

UNTOUCHABLE

Chapter 331: Kneel

Hunter Sullivan returned before long, shocked to see Raymond Anderson standing in front of his house. "What's going on? Why are you here?"

At this point in time, Wampus still had no clue about what had happened, and that was why he could still joke around with the other man.

Of course, the latter was in no mood for that. "Mr. Sullivan, save me. You must save me."

"Huh? What happened? Why are you so afraid?"

"I offended someone."

"You offended someone? Come in. Who did you offend?" Hunter Sullivan opened the door and invited the other in.

"I offended Finn Taylor."

"F-Finn Taylor?" Hunter Sullivan had the urge to kill Raymond Anderson.

'Of all people, you offended Master Peregrine? I would chase this guy away if possible, but I can't. Finn Taylor thinks of Raymond Anderson as my subordinate. If he really has offended Master Peregrine, the latter might come to look for me instead of him! That would spell trouble.'

"Don't panic. Tell me what happened."

"I came to San Francisco for business some time ago and saw a street that looked pretty good, so I wanted to demolish the building there to rebuild it. There's an orphanage there, and I didn't want to touch it, but a man named Harvey Little convinced me to. I think I must've been crazy to have listened to him and asked to demolish the orphanage."

Hunter Sullivan cut in before the other could even finish. "Don't tell me that orphanage is Mercy Orphanage."

"Yes, it's Mercy Orphanage."

Hunter Sullivan had the urge to punch the other. "I told you that I just donated money to the orphanage last month and that Mr. Taylor cares very much about Mercy Orphanage. You're really courting death. I don't even know what to say."

"I know that now. I met Mr. Taylor earlier, and although he didn't do anything to me, I could tell that he was angry. Mr. Sullivan, you must save me."

"Save you? You want me to save you? Do you know that you're dragging me down?"

"Mr. Sullivan, Mr. Sullivan, Mr. Sullivan."

“Stop calling me. Tell me how Finn Taylor punished you.”

“He made me donate 30 million to the orphanage but didn’t ask for anything more.”

“Go get some snacks. We’ll go up to Pacific Heights and look for Finn Taylor.”

“Snacks?” Raymond Anderson was stumped. *‘Finn Taylor— Master Peregrine—likes snacks?’*

“What are you thinking? I’m asking you to get the snacks for Mrs. Taylor. Master Peregrine treats his wife well. As long as she speaks up for you, you’ll be saved.”

“Oh... Oh!” Raymond Anderson finally understood what was going on. He had heard of Finn Taylor even in New York too. Rumor had it that he listened to whatever his wife said since he was the Larson family’s matrilocal son-in-law. Of course, the rumors painted him in a bad light too.

However, Raymond Anderson didn’t believe any of that. There had to be much more to Finn Taylor than what meets the eye.

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At sunset, Hunter Sullivan brought Raymond Anderson to Number One Pacific Heights. It was the latter’s first time there.

‘Rumor has it that Finn Taylor doesn’t live well and is always given the worst food and products. There are even rumors that he sleeps in a dog kennel. Look at where he’s living? Thank god I didn’t listen to those fools. I would already be dead if I believed those rumors and picked a fight with Finn Taylor today.’

“Hey, why are you here?” Yvette Larson was the first to spot the two men. She was shocked by their visit.

“Ms. Larson, I’ve brought some things for you. They’re not worth much.”

The young lady was confused. *‘What’s with Raymond Anderson?’*

“Why did you bring it here since it’s not worth much?” Finn Taylor walked down the stairs, his words leaving Raymond Anderson in a daze.

“Finn, why are you being so mean? Come in; have a seat.” Yvette Larson invited the pair in and even served them tea.

“What, are you here to speak up for him?”

Hunter Sullivan trembled slightly. He didn’t think that the situation was so serious, but Master Peregrine was obviously angry.

That spelled trouble.

It was indeed true that Finn Taylor was furious. He had parents, but his childhood had been no different from an orphan’s. Everyone in the family treated him as a jinx and wanted him dead. That was why he felt for the children and had established a rapport with them.

However, Raymond Anderson had tried to demolish the orphanage!

Great, this was no different from stabbing him right in the heart! It was obvious why he was incensed.

To be honest, Finn Taylor wanted to slap Raymond Anderson.

“Hunter Sullivan, I’ll be direct. I would’ve killed him if not for you. His entire family would probably be dead too.” Finn Taylor’s words terrified the other man.

Even Hunter Sullivan hadn’t expected the situation to be so serious.

Yvette Larson rushed over and comforted her husband. “Don’t flare up, Finn. Didn’t we manage to resolve the matter? There’s no need to talk about death.”

Unexpectedly, her husband didn’t grab her hand this time.

Yvette Larson understood that this wasn’t because he didn’t like her anymore and that something had to be wrong. Hence, she didn’t dare to say another word.

Thud!

Raymond Anderson suddenly fell onto his knees on the ground, without any care for his dignity. He was a wealthy man who held great influence in New York.

The Forbes list wasn’t just open to anyone. Since he had ranked on the list, it was obvious just how exceptional Raymond Anderson was. Even so, he had kneeled down without any hesitation.

“If kneeling could do anything, I wouldn’t have endured all these things for three years.” Finn Taylor laughed before heading upstairs, not even sparing the man a glance.

Now, Raymond Anderson was truly in a panic. He knew that things were getting from bad to worse. *‘It seems like I’ve really offended Finn Taylor this time. But even up until now, I don’t understand what is going on..’*

Chapter 332: Childhood Trauma

Among everyone present, nobody understood Finn Taylor’s background more than Hunter Sullivan. As such, he had a clue as to why Finn Taylor had gotten this angry. *‘Perhaps that orphanage is like a refuge for him—somewhere he can feel the warmth he should’ve received in his childhood. However, you tried to tear that place down. You’re really unlucky to have touched Finn Taylor’s sore spot.’*

“Yvette, we’re leaving.”

Raymond Anderson was still slightly reluctant to leave, but he didn’t dare to rebut the other.

As such, Yvette Larson felt a little lost. “I’ll try to convince him.”

Hunter Sullivan quickly waved her off. “Don’t—don’t do that. Yvette, don’t say a word about this to him.”

Although she didn’t understand why Hunter Sullivan said that, she nodded.

Hunter Sullivan then brought Raymond Anderson back to his house. Furious, he slapped Raymond Anderson in the face. “Did you lose your mind? Why did you have to do this? Look at what’s happening now!”

Raymond Anderson furiously slapped himself in the face too. “Mr. Sullivan, I really didn’t know that things would escalate to this point.”

“You didn’t know? I’m telling you that there’s much more that you don’t know. Finn Taylor wasn’t acting earlier. He’s really enraged, but I can’t tell you why. There’s only one way for you to survive now.”

Raymond Anderson thought that he was done for. He hadn’t expected Hunter Sullivan to tell him that there was still a way out.

Emotional, he hurriedly asked, “Please help me, Mr. Sullivan. What way is there?”

“Finn Taylor is angry because you wanted to demolish the orphanage. If you want to live, you better do a good job in improving the facilities there then. Remember not to try using any of your sly tricks. I’m not talking about just providing financial support but putting your heart into it. If you manage to win the hearts of the orphanage’s children, you might even rise up because of it.”

‘Rise up?’ Raymond Anderson was overwhelmed with emotions—he knew what that meant. Finn Taylor was Master Peregrine, the head of Peregrine Hall.

‘If I can work for Finn Taylor, my status will be completely different.’

“Go ahead then. What happens now will all depend on you.”

Raymond Anderson thanked the other for letting him in on all this. He knew he owed Hunter Sullivan a favor that he would have to return in the future.

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Number One Pacific Heights.

Finn Taylor hadn’t come out of his room ever since entering.

At dinner time, Yvette Larson tried to call her husband out, but he didn’t respond.

After dinner, she carefully walked into the room with a plate of dinner, only to see that her spouse had already fallen asleep.

She quietly placed the plate down and sat by his side, observing him. *‘Finn has behaved so out of the ordinary today. He’s not one to get enraged so easily, but he was clearly angry today. There must be more to this.’*

Her intuition told her that this had something to do with Finn Taylor and his family. But because he had never said anything about what he had experienced in his family, Yvette Larson didn't know the details either.

After some time, Finn Taylor awoke and saw his spouse sitting next to him.

"You're awake?"

"What's the time?" Finn Taylor was slightly groggy.

"Half-past 11."

Finn Taylor glanced out of the window.

The sky was dark.

He hadn't expected himself to have slept for such a long time. He had dreamed of his grandpa—Brian Taylor—last night.

"Shall we go out to get something to eat?"

"Alright."

The food that Yvette Larson had brought over earlier was now cold.

With that, the couple headed out and arrived at a snack bar.

Finn Taylor placed a snack on his significant other's plate. "Aren't you curious why I got angry today?"

"Slightly, but I won't ask you if you're not willing to say anything."

"You've met my mother. She's always been biased toward my younger brother since we were young. They all said that my younger brother was a saint and that I was a jinx. They all wanted me gone, so I grew up just like those children in the orphanage—with no love or warmth. And Raymond Anderson wanted to demolish the orphanage."

His voice turned a little sharp. It sounded as though he was trying to protect himself because someone had probed his sore spot.

Yvette Larson hurried over, clutched his hand, and took him into her embrace. "Alright, you don't have to say any more."

Finn Taylor felt comforted by his wife's hug. It was hard to walk out of childhood trauma.

A man and woman entered the bar just then, and they spotted him as well. They were the Taylor siblings.

"Finn Taylor, you're here for supper too?" They sat themselves in front of Finn Taylor without any hesitation.

"Hey." Melanie Taylor called for the server and ordered more.

“You won’t mind us sitting here, will you?”

“What if I do?” Finn Taylor didn’t want any interactions with these two siblings. There was no point in doing so, but so what if he said that he minded?

“It doesn’t matter; I’ve already ordered. What, we’re relatives anyway. Why would you mind?”

“Relatives?” Finn Taylor chuckled. *‘I have never met them before, and they are such distant relatives. What is the point of bringing our relationship into the picture?’*

“She must be your wife—Yvette Larson. Rumor has it that she’s the most beautiful woman in San Francisco. Now that I’ve seen her in person, I think so too.”

Finn Taylor wrapped his arms around his wife. “She has nothing to do with you.”

Melanie Taylor started eating. “Why are you getting so worked up? It’s not like I’ll eat her up.”

“Let’s go.” Finn Taylor took his wife’s hand, wanting to leave.

“Why are you in such a hurry to leave? Have you guys sent Clarine Landon for a checkup?”

The couple was already leaving, but they stopped in their tracks. “What do you mean?”

“Nothing much. I’m just reminding you to bring her for one if you haven’t already.”

“Let’s go.” Finn Taylor didn’t delay any further and drove straight to the Landon family’s residence.

For some reason, Finn Taylor had an ominous feeling about this. He could only hope that his relatives had only been trying to scare him..

Chapter 333: Willow Stone’s Here

When the couple arrived at the Landon family’s residence, they realized that the lights were still on.

It was already close to midnight; something was amiss.

They rushed into the house, heading straight upstairs. As expected, they bumped into Clarine Landon’s parents—who were in a frenzy.

“Finn, Yvette, why are you here? It’s good that you’re here. Hurry up and take a look at Clarine. She suddenly fainted.” The couple’s hearts thumped.

Finn Taylor had already informed his wife that those two men earlier were the ones who had kidnapped her best friend.

“Let me take a look.” Finn Taylor took Clarine Landon’s pulse and shut his eyes.

Yvette Larson stood by his side, not daring to say anything because she feared that she would disturb him.

Five minutes later, Finn Taylor finally opened his eyes and shook his head. "She's fine and not in critical condition. You don't have to send her to the hospital. Let me get something from the car."

He then rushed downstairs.

Yvette Larson had been in a daze through it all. She didn't know what her spouse had discovered, but the latter returned very quickly with a box.

Yvette Larson had never even seen that box in the car before and had no idea that it even existed. "What's that?"

"Acupuncture needles."

'We had that in the car?'

"Remove her shoes."

Following her husband's instructions, she quickly removed both of her best friend's shoes.

"And her socks."

Yvette Larson then removed her best friend's socks as well.

"Uncle, Auntie, could you please go out for a while?"

Of course, Clarine Landon's parents refused. "No, we must be here. We have to remain by our daughter's side."

Finn Taylor was helpless. *'I didn't want them to see such a gruesome scene, but I can't do anything since they insist.'*

He picked up a needle and disinfected it before stabbing it into Clarine Landon's left big toe.

All three onlookers felt their hearts drop at that sight, yet that was only the beginning.

He inserted a second, a third, and then a fourth needle.

Clarine Landon's mother could no longer watch. She turned away as her husband covered her eyes.

However, Kenneth Landon's eyes remained fixed on his daughter even though he was terrified too.

"Yvette, get a basin over."

'Basin?'

Clarine Landon's mother rushed out. "I'll get it."

Cassandra Campbell couldn't bear to watch, but she wanted to do something for her daughter. She returned with the basin, handing it over to her daughter's friend without turning around.

She couldn't bear to see her daughter getting stabbed by needles.

"Hold it." As he said so, he removed all ten needles at once.

'Psst!'

Blood flowed out of the young lady's feet and into the basin. The blood was a deep red; she had very obviously been poisoned.

All of a sudden, Clarine Landon coughed—she was awake.

"Don't move."

Hearing sounds from Clarine Landon, her mother walked over, wanting to support her to sit up.

However, Finn Taylor stopped them. He picked up a pill from the box, breaking it open and applying the powder on Clarine Landon's feet.

"Help her up onto the bed in ten minutes' time." Finn Taylor then packed his needles back into his box before leaving the room.

Clarine Landon's father followed him out. "Finn, how's Clarine?"

"She's fine. She just needs a few days' rest."

Clarine Landon's father didn't know what to do, and he lowered his head. "Finn, please forgive us for how we treated you before. Please save Clarine if anything happens to her. She's my only daughter."

Finn Taylor knew exactly what the other was apologizing for—the latter had said that he was nothing but a useless matrilocal son-in-law when talking about the Sanders family the previous time.

How was he to know that this useless matrilocal son-in-law would save the Landon family again and again?

"Let's go, Yvette."

Yvette Larson walked out of the room and looked at her spouse. "I want to stay here. I'm worried about her."

Clarine Landon's mother tried to convince him too. "Don't leave, Finn. Why don't you stay here for the night? I'll tidy a room for you guys."

Even Kenneth Landon acted like a clingy woman. "That's right, Finn. It's so dark outside; it's too dangerous to head home now. Why don't you stay?"

Finn Taylor wasn't unfriendly and nodded in agreement. "I'll take another look at her."

He then walked into the young lady's room, but his eyes weren't on her. Instead, he was observing the layout of the room.

He looked at the ceiling, the floor, and then the wallpaper. Eventually, his eyes landed on a plant.

"Where did you get this plant?"

"We picked it up."

“Picked it up?”

Finn Taylor was stunned. *‘What kind of answer is this? Picked it up?’*

“We came home one day to many pots of plants outside our house, so we moved them in.”

Finn Taylor frowned. *‘Why would you bring these things into your house when you don’t even know where they’re from?’*

“How many do you have in the house?”

“About five.”

Finn Taylor turned to Clarine Landon’s father. “Burn them all—now.”

Although Kenneth Landon didn’t understand why the other was asking him to do so, he followed the instructions.

“Is there something wrong with the plants?” Clarine Landon turned to him, curious. To be honest, she was more curious as to why she had suddenly fainted.

Yvette Larson said that she had been poisoned.

‘However, I ate with my parents. Why am I the only one who was poisoned? That doesn’t make sense.’

“Alright. It’s fine now.” Finn Taylor didn’t tell Clarine Landon the truth. Since he had already resolved the matter, there was no need to worry her.

But now, Finn Taylor was furious toward the Taylor siblings. *‘It’s fine if you come at me, but why do you have to touch those around me? What are you two really after?’*

...

The night passed uneventfully.

The next day.

Finn Taylor took Clarine Landon’s pulse once again to see how she had recovered over the night.

The results pleased him—Clarine Landon was doing just fine.

“You’re alright now. Don’t worry.”

“I feel much better today too. Oh, right! Finn, can you tell me who kidnapped me? Was it really Willow? You don’t have to speak up for her.”

Although Finn Taylor had already said that it wasn’t her best friend, Clarine Landon still felt a little worried that her best friend’s husband was just being considerate of their feelings and had lied to them.

Just then, Cassandra Campbell yelled out, “Clarine, Willow is here!”

Chapter 334: I Don’t Believe You

'Willow is here?' Everyone was stunned to hear that. *'Why is she here?'*

The best friends shared a glance, confusion evident in both their eyes.

"Let her come up since she's here," Finn Taylor said decisively.

Nobody objected to that. They clearly hadn't been able to forget about this friendship completely.

Willow Stone walked upstairs and entered Clarine Landon's room. "Hey, what's going on?"

Finn Taylor observed Willow Stone's actions carefully.

Clarine Landon had just fainted, and Willow Stone happened to show up just then. It seemed awfully suspicious.

Yet, the shock on Willow Stone's face earlier was genuine. She clearly didn't know what had happened.

"Food poisoning, but she's fine now."

"Do you want to go to the hospital?"

"Why do you pretend to care so much about me?"

Willow Stone turned to her friend. "I don't think I have any grudges against you. I hope that you remain neutral."

"Remain neutral and watch you hurt Yvette?"

Since she had been exposed, Willow didn't try to hide it as she turned to look at her former best friend.

"Yvette, I hope you give up."

"Give up on what? Our friendship or my husband?" Yvette Larson smirked. *'She's being so ridiculous!'*

"Both."

"I won't leave with you." Finn Taylor casually cut in.

"I don't think that's up to you." Willow Stone was clearly talking about him, but she had never asked for his opinion. It seemed as though Yvette Larson's approval was the only thing she needed.

"What, are you going to kidnap me and bring me back to your country?"

"Kidnap? I don't need to kidnap you. As long as I want something, I'll have a way of getting it."

Finn Taylor chuckled. *'She's so confident. Where does that confidence even come from? Does she really think that Yvette will give me up and that I will follow her? Yvette will never do that.'*

"Yvette, do you remember this person?" Willow Stone suddenly took a photo out.

When Yvette Larson took a close look at the photo, she was shocked. It was a young lady named Elena Gomez—Yvette Larson's savior.

Years ago, the latter had nearly gotten into a car accident, and it was Elena Gomez who had saved her. It was just that they had lost contact over the years.

For some reason, Yvette Larson felt that something was going to happen since her friend had suddenly mentioned that young lady.

“She managed to get her leg treated in Europe. I’m sure you know why she injured her leg in the first place and that she needs regular treatment.”

Yvette Larson naturally knew the reason—Elena Gomez had gotten hit by that truck while trying to save her.

“Why did you take her to Europe?”

“Don’t accuse me. She’s there for treatment. I wasn’t the one who brought her over.”

“Finn Taylor, I guess you never would’ve thought that your wife is someone like this, right? She doesn’t even care about her savior, who’s only sick because of her. Look, she doesn’t even give a hoot about her savior being ill. This is your wife.”

Finn Taylor didn’t believe a word that the other was saying. He knew that the other would stop at nothing to denigrate others.

Yvette Larson was still in disbelief. She had never thought that her friend would use such words against her.

“Are you done?” Finn Taylor’s tone was cold.

His indifference angered Willow Stone. “Do you not believe me?”

“You’re just a stranger, while she’s my wife. Who do you think I’ll believe?” Finn Taylor deliberately reminded the other of their different statuses.

This annoyed the young lady even more. “But I’m telling you the truth. Your wife did all this!”

“It seems like you’re not here to visit Clarine. Since that’s the case, you can leave,” Finn Taylor commanded.

It irked Willow Stone. ‘I went all out to try to break the couple up, but why is Finn Taylor so stubborn? No matter what I say, he always chooses to believe his wife instead of me. It would’ve been fine if he was truly a piece of trash, but he is clearly powerful. Therefore, why does he remain so loyal to her?’

Willow Stone stomped off, still unable to wrap her head around why the other was such a fool.

Only after she left did Clarine Landon turn to her best friend. “She’s starting to go against you. You better be careful.”

Yvette Larson shrugged. “There’s nothing to worry about. All she wants is my husband. It’s been three years, and nobody has succeeded in taking him away from me. Do you think she’ll succeed?”

Clarine Landon nodded. *'That's right. The two of them have gone through so much over the past three years, but they're still together. There's no way Willow will be able to come between them.'*

"I have something on, so I'll take my leave." Seeing that her best friend was safe, Yvette Larson decided to leave.

Knowing that the other was busy, Clarine Landon didn't try to stop her either.

Finn Taylor sent his wife back to the office. "Go on in. I'll go get something to eat."

Finn Taylor then bought breakfast before returning to the office. When he walked into his wife's office, he saw her brows knitted into a frown. "What's going on?"

"Nothing much, but Quince Larson and the rest are acting up again. They've been contacting my clients, probably to poach them over."

Finn Taylor chuckled, not taking the matter to heart. *'Gremlin made a wrong decision by choosing Quince Larson. His money is probably going to go down the drain. Money doesn't make a person. A person makes money because of their own abilities.'*

It wasn't that Finn Taylor looked down on Quince Larson, but the latter was truly a piece of trash.

'Do you really think that you'll be able to take business away from us just because you have money? You must be kidding. Nobody will want to work with you when you're so incapable. There's nothing to be gained from working with you. In fact, people might even lose their reputations by working with you..'

Chapter 335: Paper Company

Knock knock!

Yvette Larson asked the other to enter.

Her assistant entered and walked up to Finn Taylor. "Mr. Taylor, Mr. Hunter Sullivan is waiting in the lobby. I invited him in, but he refused, saying that he would only enter after he gets your permission."

"Alright, go back to work."

"Huh?" The assistant was confused. *'I thought that Finn Taylor would ask him to come in, but he didn't say anything. What is going on?'*

Afraid that her assistant would be nosy, Yvette Larson chased the former away.

The assistant didn't know what was going on, but she quickly left without asking anything.

Once she left, Yvette Larson handed a document to her husband. "Take a look at this."

“What’s this?” Finn Taylor asked as he scanned through the document.

Its content was simple: Yvette Larson simply wanted to reward those who had made contributions to the company.

“Is there anything wrong with it?”

“Remove this.” Finn Taylor pointed at Hunter Sullivan’s name.

Yvette Larson glanced at it. “Do I really have to? Hunter Sullivan has made great contributions to the company. What will others think of this?”

“Listen to me and remove his name.”

“Does it have anything to do with Raymond Anderson?”

Finn Taylor shook his head. “It has nothing to do with him.”

That confused Yvette Larson even more. *‘What does Finn mean?’*

“Remove these three names as well.” Finn Taylor pointed at the other three guardians’ names.

The three men held some shares in the company but hadn’t made many contributions to the company. As such, Yvette Larson hadn’t given them much reward.

It was practically nothing, yet Finn Taylor still chose to remove their names.

“Call for a shareholders’ meeting.”

That confused Yvette Larson even more. *‘What’s he up to?’*

Nonetheless, Yvette Larson did as her spouse said.

In other companies, there would probably be a week’s notice before a shareholders’ meeting. However, the Larson Corporation held the meeting that very afternoon after the announcement.

Who knew how the shareholders felt about the meeting?

“Call my assistant in.” Yvette Larson called for her assistant.

“Is Hunter Sullivan still outside?” Finn Taylor asked.

“Yes, Mr. Taylor. Mr. Sullivan is still waiting outside.”

“Ask him to leave. Tell him to attend the shareholders’ meeting this afternoon.”

The assistant simply did as he said without asking any questions.

“Tell Mom and Dad to come in the afternoon too.”

“What are you up to, Finn?” Yvette Larson felt as though something was amiss all of a sudden.

“You’ll see later on.”

Yvette Larson panicked. She still had no idea what her spouse was up to.

Time ticked by amidst the chaos.

As afternoon arrived, the shareholders started arriving.

The four guardians made their way there and sat on the sofa in the meeting room, not daring to say a word.

Just then, Linda James and Francis Larson arrived.

Finn Taylor invited them to their daughter's office. After that, he brought his wife to the meeting room.

"Hello, Mr. Taylor. Hello, Ms. Larson." Seeing the couple enter, everyone in the room stood up.

Finn Taylor turned to Hunter Sullivan. "What, you have shares in this company too. Why aren't you coming in?"

The latter chuckled a little awkwardly, not knowing what to say.

"Hand those shares over if you don't want them."

He had no idea what Finn Taylor was saying. *'Does he really hate me because of what happened with Raymond Anderson? But that's impossible. That's not something Master Peregrine would do.'*

"You guys too. Hand all of your shares over."

"Alright." The other three guardians agreed without any hesitation.

Only Hunter Sullivan was left in a daze. "Mr. Taylor, regarding Raymond Anderson..."

Finn Taylor waved him off. "It has nothing to do with Raymond Anderson."

"Nothing to do with him?" Hunter Sullivan was even more confused. *'Since it has nothing to do with him, why do I need to hand over my shares? Is he not trying to put me in the spot? I don't really care much about these shares though.'*

"Gremlin gave Quince Larson ten billion to go against me. How impressive, but he unfortunately chose to give his money to a useless fool. So what if he has ten billion? Quince Larson has been trying to snatch clients away from us, and these customers are all waiting to see what will happen. It's true that Quince Larson has offered them a huge sum of money, but everyone knows about his abilities too. That's why everyone hasn't really signed anything even though they've verbally agreed to it. Do you know what I want to do now?"

Everyone was listening intently. They knew of one thing: Finn Taylor was going to do something important.

"I want to spend Quince Larson's ten billion dollars. I want all of you to hand over your shares to Linda James and Francis Larson. Leave the two of them to run the company from now on."

'They've never run a company, so this company will definitely fall. Since this company was established by the Larson family, I'm sure Quince Larson will find a way to acquire this company in order to become the family head. That's exactly what we want. We need to dry up the company's resources in the shortest time possible. It'll be fun to see Quince Larson buying nothing but a paper company. Let's see how Gremlin will deal with him after wasting ten billion then.'

'I was so worried that Finn Taylor wanted my shares because I offended him, but it seems like I'm not the one who offended him. It's Quince Larson. To be honest, Quince Larson is really unlucky. Of all people to offend, he offended Finn Taylor! He wasn't even good in business to begin with. I'm sure he doesn't even know how to use those ten billion dollars.'

"Remember to act natural during the shareholders' meeting later."

Hunter Sullivan was stunned. "What do you mean? Are we not going to tell them about it?"

Yvette Larson cupped her face. "I don't want to admit to it, but I think it's best if we keep it from my mom. If we tell her about it, the whole world will probably hear of it too.."

Chapter 336: Betrayal

The shareholders' meeting began with Finn Taylor at the head of the table and his wife by his side.

The rest then took their seats.

"We called for a meeting today to make an announcement. You all know that this company belonged to the Larson family and that everyone here acquired shares when the company ran into some financial difficulties. Since the company belongs to the family, it should eventually go back to them. Name a price."

The four guardians pretended to be shocked upon hearing Finn Taylor's words. "You're buying our shares? That won't be easy. When we bought them, the company was in dire straits. But look at how successful the company is now."

It seemed as though they were reluctant to give up their shares.

Finn Taylor chuckled. "That's alright. It's just a matter of money, isn't it? Any problem that can be solved with money isn't a problem. I'll buy the shares from you for twice the market price. How's that?"

The men's eyes reddened. "Twice the market price? Hold on. Let us discuss this."

The four guardians pretended to discuss the matter among themselves. Following that, Hunter Sullivan spoke up. "Alright, we've decided to sell the shares to you. However, you have to pay us right away."

"Of course. I never owe anyone anything." Finn Taylor wrote each of the four guardians a contract, and they agreed to transfer ownership of the shares straight away.

“Alright, let’s talk about how to distribute the shares then. Yvette, my suggestion is to hand it all to Dad. This is the Larson family’s company, and Dad is the eldest son of the family. It’s only right that he inherits the company.”

Both Linda James and Francis Larson were shocked.

“No, Finn. What are you saying? Transferring all the shares to him?” Linda James pointed at her husband in disbelief. She had married a good-for-nothing, but he was going to become a director in his old age?!

“Yes. Since this is the Larson Corporation, it makes sense for the eldest son to have it.”

“Hold on. I want some shares too. I’m the eldest daughter-in-law of the Larson family.” For some strange reason, Linda James butted in.

“No, Mom. There’s no need to split them. Isn’t it the same for Dad to have them all?”

Linda James shook her head. “No, that’s different. If I get a divorce from him, the shares will all be under his name. I won’t get a single cent.”

Those words stunned Francis Larson. “What? What are you saying? We’ve been married for so many years, and Yvette is all grown up. Why would we get a divorce?”

Linda James was indignant. “I’ve seen people in their nineties getting divorced.”

“Fine. Stop arguing. Dad will get 51% of the shares, and you’ll get 49%. Will that do?”

Linda James wanted to question why she was getting fewer shares than her husband, but she immediately shut up when her daughter glared at her.

...

The meeting ended, and Linda James immediately looked for her friends.

Finn Taylor knew that she was going to brag to everyone about how she now held shares to the company and was rich.

Finn Taylor was pleased—this was exactly what he wanted.

If she didn’t spread the word, he would have to do it himself.

“Let’s go visit Clarine.”

Yvette Larson packed up and followed her husband out. For some reason, she felt that the latter was up to something. Although she didn’t understand it, it didn’t stop her from putting full trust in him.

Very quickly, they arrived at their destination.

When they arrived, the Landon family was savoring some imported fruits.

Finn Taylor didn’t ask before he picked one up and handed it to his spouse. He then took one for himself.

He sat down and turned to Clarine Landon. "I need some help."

The latter was slightly confused. "What help do you need?"

"I need you to get into a fight with her." Finn Taylor pointed at his wife sitting next to him.

"Huh?" Both of them were stunned. *'This... What is going on?'*

"Why should we get into a fight?"

"To end your friendship."

Neither of them understood him. *'We have such a great relationship, so why is Finn trying to break us apart?'*

"Fine, we'll do just that."

Clarine Landon was still in a daze, but her best friend had already caught on. "Are you dealing with Willow now?"

"Since she has already shown her hand, we can't just wait for her to make her move."

Yvette Larson knew that her husband wasn't one to be bullied.

"What's going on, Yvette?"

"I don't know either, but I think it's best if we listen to Finn and think of a way to break up our relationship in public."

Clarine Landon had no idea what her best friend's husband was up to, but she chose to believe in Yvette Larson and eventually agreed.

...

The next day.

Yvette Larson and Clarine Landon agreed to go out together on a shopping trip.

The best friends eventually walked into a bubble tea shop, and each ordered a different drink before sitting down to chat.

All of a sudden, Yvette Larson slammed her fist down on the table, and Clarine Landon splashed the cup of tea in her hand on the other.

Yvette Larson then slapped her best friend in the face.

Just like that, the pair were locked in a fight.

Onlookers were stumped, and the staff quickly stepped forward to try to break up the fight. However, nobody dared to offend these two influential figures of San Francisco.

Although they eventually managed to break up the fight, the two friends were still shouting at each other, eventually going dutch on their drinks.

Within five minutes, the whole of San Francisco had caught wind of this.

No more than ten minutes later, someone opened the door to Willow Stone's office. Her assistant played the video of the two friends fighting.

Initially, Willow Stone had been rather annoyed with her assistant. The latter shouldn't have barged in during her meeting, but she rewarded her assistant the moment she watched the video.

She waved, gesturing for everyone else to leave. With that, she was left alone in the conference room.

She replayed the video over and over again—nearly 30 times. In the end, she let out a chuckle. "Great. Yvette Larson, you're a traitor. Just wait to die."

With that, she stood up and headed for Quince Larson's company.

The latter naturally disgusted her, but she had no choice but to enlist his help in order to deal with Yvette Larson..

Chapter 337: Fight Between Three Families

Quince Larson was the biggest joke of the entire city. He was absolutely incapable but enjoyed pretending to be a rich young master. He had once been in charge of the Larson Corporation, but he had run it into the ground within a month! In the end, the company was acquired.

For some reason, he managed to secure ten billion dollars' worth of funds and established a mega company. Unfortunately, he was truly useless, and nobody in San Francisco was willing to even work with him.

Although he had been throwing cash out to try and secure contacts, nobody had actually signed any contracts with him. As such, Willow Stone was headed for his company to solve this problem.

...

Quince Larson's company, the chairman's office.

Quince Larson slammed the document on the desk. "These b*stards! I'm already offering five times that amount, yet none of them have agreed to work with me! They all say that they'll think about it."

Eleanor Larson was in the office too.

To be honest, the cousins' standards of living had improved after receiving that sum of money. However, this wasn't the only thing they were after.

They wanted to make a name for themselves and crush Yvette Larson under their feet, yet they had been unable to do so.

"Don't get angry over this. They're idiots."

Just then, his assistant rushed into the room.

Quince Larson was already on the verge of bursting out into anger. Now that his assistant had barged in without even knocking, he flared up. "Scram! Why don't you even know to knock on the door?"

His assistant was stumped, yet there was nothing she could do. She simply shut the door and knocked before entering.

"Come in."

He had gotten on his assistant's nerves too. If not for her salary, there was no way she would serve such an annoying person.

"The chairman of Willow Corporation—Willow Stone—is waiting for you in the meeting room."

'Did I hear that wrongly?' Quince Larson was dumbfounded. "Willow Stone is here?"

"That's right."

"Why didn't you say so earlier?" Quince Larson stood up, walking straight to the door.

"Hold on." Eleanor Larson stopped her cousin before walking over to tidy his clothes. "Go on."

Quince Larson was moved. *'Willow Stone is such a powerful woman. Why is she suddenly looking for me? Is it good news?'*

He walked to the meeting room with a grin on his face. "I'm sorry to keep you waiting."

Willow Stone felt nauseated by Quince Larson's actions. She wasn't used to dealing with people like this. "Of course not. I invited myself over; I hope you don't mind."

"Of course not. Billy, get us some tea." Quince Larson then sat down. "Why are you here today, Ms. Stone?"

"Nothing much. I heard that you've been looking to collaborate with other companies but haven't been very successful."

Quince Larson frowned; this was what was weighing down on his mind. *'Is she here to insult me?'*

"Haha! Don't be mistaken, Mr. Larson. It's very normal for this to happen when you first establish a company. Both of us just established our companies, and we have powerful enemies against us—the Gold family and Yvette Larson... I was wondering if we could work together to get business partners."

Quince Larson: *'I knew she wouldn't come for nothing, but I didn't think that it'd be such a good deal.'*

"Yvette Larson and the Gold family are pretty close, and those two families have been suppressing all other businesses here in San Francisco. If we can work together, I'm sure we'll be able to defeat them." But inwardly, Willow Stone was rolling her eyes. *'It's so embarrassing to be working with such a useless fool like you.'*

But Quince Larson had other thoughts. *'Hehe, weren't you Yvette Larson's best friend in the past? I heard that you recently ended your friendship. Isn't there another one who broke up with her too? It would be nice if I get both of you.'*

If Willow Stone were to learn of what this man was thinking about, he would probably be dead by now.

"Alright, let's draft up a contract then. Once we sign it, we can announce it to the public."

"Wow! You're so efficient, Ms. Stone. It's about lunchtime. Why don't I give you a treat?"

Willow Stone waved him off. "No thanks. I have something else to attend to and have to rush back to the office. Let's have a meal when we sign the contract."

'There's no way I'll have a meal alone with Quince Larson. He thinks too highly of himself. Even if we have to go for a meal together, I'll invite everyone there in the name of the company. You should look in the mirror, Quince Larson. Who do you think you are to have a meal alone with me?'

Quince Larson had wanted to have a meal with the other, but she rejected him.

He was helpless.

...

Of course, Finn Taylor knew all about Willow Stone visiting his cousin-in-law. He would never miss something like that.

Similarly, Melanie Taylor and Levi Taylor had learned of it too.

"What do you think they're up to?"

"I don't know, but I bet it's going to be interesting."

"I'm quite interested in that Willow Stone."

Melanie Taylor's expression darkened. "Don't fool around."

"You're thinking too much about it. I checked on those people, but I couldn't find anything on Willow Stone."

"What do you mean?" Melanie Taylor felt that something was amiss.

"What I gathered was that Willow Stone's parents are farmers and that she has no other relatives. She left for Europe after graduating college and hasn't been back until last month."

"What, is there something wrong? Do you think that farmers aren't able to migrate?"

"Of course not. The document is quite complete, and Willow Stone was impressive at college. It was because of her achievements that her family was able to move to Europe. But..."

"But what?"

"The information is all fake."

“Fake?”

“Yes, it’s all fake. Apart from her name, everything is fake.”

Melanie Taylor was taken aback. She had never expected her to be someone like that.

“Well, I’m getting interested in this too.” Before this, Melanie Taylor had had no interest in the fight between the three families because they were all insignificant. But this had piqued her interest..

Chapter 338: Three Things

“It looks like it’s going to be a lot of fun. I naturally can’t miss out on it.”

Melanie Taylor let out a meaningful smile.

“Do you mean that you want to get involved too?”

...

Finn Taylor had only wanted to draw Willow Stone out, but never had he expected to draw the Taylor siblings out too!

Over the next few days, several things happened in San Francisco.

Firstly, there was a public announcement that Willow Stone and Quince Larson’s companies would force an alliance and that anyone who worked with either of them would be working with both companies.

This announcement drew waves in the business circle.

Quince Larson had previously approached several companies, yet they had all been waiting by the sidelines. The main reasons were that Quince Larson was incapable and that they were afraid of losing their money.

But things were now different with Willow Stone in the picture. Everyone had seen just how capable she was. As such, those companies were now willing to work with Quince Larson.

Of course, the latter was no fool and reduced his offer too.

In the past, he had offered five times the market price, but he was only offering twice the market price now.

Although the sum had significantly decreased, it would still benefit them compared to working with Finn Taylor. As such, many still agreed to the offer.

The other thing that happened was in Yvette Larson’s company. Because of the changes, Francis Larson had taken over the position of company chairman.

Although they were a family, the problem lay in how Yvette Larson no longer went to the office once she stepped down from the position.

Even Finn Taylor no longer showed up in the office.

Now, the ones making all decisions were Francis Larson and Linda James. More accurately, Linda James was the one in charge of the company.

Very obviously, the company would only go downhill under her management, and their partners quickly left one after another.

This naturally worried their employees, who tried frantically to get through to Yvette Larson. However, all calls to the latter went unanswered. Left with no other choice, they could only call Hunter Sullivan.

Yet, he made his stance clear too. He had already sold all his shares in the company, so it had nothing to do with him anymore.

With nobody managing the company, the employees had no choice but to try dealing with the chairman. They rushed into the chairman's office, only to find it empty!

Nobody had realized that the couple had slipped away and was no longer in the office. Since they were now chairmen of the company and were rich, they had gone out to have their own fun.

Linda James had invited her friends to play cards while her husband had gone out drinking with his friends.

Their lives couldn't get any more comfortable than this, but they never thought that danger was imminent.

Yvette Larson and Finn Taylor were sunbathing at the beach.

"Finn, I just took a look at the company's financial report. It's only been a week, but we've already lost half of our assets." Yvette Larson still had no idea what her husband was planning and was rather worried about the state the company was in.

"Just half? That's a little slow."

Yvette Larson shrugged. 'I really don't understand what's going on, but I'm sure Finn has a reason for doing all this.'

This was just the second thing that happened in San Francisco lately. The third was that a new company named South City had been established.

Of course, there were countless companies being established in such a huge city every day, and the establishment of a new one shouldn't be news.

However, this company was different. The moment they appeared, they clinched a project worth a billion dollars!

That was a huge sum of money—probably more than what 99% of the companies in San Francisco were worth.

Things were starting to heat up in the city's business circle.

Three strong powers were coming up: Finn Taylor and the Gold family, Quince Larson and Willow Stone, and Melanie Taylor and Levi Taylor.

The three powers pretty much ruled the entire city, and Finn Taylor's company was now the weakest amongst the three.

Everyone knew that they were on the decline. Even those who Quince Larson hadn't sought out earlier had taken the initiative to approach them.

They were probably trying to find a way out for themselves because they saw no hope in Finn Taylor's company.

It was under such circumstances that Finn Taylor received a message from Willow Stone. "Master Peregrine, I'll wait for you at Room 303 of Rocky Hills Hotel."

Finn Taylor frowned as he read the message. He then smiled without saying a thing.

When he returned home, Finn Taylor spotted his mother-in-law scolding Diane Taylor. "What's going on, Mom?"

"Her cooking has gotten worse. I just lectured her, and she started crying!"

Slightly suspicious, Finn Taylor took a taste of the food in the pot. "It tastes the same as before."

"What do you mean? Things are different now. I'm a chairman now, and how can a chairman eat something like that?"

Finn Taylor chuckled. *'Just as I expected—she's up to her antics again. Just because she has a little status now, she has forgotten all about what happened in the past.'*

"Mr. Taylor, I..." Diane Taylor felt aggrieved.

"Come over." Finn Taylor called the young girl to the living room. "Diane, here is 1,500 dollars. Make a trip to San Diego and stay with your sister for the time being."

"N-no, Mr. Taylor. Don't chase me away. I don't blame her. It's true that I haven't gotten better at cooking."

Finn Taylor shook his head. "Listen to me. Take this and go to San Diego. Something has happened in the family; I'll pick you up as soon as we resolve the matter."

He then stuffed the stack of cash into the other's hands.

Tears welled up in Diane Taylor's eyes. "Mr. Taylor, I've heard about what happened to the company. Please let me know if you need my help."

He shook his head. "No, no. Just take this money and go to San Diego."

Finn Taylor was about to leave when the young girl stopped him. "Hold on, Mr. Taylor."

He turned back to see the young girl kneeling down on the ground. "Please stay safe, Mr. Taylor."

He quickly rushed back to help the other up from the ground. *'I think Diane is mistaken. She probably thinks that my life is in danger since the company is on the brink of bankruptcy.'*

Finn Taylor wanted to explain himself, but it wasn't the right time for that. With no other choice, he left the room..

Chapter 339: Collaboration

When Finn Taylor walked out of the room, he spotted his parents-in-law discussing whether to fire Diane Taylor and to hire a professional caretaker.

After all, Diane Taylor was only a college student, not a professional.

This meant that she wasn't exceptionally skilled in many areas.

However, Finn Taylor told the other directly, "Don't even think about it, Mom. We won't hire another caretaker."

Linda James slammed her hand on the table. "What do you mean, Finn? Can't I fire her? She doesn't cook well."

"She doesn't cook well? You've been eating it for months. Why didn't you say so earlier then?"

"That was the past. It's different now. Why?"

"You weren't the chairman in the past and didn't dare to fire her then. Do you think you can interfere in how we run this family just because you're the chairman now?"

Linda James was fuming. Finn Taylor had been spot-on.

Just then, Yvette Larson returned.

"Yvette, just look at what your husband is doing. He's so disrespectful. I wanted to fire Diane and hire a new caretaker, but he said that it's none of my business."

Yvette Larson was reasonable and knew that her husband wouldn't get into an argument with her mom for no reason. *'Mom must've done something again.'*

"Mom, why do you want to fire Diane? Did she do something wrong?"

"What, are you going to lecture me for firing a caretaker as well?"

Finn Taylor could no longer tolerate the other. "There's no way you're going to fire her as long as I'm here."

“As long as you’re here? Finn, don’t forget that you’ve already transferred ownership of this house to Yvette and the shares to us. What do you still have here?”

“Mom, what are you saying?”

Linda James’s words were mean. Finn Taylor had only done all that out of love for them, yet his mother-in-law was using that as a threat against him!

Yvette Larson picked up her husband’s hand and stomped back to her room without caring about her mother.

Diane Taylor quickly slipped away with the money as well.

Only Linda James was left in the living room, still fuming.

At dinner time, Finn Taylor turned to his wife. “Yvette, I’m going out for a while.”

Before Yvette Larson could say anything, Linda James spoke up. “Who is going to wash the dishes if you go out?”

“I’ll do it,” Yvette Larson replied.

“Ha, you? You’re so skinny. Yvette, have you ever thought about why he’s going out so late at night? Does he have a mistress? Is he going to abandon you?”

This time, Yvette Larson burst out. “Mom, do you really want us to get a divorce before you’ll be satisfied?”

“Get a divorce then. What does he even have now? He doesn’t have a house or a company. He’s living on our accounts now.”

“Mom, this is our family’s house, not mine alone.”

“I don’t care. What I know is that this house has nothing to do with him.”

Yvette Larson patted her husband’s back. “Leave if you have to. Stay safe and come back early.”

Evidently, Yvette Larson no longer wanted to talk to her mother. There was no point in trying to reason with someone like that.

Finn Taylor nodded and left.

Yvette Larson quickly started picking up the dishes, ignoring her mother.

Linda James gritted her teeth. *‘Everyone is ignoring me!’*

...

After leaving Pacific Heights, Finn Taylor headed for Rocky Hills Hotel.

He knocked on the door of Room 303.

Willow Stone opened the door with a smile, quickly inviting the other in.

On the other hand, Finn Taylor's expression was one of indifference.

It was this cold expression that displeased Willow Stone. *'I dressed myself up for your visit today, but you're acting like you see nothing! How am I supposed to not get angry?'*

"Didn't you see me?"

"I saw you."

Willow Stone asked, but it probably would've been better if she had kept mum. She hadn't gotten the intended reaction.

He walked in and sat himself in a chair, not saying a word.

"Are you dead? Didn't you hear me talking to you?"

"Is there a point in asking a question like this? Why did you call me here today?"

"What, it seems like Master Peregrine is getting frantic?"

"You know my identity as Master Peregrine, so it seems like your background isn't that simple. Yvette and Clarine worried about you for years for nothing."

While in school, Willow Stone looked very pitiful—as if she would go hungry without help. That was why her friends had always been so concerned about her.

However, it seemed like it had been unnecessary.

"I didn't hide anything; I just didn't let them know that my family is rich. They misunderstood the situation."

"Don't you feel bad for saying that?"

Willow Stone didn't retort because she did indeed feel a little guilty.

"So why did you ask me to come here?"

"Since I already know of your identity as Master Peregrine, I know about Chicago's Taylor family and South-East Asia's Taylor family too. I want to work with you to defeat them."

"Give me a reason."

'Collaborate? That's fine, but why should I work with you?' Finn Taylor wanted to know the other's intentions.

"Because the Taylor family from South-East Asia is our common enemy."

"The Taylor family is your family's enemy?"

"Of course not—they're not worthy of being called our enemies. It's the family supporting them in Europe that is our true enemy. However, I'd be happy enough to get rid of the Taylor family too."

Finn Taylor chuckled. “We could work together, but you should be sincere at the very least. You should know how much I hate Quince Larson, but you’re working with him?”

“Working with him?”

“Am I wrong?”

“Do you think he’s worthy of that?”

Finn Taylor chuckled. *‘I guess I underestimated Willow Stone. She’s trying to turn the tides and torture Quince Larson with me.’*

“Actually, I’ve been quite curious about something. I’m sure you’d be able to crush Quince Larson under your feet with no effort at all. Why did you have to put on an act?”

“It’s easy to deal with him, but just like you said, he has someone backing him.”

Willow Stone finally understood the other. *‘No wonder I always thought that he resembled me. It’s true that our lives mirror each other’s.’*

Chapter 340: Humble

Of course, Finn Taylor had realized that Willow Stone was similar to himself. However, he hadn’t acted on it.

After all, he couldn’t tell if it was genuine or whether Willow Stone was simply putting on an act to win him over.

But that didn’t matter. It was alright if Willow Stone wanted to work together, but she would be overestimating herself if she thought that this would bring her a step closer to him.

Finn Taylor liked Yvette Larson not because of her beauty—even though she was gorgeous—but the warmth he gave her.

The couple had gone through too much over the past three years.

In the past three years, everyone had humiliated him—even Yvette Larson had seemed to join in on the surface. But in reality, she never once shirked away from defending him if someone tried to harm him.

Every time the Larson family tried to hurt him, his wife was the only one who stood up for him.

That was as far as the collaboration between Finn Taylor and Willow Stone would go.

Finn Taylor then left the hotel—he had promised to return home early.

“Finn Taylor, can I ask you a question?”

Without even knowing what she wanted to ask, Finn Taylor refused. "I think you're better off not asking anything. My answer will probably disappoint you."

Disappointment was written all over Willow Stone's face. *'Does Finn Taylor really not like me? I'm the eldest daughter of the Stone family! Do I really mean nothing to Finn Taylor?'*

When he arrived home, he realized that his wife was still awake. She was lying on the sofa, watching television.

Finn Taylor walked over and asked, "Why are you still awake?"

"I made supper. I was waiting to have it with you."

"Sounds good."

Plunk!

Suddenly, the lights were flicked on.

All the lights in the house were turned on.

"Finn Taylor, which b*tch were you with? Look at the time—it's almost midnight. Why did you come back so late?" Linda James stood at the stairwell, looking down at the couple as she chided her son-in-law.

"Mom, can you stop being so unreasonable?" Before her spouse even said a word, Yvette Larson defended him. She couldn't stand how her mother was acting.

In the past, Yvette Larson hadn't thought much of this because the rest of the family had done so too. But now that they had already defeated the Larson family, Linda James was still acting like this.

This wasn't the life she wanted to lead. What she wanted most was peace.

"Mom, do you really want us to get a divorce before you'll be satisfied?"

Linda James shook her head. "I don't want you to get a divorce. I want him to leave with nothing."

Yvette Larson questioned her, "Why should he need to leave with nothing?"

"Otherwise? What does he want to take away with him? What belongs to him? The house? The company?"

"Mom, you're really shameless. Finn was the one who bought the house and transferred those shares to you. Don't you feel bad asking him to leave?"

Linda James was so infuriated that she slammed the door shut. Even after she returned to her room, they heard her screaming, "I'm your mom! How dare you call me shameless?"

Linda James was enraged, but her daughter was even more infuriated. Yvette Larson turned to her husband. "I finally realize that the problems we've faced aren't because of anyone else but from within our family. I'll have to teach her a lesson."

...

Within the next week, developments happened so quickly within the city's business circle that it stumped many.

Amongst the changes, the greatest was Melanie Taylor and Levi Taylor's new company receiving a huge sum of investment, forcing many other companies into bankruptcy.

Of course, Melanie Taylor then acquired these companies.

The Taylor siblings now held nearly two-thirds of all businesses in the city. They then called for a press conference and invited everyone within the business world.

Everyone—that naturally included the Larson family.

Yvette Larson, Finn Taylor, Francis Larson, and Linda James all received an invitation.

It was Linda James's first time receiving an invitation like that, and she was over the moon. However, her mood soured when she saw that her son-in-law had received one as well. "Why do you have one too?"

Yvette Larson glared at her. "What's wrong with us receiving invitations?"

"No. We're the chairmen of the company now, while you were the chairman before us, so it's only right that we receive invitations. However, why should he get one too?" Linda James pointed at her son-in-law in disbelief.

It was obvious what she meant—Finn Taylor had never held a position in the company, so why should he receive an invitation too?

Yvette Larson dragged her husband away, not letting her mother continue. Even she didn't want to hear such things, much less her husband.

...

As Finn Taylor walked out of the house, he received a message from Hunter Sullivan. Hence, he headed to the latter's residence.

As expected, all four guardians were present.

"Master Peregrine." The four men bowed to him.

Finn Taylor nodded.

As they stood up, they showed their boss their invitations. "Master Peregrine, this invitation."

Finn Taylor nodded. "I'm not hiding anything from you. Melanie Taylor and Levi Taylor are from the Taylor family too, but they're not from Chicago's Taylor family but South-East Asia's."

"The Taylor family from South-East Asia?" The four men were dumbfounded.

None of them had heard of that family before. "Master Peregrine, what's that?"

“My great-grandpa had an elder brother, and they fought for the position of family head. After losing to my great-grandpa, his elder brother left and managed to establish a new family in South-East Asia. I guess they’re now established and want to get their rightful positions back.”

Hunter Sullivan finally understood the situation now. “Do you have any instructions for us, Master Peregrine?”

“Remember to protect Yvette during the party tomorrow.”

“Alright.” They naturally agreed. Yvette Larson treated them well and was down-to-earth. Naturally, they were willing to protect someone like this..