

UNTOUCHABLE

### Chapter 361: Resigning

When she heard that, Yvette Larson stood up. “Since that’s the case, I guess there’s no need for us to be here any longer.”

“Hold on. Why are you in such a hurry? We can always discuss the price. How about 100 million?”

“Quince Larson, I’ll give my final offer. If you don’t agree, I’ll leave. 500 million—that’s the lowest I’ll go.”

This time, Quince Larson didn’t reject the offer right away. He glanced at Eleanor Larson without saying a word.

“I know the company isn’t worth that much, but it isn’t far from that. However, I can always find another buyer if you don’t want to match the price. But I’m sure you don’t want the Larson Corporation to go to someone else, right?”

Those words struck a chord with her cousin. What he cared most about was his status in the family. He didn’t want his family’s company to fall into someone else’s hands. If that happened, he was sure that the family would criticize Yvette Larson for her incompetence, but he’d also be criticized for not buying the company.

Eventually, Quince Larson forked out 500 million dollars to acquire the Larson Corporation.

The news shook the entire city. After all, the Larson Corporation was no longer just a small company. It was one of the top five companies in the whole city.

Moreover, the one who had acquired the company wasn’t just a nobody.

Quince Larson had once been an insignificant character, but he had suddenly become a wealthy man overnight.

Although nobody knew the origins of his money, it didn’t matter.

Money was king.

Now, even those who used to look down on him were flocking to curry his favor. Of course, the acquisition only meant that even more people were trying to get into his good books.

On the day of the acquisition, these people specially went down to the company with their gifts to congratulate him.

That naturally pleased Quince Larson, who cared most about appearances. In the past, many in the family had said that he was useless and that he never would’ve been given a chance to inherit the family if not for the fact that he was the only male in his generation.

If they went by their abilities, Yvette Larson was clearly more capable than him and would be in line to become the company's chairman. But now, the company had still landed up in his hands.

Didn't that just go to show that he was more powerful than his cousin?

Finn Taylor, Andre Cavill, and the four guardians were gathered in one of the rooms at Andre Cavill's bar. They were watching television while drinking.

It was a livestream of the re-opening of the Larson Corporation.

"To be honest, I have to take my hats off to Yvette. You've been planning this for such a long time, but you went missing. I thought that our plans would be ruined, but I never thought that Yvette would be so determined and go through with the plan."

"Yes, I really respect her too. Without your support and your approval, I don't think I'd dare to bankrupt my company."

Every owner had feelings for their businesses. Even if they were to earn money from a sale after running their company to the ground, they'd definitely feel uncomfortable.

That was why everyone admired Yvette Larson. If they were put in that position, they never would've been able to do the same.

"Watch on. There's more to come." To be honest, even Finn Taylor was surprised by his wife. However, he understood that she had truly matured after his departure.

She could consider the company's future and make plans for it.

Actually, Finn Taylor had been worried that his wife wouldn't want to sell the company because of his absence. If she did so, all that money they had lost would go to waste.

Of course, Finn Taylor had already made plans for that situation. However, they seemed unnecessary now.

"Mr. Larson, congratulations on acquiring another company."

"Mr. Larson, I heard that this is your family business. It looks like you're going to be the family head now."

People came up to flatter Quince Larson, putting him in a good mood.

Just then, something major happened. One by one, the employees walked out with boxes in their hands.

They smiled as they walked past Quince Larson. "Quince Larson, I'm quitting."

"Quince Larson, I'm quitting too."

"Quince Larson, you can take over the company's reins."

One, two, three... The number only grew.

Eventually, even the security officer and janitor left. That was when they realized that something was amiss.

It seemed as though the entire company had resigned.

So what had Quince Larson purchased? A company with no employees?

What was a company with no employees? This would spell trouble for their projects.

The company had recently been suppressed by Melanie Taylor, and Quince Larson had naturally been heavily involved in that.

Now, the company had no projects, no partners, and no employees.

Quince Larson had spent 500 million dollars on a paper company.

Everyone could feel a chilly aura from Quince Larson—he was fuming.

Not wanting to get involved, the people around him retreated cautiously.

This enraged the man even more. *'They must be ignoring me now because they think I've made a bad investment. They must think that I'm stupid.'*

That only fueled his anger, and the angrier he got, the further people distanced themselves from him.

It was a vicious cycle that was eventually broken when Quince Larson started smashing everything in the office.

Seeing that, the visitors quickly left, frightened that they would be beaten up as well if they stayed any longer.

Finn Taylor couldn't help but chuckle when he saw the stick in the man's hand. He believed that Yvette Larson had left it behind on purpose because she had already guessed what her cousin would do..

## **Chapter 362: Kidnapping**

Quince Larson couldn't feel more embarrassed. He had acquired a company, but it was completely empty.

Worse still, that wasn't all. On the very same day, a new company was established in San Francisco.

It was named Mortal Corporation, and all of the Larson Corporation's resigned employees had chosen to join that company. More interestingly, this company's chairman was the Larson Corporation's ex-chairman—Yvette Larson!

This meant that Yvette Larson and her employees were simply working under another name, while Quince Larson had lost 500 million dollars!

That wasn't a small sum, and he had pretty much finished spending all of the money he received from Gremlin.

The men couldn't help but smile as they watched the livestream. "My respect for Yvette has really gone through the roof."

"Only today? I started admiring her a long time ago."

"F\*ck, stop trying to flatter her."

Everyone was in high spirits when Finn Taylor suddenly received a message: "Give up your position as Master Peregrine or get ready to receive your mother's corpse."

Finn Taylor shot up at once, and the room suddenly fell silent.

Hunter Sullivan asked, "What's wrong, Finn?"

"Melanie Taylor sent a message over. We were right—she's the one who kidnapped Wendy Jensen. She wants me to step down from my position as Master Peregrine; otherwise, she'll kill my mother."

The men were enraged. No matter what, they still had a relationship with Wendy Jensen.

Now that Finn Taylor had already made it clear that they were to save her, they had to do so.

"What are you going to do?"

"I'm going to the hotel to take a look," Finn Taylor said as he headed out.

Not daring to delay any longer, the rest rushed out after him. They were all well-trained, but Melanie Taylor's men were much stronger.

They had learned that lesson the hard way. Still, they weren't planning on giving up. They were prepared to fight it out with the Taylor siblings.

Finn Taylor and his men headed straight for Melanie Taylor's room upon arriving at the hotel.

Completely ignoring the staff, they kicked the door open but were greeted by an empty room. Everything—including their luggage—was gone!

This meant that the whole entourage had left the hotel!

The hotel's security team had already gotten news that a room door had been forcefully kicked open, and very soon, dozens of security officers surrounded the group.

At the head of the security team was the manager of the hotel.

"Leonard, I don't think there's a need to bring so many to take me down, right?"

The four guardians had already prepared themselves for a fight, but they quickly calmed down when they recognized the manager.

“Hunter Sullivan, you’re the one who kicked the door open! Do you have too much time on your hands? Why are you making trouble here?”

Hunter Sullivan pointed at the room. “I have a grudge against the person who stayed here, so I came to look for them. Tell me how much the door costs—we’ll pay for it.”

“Don’t joke around with me, Mr. Sullivan. How much could a door be worth? I’m sure you had your reasons for doing this. Forget it.”

“No, I don’t like owing others anything. How much is it?” Hunter Sullivan wouldn’t let the matter go. It wasn’t a huge matter, but it wasn’t a trivial one either.

He would be at a disadvantage if the other asked him for a favor because of this in the future.

Logan Yeats was a businessman and naturally understood his friend. Thus, he didn’t try to stop him.

“Just give me 150 dollars.”

“Here’s 750 dollars to cover the installation fee and the money you’ll lose during this period.” Hunter Sullivan took out the money and placed it on a fire extinguisher.

The manager couldn’t help but chuckle inwardly. *‘Hunter Sullivan is so acute. He would rather take a loss now than face a greater loss in the future.’*

“Leonard, we’re friends. Do you know where these people went?”

The manager smiled. “Mr. Sullivan, you must be joking. How would I know where these guests went?”

“Alright then. I won’t disturb you.” Hunter Sullivan then nodded slightly at his boss, who didn’t say anything as he left with everyone.

The group headed for Andre Cavill’s bar.

“What do you guys think?” Finn Taylor asked the rest once they sat down.

“That manager definitely knows something.” Hunter Sullivan got straight to the point. He had been in the industry for a long time and had experienced loads, so he could tell whether someone was lying at first glance. Due to this, he was absolutely certain that the manager knew where the Taylor siblings had gone.

“Think of a way to make that manager spill the truth.”

Hunter Sullivan glanced at Andre Cavill. “Just kidnap them.”

The latter frowned. “Don’t joke around.”

“Who’s joking? I know Leonard; he’s a coward. As long as you kidnap him and bring him here, I’ll have a way of making him tell the truth.”

Andre Cavill glanced at his boss, hoping that the latter would save him from the situation.

Unexpectedly, his boss pointed at Hunter Sullivan and said, "Alright then. Both of you should go. It'll be safer that way."

"Me?" Hunter Sullivan was stunned. *'I only asked Andre Cavill to go because I don't want to, but I still have to do it!'*

"Um, can I not go?" Hunter Sullivan asked.

"It's too late, Hunter. You didn't seem so worried earlier on when you asked me to go. Come on; let's go." It seemed like Andre Cavill's mood had improved because his friend had to suffer alongside him.

He dragged the latter out.

Very quickly, they arrived at the hotel, waiting for the manager to get off work at ten.

Because it was still some time away, the two men sat in front of a flower bed at the hotel entrance to smoke.

Afraid that they were thieves, the security officers made several rounds around them. But after realizing that they were merely smoking, they left the pair alone.

Finally, the manager emerged a few hours later.

Seeing the man, the two friends rushed up as though they were welcoming a family member..

### **Chapter 363: Alerting the Enemy**

The security officer had already been suspicious of Hunter Sullivan and Andre Cavill earlier, and now that the pair was rushing up to their general, he knew that something was wrong.

As such, several security officers shielded the manager behind them.

However, the latter saw Hunter Sullivan and Andre Cavill. "It's fine. I know them."

The security officers nearly took the two men down, but thankfully, the manager stepped in.

"Wow! You're such a big shot here, Leonard. Will you accept my offer for a meal together?"

The manager chuckled. "Listen to what you're saying, Hunter. I might not go if someone else asked, but can I reject your offer?"

With that, he got into the car with Hunter Sullivan and Andre Cavill.

Andre Cavill hadn't expected it to go so smoothly. *'I thought that we would get into a fight, but Leonard got into the car voluntarily!'*

However, Hunter Sullivan had already expected this. It wasn't his first time interacting with the other, so he had already known that the manager was a coward who loved money.

The manager would do whatever it took for his self-interests.

The two men hadn't made it obvious that they were only here to get the truth out of the manager.

It was natural for the latter to keep mum about it earlier on. After all, his subordinates had been present, and he would definitely be caught if he were to give anything away. But things were completely different now that he had left with the two men.

Hunter Sullivan understood him well, and the converse was true too.

The former was terribly righteous and loyal and would definitely return any favor he received.

Very quickly, the trio returned to Andre Cavill's bar and walked into the room with the others.

Leonard wasn't the slightest bit surprised.

"We meet again, Mr. Leonard." Finn Taylor stood up and smiled at the manager.

Because they didn't know each other, the latter turned to Hunter Sullivan, who didn't hide anything. "Leonard, have you heard of Peregrine Hall?"

"Of course. Who doesn't know about Peregrine Hall?"

"Well, the man standing in front of you is Master Peregrine."

"M-Master Peregrine?" Leonard's jaw dropped. He had never expected to meet the legendary Master Peregrine.

"M-Master Peregrine." The manager's voice trembled as he spoke.

"Don't listen to them; they're just scaring you. Just call me Finn Taylor."

"Master Peregrine Taylor..."

"Just call him Finn Taylor. If you keep calling him Master Peregrine, he will feel too bad to talk to you." Seeing how stubborn the manager was, Hunter Sullivan taught him.

"F-Finn Taylor." Finally, Leonard managed to squeak out the other's name. Even so, it was obvious just how anxious he was.

"Come on. Let's have a seat."

Finn Taylor eyed Andre Cavill, who immediately understood what he meant.

Very quickly, the latter returned with a whole tray of alcohol.

It wasn't just any kind of alcohol. They were all worth at least thousands, yet they were being brought out as though they cost nothing.

Finn Taylor poured the manager a glass before saying, "Leonard, I'll get straight to the point. The people staying in that room today kidnapped my mother, and the entire Peregrine Hall is now looking for them. Tell me if you have any leads, and Peregrine Hall will be grateful to you."

It was true that the Taylor siblings were powerful and rich too, but their influence wasn't within the country.

Finn Taylor believed that Peregrine Hall still held influence here.

Just as expected, Leonard was visibly shocked when he heard that the siblings had kidnapped the mother of Master Peregrine.

"Do you have any leads, Leonard?"

"O-of course." This time, the manager didn't hold anything back. "Actually, those two guests never checked out of our hotel. They're just staying in another hotel in New York."

He then told Finn Taylor the exact hotel and room number of the siblings and even the room numbers of their subordinates.

In fact, Leonard was the one who helped handle the paperwork for them.

"Oh right, they requested another room when we were changing hotels. If they kidnapped your mother, she might very well be held captive in that room." He then told the other another room number.

Finn Taylor was extremely grateful to the manager for the information, and he nodded at Hunter Sullivan, who immediately brought Leonard to another room.

Hunter Sullivan then transferred 15 million dollars to the manager before sending him back personally.

Of course, Finn Taylor didn't care about that. He was Master Peregrine; he didn't need to manage every trivial matter personally.

"Go back and have a good rest tonight. We're going to New York tomorrow."

That night, the group spent the night in the bar.

The next morning, Finn Taylor was still asleep when Hunter Sullivan walked over with food in his hands. "Finn, Finn."

Finn Taylor woke up blearily and glanced at the clock. It was already half-past six.

"Here's some food for you. We'll leave soon. We've already prepared everything, and I called our men here too."

Finn Taylor took the food without saying much.

Halfway through his meal, he said, "Ask your men to stay here. We'll be exposed too easily if we have too many people around. It'll just be the six of us."

Hunter Sullivan was stunned. "Master Peregrine, last time..."

He didn't want to bring so many subordinates either, but it was also true that Levi Taylor's men had defeated them the previous time.

Although he hated to admit to it, it was the truth. That was why he wanted to bring all his men along.



“I know what I’m doing.”

Because of his boss’s words, Hunter Sullivan didn’t try to argue with the other and simply headed out to tell the rest to stay in San Francisco.

*‘I better take instructions from Finn Taylor. There’s no point in fighting with him.’*

By the time Hunter Sullivan gave his instructions to his subordinates, Finn Taylor had finished his meal, and the others had gotten ready.

The group then set off for New York.

New York was Hunter Sullivan’s territory. Even though he had already moved to San Francisco, he still held influence there.

He believed that it wouldn’t be difficult for him to ask for some help in surrounding the Taylor siblings.

Instead of heading to that hotel, the group headed to Hunter Sullivan’s residence. After all, they had only one chance.

Finn Taylor was definitely not going to alert his enemy just yet..

### **Chapter 364: Orthopedist**

After a few days of observation, the group finally managed to get a good idea of what was going on in the hotel. They now knew where the security officers and surveillance cameras were positioned and how to get into Wendy Jensen’s room without being discovered.

Finally, they started to take action.

The six of them were split into two groups. Hunter Sullivan and Finn Taylor were together, with Logan Yeats leading the rest.

The two groups headed into the hotel, toward Wendy Jensen’s room, from two different directions.

As Finn Taylor walked into the hotel, the two security officers glanced at him. However, the former acted as though he saw nothing and walked straight in.

As for Hunter Sullivan, he had been through life-and-death situations, so this wasn’t going to scare him. Neither of the guards suspected a thing as the pair walked into the hotel.

The pair walked toward the elevator on the left side of the building, while the other group headed to the elevator on the right side.

Both posed their own set of dangers.

According to the map that Leonard had given Finn Taylor, the pair would walk past the Taylor siblings' room while the other group would walk past their subordinates' rooms. This meant that they were in danger of being exposed whether they entered from the right side or the left side of the building.

To be honest, Finn Taylor was confused as to why Melanie Taylor would arrange for the rooms to be as such. *'Aren't her men supposed to protect them? Why would she put them so far away from herself? But that's a good thing for us.'*

By now, both groups had arrived at the floor where the siblings were staying.

Standing at both ends of the corridor, the two groups glanced at each other, not moving.

Finally, Finn Taylor nodded, and the pair walked toward the room in the middle.

Actually, it was safer for Finn Taylor and Hunter Sullivan because there were only two rooms on this side of the corridor.

The other group had to walk past over a dozen rooms.

Finally, Finn Taylor arrived in front of the siblings' rooms. The rooms were opposite each other, and in front of them was Wendy Jensen's room.

However, the pair stopped in their tracks. They each stood in front of a room, listening to what each of the siblings was doing.

Logan Yeats's team would be in charge of saving the hostage.

Finn Taylor was now sure that there was nobody in Levi Taylor's room—both the siblings were in Melanie Taylor's.

Logan Yeats walked to the door and nodded before pushing it open and walking in. It was exceptionally easy for him to open the door.

In the room, Wendy Jensen was still bound. Perhaps it was because she had been exhausted from struggling, but she was no longer moving much.

But the moment she saw the men, she started struggling yet again, causing a din.

There was only a thin wall between her and the Taylor siblings.

Hearing the sounds, Levi Taylor pointed next door. "Do you want to go have a look?"

Finn Taylor heard that, and he nervously prepared himself for a battle.

As long as Levi Taylor stepped foot out of his room, he would attack him.

That was his chance. Otherwise, he might be defeated by the other.

"She's been going at it for a long time. Don't bother about her." Thankfully, Melanie Taylor ignored her brother.

In the other room, Logan Yeats gestured for the woman to remain silent. “Wendy Jensen, don’t say anything. We’re here to save you.”

Hearing that, Wendy Jensen kept quiet.

Logan Yeats quickly untied the ropes and quietly led the woman out.

The group finally felt a sense of relief. However, Logan Yeats hadn’t told the woman enough, and she let out a yelp the moment she walked out and spotted her son.

It wasn’t loud, but the siblings must’ve heard her.

*‘We’re done for.’* At that moment, everyone knew that things were going down.

Just as expected, Finn Taylor heard Melanie Taylor walk toward them.

On the other side of the corridor, doors opened one after another, and the siblings’ subordinates quickly made their way over too.

“You guys leave first. I’ll take care of this,” Finn Taylor commanded.

However, nobody dared to move. If they were to leave Finn Taylor here alone, it was possible that the latter would die right here.

“Leave. Are you going to ignore me?”

Eventually, Hunter Sullivan grabbed Wendy Jensen and rushed downstairs.

Although the rest of the group felt awful about leaving him alone, they had no other choice. They knew that leaving was the better choice for everyone.

When the siblings got out of their rooms, what they saw was the group escaping with Wendy Jensen, and Finn Taylor blocking the stairwell.

However, Melanie Taylor didn’t give an order for her men to chase after the others.

Wendy Jensen had never been her target. Finn Taylor was the only one she cared the slightest bit about in the entire Taylor family from Chicago and only the slightest bit.

Melanie Taylor clapped. “What a great scene. How moving.”

“You can deal with me. There’s no need to drag anyone else into this.”

“Who are you talking about? Wendy Jensen, or your ex-wife—Yvette Larson?”

Hearing Yvette Larson’s name, Finn Taylor felt his heart leap in his chest. Nonetheless, he pretended to be indifferent.

He couldn’t let the other see that he still cared about his ex-wife; otherwise, she’d be in danger.

“Nobody else is involved in this. If you want to deal with me, fine. Let’s make a bet on our businesses in San Francisco. If you win, I’ll hand over the position of Master Peregrine. If you lose, scram and go back to where you belong. What do you think of that?”

“Interesting. How interesting.” Melanie Taylor’s interest was piqued. *‘There aren’t many who dare to go against me in the business world. I’ve never come in second place when it comes to business—whether it be investments or others. Why does Finn Taylor think he can win?’*

“Fine, I’ll accept your challenge. But I don’t have much time. One month—just one month.”

Finn Taylor nodded.

This was good news to both of them. If he could resolve this matter between Melanie Taylor and him within a month, he could get remarried to Yvette Larson.

Melanie Taylor didn’t have time to waste, nor did Finn Taylor.

Finn Taylor glanced at Levi Taylor before chuckling. “Why are you two always in the same room when I visit? Why don’t you go visit the orthopedist when you have time?”

With that, he turned to leave.

The atmosphere was awkward now that Finn Taylor had said so, and the siblings stood in silence as though the man had exposed them..

## **Chapter 365: Dead Meat**

Just as expected, Melanie Taylor turned around to see that her men were now looking at her in a different light.

Enraged, she stomped back to her room and slammed the door shut.

Levi Taylor now hated his relative to his guts. *‘We’re biological siblings. How dare Finn Taylor insinuate that and insult us like that?’*

As he left the hotel, Finn Taylor found his subordinates waiting for him.

He rushed over and said nothing. The longer they stayed outside, the more danger they were in.

Once they arrived at Hunter Sullivan’s house, Finn Taylor turned to his mother. “Hehe, I never thought that I would decide to save you one day.”

Wendy Jensen was placed in an awkward position and didn’t know what to say. She didn’t have a good relationship with her son, so she thought that he wouldn’t save her after she was kidnapped. Yet, he had shown up!

“Go back to Chicago. You’re not welcome here,” Finn Taylor said before heading upstairs. “We’re going back to San Francisco tomorrow.”

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San Francisco.

Michelle Yeller and Josie Meyer were at a cafe together.

The two friends were in a daze.

They had just been hired by the Larson Corporation, but the company was acquired right after that. Although they had joined Mortal Corporation with everyone else, they still held the same job titles and salaries.

Neither of them understood what the company was up to and were discussing the matter with each other.

“Michelle, why do you think they sold the company?”

“I asked around, and I heard that the chairman and the person who acquired the company hold grudges against each other.”

“Grudges? Then, why would she sell the company to him?”

“I don’t know, but I also heard another rumor that our chairman just got divorced.”

“Divorced? I wonder who her husband was. Why did they get divorced?” Josie Meyer was gossipy and wanted to get to the bottom of the matter.

“I heard that his name is Finn Taylor and that he was caught on a date with our chairman’s best friend.”

“F\*ck! I told you that all men are terrible, just like Timothy Taylor. Wasn’t he caught with his wife’s best friend too? He’s a Taylor too. See, all men with that surname are bad!”

But her friend shook her head. “I don’t think so, Josie. There’s no white or black in this world. There are good people as well as bad ones. You can’t just group everyone together just because of one bad egg. Besides, I think Timothy is a good man.”

Josie Meyer hated Finn Taylor. No matter what, she wasn’t going to believe her friend.

However, Michelle Yeller was different. She had a good impression of the man.

They couldn’t help but wonder if they were talking about the same man.

After some time, they made payment for their meal before leaving.

But they had no sooner walked out of the cafe than their heads were covered by a sack before they were thrown into a car. They struggled, but it was to no avail.

In the car, they were then knocked out. By the time they awoke, they were already in a dark room, surrounded by dozens of men.

The two girls made a guess from the men's hair color, scars, and tattoos on their bodies.

"Who are you?" Josie Meyer boldly questioned the men.

"Oh, you're not afraid of us."

"Afraid of you? Why should we be? Are you monsters or aliens? What are you after? Money or sex?"

A man walked out from the group. He was the leader of the gang, and his name was Kyle Kennedy.  
"You're a bold one to dare to ask about our intentions. I could tell you, but you would have to die then."

Josie Meyer sneered. "Do you think you'll be able to scare us like that? If you're after neither of those things, then Quince Larson must've sent you because he has a grudge against Yvette Larson."

*'F\*ck!'* Kyle Kennedy's heart thumped. *'I had never expected her to make such an acute guess.'*

"It seems like I can't keep you alive then." Kyle Kennedy grabbed a dagger.

"What, you're going to kill us? Do you really think I'll be afraid of you? Come on. Here's my jugular vein, here's my heart, and here's my temple. Come on and kill me then." Josie didn't believe that Kyle Kennedy would kill her. *'They are simply trying to threaten Yvette Larson to cough up that 500 million dollars. This is a problem between the business owners, while I'm a mere employee. Why am I being dragged into it?'*

"You don't dare to do it, right? Let us go then."

*Slap!*

Kyle Kennedy gave the woman a vicious slap against the wall. It was true that he wouldn't dare to kill a soul, but he could still beat the other up.

"How dare you slap me? I'll fight it out with you." Josie Meyer was retarded and was unreasonable to begin with.

How could she still be fighting with Kyle Kennedy at this time? She was facing a bunch of men that were willing to sacrifice their own lives! It was just that she hadn't provoked them enough yet.

If she were to go any further, she would be dead meat.

Thankfully, Michelle Yeller grabbed her friend before the latter could rush forward. "Bro, we're sorry, but this is a grudge between our bosses. It has nothing to do with lowly employees like us. I believe that you're magnanimous and won't hurt us, right?"

Kyle Kennedy finally calmed down after hearing her words. "Alright—you're right. I won't hold it against you, but you better hand your phones over and not stir up any trouble."

Josie Meyer was about to say something, but her friend stopped her before she could do so. After that, the latter quickly handed their phones over.

Seeing how obedient Michelle Yeller was, Kyle Kennedy was pleased. He then gestured for his men to leave.

Only when they left did Josie Meyer smash everything in the room in anger.

But just then, her friend said, "I sent Timothy Taylor a message earlier."

"A message?"

"Yes, I pressed the voice recording button and sent the recording to him. He'll probably come and save us."

Josie Meyer couldn't help but laugh. "Michelle, oh Michelle. You're such a fool. If you had sent the message to our chairman, she might've sent someone to come and save us. However, we're dead meat now.."

### **Chapter 366: Building a Toilet**

For some reason, Josie Meyer felt that something was amiss. Then, she suddenly thought of something. "That's not right. Why did you send a message to Timothy Taylor?"

Her friend chuckled. "He's at the top of my chat list."

*'This is what's wrong. Since the most recent chats are usually at the top of the list, Michelle must've contacted Timothy Taylor recently if she managed to message him so quickly.'* Now, everything made sense to Josie Meyer.

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New York.

Finn Taylor had intended on having a good rest before leaving the city, yet he received a message the moment he walked up the stairs.

It was a voice message from Michelle Yeller. There wasn't much in it, but it was clear that the young girl was in danger.

He rushed down the stairs and said, "Andre Cavill, I'll leave it to you to send her back to Chicago. The rest of you, pack your things. We'll set off for San Francisco in five minutes."

Seeing their boss in such a frenzy, the men didn't dare to question him and simply packed their belongings. They could discuss the matter along the way back.

Because they were well-trained, they didn't even take three minutes to pack their bags and hop into the car.

Hunter Sullivan drove, Logan Yeats sat in the front passenger seat, and the rest sat behind them.

Hunter Sullivan asked, "Finn, why are you in such a hurry? Did something happen in San Francisco?"

Finn Taylor handed his phone to Horned Serpent. “She might’ve been kidnapped. Locate her whereabouts.”

The latter took the phone from his boss and immediately started tracing the other’s location.

“Who’s she?” Hunter Sullivan asked.

“A neighbor.”

“She must be a woman for you to be so worried.”

“Shut up!”

Everyone chuckled because they knew that he was joking. They all knew that their boss would remain loyal to Yvette Larson till the day he died. All other women could dream on about taking her place.

It was complete nonsense that Finn Taylor was worried-sick about his female neighbor. He hadn’t even been that worried about the four guardians.

That was how he treated his friends—he would never let them down.

As the car sped toward San Francisco, all that could be heard in the car was the sound of Horned Serpent typing furiously on his keyboard.

Everyone else merely watched on, hoping that the man in front of the laptop would locate the girl as quickly as possible.

However, one could only imagine how difficult it was to locate someone in such a vast city with only a single voice message.

They were about to arrive in San Francisco, yet they still had no news from him.

Alexander Scott wiped away the sweat from Zachary Kennedy’s forehead and nodded at the latter.

Finn Taylor piped up, “There’s no hurry. Take your time.”

Zachary Kennedy remained silent and continued typing, but it was obvious that he was no longer typing as furiously.

He had indeed been too nervous earlier. Now that he had calmed himself down, he made good progress.

Gradually, he started receiving faint signals from Michelle Yeller’s phone. What he had to do now was catch the signals.

His typing increased in speed yet again.

Just as they drove into San Francisco, Zachary Kennedy hit the spacebar. “I found her.”

Hearing that, Finn Taylor immediately snatched the laptop away.



He couldn't help but chuckle when he saw the girl's location. *'Nile Street—isn't that where we used to live? I haven't been there since we moved to Number One Pacific Heights. I never expected Michelle Yeller to be held captive there!'*

"Let's go to Nile Street at once," he commanded, and Hunter Sullivan headed straight for the location.

...

At the same time, Nile Street in San Francisco.

Kyle Kennedy was in the middle of a poker game with his men when Howard Dahl arrived.

The latter was a formidable figure in the neighborhood. In fact, he was probably the head of the underground scene in the area. Naturally, that included Kyle Kennedy.

"Kyle Kennedy, you look very relaxed. How many people have signed the document?"

Seeing the man arrive, Kyle Kennedy immediately shot up from his seat.

The former was referring to the relocation agreement.

Finn Taylor and Melanie Taylor had set the time limit for their bet to be one month. In order for Finn Taylor to admit to his defeat thoroughly, the latter had decided to demolish the entire neighborhood where Finn Taylor had lived for the past three years and build San Francisco's largest public toilet.

There were too many families living in the area, and Melanie Taylor naturally didn't have the time to discuss the matter with every family.

That was why she had looked for Howard Dahl and offered the man 15 million dollars to get all the families living there to sign a relocation agreement within three days. Whatever was left of the 15 million dollars after that would be his. However, he could forget about getting a single cent of the money if he failed to achieve his task within three days.

Of course, Howard Dahl wasn't a fool either. There was no way he would be able to visit each family personally, so he assigned ten families to each of his underlings, instructing them to complete the task within the day.

He didn't care what they had to do—no matter how vicious they had to be—as long as the agreement was signed.

Howard Dahl was now doing his rounds to check on his men, yet he was greeted by the sight of Kyle Kennedy playing poker!

"Boss, we've already settled three families. The other seven weren't at home, and they're probably at work. We'll definitely make them sign it by tonight," Kyle Kennedy quickly explained.

Only then did the enraged Howard Dahl calm down slightly. "I'll check in on you again tomorrow. You better know that I'll break your legs if someone hasn't signed the agreement by tomorrow."

Kyle Kennedy only let out a sigh of relief when his boss left.

In reality, he hadn't even managed to convince a single family to sign that document. It was relocation they were talking about. It wasn't easy convincing someone when such a huge sum of money was involved.

It was true that seven families hadn't been around, but even the three that had been around hadn't agreed to sign the agreement.

Only fools would agree to the offer right away. After all, everyone was hoping that they would be able to make a tidy sum if they were to delay agreeing to the relocation.

No matter how impressive Kyle Kennedy was, he couldn't afford to kick up a huge fuss.

If it were a trivial matter, they might have agreed to it right away. But now that he was dealing with such a huge matter, they might very well bring their entire family to stir up trouble for him.

"Boss, what do we do now?"

"What do we do? How am I supposed to know? It's not like I get to pocket that 15 million dollars. Since Howard Dahl is so impressive, why doesn't he go chase those families for their signatures himself?" It was obvious that Kyle Kennedy held a grudge against his boss for treating him as free labor.

Not long after Howard Dahl left, Kyle Kennedy received a call from Finn Taylor.

Because Finn Taylor had lived in the Nile Street neighborhood in the past, Howard Dahl knew the former. In fact, he was also one of Finn Taylor's subordinates..

## **Chapter 367: Rescue**

Howard Dahl felt his heart pounding furiously as he picked up the call from Finn Taylor. All of a sudden, he remembered that the latter's house was among those that were to be demolished and that a public toilet was going to be built in its place.

Moreover, he was helping out in this relocation project. *'I'll be dead meat if Finn Taylor finds out about this.'*

In his call, Finn Taylor merely instructed Howard Dahl to pick him up from the entrance gate to the neighborhood.

Howard Dahl wasted no time rushing to the entrance and almost burst into tears when he saw all four guardians standing there. *'This... Finn Taylor called all four of them over! Does he really intend on dealing with me because of this? Forget it! I have to apologize first!'*

He rushed over and dropped down on his knees before Master Peregrine could even say anything.

*'Er...' Finn Taylor was confused. 'I had asked for Howard Dahl to lead the way to the location we had on hand in case we got lost. Yet, Howard Dahl kneeled down to me before I could even say anything. It's obvious that something is wrong.'*

"What's up?" Finn Taylor put on a stern expression as he questioned the man.

"Master Peregrine, I was wrong. Melanie Taylor was the one who put me up to it. She's an influential figure, and I can't afford to offend her."

Finn Taylor's first thought was that his relative had kidnapped Michelle Yeller. *'But that's not right. Melanie Taylor is such an arrogant and jealous woman, yet she didn't even touch Yvette. There's no way she would do anything to Michelle. The latter is just a neighbor, and it would be too extreme to deal with her. Something else must be up.'*

"Tell me more," Finn Taylor demanded.

"Master Peregrine, it's Melanie Taylor. She wants to buy out the whole neighborhood and build a public toilet here. I'm just working on getting everyone's signatures; this has nothing to do with me." Howard Dahl was already in tears, with snot running down his face.

"I'll deal with that later. Let's talk about something else—your men kidnapped my friend. What's going on?"

Howard Dahl was stunned. *'My men kidnapped Finn Taylor's friend? Is he serious? If he's telling the truth, I'm doomed. He's Finn Taylor—Master Peregrine! His friend is probably a big shot too. If my subordinates have kidnapped his friend, I'll be dragged down and be in deep trouble too.'*

"Master Peregrine, I swear I don't know anything about it. I'll definitely beat that person up if he really did it."

Finn Taylor nodded at Horned Serpent, who then showed Howard Dahl the location.

"Kyle Kennedy." Howard Dahl immediately said the name when he saw the location. *'I was just there, and everything had appeared fine just moments earlier. I never expected Kyle Kennedy to get involved with Finn Taylor's friend!'*

"Master Peregrine, I know where they are. I'll lead the way."

Finn Taylor nodded.

Howard Dahl was slightly moved when he saw the other nodding. This meant that he still had a chance and that he wasn't done for just yet.

With Howard Dahl leading them, the group quickly arrived where Kyle Kennedy was.

When they arrived, Kyle Kennedy was still in the middle of his poker game with his men.

Howard Dahl charged forward and grabbed hold of him. "Kyle Kennedy, where are the people you kidnapped?"

“Kidnapped? I didn’t kidnap anyone.” Kyle Kennedy naturally denied everything. It was against the rules for him to do this without his boss’s approval.

He would be doomed if he admitted to it.

“Kyle Kennedy, I’m giving you one last chance. You’ll be dead meat otherwise.”

“I didn’t kidnap anyone.”

Howard Dahl subdued the other and pressed him against the table.

In an instant, Kyle Kennedy’s pinky finger was chopped off.

Chills ran down everyone’s spines. “This...”

It was only then that Kyle Kennedy’s subordinates realized that something was amiss. *‘Our boss must’ve kidnapped a big shot for this to happen.’*

Eventually, one of them spoke up. “I know where they are.”

“Bring us there,” Finn Taylor cut in just then.

Although that man didn’t recognize Finn Taylor, he knew that the latter had to be an influential figure since he had walked in with Howard Dahl. As such, he immediately gestured for the group to follow him.

*Bang!*

Finn Taylor kicked open the door of Kyle Kennedy’s house.

As light shone into the place, the two girls were shocked to see Finn Taylor’s face.

Finn Taylor rushed over to help Michelle Yeller up from the ground. “Are you alright?”

“M-Mr. Taylor, you’re finally here to save me.” Michelle Yeller—who had been putting up a strong front earlier—finally burst out into tears as she rushed into Finn Taylor’s embrace.

All four guardians turned away, pretending not to have seen anything. How else would they be able to answer Yvette Larson if she asked about it in the future?

If they were to say anything about it, Finn Taylor would probably beat them to death. However, lying didn’t seem right either. Thus, turning away was their best choice.

Yes, that way, they wouldn’t see anything and would have nothing to say. At least, that was what they all thought.

“You’re here to save us?” Josie Meyer’s eyes were filled with disbelief.

She was indignant.

She had clearly told her friend that Finn Taylor would never come to save them and that they might’ve gotten the chance to be saved if they had asked for help from someone else. They didn’t stand a chance at all with Finn Taylor. He was useless after all.

During her few interactions with Finn Taylor, he had never helped her. Due to this, Josie Meyer believed that he wouldn't help her this time either.

"You're wrong. I'm here to save Michelle. As for you..." Finn Taylor didn't continue, but it was clear what he meant.

If not for the fact that Michelle Yeller was her friend, Finn Taylor never would've come for her.

His words annoyed Josie Meyer even more. Ever since she was young, she had always thought of herself as superior to her friend. As such, their friendship had always revolved around her.

As long as she made a decision, Michelle Yeller would never object to it.

But now, Finn Taylor was treating her so coldly even though he was friendly to Michelle Yeller. It was as though she was nothing but a trash bag.

"I... Timothy Taylor, don't cross the line." Josie Meyer roared, but it was too late.

Finn Taylor had already left with her friend.

She could choose to follow them if she could put down her pride. Otherwise, she could simply stay there.

Eventually, Josie Meyer had no other choice but to chase after them..

## **Chapter 368: Collaboration**

In reality, Josie Meyer hated the idea of leaving with Finn Taylor, yet there was nothing she could do.

This was Kyle Kennedy's turf. If she stayed here alone without Finn Taylor, she would probably die a horrible death.

Finn Taylor didn't try to stop her. After all, he couldn't possibly leave her there. If he did so, it would be hard for him to give an answer to Michelle Yeller.

Finn Taylor instructed his men to leave, and he was the only one left there.

He had gone there to save Michelle Yeller, but now that he knew about Melanie Taylor's plan to acquire the neighborhood, he had to stay to plan his moves.

Hunter Sullivan glanced at Logan Yeats and handed the car keys to the latter. "You guys can leave. I'll stay."

The latter knew that his friend was worried for their boss's safety and didn't object to it.

Finn Taylor was indifferent when he heard that, and he turned to the other man. "Howard Dahl, let's have a chat."

The latter was still trembling in fear, but he naturally didn't dare to reject Master Peregrine. Thus, he could only nod in agreement.

The trio quickly arrived at a cafe.

Finn Taylor glanced around. He had frequented the place in the past, but he hadn't been back ever since he moved out of the neighborhood.

"Howard Dahl, your subordinate kidnapped my friend. Do you still want to live?"

Howard Dahl burst out into tears. "Mr. Taylor, this has nothing to do with me. You know that I'm loyal to you. I would never dare to kidnap your friend!"

"Oh, you're loyal to me? Why don't I know that? If you're loyal to me, why are you helping Melanie Taylor to demolish my house?"

Howard Dahl had already expected his boss to bring the matter up. "Master Peregrine, this is really a misunderstanding. Didn't you move out? I thought that you sold your house? Melanie Taylor approached me, and you know that I'm nobody too. I'm no match for her. I have to survive too, so I had no other choice."

While saying so, he stole a glance at Finn Taylor. However, the latter was unmoved and didn't even try to cut in.

Only after Howard Dahl finished his monologue did he finally speak. "Do you think that I'll believe whatever you say?"

Howard Dahl had already been feeling guilty, and he realized that it was no use no matter how nicely he framed it. His words would only trick three-year-olds, but it was Master Peregrine sitting in front of him.

*Thud!*

Howard Dahl fell on his knees yet again. "Master Peregrine, I was wrong. Please punish me. I'll gladly take any punishment you give me."

Finn Taylor chuckled. He was no fool, and neither was Howard Dahl.

If he wanted to kill the latter, he would already be dead by now. It was obvious that he had a plan for the latter, and that was why they were having a chat now.

This was also why Howard Dahl had gone down on his knees. He knew that Master Peregrine wouldn't kill him as long as he humbled himself and gave the latter all due respect.

He understood what Finn Taylor was thinking, and the converse was true.

"Tell me: How much did Melanie Taylor give you?"

"15 million dollars." Howard Dahl had no intention of hiding anything from the other.

"That's quite a huge sum of money. I'll give you this card—buy out the entire neighborhood. You don't have to worry about how much it costs as long as you manage to do it."

Howard Dahl was stunned. *'Not only did the other not pursue the matter, but he is even giving me a bank card!'*

He had never expected Finn Taylor to trust him that much.

"Master Peregrine, aren't you afraid that I'll run off with your money?"

The man chuckled. "At the very most, I'll have another name on the Master Peregrine Order."

Those three words terrified Howard Dahl. He might not be afraid of anything else, but the Master Peregrine Order was different.

There were men who belonged to Peregrine Hall all over the country. As long as his name was on the Master Peregrine Order, he'd be a wanted man.

Then, he would really be done for.

...

In the hotel, Melanie Taylor threw her bag onto the bed.

She glanced at her brother. "Didn't you say that you wanted to chase Yvette Larson? How's your progress?"

The latter shook his head. "I haven't started. I was about to start when you asked me to go to New York."

"Oh right."

Just then, someone knocked on the door.

Levi Taylor headed to the door, only to find his subordinate standing there. "Is something wrong?"

"Linda James is here."

Melanie Taylor was confused. "Linda James?"

Very obviously, Melanie Taylor didn't recognize that name.

"She's Yvette Larson's mother."

"Hey, isn't she Timothy Taylor's mother-in-law—no, ex-mother-in-law—then? How interesting. Why is she here? Bring her to the restaurant."

The other man nodded and set out to work.

"Come on. Let's go and have a look. Don't you want to woo Yvette Larson? She might be your future mother-in-law then."

"Sis, don't joke around. Mother-in-law? I'm just fooling around with her. Do you think I'll really treat her like a treasure?"

Melanie Taylor knew that her brother would never fall for Yvette Larson, and she was only teasing her brother.

By the time the siblings arrived at the restaurant, Linda James had already been waiting for a long time.

Melanie Taylor had done this on purpose to exert her dominance.

Although they had met before, they didn't know each other.

After the pair took their seats, Linda James introduced herself. "Let me introduce myself—my name is Linda James. I'm Finn Taylor's ex-mother-in-law. My daughter has already gotten a divorce from him, so we have nothing to do with him now."

Melanie Taylor sneered inwardly. "Are you emphasizing that fact because you're afraid that you'll be implicated?"

The older woman shook her head. "No, of course not. I can tell that you're such a kind and magnanimous person, Ms. Taylor. I'm sure that you won't come after us since we have nothing to do with Finn Taylor now."

Melanie Taylor waved her off. "I have no time to listen to your nonsense. The Larson family is too insignificant. It isn't just you—I can't even be bothered with your husband or daughter. Why don't you cut to the chase and tell me why you're here today?"

Linda James immediately got up from her seat and bowed apologetically. "Actually, I'd like to collaborate with you."

"Collaborate with me?"

"Yes, a collaboration. I know that you're trying to deal with Finn Taylor. I'm sure you don't know about his plans, but I can get my daughter to act as your spy. Of course, you'll have to pay me for it.."

### **Chapter 369: Kicking Him to the Curb**

Melanie Taylor had never seen anything as shameless as the woman in front of her.

*'Linda James, look at where you're living—Number One Pacific Heights. Your family never would've gotten the chance to stay in such a luxurious house even if you were to work for ten entire lifetimes. It's only because of Finn Taylor that you're living there. Forget about the divorce, but how could you kick him to the curb and backstab him now?'* Melanie Taylor couldn't help but criticize the other woman inwardly, but that had nothing to do with her.

They were a family. The more viciously they fought, the happier she would be.

"Alright, contact me once you have news. I'll definitely reward you with a satisfactory sum."

Linda James bowed repeatedly, thanking the younger lady profusely.



“Linda James, I heard that your daughter is the prettiest woman in all of San Francisco.”

“That’s true.” Linda James was exceptionally confident. “Just take a look at her mother.”

She then took out her daughter’s photo. “My daughter is beautiful, isn’t she?”

“Yes, she is. Have you ever thought about finding your daughter a husband? She can’t remain a widow for life.”

“My daughter isn’t a widow. Oh, you’re saying that Finn Taylor is dead to us. Yes, yes. My daughter is a widow. Actually, I’ve been thinking of finding a husband for her, but she won’t take a fancy to just any average man.”

“Come on. I’ll introduce you to an outstanding one then.”

“Really? Who is that?”

Melanie Taylor patted her brother on the shoulder. “My younger brother—Levi Taylor. What do you think?”

Linda James had been rather excited just moments earlier because someone recommended by Melanie Taylor would definitely be of a certain caliber.

However, she was discouraged after hearing Levi Taylor’s name. *‘How could this young man possibly fall for my daughter?’*

“Don’t joke around with me, Ms. Taylor.”

“Who’s joking around? My brother has taken a fancy to your daughter. If you agree to it, you can invite him back for dinner for them to get to know each other.”

Linda James was still in disbelief. *‘Well, it’s true that Yvette is pretty. Has he really fallen for her?’*

“What? Are you not satisfied with me, Linda James?”

“Of course, I am. I’ll go and arrange it at once. You must come for dinner tonight then!” Linda James walked away, elated.

Watching Linda James’s departing figure, the siblings could only sneer. “She’s such a vicious woman. I can’t believe she gave her daughter and son-in-law away.”

“Yes, she is.”

...

Finn Taylor immediately returned home once he gave Howard Dahl his instructions. He then knocked on Michelle Yeller’s door.

The moment the latter saw him, she rushed into his arms.

“Come back.” Josie Meyer dragged her friend away. “Timothy Taylor, did you arrange for us to be kidnapped so that you could save a damsel in distress? Michelle Yeller didn’t catch that, but did you think that I wouldn’t realize?”

Finn Taylor couldn’t help but admire Josie Meyer for her stupidity. *‘It’s a pity that she isn’t a writer.’*

“Do you really not know why you guys were kidnapped? Besides, I only saved you because Michelle sent a message to me. If I were the one who planned this, how would I resolve this if Michelle didn’t send me a message?”

Michelle Yeller nodded. “That’s right. Besides, wasn’t it Quince Larson who kidnapped us?”

“Quince Larson?” Finn Taylor was stumped. *‘What does this have to do with Quince Larson?’*

“What’s going on, Michelle?”

Josie Meyer harrumphed. “Does it have anything to do with you? Do you mean that you’re going to take revenge on Quince Larson for us?”

She then slammed the door shut.

Finn Taylor shrugged. *‘I do want to interfere in the matter, but I have to understand what happened in the first place. I’m in no place to do anything if I know nothing.’*

“Sigh.” Finn Taylor felt a little helpless.

He was here to bid the young girl farewell because he was making a trip to Chicago. Since South-East Asia’s Taylor family was now in the picture, he had to consolidate his power, and that meant that Benjamin Taylor and his sons could scam from the family.

Unfortunately, he hadn’t gotten the chance to say what he wanted before Josie Meyer slammed the door shut.

However, that didn’t matter.

*‘We’re just neighbors. By the time I come back, everything will be different. Nothing will matter then.’*

Finn Taylor returned home to pack his bags before making his way to the airport. This time, he was headed back alone and had made a call to his mother in advance, asking if she was willing to help him consolidate his power in the Taylor family.

Although she said that she would try her best to help him, Finn Taylor couldn’t be sure if his mother was telling the truth. However, he could tell that their relationship had improved ever since he had saved her.

On the plane, Finn Taylor couldn’t help but smile bitterly. *‘I have been too soft-hearted and chose to forgive her, but that doesn’t matter. There is no way I could’ve simply severed ties with my mother.’*

Besides, Finn Taylor knew that his mother had always been carrying out orders from others. She had never had the final say.

With nothing else to do, Finn Taylor engrossed himself in a book. But just then, a young child of about three to four years old started sobbing.

Her mother was in an awkward position and tried to comfort her, but nothing seemed to work. The child continued sobbing her heart out.

Eventually, two burly men walked up to her. “You idiot, can you shut up? Otherwise, I’ll throw you out of here.”

Not only did that not stop the child from crying, but it even frightened the young girl even more.

Finn Taylor placed his book down and said, “She’s just a child. You can just wear headphones.”

The two men waved their fingers at Finn Taylor. “This has nothing to do with you, brat. You better shut up.”

Finn Taylor sneered. “You said that the child is making too much noise and is affecting you. You’re making too much noise, and you’re the ones annoying me..”

### **Chapter 370: 30,000 Dollars**

It was usual for children to be throwing tantrums, and the young girl’s mother was already doing her best to calm her down. Besides, all passengers were given noise-canceling headphones. They were more than welcome to use them if they thought that the child was too noisy.

However, they refused to let the matter go—they clearly had other intentions. “Brat, are they your family? Why do you keep speaking up for them? Isn’t it the truth that she’s disturbing us? Don’t you think that you’re being ridiculous by saying that we’re annoying you?”

Before Finn Taylor could say anything, that young girl’s mother had already stood up and quickly apologized. “I’m so sorry. My daughter is still young. I’ll keep her in line.”

“Keep her in line? She looks like she’s already three but can’t even control herself. I think she must be mentally challenged.”

The young girl was already timid to begin with, and she grew even more panicked when she met their fierce gazes.

“I’m sorry. I’m really sorry.”

“Do you think an apology will cut it? If an apology worked, there would be world peace. Give us 3,000 dollars, and we’ll forget the matter.”

The din drew the attention of an air stewardess. “Sir, what’s going on? Could you please return to your seats?”

“This girl is too noisy, and I’m feeling very uncomfortable. I want her to compensate me for my mental health.”

The air stewardess was left in an awkward position. This was a tricky situation to deal with.

“Why don’t I find a pair of noise-canceling headphones for you?”

“Who wants that? I’m here to enjoy my flight, not to suffer.”

The mother of the child apologized once again. “I’m so sorry. I’m a single mother and don’t have any money to give you. My child is still young. I promise you that she won’t make any more noise.”

“Do you think I care about a promise like that? You’ve already made me feel uncomfortable. You better hurry up and pay me.”

That child was naturally at fault for making a fuss, but she had already apologized for it.

The men were clearly making a mountain out of a molehill.

Finally, Finn Taylor stood up and scoffed at those two arrogant men. “3,000 dollars? I’ll give you 30,000.”

Finn Taylor’s words delighted them.

Just as they reached out for the money, Finn Taylor threw a punch toward their chests.

The men then fell down onto the ground and clutched their chests, feeling as though their internal organs were being flipped inside out.

“30,000 seems too little. Why don’t I give you another 30,000?”

The two men—who had been exceptionally arrogant just moments earlier—were now terrified by the man’s words.

They had almost lost their lives with just one punch and would probably die if they were to be punched yet again.

“D-don’t. We were wrong; we don’t want anything. It was our fault, and we won’t do it again.” The two men grimaced in pain as they crawled up from the ground and kowtowed to the other man.

Their dignity didn’t matter at this moment. Only their lives mattered.

“Scram and get back to your seats.”

The two men thanked Finn Taylor profusely.

“Thank you.” The woman expressed her gratitude to Finn Taylor, and the little girl handed a piece of candy to him as well.

He broke out into a wide smile. *‘It has been years since others offered me candy. Sarah Eaton was probably the last one who did so. I wonder what’s happened to that brat.’*

Sarah Eaton had once been Finn Taylor's neighbor but a rather distant one. Her family had run a small snack store, and the latter had often stopped by for snacks when he was a child—so much so that the young girl's mother personally prepared them.

Every time Finn Taylor visited, Sarah Eaton would always give him a lollipop.

At that time, they had all been rather poor. Even though a lollipop seemed worthless, it meant the world to a kid.

That was why Finn Taylor had never forgotten about it. It had been a light in his dark childhood.

"Sir, please return to your seat," reminded the air stewardess.

Finn Taylor nodded and returned to his seat before the stewardess helped him fasten his seatbelt.

From where Finn Taylor was seated, the other's chest was in his direct line of sight.

As she got up, she even brushed her chest against Finn Taylor's face. "Hi, my name is Snowy. You can look for me if you need anything."

She even left her name.

Finn Taylor merely smiled blandly, not taking her words to heart.

No matter what their intentions were, Finn Taylor had never taken an interest in any other women. Yvette Larson was the only one in his heart.

Very quickly, the plane landed in Chicago.

Just as Finn Taylor was getting off the plane, Snowy chased after him. She shouted for him, but he ignored her and walked on.

This annoyed her.

But just as she was about to catch up to him, she spotted him getting into a luxury car.

There was a middle-aged woman seated in the back row beside him.

"What? Is he being sponsored by a sugar mommy?" Thinking about that possibility, Snowy grew even more uncomfortable. *'I practically gave myself to him just now. Any normal man wouldn't be able to control his urges, but that man had. I had already thought that it was strange earlier, but the cat is finally out of the bag now. It isn't because he can control his urges but because he is being backed by an old woman.'*

Snowy could hardly contain her disgust.

The one who had come to pick Finn Taylor up from the airport was naturally Wendy Jensen.

The lady whom Snowy had mistaken as a sugar mommy was actually Finn Taylor's mother. However, Finn Taylor had no idea about what was going through that young lady's mind.

In the car.

“You’re finally back to take over the reins of the family.”

Finn Taylor sneered. “Is it just as you wished? If not for Grandpa, I wouldn’t even care about the Taylor family.”

“There’s no point in talking about these things now. Have you thought about how you’re going to deal with the three of them?”

“I have my plans. You don’t have to bother about it.”

Instead of driving to the Taylor family’s residence, the car headed for a mansion that Finn Taylor had purchased with his own means.

“Finn, you’re really changing my impression of you. You’ve been planning this since you were six, and you bought such a huge mansion without any help from the family?”

“What, did you think that I’d die without you guys?”

Just then, Felicity arrived. She knew of this place—or rather, she came here every week to clean up the place.

That was why the mansion was in such good condition..