

UNTOUCHABLE

Chapter 371: Knights

As Felicity walked in, she completely ignored Wendy Jensen and turned straight to Finn Taylor. “Master Peregrine.”

“Oh, have you brought it here?”

The lady handed a piece of paper over.

“It’s in such a rural area.”

Curious, Wendy Jensen peered over. “What are you guys looking at?”

Felicity spun around and grabbed the other woman’s neck. “You better not look at it. You’re not on the same side as Master Peregrine. Be careful; I might just kill you.”

Wendy Jensen was incensed and roared back, “How dare you! We’re mother and son, and you’re just a servant! How dare you speak to me like that?”

“Mother and son? Servant? Hehe, I was the one who stayed by your son’s side when you abandoned him, but you’re now saying that you’re his mother?”

“You...” Wendy Jensen was fuming, yet there was nothing she could say.

“Alright, get ready. We’ll leave in three days’ time.” Finn Taylor then started packing his belongings.

His mother was extremely curious about the situation, but it was clear that neither of the two was going to let her in on anything.

She felt a sour twinge in her heart. *‘He’s my son—my biological son. Why are we so distant? Besides, hasn’t our relationship already improved compared to the past?’*

“Stay here and don’t even think of going back to the Taylor family’s residence in these three days,” Finn Taylor instructed his mother.

“Why?”

“I’m just afraid that you’ll tell those three people about what’s going on here.”

“What are you saying? I’m your mother. Do you not trust me?”

“You’re right. I don’t trust you.”

Wendy Jensen nearly vomited blood, but her son was right.

The next three days were like hell on earth for her. It felt no different from being imprisoned, yet her son couldn’t care less about her.

Three days later, her son informed her that he was going to leave with Felicity while she had to stay. This infuriated Wendy Jensen.

Over the past three days, her son had at least been around in the house with her. But now that they were all leaving, she was going to be bored to death.

Paying no heed to her tantrum, Finn Taylor left for the woods outside Chicago with Felicity.

It was a deserted and uninhabited area that was full of flora and fauna.

Because Finn Taylor had an acute sense of hearing, he could even hear the howls of wolves. Yet, they still trudged on into the depths of the woods.

As they made their way through the dense foliage according to the map, they finally spotted a small, wooden hut.

In front of the hut were a man and a woman. They were dressed like aboriginals, completely different from people from modern society.

Finn Taylor and Felicity approached the pair. "Hello, may we ask if you're the legendary knights we've heard about?"

"Scram!" the man replied curtly.

"I'm Master Peregrine. I'd like to ask Lancelot and Guinevere for some help."

The latter two had once been part of Peregrine Hall but seemed to have left after a huge tussle. At that time, Peregrine Hall had held it against them and tried to go against them in every way possible. That was why the pair had been unable to survive in modern society and had moved into the depths of the woods.

Naturally, they flared up upon hearing that Master Peregrine was here to look for them.

"Brat, I advise you to leave right now. I haven't killed you because I'm in a good mood today. Otherwise, you'd already be a corpse on the ground," said the lady.

Finn Taylor hadn't expected the lady to be as brutal and straightforward as the man. "I think there's been some kind of misunderstanding between us."

"There's no misunderstanding at all. Scram!" Lancelot roared.

"Jacob Taylor must've been the one who went against the two of you, right?"

"What, are you not related to him?" Guinevere sneered.

"I am. I'm his son."

The lady then replied, "Scram then!"

"Don't be in such a hurry to chase me away. I've been abandoned by the Taylor family. Jacob Taylor tried all ways to kill me, and I only survived and became the next Master Peregrine out of pure luck. Just like you, I have a grudge against Jacob Taylor."

Guinevere was stunned. "You hold a grudge against Jacob Taylor?"

"Yes. Not only him but also Frida Cameron."

"What's your name?"

"T-Timothy Taylor," Finn Taylor answered.

Silence!

Both Lancelot and Guinevere were in a daze. "You're Timothy Taylor? Didn't they say that you were already dead?"

"Of course, they can't wait for me to die. Unfortunately, I'm still alive and kicking."

Now that he had said so, the pair understood that Finn Taylor wasn't trying to go against them. On the contrary, they had a common enemy—Jacob Taylor.

"I'm here today to ask a favor of the two of you."

Lancelot laughed. "Brat, we would've killed you if not for the fact that you're just like us and bear a grudge against Jacob Taylor. However, you're still his son. We won't leave you—you better leave."

Finn Taylor understood the other's temper and knew that the latter probably wouldn't leave without a fight. As such, he charged forward.

Lancelot merely chuckled and lifted up his fist.

Bang!

With only one blow, Finn Taylor fell onto the ground, unconscious.

Witnessing that, Felicity rushed up too.

But just then, Guinevere stepped forward and rendered her unconscious too.

"Sigh, they can't even take a blow. Why are they here? We have to drag them out now." Lancelot clapped helplessly.

"Don't be in such a hurry to chase them away. You were once part of Peregrine Hall too. Aren't you going to invite him for a cup of tea at the very least?" A deep voice thundered over them from all around.

Lancelot had never felt such fear in his life.

"I'm here!"

Lancelot looked in the direction of the voice, realizing that a man was standing on the roof of the hut. "Maximus Brugel."

"Lancelot, Guinevere, long time no see."

"What are you up to, Maximus Brugel?"

“Nothing much. I just want to invite you guys out of this place.”

“Out of this place?”

“Yes, on his behalf.”

“F*ck!” Lancelot couldn’t help but curse. “You’re thousands of times stronger than me. Why don’t you help him instead of asking for our help?”

“I have more important things to deal with. He needs someone to protect him, and you two seem like a good choice.”

“What can you do to me if we decide not to go?”

Thud!

Maximus Brugel jumped down from the rooftop, and the wooden hut quaked. “You’re free to refuse my request as long as you manage to win this match against me..”

Chapter 372: Felicity’s Death

The couple had never even considered dueling Maximus Brugel. They hadn’t even noticed the man jumping onto the rooftop, and he had destroyed their entire hut as he jumped off it.

His powers were truly incredible. Even together, the couple was no match for him, and they quickly gave up on the idea.

“Can we not go?” Lancelot pleaded.

“Come on then. Let’s have a match.”

“Forget it. I think we’d better go.”

...

By the time Finn Taylor awoke, he was already lying in a hotel room with Felicity by his side.

Lancelot and Guinevere were seated by the window. “You’re awake.”

“You guys didn’t kill me?” At the moment that he fainted, Finn Taylor had wondered if the couple was going to kill him because they held grudges against him—to be more accurate, they held a grudge against his father. However, he’d have to pay for it.

“Kill you? Didn’t you ask for our help? What, were you asking us to kill you?”

“Huh?” Finn Taylor was confused. *‘Didn’t they want to kill me? Why are they suddenly helping me?’*

“What? Why are you so suspicious of us when we’re already willing to help you out? If we wanted to kill you, we would’ve done so a long time ago.”

Finn Taylor gave it some thought. *'He's right. Given their abilities, it wouldn't even take much for them to kill me. Why would they let me off when I'll make trouble for them in the future?'*

"Although I don't know why you guys suddenly changed your minds, I'm willing to trust you. I'd like to ask for your help to get the Taylor family back. Would you be willing to help me?"

"Brat, I just realized that you're really daring. Don't you know that we bear grudges against the Taylor family?"

"Yes, but I'm from the Taylor family too. Aren't you guys still willing to help me?"

Finn Taylor's words stumped them. *'He makes sense. Since we've already decided to help him, we might as well help him get the Taylor family back too.'*

"Tell us more about it."

Finn Taylor then told the couple everything that had happened.

"Benjamin Taylor, Julian Taylor, Jefferson Taylor." Lancelot read the names through. He then laughed and said, "Alright, we'll go with you."

Benjamin Taylor was already an old man. The trouble lay with his two sons—Julian Taylor and Jefferson Taylor.

These two men were known to be well-trained and strong, and average men were probably no match for them. However, that wasn't the case with Lancelot and Guinevere.

Finn Taylor shook Felicity awake prior to the group setting off for the former's mansion to pick Wendy Jensen up. This was all done before heading to the Taylor family's residence.

Wendy Jensen was nearly trembling in fear as she sat beside the couple. She naturally knew what her husband had done to the couple, yet her son had gotten into an alliance with them! *'What has he done all these years?'*

Very quickly, the group arrived at the Taylor family's residence.

As they got out of the car, they spotted Benjamin Taylor seated on the master's chair. Beside him stood his two sons.

"Wendy Jensen, you've been missing for a few days. I knew that you two were up to something. Since you're here, you better not even think of leaving."

Finn Taylor chuckled and turned to Lancelot and Guinevere. "They could've set up traps for us. Be careful."

The couple inched forward and carefully entered the house. They glanced around, realizing that only the trio was present. *'But that's impossible. They already expected this to happen, so how could they not have set up any traps?'*

But no matter how hard they tried, they couldn't detect any traps around. *'That's strange. Forget it—let's just fight it out.'*

The couple charged forward, and the Taylor brothers didn't back down.

Everything seemed unexpectedly normal as though it was a fair fight.

'That's impossible. They already knew that we were going to come, so why would they make this a fair fight? Something is amiss!'

Yet, nothing seemed out of the ordinary.

The battle went on, and just as expected, the brothers were no match for the couple.

The two men were already losing their energy.

That was even more bizarre.

If the brothers could win against the couple, it would make sense for them not to have placed any traps. Yet, their abilities were no match for the couple!

Just as Finn Taylor was lost in his thoughts, he saw two needles fly silently toward Lancelot and Guinevere. *'No wonder it seemed like there was nobody else in this place. What they prepared weren't men but silent weapons! They want to kill Lancelot and Guinevere without anyone knowing!'*

"Fight!" Finn Taylor rushed forward without any hesitation.

These two needles didn't really matter to him, but his worry was that there would be more than just two needles. Things would take an awkward turn then.

Just then, his greatest fear came true.

Those two needles were only the beginning. Following that, needles were shot at Finn Taylor and the couple continuously.

Thankfully, Finn Taylor was agile and managed to catch them all.

However, they seemed to be coming at an even greater speed—it was now getting harder for him to catch the needles.

Just as he caught one in front of him, one flew toward him from the back.

He was about to turn around, but it was too late because a needle was headed for Guinevere.

If he were to turn around and save himself from that needle, Guinevere would definitely die. Yet, he knew that he'd be seriously injured if he didn't turn around and catch that needle.

Witnessing the scene, a smile spread across Felicity's face—the prettiest smile she had ever had in her life.

She then rushed forward and took the blow for Master Peregrine.

By the time the latter turned around, blood was spurting out from the woman.

“Finn, can I call you that? Am I pretty?”

Finn Taylor picked the woman up in his arms, who was toeing the line between life and death. “Yes, you’re beautiful. Felicity, you must pull through.”

“Thank you, Master. I’m really happy to have saved you.” With that, she shut her eyes as her breathing gradually got shallower until it eventually stopped..

Chapter 373: Taking Back the Taylor family

Felicity was dead.

Lancelot felt a murderous aura rise up within Finn Taylor the moment the woman took her last breath—it felt as though he was a demon from hell.

“Ah!” A thunderous roar sounded in the Taylor family’s residence before a bloody scene followed.

Five minutes later, Jefferson Taylor laid lifelessly on the ground while his brother was on the brink of death.

As for Benjamin Taylor, he was still seated on the master’s chair. However, he was no longer as arrogant as before.

His hands and lips were trembling. *‘Finn Taylor... Isn’t he a piece of trash? Didn’t everyone say that he’s easily bullied? But why is he so strong? Why did he have to ask for Lancelot and Guinevere’s help if he was so strong?’*

Benjamin Taylor was confused, but he didn’t have any time to think more about it because a fist punched right at his face at that very moment.

His entire chest caved in.

Bang!

Still full of indignation, Benjamin Taylor bent over and took his last breath.

Seeing his father dead, Julian Taylor—who was already dying—lost his will to live.

With that, all three men of that branch of the Taylor family were dead. From now on, Finn Taylor would head the family.

Yet, just at that very moment, he fainted too.

Finn Taylor was never as powerful as Lancelot or Guinevere. If he was, he wouldn’t have asked for their help.

Besides, he had been knocked out by the couple and had even thought that he would die from that blow. Yet, he had managed to defeat the Taylor brothers even though neither Lancelot nor Guinevere had been able to do so.

One of the reasons was that Felicity was dead.

She was an important woman to him. After all, she had been in his life ever since he was six.

Chicago was Finn Taylor's hometown, and having influence in the city was crucial to him.

Considering how he had put Felicity in charge of the city, it was obvious that their relationship was different. But she was dead now, and it was Benjamin Taylor and his sons who had killed her.

That was the last straw that broke Finn Taylor.

Those men had to die, and that was what had led to this scene.

"Shut the doors," ordered Lancelot and Guinevere.

Wendy Jensen was slightly stumped. *'What do they want to do?'*

"Didn't you hear me? I asked you to shut the doors."

Terrified of the couple, Wendy Jensen could only do as they said.

There were several men dead in the room, and Finn Taylor had fainted.

The couple didn't dare to make their own decision. Thus, they chose to shut the doors and wait for Finn Taylor to wake.

"Where's his room?"

Wendy Jensen remained silent.

"I asked you where his room is! He has fainted, and he needs some rest."

Finally, Wendy Jensen said, "Follow me."

Lancelot picked Finn Taylor up and followed Wendy Jensen.

When they arrived in front of Finn Taylor's room, Lancelot nearly dropped the man to punch the latter's mother.

It was a dilapidated and uninhabitable room—it wasn't even fit for a human.

It was clearly a kennel!

No matter what, Finn Taylor was the eldest grandson of the Taylor family. Yet, he was living in such conditions.

Both Lancelot and Guinevere had doubted Finn Taylor in the beginning. *'How could he be living in such poor conditions?'*

Yet, they now realized that the other wasn't lying. Perhaps Finn Taylor had even kept some of it to himself. He had probably faced much more injustice and had only told them part of it.

Thinking about it, Lancelot and Guinevere glared at Wendy Jensen. "Go and tidy up a room for him."

"Huh? Me?" Wendy Jensen pointed at herself in disbelief. It seemed as though that was below her and that the request was an insult to her. However, she had no choice but to put down her pride when faced with the couple's furious glares.

Even after placing Finn Taylor on the bed, the couple had no intention of leaving the room.

That bothered Wendy Jensen. *'I'm his mother, but they're treating me as though I don't exist. To put it more accurately, they think of me as their enemy! Do they really think I'm going to do something to Finn? Do they think I'm going to kill him while he's out cold?'*

As for the couple that had initially held a grudge against Finn Taylor, they had undergone a 180-degree change. Now, they stood firmly by his side to protect him.

The world was a strange place indeed. How could this be happening?

"Let me ask you something. Since you hate Jacob Taylor so much, why did you agree to protect his son?" Wendy Jensen could no longer hold her curiosity in.

"In that case, I should kill you first."

Wendy Jensen couldn't pick out any flaw in that response. After all, Finn Taylor had still been young when his father dealt with the couple. This meant that he was innocent.

However, she had been married to Jacob Taylor and had to bear responsibility for what her husband had done.

"Well, my husband is already dead. Why don't we let this matter go?"

Guinevere grabbed hold of the older woman's neck. "And what if we refuse?"

Wendy Jensen had an awkward smile on her face. "D-don't. I'm Finn Taylor's mother, and we've already smoothed out our differences. Besides, I'm not like Jacob Taylor. I didn't have a say in whatever he did at that time."

Guinevere tightened her grip, and Wendy Jensen felt as though she was going to suffocate. "I'm begging you. Don't kill me."

Finally, Guinevere shoved the other away. *'How lame. I've seen too many so-called rich ladies like her. They always act so high and mighty, but they are actually all cowards. Wendy Jensen is no different. She seems like the matriarch of the family on the surface, but she surrendered right away before I even did anything.'*

It was enough that she had chosen to surrender, but Guinevere had even seen the older lady bending her knees earlier.

Guinevere was sure that the other woman would've gone down on her knees if she had given it more time.

Guinevere was disdainful. *'I'll never forgive Jacob Taylor in this lifetime, so I'm never going to accept an apology from Wendy Jensen. To be honest, I don't feel much for Finn Taylor either. However, we have no choice but to protect him for Maximus Brugel's sake. If we ever meet the latter again, we'll definitely ask to be released from this torture..'*

Chapter 374: I'm Wrong Then

Of course, neither Lancelot nor Guinevere would abandon Finn Taylor just yet.

Time ticked by, and Master Peregrine finally awoke after several hours. He was still weak and dehydrated, and Guinevere handed him a glass of water.

After taking a sip of water, Finn Taylor felt much better. "How's Felicity?"

The couple shook their heads sadly.

Although Finn Taylor had already expected that response, he had still held out some hope. "Give her a good funeral and burial. Announce to the public that the three of them died from illnesses. Don't waste any time or effort on their funerals."

There was too much involved in this drastic change in the Taylor family. There was no way Finn Taylor would let outsiders hear of what had truly happened.

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Finn Taylor kept a firm grip on a piece of candy—it was the piece of candy that the little girl had given him during his plane ride to Chicago. At that time, the candy had reminded him of Sarah Eaton.

'It's been so many years. I wonder how she's doing now.'

Sarah Eaton had been an important figure in his childhood, and she had brought light and hope to him.

Finn Taylor arrived at his childhood friend's house and saw that the snack store that the family operated was still open.

He sat down and said, "I'll have a donut."

"Oh, ok," Sarah Eaton's mother answered, but she suddenly felt that something was amiss. *'That voice sounds familiar.'*

She turned around and realized that the man looked familiar too. However, she couldn't put a name to the face.

Then, it suddenly struck her. "Timothy Taylor."

“Oh, you still remember me.”

“Yes, of course!” Sarah Eaton’s mother was emotional, and she rushed up to grab the man’s hand. There were tears at the corner of her eyes, and she could hardly speak.

“It’s been a long time, Auntie.”

“Yes, long time no see.”

Although Finn Taylor had nothing to do with their family, he was a good friend of Sarah Eaton. They shared a good relationship with each other.

“Mom, who are you talking to?” Just then, Sarah Eaton returned.

There was a man behind her, and on the man’s arm was a formidable-looking tattoo of a dragon.

Of course, Finn Taylor didn’t take him seriously. Tattoos like that were merely to scare others.

They were shocked when they saw Finn Taylor.

“Sarah, come and see who’s here.”

The young lady peered over, feeling that the man in front of her was extremely stern. She looked closely at the man but couldn’t put a name to his face.

Finn Taylor pointed at the lollipops in the snack store. “Timothy Taylor.”

She finally recognized him and rushed up to hug her childhood friend.

But this angered the tattooed man behind her.

Of course, he was overthinking it. There were absolutely no romantic feelings between Finn Taylor and Sarah Eaton. They were no different from siblings.

“Who’s he, Sarah?” That tattooed man could no longer hold his curiosity in.

“Oh, he’s my childhood friend.”

That simple answer only made the man hate Finn Taylor even more. “Hey, what do you work as?”

Finn Taylor shrugged. “Do I have to tell you about that?”

The tattooed man treated Finn Taylor hostilely, and the converse was true.

Because of their friendship, Finn Taylor hoped that Sarah Eaton would find a good boyfriend, not someone like this.

“What do you mean?”

“Nothing much. Since you asked me about my job, you must have an impressive one.”

“Oh, I’m part of Brother Knox’s gang.”

“Brother Knox? What’s his full name?”

“Knox Eaton.”

“Knox Eaton?” Finn Taylor frowned. *‘Why have I never heard of him?’*

Master Peregrine picked up his phone and dialed a number. “Do you know of someone named Knox Eaton? Ask him to come here now. I’ll send you my location.”

As he hung up, he sent the other his whereabouts.

The other man couldn’t help but sneer. *‘I’m clearer than anyone about how powerful Knox Eaton is. Besides, that man isn’t the highest in rank—it is Dirk Larson. The latter is the true boss.’*

“Who did you call? Are you trying to frighten me?”

“No, I wouldn’t waste my time on you. I just want to get to know the Brother Knox you’re talking about.” Finn Taylor turned to his friend. “Sarah, I don’t think you found yourself a good boyfriend.”

Sarah Eaton was slightly awkward, and she remained silent.

That only deepened Finn Taylor’s curiosity. *‘Is there something more to this? I have to get to the bottom of it.’*

“Auntie, I’ll have a donut. I’m starving.”

The older lady nodded and quickly brought his order over. As she did so, she quietly warned Finn Taylor, “Why don’t you leave first? You’re no match for them.”

It was exactly because of what she had said that the man knew that something was amiss. *‘I can’t leave now. I have to know what’s going on.’*

“It’s been ten minutes. Didn’t you ask Brother Knox to come? Why isn’t he here yet?”

Finn Taylor wiped his mouth as he finished his donut. “Thank you for the reminder.”

Master Peregrine then took out an hourglass timer and placed it on the table. “Every time I flip this hourglass, I’ll chop off a finger from your Brother Knox’s hand.”

His words scared Sarah Eaton. “Finn, you’re kidding, right?”

Her boyfriend sneered. “Why are you so gullible, Sarah? Are you stupid? Don’t you know how powerful Brother Knox is?”

Because of what her boyfriend had said, she started doubting her friend and fearing for his safety.

Just then, a BMW stopped in front of the store.

Both Sarah Eaton and her boyfriend recognized it—it was Brother Knox’s.

“Hey, why is Brother Knox here?” The couple gave it some thought and came to the same conclusion—it was pure coincidence.

There was no way Finn Taylor could've summoned the other here.

"You're lucky. It was almost time to turn the hourglass," Finn Taylor said as he picked said item up.

As Brother Knox walked over, his face was void of any expression. After that, he immediately fell to the ground in front of Finn Taylor. "Mr. Taylor, I don't know how I've offended you. But since you said that I've done something wrong, I must have.."

Chapter 375: I Was Wrong, Brother Knox

Knox Eaton's words stumped both Sarah Eaton and her boyfriend. *'Isn't Knox Eaton the most powerful around the area? But he rushed over just because of Finn Taylor's call and even kneeled down to apologize without even knowing what he's done wrong?'*

"You haven't done anything wrong, but he says he knows you." Finn Taylor pointed at Sarah Eaton's boyfriend, whose name was Calvin Lowe.

Knox Eaton glared at him. *'How I wish I could kill this man right now. It's this b*stard who offended Finn Taylor, and he even dragged me into this! Just because of him, Finn Taylor now hates me. I even had to kneel down to him!'*

"Knox Eaton, I've heard all about you. Apparently, nobody dares to provoke you around here. I think your lackey here has done something wrong. Why don't I help to get rid of him?"

"No, there's no need for that. I'll do it myself." Knox Eaton was on the verge of tears. *'There is no way I'd ask Finn Taylor to get rid of my men.'*

Given Finn Taylor's abilities, Knox Eaton was sure that he'd be left with no subordinates.

"May I stand up, Mr. Taylor?"

"Sure, I didn't even ask you to kneel."

Knox Eaton bowed respectfully at the other man as he stood up. "Thank you, Mr. Taylor."

Following that, he took hesitant steps toward Calvin Lowe. "Calvin, are you going to own up to what happened, or do you need me to beat you up first?"

Calvin Lowe was on the verge of a breakdown. *'I can't tell him about what I did. If I do, he'll definitely kill me.'*

"Brother Knox, I-I didn't do anything..." Calvin Lowe could only try to shirk all responsibility. He wasn't going to admit to anything if the other didn't have any evidence.

“Oh, so you think that my words don’t mean a thing anymore.” Brother Knox took a few more hesitant steps toward Calvin Lowe.

This terrified the latter. He didn’t have an ounce of courage when faced with his boss since he had personally witnessed the latter beating others to death.

He didn’t want his life to end that way.

There was no way the man would’ve risen through the ranks to the top if he wasn’t capable.

He was really no match for Knox Eaton.

“Brother Knox, I’ll tell you everything.” Eventually, Calvin Lowe broke down and crumpled onto the ground. “I threatened her to be my girlfriend with her family’s lives.”

Knox Eaton’s eyes were filled with fury. Although he was a gang leader, he would never hurt anyone in the area. All he had done was ensure the security of the area so that the residents would thank him and pay him for his efforts.

That was the difference between him and other gang leaders.

Knox Eaton had always believed in karma. If he bullied the residents, he was bound to pay for it one day.

However, Calvin Lowe had gone against his ideals, and he naturally wouldn’t keep someone like that under his wings.

“Alright. Let’s see if I kill you today, Calvin Lowe.”

The latter retreated and suddenly said, “I’m Dirk Larson’s brother-in-law.”

Dirk Larson was Knox Eaton’s boss, and he had indeed gotten a new wife recently—Calvin Lowe’s sister.

Calvin Lowe revealed this, believing that the other wouldn’t dare to touch him. Otherwise, Dirk Larson would definitely hold him accountable if anything happened.

As expected, those words made Knox Eaton stop in his tracks.

This pleased Calvin Lowe. *‘Ha! He must be scared now. I was worried I wouldn’t get the chance to turn the tides and become Knox Eaton’s boss, but my chance is here!’*

But what Calvin Lowe didn’t know was that Knox Eaton hadn’t stopped because he was afraid of the former or Dirk Larson but because he thought that Calvin Lowe was retarded.

‘I’ve already tried to help him.’ Knox Eaton turned to Finn Taylor. “Mr. Taylor...”

“Mm.” Finn Taylor nodded.

Knox Eaton picked up the phone and made a call to Dirk Larson. “Dirk, Mr. Taylor wants you to come down. You’ll find out what’s going on once you’re here.”

For some reason, Dirk Larson couldn’t help but feel uneasy about the call.

Master Peregrine had called him earlier on, asking if he knew Knox Eaton. He also requested the latter to meet him.

'When I heard Finn Taylor's tone, it seemed like he was slightly mad. But now, his target has changed—Finn Taylor now wants to meet me! What is Knox up to?'

"Just you wait, brat. I want all of you dead once Dirk Larson comes. And you, Knox Eaton. Do you think you're brilliant? I used to be afraid of you, but now that I have Dirk Larson supporting me, I want nothing to do with you. Let's wait and see how you'll die once my brother-in-law comes."

Knox Eaton sneered inwardly. *'How I'll die? What a great question. However, I can't wait to see how Dirk Larson dies because of you.'*

Before long, another car arrived in front of the snack store. Both Knox Eaton and Calvin Lowe recognized it—it was Dirk Larson's.

Calvin Lowe rushed up emotionally to help his brother-in-law open the door. "Brother Dirk, you have to save me. Knox Eaton wants to kill me."

'Kill him?' Dirk Larson was stumped. *'Although Knox is one of my subordinates, he is different from the others. He is peace-loving and would never try to kill anyone. What's going on?'*

"What's going on, Knox?"

"Dirk Larson, I heard that he's your brother-in-law," Finn Taylor casually said.

It was only then that Dirk Larson spotted the man. He rushed up to the latter and bowed respectfully. "Hello, Mr. Taylor, but you must be joking. I found a new woman recently, but she isn't his biological sister. She's just his cousin, so he isn't really my brother-in-law."

"Oh, but he's still your relative. Your brother-in-law is really something." Master Peregrine pointed at the snack store owner. "He threatened my friend and my auntie with their lives so that she'd be his girlfriend. Well, I've been away from Chicago for too long, and my subordinates don't know me anymore. They even think that they can bully my friends."

Each word was like a stab to Dirk Larson's heart, and he couldn't wait to rip his 'brother-in-law' to shreds. *'Of all people to offend, the latter has offended Finn Taylor!'*

The image of Finn Taylor killing others on that rainy night years ago was still fresh in his mind.

He didn't want to become yet another victim of this man..

Chapter 376: Sending Off

"You're really bold, Calvin Lowe. Who allowed you to do such an inhumane thing?"

Calvin Lowe had called Dirk Larson over to speak up for him and subdue Knox Eaton, but he hadn't expected the other to turn against him. "Boss, what do you mean? I'm your brother-in-law!"

"Nonsense—we don't even meet that often. Do I know you?"

Calvin Lowe was stumped. *'I just had a meal with the other a few days ago. At that dinner, the latter had personally called me his brother-in-law, telling me to use his name if U ever got into trouble. It has only been a few days, yet the other is now abandoning me.'*

"You can't do that, Boss."

"Do what?" Dirk Larson landed a punch on his wife's cousin.

Although Calvin Lowe's body was covered in tattoos, he was a wimpy man. Conversely, although Dirk Larson looked like a gentleman, he had gotten to his position by fighting his way up.

His single blow left Calvin Lowe lifeless on the ground.

"Auntie, I want another donut. Do you still have more?" Finn Taylor didn't even glance over, focusing only on his donut. He then turned to Sarah Eaton. "Have you forgotten to give me something?"

The young lady had yet to recover from the shock of learning of her childhood friend's true identity. *'He managed to summon both Knox Eaton and Dirk Larson here with just a phone call, and the two men treated him as though he was their own father. Who is he? Why is he so powerful?'*

"Huh?" Something suddenly popped up in Sarah Eaton's mind, and she handed the man a lollipop. "Here you go."

As Finn Taylor took it from her, she asked, "Are you still my younger brother?"

He smiled widely and answered, "What, have we grown distant just because we haven't seen each other in a while?"

Seeing that smile, Sarah Eaton finally calmed down. *'Finn hasn't changed. He's still that little boy and my friend.'*

"What are you still doing here? Don't you see that you've startled my friend?"

Finn Taylor's comment frightened Dirk Larson, and the two men dragged Calvin Lowe away.

When everyone had left, Sarah Eaton sat down. "Thank you, Timothy."

"Why do you have to thank me? I didn't do much."

"Why are you so influential now?"

"I'm not. I just happened to know them."

A wild idea popped up in Sarah Eaton's mind. "Timothy, are you their boss?"

Before Finn Taylor could say anything, Sarah Eaton's mother cut in. "What nonsense are you saying, Sarah?"

Her impression of Knox Eaton and Dirk Larson was that they were both bad men who bullied the weak. If Finn Taylor was their boss, it meant that he was even worse than those men.

That was why Sarah Eaton's mother was so agitated.

"What stories are you cooking up all day? If I was their boss, do you think they'd still be alive?"

It was true that Finn Taylor wasn't the boss of either man. There were probably seven or eight levels that separated them, so Finn Taylor wasn't exactly telling a lie.

At least, that was what he thought.

"Will they take revenge on me in the future?" Sarah Eaton suddenly thought of a terrifying possibility.

Although the men hadn't said much on the surface, they would definitely take revenge after getting bullied. That was also why most were afraid to provoke them.

Thus, Sarah Eaton was afraid that this would be the case.

"Don't overthink it. I'm on quite good terms with them, so I'm sure they'll do me this favor." Because his childhood friend was so timid, Finn Taylor didn't know how to explain the matter to her and could only say that.

Even though the young lady was still doubtful, she didn't have a clue about the truth either, so it was better to just ignore everything.

"Oh, right. Timothy, I'm going to a gathering tomorrow. Can you attend it with me?"

"What kind of gathering is it?"

"Just a small one with my friends. They all have a plus-one; I'm the only one who doesn't."

It didn't mean much to Finn Taylor to attend it, so he agreed to it. "Alright, I'll pick you up tomorrow."

Sarah Eaton was overjoyed because the man had agreed to attend the gathering with her and because she had reconnected with her friend.

One's childhood friends were always unforgettable.

...

The next day, Finn Taylor drove over in a pink Maserati that cost about a few hundred thousand dollars.

Finn Taylor had looked around in the garage for a long time, and this car seemed to be the most normal and suitable for young ladies.

He cherished his childhood friendship, so he was going to gift the car to Sarah Eaton.

When he appeared in front of Sarah Eaton's house with the Maserati, the latter was clearly stunned. In her memories, Finn Taylor was still that impoverished young boy who only had money for a donut. She always had to give him a lollipop for free.

Now that they had lost contact for a few years, Finn Taylor had suddenly struck it rich! He was now driving a Maserati worth hundreds of thousands of dollars!

The man placed the car key on the table. "Auntie, I'll have two donuts."

"Oh, ok." Knowing that Finn Taylor was coming, Sarah Eaton's mother had already prepared donuts for the former.

"Timothy, your car is so pretty." Sarah Eaton stroked the car gently.

"Oh, you like it? It's yours then." Finn Taylor pushed the key toward the girl.

"Huh?" Sarah Eaton was stunned for a moment before she quickly shook her head. "No, no. I can't take this from you."

"Sarah, I suffered a lot as a child, and you were the only one who gave me some warmth. You have to accept my gift."

Even so, Sarah Eaton merely shook her head. "Timothy, what do you take me for? I only treated you well because I thought of you as a friend. Did you think I did it to be recognized?"

Finn Taylor waved her off, knowing that he couldn't force the car on the girl. "Alright then. Why don't you do me a favor?"

"What help do you need?"

"Well, cars break down if they're left unused for a long time. I'll be leaving Chicago for a while, so why don't you help me take care of the car and return it when I return to Chicago?"

"This..."

"What, didn't you say you were a good friend of mine? Then, why are you trying to refuse my request now? It's clear you don't treat me as your friend.."

Chapter 377: Meeting Snowy Again

For some reason, Sarah Eaton felt that something was wrong. *'Won't I still have the car then? The difference is just that this would be for the short-term. Who knows how short that will be? But Finn has already said that he'll take the car back once he returns. However, the last time I saw him was more than a decade ago. Do you mean this car will be mine for more than ten years?'*

"Timothy, I really can't take your car."

"Who's asking you to take it from me? I'm just asking you for a favor. Aren't you going to help me out, or do you not want to spend money on gas? Alright, I'll give you 1,500 dollars. It should be enough. If it isn't enough, you can ask me for more once I'm back."

Sarah Eaton grew even more confused. *'We were only talking about the car earlier. Why are we talking about money too? Is he going to add on more things if we continue with this conversation? I can't let that happen; I can't take anything from him. Otherwise, he'll think I'm greedy.'*

"Stop it. I'll help you drive the car around, will that do? But take your money back. Otherwise, we can't be friends."

Given his childhood friend's personality, Finn Taylor had already expected her to refuse his money. Without saying a thing, he took the stack of cash back.

"I'm done eating—let's go. I don't know the place well, so why don't you drive?" By the time he finished his sentence, he was already in the passenger seat.

'Er...' Left with no other choice, Sarah Eaton could only get into the driver's seat.

Once she fastened her seatbelt, she ignited the engine.

Luxury cars were really different from ordinary ones. The car started smoothly, and Sarah Eaton could feel the difference at once.

Because Sarah Eaton's best friends were well-to-do, they had chosen to meet at a five-star hotel in Chicago.

This put pressure on Sarah Eaton because everyone cared about their own appearances. But since her best friends had already suggested going there, she couldn't possibly refuse by saying that she didn't have enough money for it.

Her heart ached every time she met her friends for a gathering.

No matter how careful she was in front of her friends, her friends never spared a thought for her. They all felt that Sarah Eaton was earning a measly pay and would be better off starting her own business. However, the latter couldn't even do so because she wasn't capable enough.

Her friends had never thought about what would happen if she were to fail. It was fine for some to fail since they had rich parents supporting them, but not Sarah Eaton.

She had grown up without her father, and her family had barely gotten by with her mother's earnings from the snack store.

Even with just over a thousand dollars a month, she was satisfied. There was nothing more she'd ask for.

...

At the hotel, Sarah Eaton's best friends had already arrived.

One of the ladies glanced at her watch. "Why isn't Sarah here yet? We've been waiting for half an hour."

The girl beside her smirked. "Why's that strange? She's probably still waiting for the bus."

"Sigh, why doesn't Sarah just try to start her own business? Remember the business deal that I offered her last time? I handed it to one of my subordinates, and she's already made 30,000 dollars!"

“That’s right. Not only is she a coward, but she’s also useless. I guess she’s fated to be stuck working jobs that pay 1,000 dollars at the very most.”

“Sigh, I could probably make more in a year than she could in her entire life. Why doesn’t she just start a business with me?”

“Why do you think she’s done so badly?”

“Yes, weren’t her results the best amongst us while we were still in school?”

“Results? Those are useless. People in society don’t care about your educational qualifications. They care only about your abilities and how you look.”

Just as they were in the middle of their discussion, the door to the room was pushed open.

Sarah Eaton then walked in. “I’m sorry I’m late. You must’ve waited for a long time.”

One of her friends pointed at her watch. “Sarah, we’ve been waiting for 15 minutes and 20 seconds. I could’ve earned a few hundred dollars if I was handling a business deal.”

The moment she opened her mouth, she talked about money.

That irked Finn Taylor. *‘They don’t seem very friendly.’*

“Why are you here?” Finn Taylor hadn’t gotten the chance to take a look at the women in the room before someone pointed him out. She had an exaggerated expression on her face as she glanced at the man.

The latter looked in the direction of the voice, realizing that it was Snowy whom he had met on the plane.

Finn Taylor didn’t reply to her. After all, the two of them had only had a chance encounter previously.

They weren’t close.

Seeing that Finn Taylor ignored her, Snowy fumed.

“You know them?” Sarah Eaton turned around and asked curiously.

“We met on the plane.”

“Oh... Oh!”

‘Oh right, Snowy is a flight attendant. I guess Finn could’ve met her on the plane.’ Sarah Eaton then walked in with her friend.

The pair sat beside Snowy, who was the closest to Sarah Eaton amongst the best friends. After all, the others were all business owners. Sarah Eaton and Snowy were the only two employees.

Of course, while they were both employees, Snowy was doing much better than the former.

“Sarah, did you take the bus here?”

“No, not this time.”

“No? Did you think that you’d be able to trick us? Forget it. Why don’t you introduce him? Is he your boyfriend?”

“No, no. He’s my childhood friend.”

“Childhood friend? Oh, are you chasing Sarah? You’ll have to work hard to win us over then.”

Snowy quickly interrupted them. “Stop teasing them. He has a girlfriend.”

‘A girlfriend?’ Sarah Eaton was taken aback. ‘I don’t even know about it, so why does Snowy know about it? Finn said that they only met on the plane, so they can’t be that close.’

Finn Taylor was equally puzzled. *‘She’s just a flight attendant, so she can’t possibly know about my relationship with Yvette.’*

“Miss Snowy, how do you know if I have a girlfriend?”

Chapter 378: Unqualified

Finn Taylor had only had a chance encounter with Snowy, yet the latter was certain that he had a girlfriend. *‘How does she know about that? Can she read my mind?’*

“What, do you really want me to tell everyone about it?”

‘It’s such an embarrassing thing to do. Doesn’t he feel ashamed? Why is he still so arrogant? Does he really want me to expose him in front of everyone? Is he a man? He’s so shameless.’

“Hehe. Sarah brought you here, so I won’t embarrass you in public.”

‘I won’t tell them about what I saw the other day since Sarah brought him here. Sarah will be equally embarrassed if I expose him.’

“Sarah, he isn’t a good man. I’ll tell you more later when we leave. I’ll send you home.” Snowy couldn’t help raising her guard toward Finn Taylor. As such, she tried to convince her friend to leave with her.

“That’s alright. I drove here.”

“You drove here?” Hearing that Sarah Eaton had driven to the venue, her friends were shocked.

“Oh, you bought a car? What kind of car is it?”

“Yes, you should’ve told us about it. We could’ve helped you check it out.”

“What’s there to check? It must be a Buick that costs just a few thousand.”

The women each shared their own opinions. Although they knew that Sarah Eaton had bought a car, they felt that it couldn't be an expensive one.

"Hurry up and tell us, Sarah. What kind of car is it?" Although they probably wouldn't take a fancy to Sarah Eaton's car, their curiosity had been piqued.

"Er, just an average one." The car wasn't Sarah Eaton's. Her friend has simply lent it to her, and that was why she didn't intend on sharing anything with the others.

But it was exactly her reluctance to answer them that made them even more curious. "What?! Sarah, are you not going to tell us the truth? Do you think we'll look down on you because you can't afford a car? What car did you buy?"

"Yes, where's the key? Hand it over to us so that we can see if we recognize it." One by one, Sarah Eaton's friends tried to persuade her.

Eventually, even Snowy couldn't hold it in. "We're all friends here, Sarah. It should be fine to tell us what kind of car you bought."

Sarah Eaton knew that her friends weren't going to let the matter go, and she eventually had no choice but to place the car key on the table.

Her friends were stunned when they saw the logo on the key. "Y-you bought a Maserati?"

"Which model is it?"

Curious, they walked to the window, where they spotted the pink Maserati.

"Is that pink one yours? It costs at least a few hundred thousand!"

...

That threw the whole room into silence.

They had always thought of themselves as richer and better than Sarah Eaton, yet even they couldn't afford a Maserati. After all, they were even exaggerating about how much they earned a month.

It wasn't that easy to do business, and it was good enough to be earning a couple thousand in profits on good days. On bad days, they were mostly making losses.

As such, it was already good enough for a business to be earning around 50,000 dollars a year. This meant that they would have to work for decades before having any chance of buying a Maserati.

Yet, the most useless among them—Sarah Eaton—had bought herself a Maserati!

That confused all of them. *'What's different about Sarah today? The only difference is that she brought a friend today. Do you mean that this friend of hers has something to do with that Maserati?'*

"Is your name Timothy Taylor? Did you give Sarah that Maserati?" One of the women seemed to have discovered the truth.

Just as expected, Sarah Eaton was doing the worst amongst them.

“Am I obligated to answer your question? So what if I did, and so what if I didn’t? All you have to know is that Sarah is driving a Maserati. She won’t just be driving it today, but tomorrow and the day after too. Are you trying to suck up to me so that I’ll give you a Maserati too, or are you just envious of your friend? If that’s the case, I can tell you right now that there’s no need to be envious of her or try to suck up to me. I’ll never fall for people like you.”

Finn Taylor’s words were insults to the women there.

Everyone knew in their hearts that the woman Finn Taylor was talking about had earned her money from sleeping with men. They all knew about it, but there was no need to say anything about it since they were merely friends. Even so, that didn’t mean that they didn’t know about it.

To be honest, they all hated her, but anything was better than poverty. As such, her friends merely looked down on her without saying anything.

Yet, Finn Taylor had changed that. He had pretty much said what everyone else had in their minds.

“You...” Not a single person spoke up for her, and she immediately understood that her friends all knew about her situation but had chosen to keep mum about it.

How she wished she could bury her head in the sand at that moment!

Embarrassed, she rushed out of the room. *‘I can’t stay here any longer. It isn’t just today. Perhaps I’ll never be able to attend a gathering again. I’ve already been utterly humiliated.’*

“Sarah Eaton, you’re really something. We were doing just fine earlier, but look—we got into a fight the moment you came.”

To tell the truth, everyone knew just who was at fault in this matter. However, they simply needed someone to blame.

“What’s your name, Miss? Which family are you from?” Finn Taylor believed in the principle of ‘an eye for an eye.’

“What, are you running a background check on me?” She sneered as she leaned back. “Do you think I’d be afraid of you? I’ll tell you right now that my name is Ellen Fleming. My father is Morgan Fleming.”

“Morgan Fleming? I remember him. He waited at my house for three hours last time, begging for a meeting, but I chased him away. He’s unqualified to even meet me..”

Chapter 379: Educating

Finn Taylor’s words infuriated Ellen Fleming.

The Fleming family was an insignificant family in Chicago. In fact, they were rather well-known. Yet, they seemed so trivial when Finn Taylor talked about them as though they were trash.

“Are you tempting fate? You do know that you’ll have to pay for what you just said, right?” Ellen Fleming jolted up from her seat, demanding the man to apologize to her and her family.

“Call your dad. Tell him that Timothy Taylor is waiting for him here.”

Even if Finn Taylor hadn’t said so, Ellen Fleming would’ve called her father anyway.

‘The man in front of me insulted my family! I definitely have to let my father know about it to teach him a good lesson.’ Ellen Fleming then whipped out her phone and made a call to her father, letting him know where she was.

Finn Taylor cut in. “Hurry up and tell him that Timothy Taylor is waiting for him here.”

Seeing how arrogant Finn Taylor was, she quickly conveyed the message. “Dad, that b*stard is really annoying and stuck-up. He wants you to know that his name is Timothy Taylor and that he’s waiting for you.”

Before she mentioned the man’s name, everything seemed normal on the other end of the phone. However, that changed the moment she mentioned Finn Taylor’s name.

Morgan Fleming jumped up from his seat. “Hold on. What did you say his name is?”

“Timothy Taylor. Why?”

“Are you sure his name is Timothy Taylor?”

“Yes.”

“Wait there. I’ll be there right away.” Morgan Fleming didn’t have time to chat with his daughter. *‘I have to rush over. If Ellen has indeed offended that Timothy Taylor, it will be a tricky situation to deal with. However, it won’t matter if it’s simply another Timothy Taylor.’*

Ellen Fleming could clearly tell that her father’s attitude had changed, but that made sense since she had been bullied. Hence, she didn’t take it to heart and didn’t overthink the matter, simply thinking that her father was incensed.

Of course, she had never suspected that the cause was Timothy Taylor’s identity.

As she hung up the call, she turned to Finn Taylor smugly. “I can’t wait to see how you’ll die once my father comes.”

The latter merely chuckled. “I can’t wait either.”

Sarah Eaton couldn’t help but worry for her friend.

To be honest, Snowy was the only one amongst them who treated her well. The others were only superficial friends.

They had merely been friends in college and happened to be in Chicago as well, and that was why they were friends now. In reality, however, they all knew that they weren't truly friends.

On the other hand, Sarah Eaton and Finn Taylor were childhood best friends and had always been on good terms with each other. They had never dissed each other like these 'friends' did.

Time ticked by.

Ellen Fleming stared at Finn Taylor, feeling as though the latter was done for. As such, she said, "How about this? I can spare you on Sarah's account, but you'll have to crawl through my legs."

Crawling through someone else's legs was a huge insult to anyone, much less for a man. Yet, Ellen Fleming had boldly suggested it.

It was obvious just how unreasonable the woman was.

The door opened just as she said so, and Morgan Fleming walked in, happening to hear what his daughter had said.

He took large strides up to his daughter and slapped her in the face.

"Dad!" Tears filled the girl's eyes. *'Why did he hit me?'*

"Apologize to Mr. Taylor."

Her father's words stunned her. *'Why is my father asking me to apologize to him? Who is he? I'm from the Fleming family! Who does he think he is?'*

What Ellen Fleming didn't know was that her father was on the verge of breaking down. He had spotted Finn Taylor the moment he entered, and he knew exactly who the latter was—the eldest son of the Taylor family, the head of the family, and Master Peregrine of Peregrine Hall!

It wouldn't take him any effort to destroy such an insignificant family like the Fleming family, yet his daughter had provoked the man! She was trying to drag the entire family down with her!

"Why should I do that?"

Finn Taylor egged her on, "That's right. Why should she?"

But it was exactly because of these words that Morgan Fleming realized the severity of his daughter's actions. He turned to the man and bowed respectfully. "Mr. Taylor, my daughter is young and insensible. I hope you can forgive her."

Morgan Fleming's actions scared everyone in the room.

Who would've thought that this man would apologize to Finn Taylor?

Morgan Fleming was the head of Chicago's Fleming family! Why would he apologize to the other?

However, Finn Taylor remained indifferent and didn't even spare the man a glance as he started chatting with Sarah Eaton.

Their conversation was absolutely meaningless, and Morgan Fleming knew that this was a warning from Finn Taylor. However, this meant that the latter was giving him a chance.

He'd naturally be tempting fate if he didn't cherish this opportunity.

That was why everyone watched on as Morgan Fleming started bowing lower and lower until his knees hit the ground.

"I'm sorry, Mr. Taylor. I'll make it up to you." Morgan Fleming fell onto his knees.

It was an incredulous sight, and everyone felt goosebumps rising on their skin. They were all confused as to why Morgan Fleming would kneel down to the young man. *'Does Timothy Taylor really have an exceptional background? But that's impossible. Although we're not wealthy, our families are well-respected, and we know all the young masters of Chicago. However, we've never heard of Timothy Taylor. This means that he doesn't exist. Since that's the case, why is Morgan Fleming so respectful toward him?'*

It was a mystery in everyone's mind.

"What, do you need me to educate your daughter?"

"Of course not, Mr. Taylor." Morgan Fleming then stood up and slapped his daughter yet again..

Chapter 380: Connor White

Yet, this was just the beginning.

Morgan Fleming landed one slap after another on his daughter's face.

Ellen Fleming was squirming in pain as she begged her father for mercy. "I was wrong, Dad. Stop hitting me. I'll apologize to him, will that do?"

If Ellen Fleming had been willing to do so earlier, none of this would've happened. However, she had previously insisted on keeping her pride.

That was what had caused this problem in the first place.

Without Finn Taylor's approval, Morgan Fleming didn't dare to stop slapping his daughter. No matter how hard his daughter begged him, he continued.

To be honest, even he didn't want to stop slapping his daughter. He had utterly failed as a father for his daughter to offend someone like Finn Taylor.

If she continued, she was sure to bring the entire family down with her one day.

Although Finn Taylor was angry, he hadn't done anything to Ellen Fleming. This meant that he had let her off.

Morgan Fleming would rather teach his daughter a lesson before it cost her her life.

“Kneel down!” he yelled as he kicked his daughter in the knee, causing the latter to fall to the ground and into a kneel.

She had been completely unprepared, and her knees hit the ground with a thud. Then, blood started oozing out from them.

It seemed like she had gotten hurt. Even so, Morgan Fleming wasn’t going to go easy on her.

He landed yet another vicious slap on his daughter’s face. “Tell me. Do you know what you’ve done wrong?”

“Yes, Dad. I was wrong.”

Yet another slap.

“Why haven’t you apologized if you know you were wrong? What are you waiting for?”

Ellen Fleming was on the brink of tears. Left with no other choice, she could only say, “I’m sorry, Mr. Taylor. I was insensible. I hope that you’ll forgive me.”

Ellen Fleming was no fool.

Initially, she had thought that her family would be able to suppress Timothy Taylor, yet she had come to her senses the moment her father slapped her. *‘If Father had any other choice, he would never do this to me. It seems like there is only one possibility—Timothy Taylor is truly someone to be feared, so much so that even the Fleming family can’t afford to offend him.’*

“Alright, take your daughter to the doctor.” Finn Taylor knew that the man was putting on an act for his sake.

Even though Morgan Fleming had slapped his daughter dozens of times, it wasn’t as painful as one would expect because he was merely putting on an act.

However, Finn Taylor didn’t care about that. They were insignificant characters, and there was no need to waste his energy on them.

If he did, he would’ve died from what he had suffered in the past three years.

Morgan Fleming was emotional as he received Finn Taylor’s approval. He, too, fell on his knees and kowtowed to the latter. “Thank you, Mr. Taylor.”

He then dragged his daughter out of the room without any hesitation.

Only when they left the hotel did Ellen Fleming rush into her father’s arms. “Dad!”

“My darling daughter, I must’ve hurt you.”

“No, Dad. Did I get into trouble? Who is Timothy Taylor?”

“Sigh, you’re really lucky. He must’ve been in a good mood today; otherwise, you’d be dead by now.”

Ellen Fleming hadn't expected her father to say that. *'It seems like Timothy Taylor is more powerful and influential than I thought.'*

"He's the eldest grandson of Chicago's Taylor family, the only one in line to inherit the family. He is also Master Peregrine of Peregrine Hall."

'The only one in line to inherit the Taylor family and Master Peregrine or Peregrine Hall?' Ellen Fleming's jaw dropped. *'I can't believe I offended such a big shot! I'm really lucky to have survived. I should be dead by now.'*

...

With Ellen Fleming's departure, the group started their gathering.

But the atmosphere was now stiff because of what had happened earlier. Although they were enjoying delicacies, they were all restless.

Snowy took the chance to drag Sarah Eaton to the washroom. There, the former lectured her friend. "Sarah, I'm not trying to say anything, but what are you doing with someone like that?"

"Someone like what?"

"Didn't you see how terrified Morgan Fleming was earlier? I'm sure you know of Morgan Fleming."

The latter naturally knew who Morgan Fleming was, but she didn't think that her childhood friend was a bad guy either.

"Oh right, did he give you the car?"

Timothy Taylor had been vague about the topic earlier. Now, Snowy wanted to verify the matter for herself.

"He wanted to give it to me, but I refused his offer. Hence, he said that he would lend me the car and that I'll return it to him when he returns to Chicago."

"I knew it. You've fallen for his tricks."

"Huh? What trick?"

"Do you know where he got his money from to simply give away such a good car?"

"No, he was quite poor in the past."

"Of course! His money is from a sugar mommy!"

'A sugar mommy?' Sarah Eaton was dumbfounded. *'Why does that sound so unbelievable?'*

"You must believe me! I saw it for myself! After getting off the plane, a wealthy woman came to pick him up in a Bentley. She was about 50 years old."

"Huh?" Disbelief was written all over Sarah Eaton's face. She couldn't believe that her childhood friend had turned into such a person, much less that he had lied to her!

'It's no wonder he was able to summon Knox Eaton and Dirk Larson with just one phone call... They're part of the same gang!' In an instant, she lost faith in her friend.

However, Snowy instructed her to pretend not to know anything for fear that Timothy Taylor would hurt them.

Sarah Eaton made a mental note of that.

When they left, Finn Taylor left together with Sarah Eaton the same way they had come.

But for some reason, Finn Taylor couldn't help but feel that his friend's attitude toward him had changed. Yet, he didn't know why this was happening.

...

Finn Taylor had nearly completed everything he had set out to do in Chicago. Only one thing remained—now that Felicity was dead, he needed someone else to manage his business in Chicago.

Finn Taylor had already found someone for that job—Connor White..