

The Untouchable Son-In-Law: The Master Peregrine #Chapter 36 - Quince Larson's Evil Plan - Read The Untouchable Son-In-Law: The Master Peregrine Chapter 36 – 40

Chapter 36: Quince Larson's Punishment

Yvette Larson answered every single one of Quince Larson's questions. They all pointed to the same thing—that Yvette Larson was dirtied by Sean Fleming.

"You piece of trash, didn't you go with her yesterday? Why can't you even protect your own woman? You let your wife get raped right in front of you?" Quince Larson glanced at Finn Taylor in disdain.

"Yvette Larson, you're such a disappointment. I've decided to..." The Old Master—Joseph Larson's blood was boiling.

He slammed the door today, causing everyone to shut up.

He was just about to announce that he would kick Yvette Larson's family out of the Larson family. Right then, the door of the conference room was opened once again.

Three people made their way in. They were Hunter Sullivan, Seth Fleming, and Sean Fleming in a wheelchair.

Everyone was stunned. Nobody had any clue about what was going on.

"M-Mr. Sullivan?" Joseph Larson recognized Hunter Sullivan, who was the head of New York's Sullivan family.

The Larson family's Old Master had never expected him to show up at his company personally.

"Joseph Larson, I think you're muddleheaded now that you're old. How could you be in such a hurry to draw your own conclusions without investigating the matter? I'm here today to tell you the truth of the matter."

The Larson family members had already dragged two chairs over for Hunter Sullivan and Seth Fleming.

"I..." Joseph Larson was full of doubts and didn't know what to say.

“The whole of San Francisco knows about my collaboration with the Larson family. Why did the Fleming family dare to go against me and provoke me by standing in my way? You were called here by Quince Larson early in the morning to question Yvette Larson. Where was everyone yesterday? Why did Yvette Larson head over alone?”

Hunter Sullivan had only posed two questions, but that was enough to throw the entire Larson family off. Based on Hunter Sullivan’s logic, it was true that the whole matter seemed suspicious.

“What’s wrong? Yvette Larson told me that she would resign from her position if she didn’t resolve the matter within a week. She was in a hurry to get it done, and that’s why she headed there alone. As for why the Fleming family tried to stand in your way, perhaps it’s because they were resentful that they didn’t get the opportunity to work with your family.”

Quince Larson was calm and collected, easily answering the questions that Hunter Sullivan had posed.

Unfortunately, he had missed out on one point: Seth Fleming was present as well.

“Oh? Seth Fleming, Quince Larson said that you tried to ruin my project because you were resentful. What do you think about that?”

“He’s spouting nonsense!” Seth Fleming stood up emotionally and slammed the table. “Quince Larson, you were the one who asked me to ruin the project. You even said that you would split the profits from this project with me equally. As for what would’ve happened to Yvette Larson, that was also your idea. You said that you’d be able to chase her out of the Larson family as long as she was tainted. Then, nobody in the Larson family would dare to fight with you.”

Seth Fleming’s words were like a bolt out of the blue.

The entire Larson family was stunned.

Quince Larson quavered and tottered backward unsteadily.

Eleanor Larson tried to salvage the situation. “That’s impossible. Brother isn’t someone like that. Mr. Fleming, let me ask you: Is Yvette Larson tainted?”

Sean Fleming spat right at Eleanor Larson’s face. “You fool! Don’t you see that I’ve been crippled?”

Sean Fleming was furious. If he could stand up right now, he would’ve punched someone instead of simply lashing out at them. *‘Stupid Quince Larson! What kind of*

stupid idea was that? Great, not only have I been crippled now, but our Fleming family is also in danger.'

“Joseph Larson, I think your mind really is muddled because of your age. If you can't even tell who the true hero and sinner in your family are, I think there's no need to proceed with our project. I'll tell the rest of the families that the Larson family doesn't know right from wrong and that they're not worthy of our collaboration.”

Hunter Sullivan was a prominent figure, after all, and his words held weight.

When Joseph Larson heard that, he got so frightened that he shot up from his seat.

It was true that Hunter Sullivan's words could cause the Larson family to lose all of their partners. That would mark the Larson family's end.

“Mr. Sullivan, these are the Larson family's private matters. I'm willing to punish Quince Larson, but I hope that you won't interfere in that. Alright?”

Hunter Sullivan didn't reply to him and simply turned to leave.

Behind him, Seth Fleming followed along while pushing Sean Fleming.

Once they all left, Joseph Larson yelled at Quince Larson in a fury. “Kneel down!”

Quince Larson was scared stiff. Not daring to rebuke his grandpa, he simply fell to the ground in front of Joseph Larson with a thud. “Grandpa, I was wrong; I was just blinded for a moment. I know that I was wrong. I really do.”

Joseph Larson shut his eyes and waved his hands. “Say no more. From today onward, I'll relieve you from all your duties in the company and stop giving you a monthly allowance for a year.”

Quince Larson repeatedly kowtowed before his grandpa, expressing his gratitude.

Joseph Larson left the office, mentally exhausted. He felt as though he had aged a decade in an instant.

Only after Joseph Larson left did his grandson gradually get up. He looked at Yvette Larson with a strange smile on his face. “Hahaha... Yvette Larson, I bet you didn't expect this. You couldn't even kick me out with this. Grandpa only asked me to leave the company, not the family.”

“Yvette Larson, remember that I'm a man and that you'll always be a woman. No matter what I do, Grandpa will still hand the reins of the family over to me, not you. Just you

wait and see. The next time I return to the company, it'll be to kick you out of the family.” Quince Larson left the office with a gleeful smile on his face.

Although he had been relieved of all his duties, he was still happy.

He didn't think that he had lost. In fact, he had managed to test his grandpa's stance through this matter.

His grandpa had eventually stood on his side.

Yvette Larson had successfully kicked her cousin out of the company. Nonetheless, she wasn't in a good mood at all.

'Grandpa is getting more biased by the day. Quince tried to scheme against the family and had even put the family and company's reputations at stake. What would Grandpa have done if I had been the one who had done so? But today, Quince Larson had gotten off with a mere slap on the wrist. Grandpa is too biased!'

...

At the same time, Finn Taylor received a message on his phone.

It was a text message from Logan Yeats: “Master Peregrine, I've gotten leads on the beggar. The Second Young Master is involved.”

Finn Taylor shut his eyes in contemplation.

The Second Young Master, Donovan Taylor. He was Finn's younger brother but also his arch-enemy.

'I can't shake off the feeling that a disaster is about to strike, perhaps a huge disaster. However, I have no regrets.'

“Yvette, I have something on and will be away for a few days.” Finn Taylor brought the matter up to Yvette Larson in her office.

Chapter 37: Buying A Coffin?

Initially, Finn Taylor had wanted the four guardians to find the whereabouts of the beggar. If they found out about it, he wanted them to bring him back.

But now that his younger brother, Donovan Taylor, was involved, he would have to get involved personally.

It was inevitable for the two brothers to eventually fight it out over Peregrine Hall.

“How long do you need?”

“I’m not sure.”

“Why are you going?”

“I can’t tell you.”

“Will you return alive?”

“I’m not sure.” Finn Taylor answered his wife’s questions honestly.

After her interrogation, she very much wanted to punch him to death.

In the end, her thoughts were all condensed into a single word: “Scram!”

Finn Taylor stood up without feeling any anger and took his leave.

For some unknown reason, Yvette Larson’s heart tightened the moment her husband walked out of her office.

She walked to the window and looked downstairs to see her spouse walking further and further from the office building until he disappeared from her sight.

At that moment, she felt an overwhelming sense of loss. It was as though someone had snatched her most precious treasure.

“Will you return alive?” Yvette Larson had no idea why she had asked that question, but she truly felt that she wouldn’t be able to live without Finn Taylor anymore.

In the past three years, she had always thought of him as a burden and hadn’t spoken to him very much.

But at this moment, she was clear about one thing: She couldn’t live without Finn Taylor.

...

Finn Taylor walked out of the office and into the distance.

Finally, he arrived at Hunter Sullivan’s house at Pacific Heights.

All four guardians were gathered here.

“Tell me what’s going on.”

“Master Peregrine, that beggar’s name is Merlin.”

“Merlin?”

“Yes, he’s a special envoy of Peregrine Hall.”

Peregrine Hall was an alliance of five families. Logan Yeats represented the Yeats family of Chicago; Hunter Sullivan, the Sullivan family of New York; Alexander Scott, the Scott family of Seattle; and Zachary Kennedy, the Kennedy family of Washington.

The most powerful of the five was the Taylor family.

While each of the four guardians’ families had their own power, the family of Master Peregrine—the Taylor family—naturally had their own too.

These people were known as special envoys.

Merlin was a special envoy of Peregrine Hall.

In reality, what the Larson family didn’t know was that that late Old Master, Hugo Larson, had also been a special envoy of Peregrine Hall with the codename ‘White Crane.’

“Why did Merlin land up in this state?” Finn Taylor was confused. *‘Since he’s a special envoy of Peregrine Hall, there should’ve been no way he could end up in this state.’*

As a special envoy to Peregrine Hall, Hugo Larson had established the Larson family alone.

“It has to do with you, Master Peregrine.”

“Me?” Finn Taylor got even more confused as he got more details. *‘I didn’t even know Merlin. How could I have anything to do with this?’*

“The Second Young Master ordered Merlin to assassinate you, but he refused and chose to escape from Peregrine Hall instead. In the end, he was forced to become a beggar. He found out that you became the matrilocal son-in-law of the Larson family and decided to beg around the area.”

Finn Taylor was taken aback. He had never expected to have something to do with this matter. “Where’s he now? Why did he go missing?”

“We found out that Swallowtail appeared. He went missing because he tried to save her.”

“Swallowtail? Is she also a special envoy of Peregrine Hall?”

“Yes, she has something to do with you too.”

“What?”

“Master Peregrine, you should remember that your mom chased you out and forced you to stay with the servants, saying that it would build your character. You may not know about it, but you almost fell prey to an assassin that very day. It was Swallowtail who saved you, and because of that, she had no choice but to escape from Peregrine Hall.”

Finn Taylor furrowed his brows. He never imagined that so many things had happened.

“Donovan’s men found Swallowtail, and Merlin went to save her.”

“That’s right!”

Finn Taylor finally understood the full situation. “Interesting! How interesting! I never thought that Donovan Taylor had already planned on killing me so early on. Let’s go. We have to save Merlin and Swallowtail.”

The four guardians were stunned. “Master Peregrine, you’re going?”

This mission was full of perils, and the four guardians had never expected Finn Taylor to get involved in it personally.

“Since they’ve shown great kindness to me, I have to make the trip down personally.”

The man currently in front of them was not the Larson family’s useless matrilocal son-in-law, but Master Peregrine, Finn Taylor.

Since he had already said so, there was nothing the four guardians could do.

...

Along the outskirts of San Francisco lay Lushwood Resort. It was famous for being one of the largest holiday destinations in San Francisco.

Of course, there were also some unspeakable dealings going on around here.

The boss of the resort, Roland Kleine, was a well-known figure in San Francisco. It could be said that he dipped his fingers in all the business dealings toeing the line between legal and illegal.

According to the four guardians, Merlin had last shown up here.

With the four guardians, Finn Taylor entered Lushwood Resort.

The resort was decorated in a vintage style, and walking into the resort was like taking a walk through time.

A hotel staff hurried over. "You look very familiar. Which family are you guys from?"

"We're not locals. Are we not allowed here?"

"Of course, you are. Please come this way."

The group followed the staff into the resort.

To be honest, this place was more like a farmstay.

Finn Taylor had thought that the resort was going to be luxurious because of its name.

"What would you like to eat?"

"Anything will do. Just bring us some of the best dishes on the menu." Finn wasn't intending on showing his hand immediately. It would be better to get to know his enemy a little more. After all, that would give him an advantage.

Very quickly, the staff came over with seven to eight dishes.

"Oh, has one of the guests left?" The staff was confused. He clearly remembered that there had been five people here earlier, but now, there were only four.

"He went to the washroom."

The person missing was Hunter Sullivan. Finn Taylor had sent him to look for Merlin.

The staff didn't think much about it and went off to busy himself with other matters.

Before long, Hunter Sullivan returned. He shook his head, indicating that he hadn't found anything.

Finn Taylor stood up and headed toward the reception counter. "How much does it cost to rent this whole place for a day?"

“You want to rent the whole resort?”

“I’m thinking of it. I want to know how much it costs first.”

“It won’t be cheap; it’ll cost at least 20,000. What are you planning on doing?”

“Place a corpse here and have a memorial service.”

The moment Finn Taylor said that, the expressions of the receptionists fell.

“Sir, please watch your words.” The staff seemed to be giving him a gentle reminder, but he pressed the alarm at the same time.

He had clearly called for help.

“I was just joking. Why are you so serious? Where’s your boss, Roland Kleine? I have some business dealings to discuss with him.”

The staff sized Finn Taylor up. “What business dealings?”

Because of Finn Taylor’s words, the staff was no longer as friendly to him as he had been earlier.

Finn observed the staff. From his muscular body, he could tell that the latter trained hard. “Important business. I want to ask him if he wants to buy a coffin.”

Chapter 38: Finn Taylor Didn’t Return Home

“Call the boss over,” ordered the staff as he stripped off his uniform, revealing a muscular and toned body. “Why don’t you look at whose turf this is before trying to stir up trouble?”

The staff thought that the man standing in front of him was crazy. How could he be so daring as to make a din here?

His boss, Roland Kleine, was possibly the only prominent figure in San Francisco that had reaches across half the city. Did he have a death wish?

The staff threw a punch at Finn Taylor; it was full of vitality and strength.

Finn Taylor wasn’t at all interested in getting into a fight with someone like this. It would only lower his class.

Hunter Sullivan immediately rushed forward and grabbed the staff's fist.

Crunch!

Hunter Sullivan exerted some force, and the bones in the staff's hand shattered.

"You're trained?" The staff had not expected them to fight back.

"Oh, who dares to run wild on my territory?" Just then, someone strolled over—it was Roland Kleine.

"Boss, these people are trying to stir up trouble."

Roland Kleine waved his hand and shook Finn Taylor's hand. "Who are you? Where are you from? Have I offended you for you to do this?"

"Finn Taylor." He spat out with disinterest.

Roland Kleine sneered. "Finn Taylor? What an interesting name. There's someone by the same name in San Francisco as well; he's the matrilocal son-in-law of the Larson family. Have you heard of him? You'd better change your name; it's a jinx."

Finn Taylor sneered. "If you're talking about Yvette Larson's husband, that'd be me."

Roland Kleine was in disbelief. "You're the matrilocal son-in-law of the Larson family?"

He scanned Finn Taylor up and down, observing him closely. "So, are you here on behalf of the Larson family?"

Finn Taylor shrugged. "If you don't cooperate with me and tell me what I want to know, you can tell the person backing you to come on out."

Roland Kleine was stunned. *'The person backing me? What does he mean? Even my subordinates don't know about the person backing me, so how could this useless matrilocal son-in-law know about that?'*

"What are you talking about? Why do I not understand anything?"

"Get these people out, and let's have a chat one-on-one."

Roland Kleine glanced at the four guardians. "Will they leave as well?"

"Get out."

The moment Finn Taylor gave his order, the four guardians quickly left the room.

Seeing that the piece of trash was being so casual about it, Roland Kleine was not afraid anymore. He waved his hand, gesturing for all his staff to leave the room.

Then, only Finn Taylor and Roland Kleine were left in the room.

“Where are Swallowtail and Merlin?”

“Are you here for them? How did you know about them? Who are you?” Roland Kleine felt that the situation was incredulous. *‘These are secrets confined to Peregrine Hall. Isn’t the person in front of me the infamous matrilocal son-in-law of the Larson family? How could he know about this?’*

“You don’t need to know who I am. You just have to hand Merlin and Swallowtail over to me.”

“That’s impossible.”

“Oh?!” Finn Taylor no longer wasted his breath and simply used his fists.

Seeing him using brute force, Roland Kleine nearly burst into laughter. *‘How could such an infamous piece of trash dare to go against me? Does this piece of trash think that I don’t have any martial art skills at all even though I’ve pretty much conquered the entire San Francisco? I shall end his life today.’*

But a few seconds later, Roland Kleine could no longer laugh.

A slap to the face.

A punch to the shoulders.

A jab to the temples.

With just three moves, Finn Taylor let Roland Kleine understand what viciousness meant.

At this moment, Roland Kleine wanted nothing more than to kill those people who had spread the rumor that Finn Taylor was just a good-for-nothing matrilocal son-in-law.

‘What nonsense! I’m well-trained and can easily win against someone who has a black belt in Taekwondo, but I don’t even stand a chance against Finn Taylor.’

Finn Taylor’s every move was calculated and was meant to deal a fatal blow.

Roland now felt like he was on the brink of death.

"I'll hand them over to you. Don't kill me." Roland Kleine trembled in fear.

He was truly fearful. He was afraid that Finn Taylor would kill him.

Finn Taylor let go and whistled, and the four guardians rushed in.

"Wampus, follow me. The rest of you, stay." Finn Taylor brought Wampus alone, allowing Roland Kleine to lead the way.

There was a small bamboo forest behind the main building of Lushwood Resort. Within the forest was a dilapidated shack.

Roland Kleine pushed the door open, only to spot two people tied up inside.

They were Merlin and Swallowtail!

Wampus rushed forward to release the ropes.

After being released, Swallowtail rushed up to grab Roland Kleine's collar. "Where's that girl?"

Roland Kleine rubbed his nose without uttering a word.

"Tell me! Where is that girl?"

Roland Kleine replied awkwardly, "She's dead."

"You b*stard, did you kill her?"

"I didn't want to, but she was stubborn. If she had agreed to my demands, she wouldn't have died."

At that moment, Swallowtail exploded and flew toward Roland Kleine.

Finn Taylor walked out of the house, and Wampus followed closely behind him.

They heard a fight break out within the room, and there were roars of reluctance.

Then, everything became peaceful once more.

After some time, Merlin and Swallowtail finally emerged. They dropped down on their knees before Finn Taylor.

"Merlin at your service, Master Peregrine."

“Swallowtail at your service, Master Peregrine.”

Finn Taylor waved his hands, gesturing for them to stand up. “Tell me what happened.”

Swallowtail and Merlin got up, telling him all about what had happened from the very beginning.

After saving Finn Taylor and leaving, Swallowtail had gotten a job as a full-time nanny for an average family.

That family had a daughter whom Swallowtail was close to.

Who would've known that Roland Kleine's men would kidnap that girl?

Swallowtail had chased after her, only to be kidnapped as well.

After learning of Swallowtail's whereabouts, Merlin rushed over too.

However, Roland Kleine's reach extended all across San Francisco, and he was too cunning. In the end, Merlin was kidnapped as well.

Fortunately, Finn Taylor had saved them both.

“Merlin, you've been protecting me for the past three years, haven't you?”

“Master Peregrine, I'm really ashamed. I really didn't know how powerful you are.”
Merlin felt a little embarrassed. He had always thought that Finn Taylor was weak and that he had been the one protecting him, but this incident showed him that Finn Taylor wasn't as simple as he thought him to be.

However, he wasn't the only one who had been surprised.

Although the four guardians had heard of Finn Taylor's prowess, his extraordinary martial art skills and ability to save them so efficiently had stupefied them.

As such, the four guardians were committed to Finn Taylor.

“Is Roland Kleine dead?”

“Yes.”

“Do you know who's backing Roland Kleine?”

“Yes.”

“Wait for me here in three days’ time. I’ll use these three days to wipe out all of Roland Kleine’s power and influence once and for all.”

Merlin and Swallowtail were on their knees. “Yes, Master Peregrine.”

Finn Taylor stayed in Lushwood Resort for the next few days.

...

San Francisco, nightfall.

When Yvette Larson realized that her husband hadn’t returned home, she gritted her teeth and threw his quilt out of the house.

Chapter 39: Shedding Tears

Yvette Larson rushed down and kicked her husband’s room open. Then, she picked up his quilt and threw it out.

After doing so, she slammed the door shut.

Even she didn’t know why she had done so.

There was nothing between her and Finn Taylor except for a title.

In fact, he had already told her that he likely wouldn’t be back. Nonetheless, her feathers had been ruffled when he didn’t return home.

‘*Sleep!*’ Yvette Larson decided not to think about Finn Taylor anymore and to go to bed.

However, she tossed and turned. It was already three o’clock when she glanced at the clock, yet she was still wide awake.

Yvette Larson went downstairs once more and threw Finn Taylor’s pillow and clothes out as well. Then, she returned to bed.

Still, she remained wide awake at five in the morning.

She once again headed downstairs and tossed her spouse’s towel, toothbrush, and toothpaste out of the house. Then, she returned to bed yet again.

Finally, at seven in the morning, she was awoken by Linda James’s piercing scream.

Yvette hadn't slept a wink throughout the night.

She trodded downstairs blearily.

"Why are all these things outside? Have we been robbed, or did that b*stard run away?" Linda James pointed at the pile of things outside.

"I thought something happened. I was the one who threw them out." Yvette Larson decided to head upstairs and go back to sleep.

She would have to apply for leave for the day. Even if she were to turn up for work, she would probably fall asleep there too.

"You threw them out? Why did you do that? Oh, I know! Did that b*stard bully you? Finn Taylor! Finn Taylor, you'd better come out!"

Yvette Larson clasped her palms together. "Mom, I'm begging you to stop screaming. He didn't come home last night. Let me have some sleep, and stop disturbing me."

With that, Yvette Larson rushed upstairs. She put on an eye mask and stuffed earplugs into her ears to sleep peacefully.

"He didn't come home?" Linda James was stunned. *'Finn Taylor didn't return?'*

"No, where could Finn Taylor have gone? Why didn't he come back home? If he's not home, who's going to cook our meals? Why is the floor so dirty? Nobody has swept the floor. No, what are we going to eat?"

"What does he mean by this? He married into our family, and we fed him and clothed him. We even gave him a roof over his head, but he just left like that! He's heartless. Even a dog would know to wag its tail at me. Tell me again why we agreed to this marriage in the first place. What is he trying to do this time?"

...

Finn Taylor had spent the night at Lushwood Resort.

The night had been eventful. Because of Finn Taylor, all those related to Roland Kleine had disappeared.

He didn't bother asking whether Swallowtail and Merlin had killed them all or what they had done to them.

After waking, he simply gathered a bouquet of flowers from the hills. Then, he said, "Let's go home!"

Upon entering central San Francisco, Finn Taylor's powerful and domineering aura suddenly disappeared. He returned to being the Larson family's matrilocal son-in-law and returned home.

Looking at his things outside the door, he did not get angry. Instead, he simply picked them up and walked in.

Seeing him enter the house, Linda James picked up the broom in anger and struck him with it. "Tell me where you were last night."

No sooner had she asked this question than Yvette Larson rushed out of her room.

Seeing that Finn Taylor was alive and well, a smile found its way onto her face.

Finn Taylor shook the flowers in his hands. "I picked these for you."

Yvette Larson blushed, realizing that she shouldn't have rushed out of her room in such a hurry. It made her seem as though she was terribly concerned about him.

As such, she returned to her room.

Finn Taylor looked toward his wife, who was rushing up the stairs. He had seen everything.

Her eye bags were obvious. It was clear that she hadn't slept a wink while worrying about him.

"What do you want? Where did you go last night? I'll make you sleep in the toilet tonight if you don't confess. How dare you stay out? Hurry up and cook breakfast. Are you trying to starve us?" Linda James struck Finn Taylor viciously once more before flinging the broom onto the ground.

She stood there, huffing. The sight of Finn Taylor annoyed her.

"Don't get upset. Finn Taylor, I'm not trying to scold you. You were the one who made a mistake in the first place. Look at what you've been up to recently. Who allowed you to make a decision regarding the Volunteering Day at the kindergarten? Who allowed you to bring Yvette to the Fleming family's house alone? Most importantly, how could you be so confident as to ask Yvette to settle the accounts with Quince Larson?"

“Don’t tell me that you ended up the winner in all three instances. Don’t you know that our family would’ve been ruined if you lost even once? Don’t say anything. Hurry up and make our breakfast. You won’t be allowed to eat at the dining table from now on.”

“There are rules for matrilocal spouses. How could a matrilocal son-in-law think of becoming the family head? I’m still alive. You’re in no place to make any decisions in this family.”

Finn Taylor shrugged without retorting him. He knew that an argument was sure to break out otherwise.

Then, Yvette Larson would be stuck between them.

He simply treated it as though he had heard nothing.

Finn Taylor placed his things in his room and got busy in the kitchen.

Very soon, Yvette Larson came downstairs as well. She leaned against the kitchen door and smiled as she watched her husband working in the kitchen. “You must feel upset being lectured by my parents.”

Finn Taylor washed a tomato and handed it to Yvette Larson. “No, they were right. I shouldn’t have interfered.”

Yvette Larson took the tomato and took a bite of it. “Can’t you be more firm?”

“Why? I’m going to continue cooking. You can return to bed.” Finn Taylor had noticed that his wife hadn’t slept at all throughout the night.

The moment Yvette Larson heard those words, she felt a little guilty. *‘I’ve already touched up my makeup earlier to hide my dark circles. Did Finn Taylor see through that?’*

However, she was truly sleepy now.

“Alright, call me when you’re done.” Yvette Larson stealthily returned to her room as though she had committed a crime.

After he was done cooking, Finn Taylor brought breakfast up to his wife.

Seeing that she was still fast asleep, he placed the tray down softly, not wanting to disturb her.

Just as he was about to leave, his gaze fell on a piece of jade on her vanity table.

He walked over carefully and picked the piece of jade up.

It was a jade piece in a circular shape, carved with a phoenix. It seemed to signify a noble intention and meaning. However, a corner of the phoenix seemed to be broken, and it looked as though the phoenix was crying.

This was a curse!

In an instant, Finn Taylor flew into a rage.

Chapter 40: Investigate!

Finn Taylor placed the piece of jade back. He had no idea how Yvette Larson had gotten hold of it, nor did he know who was trying to deal with her. However, he would investigate the matter.

Finn Taylor was already fuming. *'It doesn't matter how others have treated me in the past three years, and it doesn't even matter how they've called me a useless matrilocal son-in-law. I can tolerate all that, but I will never allow anyone to do anything to my wife.'*

Yvette Larson was Finn Taylor's soft spot.

"Is breakfast ready?" Just then, Yvette Larson woke up. She didn't notice the piece of jade missing from her vanity table.

"Yes, it's ready. Eat it while it's hot. I'm going out to settle some matters."

"Again?" Yvette Larson glanced at her husband suspiciously. She felt that he had been behaving strangely recently. *'In the past three years, he has seldom gone out of the house. But recently, he has constantly gone out, saying that he has matters to settle. For some reason, I feel that something is amiss.'*

"Forget it. It's nothing." Finn Taylor had intended on going out to get the four guardians to investigate the piece of jade, but he canceled his plans upon seeing that his spouse was a little suspicious of him.

"It's alright. You can go out if you need to."

"Alright then. I'm going out." With that, he headed for the door.

Yvette Larson was fuming. She wanted to punch him. *'I lost sleep over him, but he's going out right after coming home. What is he trying to do? However, why does that matter? We aren't even a real couple.'*

“Wait a minute. When you come back later, I’ll go out shopping with you.”

“Shopping?”

“Yes, it’s Clarine’s birthday tomorrow. She invited me... us. Just follow me to get her a present.” Yvette Larson nearly gave herself away.

Clarine Landon had only invited her, not even mentioning Finn Taylor’s name. But thinking about it, she was probably still upset about the violinist from the previous time.

“Ok.” Finn Taylor answered simply before leaving.

The Wampus Residence, Pacific Heights.

Logan Yeats, Hunter Sullivan, Alexander Scott, and Zachary Kennedy flipped the piece of jade around repeatedly. In the end, they all shook their heads.

“Master Peregrine, it doesn’t look like it came from around here. Perhaps it’s from South-East Asia.”

“South-East Asia?” Finn Taylor’s blood was boiling. *‘Who is it? Who has gone so far as to use witchcraft from South-East Asia against my wife?’*

“Investigate it!”

That was all Finn Taylor said, but the four guardians could feel a murderous aura around him.

This was a fear that came from deep within. They had never felt such a cold and murderous aura emanating from Finn Taylor before.

If Finn Taylor did find out who had done this to his wife, perhaps he wouldn’t hesitate to kill that person.

Finn Taylor returned to the Larson family’s house with a roasted chicken. “Yvette, look at what I’ve gotten you.”

Finn Taylor strolled into the house cheerfully, but he was met with Linda James rolling her eyes.

“Where did you go again? Why didn’t you clean up the house? Look at how dirty the house is. What are you looking at? Hurry up and cook lunch.”

Right at that moment, Yvette Larson walked down from her room. She took the roasted chicken from her husband and rolled her eyes at her mom. "People won't die from hunger. If you're really hungry, you can cook your own meals."

With that, she brought her husband upstairs.

The scene before her evoked fury in Linda James. "You useless thing, how could you favor a stranger over your own parents!? I slaved through my whole life to raise you. Can't I enjoy my life at this age? I just asked him to cook a meal. What, have I ever shortchanged him of food or clothes? How can you speak to your mom like that?"

Within the room, Finn Taylor pointed downstairs. "Should I cook lunch?"

"Ignore her; she won't die from hunger. Let me show you something."

Yvette Larson stretched her hand out. "Tada!"

There were two watches in her hands.

"Couple watches?"

"Yes, I bought them. Do you like it?"

Finn Taylor felt incredulous. *'Why is my wife acting like this? Since when have you treated me so well? Why aren't you letting me cook? You're even giving me a couple watch now?'*

"What's wrong?"

"Nothing."

"Tell me. What's wrong?"

"Nothing much. It's about Hunter Sullivan. Can you find a way for me to meet him?"

Finn Taylor knew that it was impossible for his wife to suddenly treat him so well. *'She must need a favor from me.'*

"That b*stard, Quince Larson, embezzled money while he was the CEO. He swapped the materials to cheaper but inferior ones for the Xander Corporation project. We won't make it in time even if we divert all of our manpower there now. However, we can't possibly hand over inferior goods to them either. We'll go to jail for doing that. I'm thinking of paying Hunter Sullivan a visit personally, but I'm afraid that I won't even get to meet him if I visit him alone."

Finn Taylor had thought that a major problem had cropped up, but it turned out to be such a trivial matter. “Er... It’s a little difficult. Pacific Heights isn’t just any ordinary neighborhood. The last time I got my friend to help me, he was found out and even got punished for it.”

“Huh? What shall we do then?”

“Why don’t I think of something and bring you to Xander Corporation in a few days’ time?”

“You know someone at Xander Corporation too?”

“Er... I know the head of security there. He was my classmate.”

Finn Taylor made up a story, but Yvette Larson believed him nonetheless.

...

That afternoon.

Finn Taylor followed his wife to the shopping mall to buy a gift for Clarine Landon. “Have you thought about what to buy?”

“I’m thinking of getting her a bracelet.”

Finn Taylor nodded. *‘That seems alright.’*

As such, the couple walked toward the goldsmith shop.

There were countless kinds of bracelets—golden ones, jade ones, and more.

Yvette Larson gravitated toward the jade pieces, and she tried on several jade bracelets. Unfortunately, none of them caught her eye.

The sales assistant had been rather helpful in the beginning. But seeing that Yvette Larson had tried on many designs without buying any, her enthusiasm was waning.

Yvette Larson strolled around the shop, and suddenly, something caught her eye.

She spotted a piece of jade in the corner; it was crystal clear and shimmering under the light.

It was definitely worth its price!

No sooner had Yvette Larson picked up that piece of jade than a plump woman walked over. She snatched that piece of jade from the former’s hands.

“Not bad, not bad. Wrap it up for me.” That plump lady didn’t even enquire about its price and simply asked the sales assistant to wrap it up for her.

“Wait a minute. I had my eye on that first.”

This was the first piece of jade that had caught Yvette Larson’s fancy after such a long time. In the end, that plump lady had snatched it right out of her hands! What was going on?

