

UNTOUCHABLE

Chapter 341: Broken Family

The next day.

The press conference officially began.

Those who wanted to suck up to the Taylor siblings naturally made their way to the venue bright and early. Unfortunately, their efforts were in vain.

Given the siblings' personalities, there was no way they would arrive so early. It was good enough that they showed up on time, let alone be early.

Finn Taylor had learned that as a child too. Apparently, it was better to turn up late for parties like this.

Firstly, it would show that they were busy.

Secondly, it was to establish one's status—after all, the party wouldn't start without them.

Finn Taylor felt that it was ridiculous. Nonetheless, he was sure that his relatives would follow those principles.

On the other hand, Linda James was rushing the family out of the house way ahead of time. Even though it was her first time attending an event like this, she pretended as though she knew exactly what she was doing after arriving.

She even reminded her son-in-law, "Finn, you shouldn't even have gotten the chance to be here. It's probably because our whole family is here that they sent you an invitation by accident too. Remember to keep quiet later and not draw any attention to yourself."

'How ridiculous. They're organizing this party for me, yet my mother-in-law is saying such things?'

Time ticked by.

Finally, it was time for the party to start. However, neither Melanie Taylor nor Levi Taylor had arrived.

'I knew they weren't going to be on time.'

"Huh? Why isn't Ms. Taylor here yet?"

"That's right. Mr. Taylor isn't here either."

"Do you think they got into an accident?"

"I think they're just very busy, so every second counts."

Finn Taylor couldn't help but sneer. *'It's clearly rude to be late, but they're being forgiven just because they're affluent. And it's even logical and alright for them to be late? Sigh, some people really deserve a beating.'*

An hour later, a Rolls-Royce finally stopped in front of the hotel.

The Taylor siblings got out of the car, looking like a perfect match as they walked toward the ballroom.

"Mr. Taylor, Ms. Taylor, you guys are finally here. I was so worried about you earlier."

"Me too. I was worried that we were bothering you guys."

The siblings were already used to such flattery, and they simply nodded without replying. However, that simple nod was enough for the crowd.

The pair walked onto the stage. "Hello, everyone. We got a little caught up with something. Please have your fill tonight."

With that said, the siblings left the party.

Finn Taylor had guessed that this would happen too.

This was commonly done in high society. They thought that it would create a sense of guilt in the attendees for wasting their time.

Finn Taylor had to admit that these people were right—that was exactly what he was hearing from the people around him.

"Yvette. Yvette, take a look at this wine. Isn't it that Romanée-Conti?" Francis Larson was emotional as he tugged on his daughter's arm and asked her to pour him a glass.

"Romanée-Conti?" Finn Taylor turned around to glance at the wine. "Dad, do you like it?"

"Yes, but I've never tried it."

Finn Taylor walked over and brought the whole bottle of wine over.

This naturally drew ire from many around him.

Everyone here paid close attention to their own appearances. No matter how much they liked something, they would try to maintain their elegance and dignity.

Finn Taylor's actions were the exact opposite of that.

"Finn, why did you bring the whole bottle over?"

"You said that you liked it. You can tell me what you like; I'll bring it over for you."

His father-in-law was about to say something, but the temptation was too great to resist. He couldn't say a thing after his son-in-law popped the wine's cork.

But Linda James was different, and she pointed at the latter. “Who allowed you to bring this over? You’re going to kill all of us.”

Afraid that her mom would say something nasty, Yvette Larson quickly tried to mediate between them. “Alright, he’s already done it. There’s no point in saying anything now.”

Linda James harrumphed. “Fine. I won’t say anything here, but just wait and see how I’ll deal with you once we get home.”

Right then, the Taylor siblings returned.

The siblings quickly became the center of attention as they cut through the crowd and stopped in front of Finn Taylor.

Melanie Taylor took out a document. “Sign this, and I’ll give you ten billion.”

Melanie Taylor’s words caused pin-drop silence in the ballroom.

Everyone’s hearts thumped rapidly. *‘What’s going on? Who is he? What is Melanie Taylor trying to get him to sign? Besides, what could possibly be worth ten billion dollars? It’s ten billion dollars, not ten dollars! What could cost such an astronomical sum?’*

It wasn’t just the others who were dumbfounded—even Yvette Larson, Francis Larson, and Linda James were as well.

Finn Taylor picked up the document and scanned it before smirking. “Did you think that I would sign this?”

The document recorded all the shameless things Emmanuel Taylor had done, causing Eugene Taylor to lose out on the family head position. Now, Finn Taylor was going to hand over the position of family head to the latter’s descendant—Levi Taylor.

“I believe you’ll sign it because you don’t have a choice. You’ve already seen how much money we’ve gotten. Your company is on the verge of bankruptcy. I could acquire all the companies represented here if I wanted to.”

“Oh, is that so? Why don’t you acquire mine then?” Finn Taylor then ripped the document into shreds.

“Timothy Taylor, are you courting death, or do you want the entire Taylor family to break apart?”

“Break apart? Which Taylor family are you referring to?” Finn Taylor flung the shreds into the air before turning away.

“Beat him up..”

Chapter 342: Finn Taylor Has Become A Beggar

Melanie Taylor commanded someone to go after Finn Taylor as though she had gone crazy.

Just then, the four guardians stood forward. They quickly formed a human wall around Yvette Larson, blocking Melanie Taylor from attacking the latter.

As for the latter's parents, they had escaped the moment they noticed something amiss.

In the end, Melanie Taylor achieved nothing with her party.

Enraged, she announced that she would use all means to go against Finn Taylor as well as the Larson Corporation.

She wanted the family dead.

Melanie Taylor made huge waves in San Francisco—she had managed to take control of almost two-thirds of the city's companies within the short span of a few days. It was obvious just how powerful she was.

It was clear what was in store for Finn Taylor now that she was targeting him—he was done for, and so was the Larson family.

Even the most powerful family in San Francisco—the Gold family—was done for.

...

Back home, Linda James was furious.

She had gone to the party in high spirits. Even though it was her first time at such an event, she loved it. In fact, she even thought of herself as the party's center of attention.

However, Finn Taylor had ruined all that—he had ruined everything.

"Finn Taylor, are you stupid? She just asked you to sign an agreement, and you would've gotten ten billion dollars! Why didn't you sign it? Not only do you not have ten billion now, but she even wants the Larson family dead!"

Her daughter corrected her: "She wants the Taylor family dead."

"The Taylor family? I'm sure she's talking about the Larson family. How big could the Taylor family be? Isn't he the only one from the family?"

Finn Taylor knew that he couldn't afford to keep this under wraps anymore, so he said blandly, "It's the Taylor family they're after. They want the Taylor family dead."

Linda James remained indifferent. "Which Taylor family?"

Her son-in-law replied, "Chicago's Taylor family."

"C-Chicago's Taylor family?" Linda James's voice faltered. Her lips quivered, and disbelief filled her eyes.

"What nonsense are you spouting? She was clearly talking about the Larson family. Chicago's Taylor family?" Although Linda James said so, she was in a panic inwardly.

This was clear from how she was peeking at her son-in-law from the corner of her eye.

“I’m the young master of Chicago’s Taylor family—the most powerful family in the country. I’m also the head of Peregrine Hall—Master Peregrine. Melanie Taylor is the descendant of my great-grandpa’s elder brothers and the princess of South-East Asia’s Taylor family. Levi Taylor is the young master of the family. The two of them are back this time to kick us out of the Taylor family’s residence so that they can take our place.”

“The document she wanted me to sign was full of lies about how my great-grandpa set his elder brother up, causing them to leave Chicago and head for South-East Asia. Now that they’re back, they want everything that belongs to them. There’s no way I’ll sign that document no matter how much you offer me.”

Every word Finn Taylor said unveiled a new world to the family. It was unbelievable!

‘Chicago’s Taylor family—the most powerful family in the whole country—and Finn Taylor is the family’s young master? Does that mean that Wendy Jensen is the family’s matriarch? This...’ Linda James was aghast, and she felt a chill run down her spine as she suddenly thought of the Taylor family from South-East Asia.

“Finn, let me ask you something. You must be honest with me. Is the Taylor family from South-East Asia really that powerful? How confident are you in defeating the siblings?”

Finn Taylor remained silent for a long while before stretching a finger out. “10%? 10% at the very most—it might not even be 10%.”

The Taylor family looked strong, and according to Willow Stone, they also had an even more powerful backer in Europe!

If they were to compare their assets, Chicago’s Taylor family wouldn’t even match up to them!

Besides, Finn Taylor didn’t even have full say here. This meant that he was left with even less than that. As such, he didn’t even think that he had a 10% chance of winning the battle against Melanie Taylor and Levi Taylor.

Before this, Linda James had been in awe of her son-in-law just moments earlier. However, her expression immediately changed as she headed up the stairs without even sparing the latter a glance.

Confused, her husband rushed up the stairs after her. “What are you doing?”

“Don’t you know what will happen to us once South-East Asia’s Taylor family bankrupts the Chicago one?” Linda James questioned her husband.

“What are you trying to do?”

“What am I trying to do? Have you never thought about what to do now that we are on the brink of death?”

“What do you really want to do?”

“I want Yvette to get a divorce from him.”

“A divorce? Are you kidding? He’s the young master of Chicago’s Taylor family. How can you ask your daughter to get a divorce from him?”

“So what if he’s from Chicago’s Taylor family? He himself said that he doesn’t have a 10% chance against the other family. Do you want to die with him? It’s better that they get a divorce.”

“That’s right.”

“Linda, do you not have a conscience? The company and this house are all ours only because of Finn. Do you think we would be staying in Number One Pacific Heights without his money?”

“Money! Yes, there’s still money! I won’t let them get a divorce so easily. Yvette wasted so many years of her youth on him. He has to compensate her for that.”

“Linda, have you gone mad? Forget it. Why don’t you tell Yvette that? Let’s see if she agrees to a divorce.”

“I naturally won’t tell Yvette that. I’ll tell Finn Taylor that he can’t let my daughter weather the storms with him since he claims to love her so much.”

‘I don’t want to get involved, and Linda has lost it. Money is such a strange thing. It can make someone completely lose their mind. Linda has really gone too far out.’

The next day, Yvette Larson headed to work as per normal.

Finn Taylor was just about to head out to resolve his problems when his mother-in-law stopped him.

“Don’t go out just yet, Finn. I have something to talk to you about.”

He looked back, having his own suspicions. *‘She’s being exceptionally polite today. That’s strange. What is she up to?’*

Linda James looked at the man and asked, “Finn, have you thought about it? What will happen if you lose this fight against the Taylor family from South-East Asia?”

Finn Taylor was stumped. *‘I never expected Linda James to ask me about this. Besides, I’ve never really thought about it.’*

“Have you not thought about it? The answer is simple: You’ll become homeless and a beggar.. As your wife, Yvette will become a beggar too—a beggar despised by everyone!”

Chapter 343: Divorce

Finn Taylor was clearly hurt by his mother-in-law’s words. He wanted to rebut her, but he held his tongue.

He had no way of rebuking her because that was the truth. *'If I do lose, Yvette will indeed have to suffer alongside me and become a beggar.'*

"I won't lose, Mom. I'll definitely win."

Linda James waved him off. "Don't spout nonsense. You admitted to having less than a 10% chance of winning. If you're really thinking about Yvette, you should get a divorce from her. If you win, I'll definitely let you guys get back together. If you lose, I'll thank you for being selfless."

Finn Taylor's hand was trembling; he had never been this emotional. *'How dare Linda James ask me to divorce Yvette? I've treated them so well, yet she dares to say something like that?'*

"Scram! I'll never get a divorce from Yvette!" Finn Taylor no longer wanted to hear what the other had to say and walked away.

As he walked to the door, he heard the latter say, "Finn, I know that the reason you're against a divorce isn't that you love Yvette but that you're selfish. You're just trying to find excuses for yourself."

Finn Taylor cupped his ears, rushed into his car, and sped off with incredible speed.

That day, he drove around the entire city, eventually parking in an alley.

Finn Taylor got out of the car and walked deeper into the alley but was stopped by two muscular men. Then, the former quickly took punches all over and was beaten to the ground.

This was an underground arena where the wealthy liked to gather and make bets. Strong men were also able to earn money by fighting in the arena here since they won money every time they entered a match.

Of course, the winner would win more than the other.

Finn Taylor walked in and headed straight for the fighting ring. However, there was still an ongoing match, and the winner hadn't been determined yet.

Finn Taylor's sudden entrance threw everyone off.

Before anyone could regain their senses, the intruder was punched to the ground by the two fighters.

Now, the entire venue was in an uproar.

'A challenge!' Everyone finally understood the situation: Someone was here to offer a challenge.

It had been years since this had happened, and the crowd erupted into cheers.

Everyone was in high spirits.

The staff of the arena recognized the importance of the situation as well, and they immediately sent someone to subdue Finn Taylor.

The first one up was a typical muscular man, yet he was beaten down in just one punch.

The second was a professional Muay Thai athlete, and he too was struck down in just one blow.

Finn Taylor managed to defeat two professionals with just one punch—even that Muay Thai master.

'This is so strange. That guy is one of the best around here, yet he got knocked out so easily!'

Finally, the people in the underground arena no longer dared to take the situation lightly and sent ten fighters out.

The challenge in the ring was still ongoing.

One by one, the matches grew longer in length as the more skilled fighters entered the ring. Yet, the result remained unchanged—not a single one of them won.

Of course, word of this spread like wildfire.

Pacific Heights, Hunter Sullivan's residence.

Horned Serpent had rushed here. "Hunter, Hunter!"

Hunter Sullivan was stunned. "Why are you in such a hurry? Is your house on fire?"

"Something is wrong!"

"Something is wrong?" Hunter Sullivan was still unaware of the situation and was thus able to keep his cool.

"F-Finn Taylor is at the underground arena and has already defeated dozens of fighters."

Hunter Sullivan's breath hitched, and he jolted up from his seat. "What? Where is he? Bring me there at once."

He then informed the remaining two guardians, and the four of them rushed toward the underground arena together.

At the underground arena, dozens of people had collapsed beside Finn Taylor, each moaning in pain.

These men had charged toward Finn Taylor to challenge the latter earlier, but they had all faced the same fate.

Who would've thought that this would be the result of a challenge to the arena?

Eventually, the person in charge could no longer take the pressure. He trembled as he walked up toward Finn Taylor, who simply got himself ready for battle.

"D-don't. Sir, I'm not here to challenge you. I'm not that skilled; I'm just the person who runs this place. Can I ask if we have offended you?"

Finn Taylor stood still as he asked, "Do you have any other fighters?"

"Yes, but they aren't any good."

Finn Taylor waved him off. "Forget it then."

By the time the four guardians arrived, the challenge had already ended. They breathed a sigh of relief upon seeing that their boss was doing just fine.

“Why are you guys here, Mr. Sullivan?” The man in charge of the arena recognized the other.

Hunter Sullivan pointed at Finn Taylor. “He’s my boss.”

He didn’t try to beat around the bush.

The man in charge suddenly understood the situation. “I see. The men who were beaten up are our men, but they’re fine. Don’t worry, Mr. Sullivan.”

Hunter Sullivan nodded. “How much damage did he cause? We’ll pay for it.”

“You must be joking, Mr. Sullivan. It’s a huge honor that you’re here. How could we take your money?”

Along the way back, the four guardians were treated to Finn Taylor’s ‘street racing’ yet again. Their boss was acting out of the ordinary, and the four guardians knew that something must’ve happened.

“Master Peregrine, can you tell us what’s going on?” The four men felt as though their hearts were in their mouths.

Finn Taylor slammed on the brakes, and the four men were thrown forward, nearly flying out of the car.

Finn Taylor picked up a cigarette and lit it. “Linda James asked me to divorce Yvette.”

The men were stunned. “What?”

“It’s because I don’t have a 10% chance of winning against Melanie Taylor.”

“But I’m sure Yvette won’t get a divorce from you. She’ll definitely stay by your side.”

“That’s right. Linda James is so selfish. Just ignore her.”

“Selfish? I can’t deny that she’s right. After all, even I’m not confident of winning this battle.”

The car fell into silence.

A long while passed before Hunter Sullivan finally asked, “Are you really going to get a divorce?”

Finn Taylor happened to finish his cigarette. He stubbed it and flung it into the trash can nearby before slamming down on the accelerator.

There was no answer to that question..

Chapter 344: Scram!

By now, Finn Taylor was on the verge of exploding.

Though left with no answer, the guardians didn't dare to probe any further. They didn't want to tempt fate.

However, Hunter Sullivan truly pitied those fighters in the underground arena. *'Why did they have to provoke him? They got beaten up for nothing.'*

Finn Taylor drove up to Hunter Sullivan's residence on Pacific Heights.

"Bring out your wine," Finn Taylor immediately commanded the latter upon entering.

Naturally, the latter wasn't going to refuse. *'It seems like my boss is ready to lose himself in alcohol.'*

He gestured for the other three men to follow him.

Hunter Sullivan had a vast collection of wine, and the four men carried the entire collection.

'They're just like pirates. They're just using Finn Taylor as an excuse to rob me of my wine.' However, Hunter Sullivan wasn't stingy and had no intention of holding anything back from the rest, nor was Master Peregrine going to hold back.

Master Peregrine gulped down bottle after bottle, leaving his subordinates looking on with trepidation.

All four of them could tell that Finn Taylor was in great pain. Otherwise, he would never hurt himself like this.

Although they all accompanied the heartbroken man as he drank, none of them dared to speak loudly, for fear that they would accidentally provoke the former.

That night, Finn Taylor lost himself in alcohol. Naturally, he spent the night away from home.

It was Hunter Sullivan who made a call to the former's wife to inform her where her husband was.

With the night wind blowing outside, Yvette Larson felt exceptionally cold now that she was left alone in the room.

She didn't just feel physically cold. For some reason, she could also feel shivers within her body.

It seemed as though something was going to go horribly wrong, but she couldn't put her finger on it.

The next day, she woke up bright and early. However, her husband still wasn't back.

"Don't bother looking for him. He must be sleeping with some other woman." Linda James didn't miss out on the chance to make a jab at her daughter as though it would benefit her.

Yvette Larson could hardly be bothered with her mother and simply left the house.

However, Linda James was over the moon. *'Finn has never done this. His abnormal behavior must mean that he's starting to hesitate. I guess it won't be long before they get a divorce.'*

When Hunter Sullivan awoke, he realized that his boss was already gone. He tried calling the latter but couldn't get through.

Rocky Hills Hotel, Room 303.

Willow Stone gazed at Finn Taylor, a smile evident on her face. "This is your first time taking the initiative to visit me."

Finn Taylor's expression was dark as he took out a cigarette.

The other coughed as she choked on the smoke.

Even though she could hardly stand the smoke, she asked, "Why are you here?"

"Be my girlfriend."

Cough! Cough!

Willow Stone had choked on the smoke earlier, but she was now coughing because of Finn Taylor's words. "What did you say?"

Disbelief was written all over Willow Stone's face. She wondered if she was in a dream.

"I want to divorce Yvette, so I want you to put on a show and act as my girlfriend."

Willow Stone stared at him with her jaw dropped. For some reason, she didn't feel happy even after learning that the couple was going to get a divorce.

This was what she was looking forward to, yet she couldn't seem to get her spirits up.

"What kind of joke are you playing on me? Why would you suddenly want to get a divorce?"

"Can't you tell?"

Willow Stone came to a sudden realization. "Oh, South-East Asia's Taylor family. I guess you don't want to drag Yvette Larson down if you lose."

Finn Taylor placed a card down. "Here is 150,000 dollars. It should be enough for this act."

With that, he left.

Willow Stone tried to keep him but couldn't bring herself to do so. *'Even if he divorces Yvette Larson, I stand no chance at all. This so-called 'divorce' and act is all for her sake.'*

...

Yvette Larson drove to the office, but something felt amiss when she entered.

All of a sudden, her assistant ran up to her. "Ms. Larson, Quince Larson is here."

It had been a while since Yvette Larson had come to the office. Ever since Finn Taylor had transferred ownership of the company to her parents, he had instructed her not to interfere with the company's matters. Since then, the company had gotten into quite a lot of trouble.

Even though she had heard about the troubles, she had chosen not to get involved out of her trust in her husband.

She was only here because her mother had frustrated her too much. Who would've thought that this would happen?

"Where's he?"

"In the meeting room."

Yvette Larson nodded before heading there. As she walked into the room, she spotted her cousin leaning back against the chair, sipping on some tea.

"Oh, you're finally here in the office."

Yvette Larson sat down and looked at the other. "Why are you here?"

"This is the Larson Corporation. Why can't I be here?"

"You sold the company. It doesn't have anything to do with you anymore."

"But I heard that you guys were saying how this is the Larson family's company. Since that's the case, I'm welcome to be here."

"Stop pretending. What are you really here for?"

"Yvette, I bet you still have no idea about Finn Taylor's true identity. He's being targeted by Melanie Taylor now. Aren't you afraid?"

Yvette Larson was slightly stumped. *'I only found out about Finn's identity yesterday, but my cousin knew about it before that.'*

Her cousin replied, "Chicago's Taylor family may be famous, but unfortunately, Finn Taylor is the jinx of the family, not the saint. Not a single person in the Taylor family likes him. I bet you don't know about that, do you? Yvette Larson, I'm here to tell you that almost all of your clients are gone. It won't be long before you have to declare bankruptcy. I'm sure you can see that the Taylor siblings are targeting you as well. Instead of letting the company go under, why don't you sell it to me for a good price? After all, it's the Larson family's company. It's only right that I inherit the company as the family's eldest grandson."

"Scram! I'm not selling it—never!" Yvette Larson flared up. *'Finn put in so much effort into obtaining the company from Quince Larson. How could I sell it? I'd be letting him down if I sell it.'*

Quince Larson sighed and shook his head. "How stubborn."

As he said so, his cousin picked up a broom from the corner of the room and threw it at him, shouting, "Scram! Now!"

Chapter 345: Leaving with Nothing

Quince Larson hadn't expected his cousin to be so vicious as to really hit him. In pain, he didn't dare to stay any longer and quickly slipped away.

Yvette Larson's mood was ruined by the morning's happenings, and she was in no mood to work.

She sat at her desk in a daze for the entire morning and only left at lunchtime to get herself a bite. Yet, she couldn't find anything that whetted her appetite.

Just like that, she ended up in front of a Starbucks.

Her husband had often brought her there for coffee in the past, so the place brought her nostalgia.

She walked into the cafe, but the sight that greeted her made her stop in her tracks.

Her husband was having coffee with Willow Stone, and there was even a set of couple rings in front of the latter!

Yvette Larson rushed over and questioned, "Finn, Willow, why are you guys together?"

The couple raised their heads and turned to her.

Finn Taylor's gaze seemed awfully unfamiliar. "Why are you here, Yvette?"

"Tell me what's going on."

Her husband shrugged. "Since you've already seen it, I'm not going to hide it from you. I'm in a relationship with Willow."

Thud!

Yvette Larson dropped the bag in her hand. "That's impossible. How could you be in a relationship with Willow? You're Finn Taylor—how could you have an affair?"

The man smiled and put the ring on the table on Willow Stone's finger. "She's prettier than you."

His wife was still in a daze. "That's absolutely impossible. It's been three years. We've gone through so much and haven't gotten a divorce. Why would you cheat on me now?"

Finn Taylor placed the other ring on his own finger. "I already transferred all the company shares to Linda James, but look at how she treats me. Yvette, here are the divorce papers. Just sign them."

With that, he took out a document bag. In it were the divorce papers.

Finn Taylor pointed at the document and said, "You guys can have the house and the company. I'll give everything to you; I'll leave with nothing. Here, sign it."

Yvette Larson's hands were trembling. In fact, her whole body was shaking.

She couldn't believe that her husband was now asking for a divorce.

Resolutely, she replied, "I'm not getting a divorce."

With that said, she ran out of the cafe.

Finn Taylor felt like his heart was being stabbed by thousands of needles as he watched his wife's departing figure. He took off the ring and picked up the bag from the ground before heading out.

Just as he was about to leave, Willow Stone said, "I like the ring you put on me."

Finn Taylor turned around, his eyes dark. "You better take this secret to the grave. Otherwise, I'll make sure you die a horrible death."

The other smirked. "Have you ever thought about how you're going to explain this to her if you win? Will she forgive you?"

The man lit a cigarette. "You don't have to worry about that."

...

After leaving Starbucks, Yvette Larson rushed all the way home and slammed her room door behind her.

Of course, Linda James rushed in after her. Seeing her daughter tearing up, she said, "What, did you catch your husband with his mistress?"

Because of those words, Yvette Larson burst out and started sobbing.

From her daughter's expression, Linda James knew that she had successfully convinced her son-in-law. "See, didn't I tell you that Finn Taylor would go astray? You refused to believe me, but do you now see that I was only saying it for your good? Since he's cheated on you, he has to leave with nothing. We can't let him have the house or the company."

Linda James's constant nagging enraged Yvette Larson. "Scram! Hurry up and get out!"

The former was taken aback, but seeing that her daughter's behavior was out of the ordinary, she didn't dare to say anything more before leaving.

She had no sooner left the room than she received a message from her son-in-law: "Come to the foot of Pacific Heights."

Linda James was incensed when she read it. "You're asking an old woman to go down? Are you dead? Why can't you come up?"

Linda James stomped out of the house and immediately lashed out when she saw Finn Taylor. "Are you dead? Why couldn't you go up? Why do I have to come down here?"

The latter simply ignored her. "Here are the divorce papers; Yvette didn't sign them. Find a way to get her to sign them."

Finn Taylor handed the documents over.

Linda James had already expected this result. *'My daughter is truly whipped for her husband now. It won't be easy to convince her to get a divorce.'*

As she took the documents, she asked, "Do you really have a mistress?"

“Does that have anything to do with you?” He shot back. “I’ve put money into this bank account, and it should be enough for the rest of Yvette’s life. Hand it to her—the passcode is her birthday. If you dare to take anything for yourself, I’ll make sure I deal with you.”

“Heh, what do you take me for? I love money, but I’ll never steal from my own daughter.” However, her curiosity was piqued. “How much is inside?”

“Five billion dollars.”

Linda James felt her knees weaken. When she found out that her son-in-law was the young master of Chicago’s Taylor family, she had already expected him to be rich. However, she had never imagined that he would be able to give others five billion dollars at a whim!

“Is this all for Yvette?”

Finn Taylor rubbed his palms. “I’ve already told Yvette that I’ll leave the house and company to you while I’ll leave with nothing. I’ll deal with Quince Larson too. Diane Taylor will be back in a few days to take care of Yvette. Don’t you dare trouble her again.”

Linda James shook her head vigorously. “Of course not. I won’t dare to do that!”

‘With five billion dollars, who cares about Diane Taylor? I won’t even care if he gets ten Diane Taylors.’

“And...”

“What? There’s more? Are you her mom, or am I her mom? Do you think I don’t understand her well? I’ll take good care of her.”

Linda James was exceptionally polite toward Finn Taylor, and he couldn’t help but sneer. *‘How ironic. She has always been so cold toward me over the past three years.. The only time she’s ever being nice is when we’re getting a divorce?’*

Chapter 346: Wildfire

Linda James said, “Finn, you must love Yvette, right?”

‘What’s she up to now?’ Finn Taylor frowned. “What are you trying to say?”

“Since you still love Yvette, I guess you won’t mind me spreading the reason for your divorce, right? Yvette’s reputation is important after all.”

Finn Taylor chuckled. *‘Linda James is still Linda James. Although she says that it’s for the sake of her daughter’s reputation, it is actually for her own sake. She’s afraid that others will criticize her for kicking her son-in-law away after he slaved off in their family for three years.’*

However, Finn Taylor had already accounted for that. Otherwise, he would never hook up with Willow Stone to force his wife to get a divorce from him. “As you wish.”

“You still have a little conscience after all.” Linda James then left with the divorce papers and the bank card, a smile plastered on her face. However, she didn’t tell her daughter about the matter right away. She knew that it would only provoke the latter even further.

She would have to find an opportune moment to bring it up. Only then would she succeed.

As such, Linda James called her friends to arrange for a meet-up. She naturally knew the kind of people her friends were—gossipy and jealous women.

As long as she told them about her daughter and son-in-law getting divorced because the latter had an affair, she was sure that news would soon get out. Then, South-East Asia’s Taylor family would also know that they had nothing to do with Finn Taylor.

But the Taylor siblings had never once thought of dealing with the Larson family! From the very beginning, they had only targeted Finn Taylor. Besides, the only family they wanted broken was the Taylor family.

It was only because of Linda James’s pride that she thought that the Larson family was way above Finn Taylor.

...

Linda James’s friends had arrived at the meeting point way ahead of time, but the one who had called for the meeting hadn’t arrived yet.

They glanced at their watches. “What is Linda James up to? Why isn’t she here yet?”

It took another half an hour before Linda James finally appeared.

“What’s wrong with you? What took you so long?”

Linda James was still panting. “Don’t talk about it. I’m so angry right now!”

Everyone’s curiosity was piqued. “What’s going on?”

“Is something wrong?”

“Sigh. Alright, I’ll be honest with you guys. My daughter is getting a divorce.”

Her best friends jolted up from their seats. “What? Yvette is divorcing Finn Taylor?”

Although they often tried to one-up each other, Yvette Larson treated them well, and they doted on her. Hence, everyone was emotional upon hearing the news.

“Yes, she’s getting a divorce from Finn Taylor.”

“Why?”

“Yes, weren’t they very loving?”

“Yes, I heard that they just went on a wedding photoshoot last month. Why are they suddenly getting divorced?”

“Your family might not have been doing well before, but you run a company and even live in Number One Pacific Heights. Why are they suddenly getting divorced?”

Nobody understood why the couple would separate.

“What’s new? Finn Taylor has found himself a mistress.”

“A mistress?” Her best friends got even more agitated.

“That’s impossible. Finn Taylor found a mistress?”

“That can’t be. Hasn’t he always been very obedient? He always does whatever you ask without any complaints. Why would he suddenly get himself a mistress?”

“Right, who is it?”

Linda James shook her head. “I don’t know either, but Yvette caught them together.”

‘Yvette Larson caught her husband cheating on her!’ The group of friends was left speechless. *‘He was caught in the act! How can he possibly defend himself?’*

...

After their gathering ended, the friends were no different from free loudspeakers. Very quickly, the entire city learned of the matter.

Yvette Larson had planned to meet up with her best friend at a cafe because she was in a bad mood and needed the other’s company.

Just then, a young girl sitting at the table next to Yvette Larson glanced at her phone, then at Yvette Larson, and then at her phone again. She turned to her friends and asked, “Hey, isn’t that Yvette Larson?”

They took out their phones and glanced over before looking back at their phones. “Yes, it’s really her. I heard that she’s getting divorced.”

“Yes.”

“What a tough life she has. She got married to a matrilocal son-in-law, and he cheated on her!”

The group of friends didn’t even try to lower their voices, and the pair of best friends heard everything.

Clarine Landon still had no idea about the matter, so she shot up from her seat. “What nonsense are you spouting? Who told you that Yvette is getting divorced?”

Her loud voice scared the group, but they had only spoken the truth.

“She’s already getting a divorce. Why can’t we talk about it?”

“Nonsense! Yvette and Finn have such a great relationship. How dare you smear their names like that?”

“Smear their names? I’m not smearing their names. Why don’t you go take a look at the news if you don’t believe me? Everyone knows that Finn Taylor has a mistress and is getting divorced from Yvette Larson.”

Clarine Landon turned to her best friend in disbelief. “Yvette, tell them that it’s fake.”

Yvette Larson was still standing there in a daze. ‘*A mistress.*’

Each word was like a stab to her heart.

Yvette Larson remained silent, not rebutting them.

This puzzled her friend, who couldn’t bear to see the other being blindly accused. Clarine quickly paid for their meal before ushering her best friend out.

However, their departure only proved to others that what they had said was indeed the truth.

After leaving the cafe, the two best friends headed to a nearby park.

Having taken their seats, Yvette Larson finally broke the silence. “Clarine, what they said wasn’t exactly wrong.”

Her best friend was slightly stunned. “Are you serious? Are you guys really getting divorced?”

“No, no. We haven’t signed the papers, but I did catch Finn in the act.”

“You caught him red-handed? With who?” Clarine Landon was still in disbelief.

“Willow Stone.”

When Yvette Larson said that, even Clarine Landon fell into silence..

Chapter 347: Divorce Papers

Clarine Landon had already known about Willow Stone liking Finn Taylor. To be honest, even she liked the latter.

However, she was nothing like her best friend. She knew that Finn Taylor was her other best friend’s husband. No matter how much she liked the man, she couldn’t possibly pursue him.

Yet, Willow Stone was different. She had fallen out with her two best friends ever since that charity ball.

“I saw Finn on a secret date with Willow, and he even bought her a ring! After I caught them in the act, he even put a ring on Willow’s finger in front of me! Boohoo!” The moment she spilled the truth, Yvette Larson could no longer hold back her tears.

There was nothing her best friend could do other than hold her in her arms.

When Yvette Larson dragged her exhausted body home, her mother whipped out the divorce papers. "You're back. Finn sent these documents over just now. Take a look and sign them."

Yvette Larson was too mentally exhausted. Her heart was broken, and her mind was blank.

Without even glancing at the documents, she picked up the pen and signed them before returning to her room.

Linda James's heart leaped with joy when she saw the signature. Her face was plastered with a smile as she stared at the papers.

"Look at you. Why are you so happy that your daughter is getting divorced?" Francis Larson couldn't understand his wife.

Every other parent would wish for their children to lead blissful lives, yet Linda James couldn't wait to see her daughter getting divorced. He couldn't wrap his mind around it.

"What do you know? Once Yvette divorces Finn, his matters won't drag us down. Do you really want your daughter to beg on the streets with that piece of trash?"

Francis Larson shook his head helplessly. *'I've ruined my life by marrying a wife like this.'*

Linda James then took out the bank card. "Guess what this is."

Her husband sighed. "A bank card. Why do you ask?"

Linda James cupped the card in her hands as though it was a precious treasure. "It's not just any card; it's compensation from Finn Taylor. Guess how much is inside the account."

"1,500 dollars?" Francis Larson guessed a random number, but it incensed his wife.

"Francis Larson, why are you so useless? Can't you make a bold guess? How could you have the cheek to guess such a low number? Does that mean that you'll only give me 1,500 dollars if we get a divorce?"

The man couldn't tolerate it any longer. "Linda James, don't test my limits. Do you really want our entire family to fall apart?"

"Tch." Linda James wasn't afraid of her husband. *'Who cares about what he has to say? My next sentence will shut him up.'*

"Remember, there are five billion dollars in this account."

"What?" Francis Larson jumped up from his seat.

"You didn't expect it, did you? Neither did I. Who would've thought he would have so much money? Five billion dollars!"

Francis Larson rushed over to snatch the card away from his wife. "Hand this card to Yvette. Finn gave this to her, not you."

He knew his wife well and knew that she would definitely waste the money away. Although there was no way Linda James would ever be able to finish spending five billion dollars, Francis Larson couldn't put his mind at rest with his wife holding this sum of money.

He had to hand it over to his daughter.

"Give it to me." Linda James snatched the card back. "Yvette just got divorced. Do you want her to get more depressed by giving her something from Finn Taylor? I'll tell her about this when the time is right."

Her husband pointed at the card, warning her sternly, "I'm warning you not to touch a single cent in the account."

She harrumphed. "What, is this your money? Who are you to shout at me over it?"

But this time, the man wasn't going to back down. "If you dare to spend a single cent of that money, I'll tell Yvette about it right away."

In the face of her husband's resolute attitude, Linda James had no choice but to give in. "Fine, I'll listen to you this time. I won't spend a single cent. Will that do?"

"Are you sure?" Francis Larson was slightly doubtful.

"What do you want me to do then? Do you want me to swear on my life?"

"Alright, swear on your life then."

Linda James had never expected her husband to agree to that. "What do you mean? Don't you even trust me after our decades of marriage?"

Her husband pointed at their daughter's room.

"Fine. I swear that I-I'll..." Linda James stuttered for a long time before saying, "I'll live in a kennel and eat dog food if I spend any money from the account."

She refused to swear on her life, but her husband knew that there was no way he would be able to force her to go any further. Besides, he didn't really want to tell his daughter about this matter either.

It wasn't because it wasn't the right time for that but that he thought she would feel abandoned once she were to get this sum of money.

...

After leaving Number One Pacific Heights and the neighborhood, Finn Taylor had to find a place for himself. As such, he instructed Hunter Sullivan to purchase an apartment in Wolke Gardens.

He headed for the newly purchased residence. As he entered the neighborhood, he spotted two young girls with luggage all around them.

One of the girls smiled at him. "Hi, do you live here in this neighborhood?"

Finn Taylor was slightly stunned. "Yes."

“We just moved here. My name is Michelle Yeller. Do you know how to get to Number Six Wolke Gardens?”

‘How coincidental! Hunter Sullivan bought me an apartment at Number Six Wolke Gardens too.’ He walked over and picked up the young girl’s luggage. “Follow me.”

With her bag in Finn Taylor’s hands, Michelle Yeller had a much easier time since she was left with only one piece of baggage.

However, the friend beside her rolled her eyes. “Are you blind? Why didn’t you take mine as well?”

Finn Taylor glanced back at the other girl. It was only then that he realized that Michelle Yeller was a sweet and dainty young girl, while the other standing beside her was a proud and arrogant young lady who seemed to think that everyone owed her money.

He hated girls like that.

“Do I have an obligation to hold your things?”

Chapter 348: Female Neighbors

That girl could hardly believe Finn Taylor’s words.

Her name was Josie Meyer; she was beautiful and had a nice voice. She had been surrounded by countless men since her childhood, and they had never once rejected any of her requests. Yet, this man was now telling her that he had no obligation to hold her bags!

“What are you saying? Are you not a man? You’re stronger than me. Will you die helping me with my bag?”

Afraid that they would start a fight, Michelle Yeller walked up to her friend and picked up the latter’s bag. “Forget it. I’ll take it.”

“Why should you take it? He’s a man, so shouldn’t it be his responsibility to hold things for us? In fact, it’s his honor to help us.”

Finn Taylor sneered when he heard that.

“Nonsense,” he spat out. Ignoring that unreasonable young girl, he then turned toward Number Six Wolke Gardens. “Let’s go.”

Michelle Yeller slung a bag over her shoulders while dragging another as she chased after the man.

Although Josie Meyer was annoyed, she had no other choice but to follow after her friend.

When they arrived at the building, Finn Taylor asked, “Which floor are you on?”

Before Michelle Yeller could say anything, her friend cut in. “What, why do you want to know where we live?”

Finn Taylor merely sneered coldly before placing the bag down and heading into the elevator, pressing the button for the ninth floor.

Seeing that the man had just abandoned them, Josie Meyer was furious and rushed up to reason it out with the former, leaving her friend to struggle with bringing the baggage into the elevator.

Upon realizing that Finn Taylor was headed for the ninth floor, she yelled out, “I knew it—you’re a b*stard! How did you know where we live?”

Finn Taylor took his key out from his pocket. “Not all men are bad. I live on the ninth floor too.”

By then, Michelle Yeller had moved all of their luggage into the elevator and was shocked to hear Finn Taylor’s words. “Oh, so you live on the ninth floor too! I guess we’re neighbors then. How coincidental!”

Finn Taylor took a liking to Michelle Yeller. She was polite and worlds apart from her friend standing next to her.

When the elevator opened on the ninth floor, Finn Taylor helped the young girl with her luggage. Of course, he didn’t spare her friend’s luggage a glance.

Michelle Yeller then opened her door and invited the man in. “Why don’t you come in for a drink?”

Finn Taylor politely refused, not wanting to hear any nonsense from her friend. Following that, he returned to his own apartment.

It was truly a coincidence.

When the two friends entered their apartment and closed their door, Josie Meyer started chiding the other like an elder sister. “Michelle, don’t you think you’re too gullible? Do you know that man? How could you tell him your name and where you live?”

“But he doesn’t look like a bad man.”

“Will bad men tell the whole world that they’re bad? I’m telling you that men are always after one thing—your beauty.”

Josie Meyer was convinced that all men were bad, but her friend didn’t agree. However, there was no way of convincing the former.

“Go unpack. I’ll go get some necessities.” Not wanting to get into an argument, Michelle Yeller found an excuse to get out of the house.

She had no sooner stepped out of the house than she bumped into her neighbor.

“Oh, you’re heading out too?” Finn Taylor hadn’t expected the young girl to be heading out at the same time. He quickly explained, “I just moved in, so I’m going to get some daily necessities.”

“Pfft!” Michelle Yeller suppressed her laughter. “Me too! Why don’t we go together?”

It was such a coincidence that they had moved in on the same day to the same neighborhood, were even neighbors, and were even heading out to purchase necessities at the same time!

Such coincidences would probably only happen in novels!

As they headed downstairs, Michelle Yeller tried to speak up for her friend. “My friend’s name is Josie Meyer. She doesn’t have any ill intentions; she’s just wary of men. Oh, I don’t even know your name yet and haven’t thanked you for your help earlier.”

“T-Timothy Taylor.” Finn Taylor didn’t know why he chose to introduce himself with that name. Perhaps it was because he felt that Finn Taylor belonged to his wife.

Now that he had gotten a divorce from her, he didn’t want others to know him as Finn Taylor.

“Timothy Taylor—that sounds grand. The supermarket is right ahead; let’s go.”

As the duo headed to the cashier to pay, Michelle Yeller insisted on paying for Finn Taylor’s items as a form of gratitude. Although the latter tried to refuse, the young girl insisted. Due to this, he could only accept it with thanks.

After returning home, Finn Taylor was going to get his frozen lasagna out when he remembered that the young girls had just moved in and probably didn’t have much to cook either. Thus, he made a little more to send over.

...

When Michelle Yeller returned home, she told her friend what had happened. “When I went out, I bumped into him. His name is Timothy Taylor. I told you that he doesn’t have any ill intentions. He showed us the way here and even helped us with our bags. I think he’s not a bad man. Don’t think of everyone as bad people.”

However, her friend didn’t take this well. “What? You bumped into him again? I’m telling you that he probably harbors ill intentions.”

“No, we really bumped into each other. He just moved here and needed to buy some daily necessities.”

The more Josie Meyer heard her explanation, the more amiss things seemed. “It can’t be that coincidental. Do you think he’s already set his target on us?”

Knock knock!

Just then, the two girls heard knocks on their door.

Josie Meyer grew even more anxious.

The young girls knew nobody around the area, so logically speaking, nobody would knock on their door—except for that evil man.

Josie Meyer rushed to the door and glanced out of the peephole.

Just as expected, it was that man.

“Who’s that?”

“Me.”

“Why are you here? Didn’t you say that you weren’t going to come in? You’re a man, so what are you trying to do by coming into our house?”

Finn Taylor didn’t know what to say. “Michelle, are you there? I made some lasagna. Why don’t you open the door.”

Michelle Yeller was about to open the door, but her friend stopped her. “Don’t you dare open it. Who knows if he’s a good guy?”

“Josie, there aren’t so many bad men in the world.” With that, she opened the door.

Her friend picked up the broom and glanced out of the door. It was only when she realized that Finn Taylor was indeed only carrying a tray of lasagna did she place the broom back in its original position..

Chapter 349: Divorce Proceedings

“Well, didn’t I tell you that Mr. Taylor isn’t a bad man? You’re just imagining things. Come on in and have a seat.” Michelle Yeller welcomed their neighbor into their house, and she quickly cleaned the table.

As Finn Taylor placed the tray down, Josie Meyer circled him as though he were a criminal. Eventually, she asked, “Is it really a coincidence that you moved in on the same day as us and even live next door to us?”

“Otherwise?”

“Where are you from? Don’t tell me that you knew us from before and followed us here.”

“Hehe, do you really think you’re so beautiful that the world revolves around you? How lame. Besides, I didn’t prepare any lasagna for you.”

‘I can’t even have a bite of the lasagna? Fine.’ Josie Meyer was enraged by his words. “Who cares for your lasagna? I’m not eating any.”

At that moment, her friend returned to the table with three sets of utensils.

Josie Meyer said resolutely, “You can go ahead. I’m not eating any of his food.”

Her friend was confused. “What’s going on?”

“Come here, Michelle. Don’t bother about her. She’ll naturally get herself food once she gets hungry.” With that, he took the three plates from the young girl, setting one in front of himself and one in front of the latter.

He then placed the condiments on the last plate. It was clear that he had no intention of inviting the other girl to share the meal.

Just like that, the duo started their meal.

Josie Meyer could only stand by the side and watch.

Of course, Finn Taylor wasn't petty. As long as Josie Meyer was willing to admit to her mistake, he wouldn't make things difficult for her.

With about a quarter of the tray of lasagna left, Finn Taylor turned to glance at Josie Meyer. "Michelle, wash the tray and send it over to my apartment later."

He then left.

After the man left, Josie Meyer took the opportunity to diss him yet again. "He's a grown man, yet he's asking a woman to wash his dishes? Can't he do his own dishes? Are women supposed to do all household chores?"

Michelle Yeller knocked on her plate with her fork. "He's letting you have the lasagna. Do you really think he wants me to wash the tray? Besides, what's wrong with helping to wash it after he made this for us?"

Of course, Josie Meyer understood that. She simply didn't want to admit defeat.

...

After returning to his apartment, Finn Taylor felt empty for some reason.

The apartment was void of Yvette Larson's laughter, Linda James's scoldings, and Francis Larson's sighs. It was completely quiet as though it was empty.

At the same time, Yvette Larson was lying on the bed, feeling empty as well. It seemed as though everything had disappeared now that her husband was no longer by her side.

She opened her closet, only to find that all of Finn Taylor's clothes were gone.

She started searching the house for anything belonging to him, yet she found nothing—not even a sock. It was as though Finn Taylor had never appeared in her life.

Just then, Diane Taylor returned.

Yvette Larson was overwhelmed with emotions when she saw the young girl because it was Finn Taylor who had hired the latter. Her presence could at least prove that Finn Taylor had once been in her life. "Diane, you're finally back. I missed you."

Diane Taylor still had no idea what had happened. She had simply received a call from Finn Taylor, telling her to return and take good care of Yvette Larson. He even gave her detailed instructions on how to care for the latter, informing the young girl about his wife's likes and dislikes and even what she had to take note of during different weathers.

To be honest, it was Diane Taylor's first time hearing her employer speaking in this manner.

Something was amiss.

Diane Taylor knew that something must've happened, but she didn't have any details. Nonetheless, she rushed back as quickly as she could. "Ms. Yvette, can you tell me what's happened?"

Yvette Larson's whole body stiffened when she heard that. It was only after a long pause that she finally said, "I've gotten a divorce from Finn."

Shock!

Utter shock.

Diane Taylor was completely speechless and at a loss for words! She had no idea how to react to the news.

Thousands of scenarios had run through her mind, but this had never occurred to her! *'Finn Taylor and Yvette Larson have gotten a divorce? That's impossible—that really is impossible. I've seen just how much they've gone through together and how loving they are. Even I'm envious of how sweet they are to each other. I've only been gone for a few days. Why would they suddenly get divorced?'*

"Ms. Yvette, has there been a misunderstanding? Why did you suddenly get divorced?"

Just then, Linda James walked over. "Finn Taylor has a mistress, and Yvette caught him in the act."

Diane Taylor grew even more suspicious after hearing that. She knew exactly how Finn Taylor was as a person, so there was no way he would do something like that.

"Ms. Yvette, did you really catch him in the act?"

Yvette Larson nodded.

"Do you think they could be just friends? Just like Mr. Taylor and me?"

Yvette Larson shook her head. "Finn bought a pair of rings, and he put the ring on that woman when I caught them."

Diane Taylor wanted to speak up for her employer, but there was nothing she could say now that things had progressed to this stage. "Ms. Yvette, you must believe in Mr. Taylor. I'm sure he has his reasons."

Afraid that the young girl would convince her daughter, Linda James quickly stepped in. "What reasons could he possibly have? Yvette already caught him in the act. Alright, let's not talk about him and ruin our mood."

Diane Taylor had no choice but to drop the topic. However, there was no way she would believe that Finn Taylor would cheat on his wife.

...

Finn Taylor had just cleaned up the apartment when he heard a knock on the door. He opened the door to see that it was his neighbor sending his baking tray back.

Finn Taylor glanced at the tray. It was clean, and more importantly, the lasagna was gone.

That put him at ease.

Seeing his expression, Michelle Yeller understood what he was thinking about. She pointed at her own apartment. "She's so prideful. She ate it all without leaving any for me."

Finn Taylor took the tray and smiled. "You better not let her catch you talking about her."

The young girl stuck her tongue out before returning to her apartment.

She had no sooner entered than her friend asked, "Did he ask where the lasagna went?"

Michelle Yeller shook her head. "Nope. Why would he ask such a question?"

Only then did Josie Meyer let out a sigh of relief..

Chapter 350: Evil Intentions

Michelle Yeller suddenly thought of something. "Josie, are we really going to the Larson Corporation for an interview tomorrow?"

The other nodded solemnly.

"But I'm sure you know the plight the Larson Corporation is in now. Their partners have all left them, and Melanie Taylor, Willow Corporation, Quince Larson, and many others are turning against them now. To be honest, they might go bankrupt at any time. Why are we joining them now?"

Josie Meyer returned the question with another, "Have you thought about why brilliant men follow others around?"

Michelle Yeller was confused. "Because they're under duress."

"Of course not. If they don't want to follow others, people will never be able to force them to do so. It's because they're highly revered and looked up to by those who are in the most trouble. Isn't that the case with us? We wouldn't be looked upon as important figures if we were to join Willow Corporation, Quince Larson, or Melanie Taylor. We'll only have a chance of being part of the higher management if we join the Larson Corporation and Yvette Larson."

Michelle Yeller had grown up with Josie Meyer, who had always been arrogant. However, the former couldn't deny that her friend had always been more intelligent than her.

She had never thought of this before.

"Alright, I'll listen to you."

...

Yvette Larson tossed and turned on her bed, unable to fall asleep. Just then, she received a notification on her phone.

She excitedly checked her phone, thinking that Finn Taylor had sent her a message.

However, the result disappointed her. It wasn't Finn Taylor but an unexpected person—Willow Stone.

Yes, Willow Stone had sent a message to her, requesting to meet the next day at none other than the Starbucks where they had been caught the other day.

Yvette Larson was so enraged that she nearly smashed her phone onto the ground. But she knew that wouldn't help, so she made a call to her best friend.

"It's the middle of the night, Yvette. Why aren't you sleeping?" Clarine Landon had been woken up by her friend's call.

"Clarine, Willow asked to meet me."

Her words caused the other's sleepiness to dissipate, and Clarine Landon shot up in bed. "What? She has the cheek to meet you?"

"I want to meet her."

Her best friend remained silent for a long while before replying, "Alright, I'll go with you then."

"Ok. I'll pick you up tomorrow morning."

...

Yvette Larson hardly slept a wink that night, and the same was true for Finn Taylor. They each laid on their own beds, gazing out at the night sky as they thought about their past together.

Almost at the same time, they got out of bed, got some water, and washed up. This wasn't a coincidence but a routine that they had established over the three years as a couple.

They had unwittingly influenced each other over the years.

Just as Finn Taylor headed out, he happened to run into Josie Meyer.

Her head was high up in the air, and she looked down on the man.

Of course, Finn Taylor ignored her as well and walked into the elevator.

The young lady walked in after him, and he pressed the button for the ground floor.

As the elevator door closed, the atmosphere stiffened all of a sudden.

Josie Meyer suddenly spoke up. "I know you've been watching our door. You only came out after seeing me come out, right? I know you want to hit on me. Go ahead."

'Where does her confidence even come from? Why in the world would she think that I like her? And to think that I want to hit on her? She must be nuts.'

"What, stop putting on an act. Do you think that I would believe you didn't harbor any other intentions when you brought that tray of lasagna over yesterday? We're alone here, so isn't this the best chance for you? Why aren't you saying anything?"

Finn Taylor pointed at the elevator door. "Do you see that?"

"What?"

"The door is quite clean, so you can use it as a mirror. I suggest that you look in the mirror."

Josie Meyer was enraged by his words. *'All men are bad. All they're after are women's beauty. I know for a fact that he's no exception. He was only cold the other day because he was pretending to be a gentleman. However, I know that he's just a wolf in sheep's clothing.'*

It was exactly because of this that Josie Meyer's impression of the man worsened. After all, the world was whatever one made it out to be.

As the elevator door opened, Josie Meyer harrumphed and stormed out.

She had been suppressing her emotions. If given the chance, she would've killed Finn Taylor right then and there.

Finn Taylor had removed all his belongings from Number One Pacific Heights and sent them over. He had come downstairs to collect them.

At the guard post, he spotted Michelle Yeller's name and turned to the security officer. "These are for my neighbor. Do you remember me showing them the way yesterday?"

The security officer naturally remembered the arrival of two young and beautiful girls, and he nodded. "Yes, I remember you brought them over. Do you want to take this for them then?"

Finn Taylor picked Michelle Yeller's packages up but pushed her friend's away. "There are too many. I can't possibly carry so many of them, so I'll take these first."

The security officer glanced at the packages the man was holding. The latter's hands were indeed filled, so he didn't think much of it.

After placing his own packages at home, Finn Taylor headed to Michelle Yeller's apartment and knocked on the door.

It was Josie Meyer who opened it. She was already back!

Seeing Finn Taylor, she said curtly, "Well, I was right, wasn't I? I know you're trying to hit on me. What do you have this time?"

Finn Taylor ignored her and shouted, "Michelle, your parcels."

The other young lady walked out after hearing his voice. "Oh, you helped us to bring our parcels over. Thank you so much."

Hearing that, Josie Meyer rushed over. But there weren't any of her parcels, only her friend's.

"Why aren't there any for me?"

Finn Taylor blandly replied, "I don't know you well enough."

His reply angered her once again.. *'What a b*stard! He went to collect the parcels and helped Michelle but not me!'*