn Taylor. The former wanted his opponent to kneel down before him and beg him for mercy.

Even so, he wouldn’t forgive him no matter what.

Yet, Harvey Little had never expected to see Raymond Anderson bow to Finn Taylor and offer the man an apology instead!

Raymond Anderson simply ignored Harvey Little. The latter was very insignificant to him, and he didn't offer him much benefit anyway. In fact, Harvey Little had dug him a grave this time.

He had never been insistent on demolishing the orphanage. It was Harvey Little who had tried to persuade him about it, and he had agreed to it in a moment of folly.

Who would've expected this to invoke Finn Taylor's fury?

"Mr. Taylor, I'm willing to accept any kind of punishment."

"How much did you say you would offer for this place?"

Raymond Anderson didn't dare to make a low offer. "30 million."

"How interesting; Harvey Little said 15 million. Alright, I won't put you in the spot. Donate 30 million to the orphanage, and I'll take it as though nothing happened."

*'Donate 30 million to the orphanage? This... That's such a harsh punishment. But thinking about it, money means nothing if it can save my life.'*

"Alright, I'll donate 30 million."

Although it pained him to part with that money, he was more afraid of offending Finn Taylor.

"Leave then, and take him with you. I'll see what you'll do with him." His last sentence was no different from a death sentence for Harvey Little.

Finn Taylor was clearly incensed. *'Either you or Harvey Little have to take the blame. Let's see how you deal with Harvey Little then. If you don't do it well, you can wait for me to deal with you.'*

Raymond Anderson dragged the other man out. He then instructed his men to drag the latter into the woods.

He couldn't care less about whether the other man would leave the woods alive.

After doing so, he headed to visit Hunter Sullivan. Yet, he was given the cold shoulder.

Hunter Sullivan wasn't even at home.

*'What should I do? I guess the only thing I can do is wait here.'* He didn't dare to leave, fearing that he would offend Hunter Sullivan. More importantly, he needed the latter's protection.

Although Finn Taylor had not flared up at him, he could sense that the former had been annoyed.

This could easily cost him his life. Now, the only person who could save him was Hunter Sullivan.

He needed the latter's help..