

UNTOUCHABLE

Chapter 381: Contact Details

When Finn Taylor arrived at the White family's residence, Connor White was sipping on tea in the living room and didn't even know about the former's arrival. Thus, he got a huge shock when the former appeared in front of him.

"T-Timothy Taylor... You're back?" Connor White's hands trembled as he asked.

"What, you look quite frightened to see me."

That was true because he had been Donovan Taylor's underling, not his brother's. It was Donovan Taylor who had put him by his brother's side, and the latter had found out about it. After that, Timothy Taylor had even broken his leg.

Even now, he still limped when he walked.

However, what surprised Connor White was that Timothy Taylor had not only kept him alive but had also taken him in as his own underling.

Just like that, Connor White became one of Timothy Taylor's men.

The former had tried his best, but Timothy Taylor chased him away just as he was about to become the latter's right-hand man.

Then, Felicity appeared.

The woman took over the businesses in just one day and learned the ropes in three days. Within a week, she managed to win over all those who had been disgruntled at the sudden takeover.

Just like that, Connor White became an utter joke.

It was a huge blow to him. Although he had indeed been a traitor to Timothy Taylor before, he had changed and had become truly loyal to the latter. Yet, his boss still chose not to believe in him.

With that, Connor White started lazing around at home, and more than a decade passed just like that.

Just as he was getting used to his lifestyle, Timothy Taylor once again appeared in front of him.

'What are you trying to do?' Connor White was itching to ask the other that, but he didn't dare to. He didn't have the guts to do so and could only pour Finn Taylor a cup of tea.

Timothy Taylor took the cup from him and poured it on the ground. "Felicity is dead."

Those three words stunned Connor White. *'Felicity is dead! Such a powerful woman is dead!'*

"I need someone to manage the businesses in Chicago and suppress all those disgruntled men," Finn Taylor continued.

The other man finally understood Finn Taylor's intentions. "What will happen if I don't go?"

"You're either with me or not." Master Peregrine raised his head to look at Connor White. "Take your pick."

Connor White's heart thumped rapidly against his chest. *'It's obvious that he's trying to warn me, but I can't just give him a flippant answer.'*

He gave it deep thought. *'Will I be able to win against Timothy Taylor if I refuse him? That's impossible. I met him for the first time when he was only six, and he managed to subdue me at the age of eight. I was already over 30 years old at that time and was played by a child. He has grown up now, and I've grown old. There's no chance of me winning.'*

After pondering it, Connor White finally nodded. "Fine, I'll do it."

Finn Taylor poured himself another cup of tea. "I heard that you don't have any children."

"I'm not even married. Of course, I don't have any children."

Connor White had been sent to stay by Timothy Taylor's side and had chosen not to get a girlfriend for fear of implicating an innocent lady. After he was kicked out of the organization, he had been in no mood to find a girlfriend.

"But I have a niece."

"Niece?"

"Yes, her name is Snowy White. She's a flight attendant. I'll introduce you to her when I get the chance." Connor White took out his phone as he said so.

Finn Taylor's gaze quivered slightly when he saw the photo, but he didn't say a word. "Do you hate me?"

"Of course. Why wouldn't I?" Connor White understood the other—the latter hated when people put up a false front. It was always best to speak one's mind in front of him.

"I had no other choice. You betrayed me."

"So why are you asking me to help you now? Aren't you afraid that I'll betray you again?"

"No, I already have the whole Taylor family under my control, and I'm Master Peregrine. I don't think you'd dare to betray me."

Finn Taylor's words stumped the man.

Connor White tried to find the right words to rebut the other but couldn't. *'That's right. Finn Taylor was still weak at that time and worried about those who betrayed him. But now, nobody will dare to betray him given his identity and status.'*

Finn Taylor then left the White family's residence and Chicago to return to San Francisco.

He had only gone to Chicago to reestablish the Taylor family. Now that his work there was done, he had to return to San Francisco to get the Nile Street project settled.

He had a bold plan to purchase the entire neighborhood. *'Doesn't Melanie Taylor want it for herself? Great, I'll find someone to sell it to her at ten times the market price and then find people to make this place worthless. Then, Melanie Taylor's millions of dollars in investment will go to waste. When that time comes, I'll obviously win.'*

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Linda James had found Melanie Taylor, promising to provide the younger woman news on Finn Taylor. However, she wanted monetary rewards in return.

Of course, it would be good if she could collaborate with Mortal Corporation.

Unfortunately for her, Finn Taylor had changed all of his contact details. Hence, she had failed to contact him.

Getting clues on him seemed like an impossible task now.

Yvette Larson was now her only hope, so Linda James set out to look for her daughter. "Are you still upset, Yvette?"

The latter didn't answer her.

It was only after her divorce that she realized just how much she loved Finn Taylor. He was now an integral part of her life, yet he left and disappeared entirely from her life.

"Call him if you miss him."

"Call him? He's changed his number." Yvette Larson had already tried calling her ex-husband, but the call couldn't get through.

"I'm sure you'll find a way of getting in touch with him." Linda James believed her daughter when the latter said that the man had changed his number. However, she refused to believe that her daughter would lose contact with Finn Taylor. *'They must have another way of contacting each other.'*

"Another way of contacting him?"

Suddenly, a string of numbers flashed through her mind..

Chapter 382: Secret Exposed

Three years ago, Yvette Larson happened to get into some trouble when the couple had first gotten married. It had been such a long time ago that she herself had forgotten what had happened.

At that time, Finn Taylor had told her that she could always contact him if anything happened in the future. However, Finn Taylor had been a useless piece of trash, and Yvette Larson had looked down on him.

The latter had even retorted, "So what if I call you? Will you be able to do anything?"

That was the first time Yvette Larson had seen her husband speak seriously to her. "Yes."

Yet, she refused to believe him due to her own beliefs.

That night, Finn Taylor suddenly handed her a piece of paper. "If you can't get me on my phone, call this number."

However, Yvette Larson had never thought of using that number. After all, her husband was just a piece of trash who knew nothing but how to do household chores. How could he possibly protect her?

There was no way she would believe him.

But now that she thought about it, she realized that she probably still had that piece of paper. For some reason, she hadn't thrown it away.

'Where is it? Where did I put it?' All of a sudden, Yvette Larson started searching the room as though she had gone crazy.

"Yvette, what are you looking for?" Linda James didn't understand what her daughter was doing, and the latter simply ignored her mother.

Linda James had wanted to help her daughter, but she couldn't do anything since the latter wasn't saying anything.

Yvette Larson racked her brains as she searched the room. Then, it suddenly struck her.

She rushed to her cabinet and dug through it until she found a dress. She reached into the pocket, and just as expected, that piece of paper was still there.

This was the dress she had worn three years ago. At that time, she had carelessly shoved the piece of paper into her pocket.

In the past three years, she had never worn that dress again, so that piece of paper was still there.

Linda James had been following her daughter around and naturally saw the latter take the piece of paper out. She immediately rushed forward and demanded, "What's this?"

"A contact number Finn gave me in the past. He said that I could contact this number if I couldn't get to him."

"Hurry up and try it then."

For some reason, Yvette Larson felt that her mother was acting strangely today. *'She seems even more anxious to see if Finn will get in contact with me.'*

However, she didn't worry too much about it because her mind was focused on her ex-husband.

She made the call.

Finn Taylor was still thinking about how to handle the situation at Nile Street when his watch suddenly flashed red.

Shock!

Finn Taylor's expression immediately dropped. *'It's an emergency call! Not many people know about this—probably fewer than ten.'*

Not only could Finn Taylor call for help with his watch, but he could also receive calls for help.

'Who's in danger this time?' Finn Taylor picked up the call. "Hello?"

He had only said one word before his tears started streaming down his face. He was too familiar with this voice that he had missed so dearly.

He had run through all the names in his mind, yet he had never expected Yvette Larson to be the one calling. "Yvette..."

On the other end of the call, Yvette Larson's tears flowed freely too.

The couple loved each other, and they were both the most important people in each other's lives.

Circumstances had forced them apart, but their feelings for each other had never changed. Even the time apart hadn't changed anything.

On the contrary, it had caused them to miss each other even more.

Finally, Finn Taylor spoke up. "Yvette, did something happen at home?"

Holding back her tears, she replied, "No, I just missed you too much and tried looking for this number."

"I miss you too. Yvette, wait for me. I'll defeat Melanie Taylor very soon."

Hearing this, Linda James was overwhelmed with emotions because she knew that the most crucial part of the conversation was about to come. Thus, she urged her daughter. "Yvette, ask him what plans he has and how you can help."

By now, Yvette Larson had already lost all sense and reason and did just as her mother instructed. "Finn, what are you doing? Melanie Taylor isn't one to be trifled with. Do you need any help?"

Finn Taylor gave it some thought and didn't hide anything. "Can you transfer ownership of our house on Nile Street to me?"

"Are you homeless now?" The woman's heart scrunched up when she heard that. *'Has Finn been sleeping on the streets?'*

"No, don't worry about me. I'm going to buy the whole neighborhood and sell it to Melanie Taylor at a high price."

“Why?”

“Melanie Taylor has been trying to acquire the Nile Street neighborhood and turn it into a public toilet to insult me because I used to live there. I’ll buy it before her and spread the news that she wants to buy it. Then, she’ll have no choice but to do so for the sake of her face. But of course, I’ll find ways to make that place worthless after she does so that she’ll lose millions of dollars.”

Out of trust in Yvette Larson, Finn Taylor hid nothing. However, he had never imagined that his ex-mother-in-law would be listening in too.

Upon hearing this, Linda James acted as though nothing had happened and simply left.

She was a completely different person just moments earlier. She was the one who had frantically asked her daughter to get in touch with Finn Taylor, yet she was now leaving without a care.

Now that Linda James knew about Finn Taylor’s secret, she decided to look for Melanie Taylor the next day.

Last time, Levi Taylor had agreed on coming to meet her daughter but had eventually canceled the appointment. However, there was no way they would miss out on this critical piece of news!

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San Francisco, the gate of the Gold family.

A Rolls-Royce Phantom stopped in front of the gate.

As the car door opened, Melanie Taylor and her brother walked out of the car and headed straight into the compound.

Third Master Gold and his granddaughter were painting together.

The siblings had no sooner walked in than Melanie Taylor sneered before smashing the easel. She even threw the painting at Third Master Gold..

Chapter 383: Please Have Self-respect

Melanie Taylor looked overwhelmingly domineering at this moment, and that threw Kimberly Gold into a frenzy. “Who are you? Why did you destroy my grandpa’s painting?”

Melanie Taylor glanced at the young lady. “Beat her up!”

The moment she finished her sentence, the bodyguard behind her slapped Kimberly Gold in the face.

“Old man, your granddaughter seems a little insensible.”

Third Master Gold was incensed by this point, yet he didn’t do anything because it was Melanie Taylor he was facing.

She represented South-East Asia's Taylor family.

Although the Gold family held great command in San Francisco, they were nowhere near the level of the Taylor family from South-East Asia.

"Ms. Taylor, please forgive her. She's still young and insensible."

Melanie Taylor smiled. "I guess you know that she's wrong too. Since that's the case, get her to kneel down and apologize to me."

Third Master Gold's pupils widened at that. *'I can't even bear to scold my precious granddaughter. How dare Melanie Taylor ask her to kneel down!'*

"Ms. Taylor, why don't I kneel?"

"Grandpa, how could you kneel before her?" Kimberly Gold didn't recognize the other lady and still had no clue about what had happened. All she knew was that a group had barged into their home, smashed their painting, and even slapped her! Now, they were even forcing her grandpa and her to kneel down to them!

"How interesting. You can kneel down in her place, but I want you to kowtow to me too."

'Kneel and even kowtow to her? Why is Melanie Taylor being so ruthless?'

Of course, the family had no choice but to cave in the face of Melanie Taylor's threat. With South-East Asia's Taylor family threatening him, Third Master Gold's knees slowly buckled as he fell to the ground and kowtowed to the other.

"No!" Kimberly Gold could no longer hold herself back as she roared, "You scumbag, I'm going to kill you! You deserve to die! Go to hell!"

Emotions surged in Third Master Gold's heart. *'I kneeled to give Kimberly a chance of survival, but she lost it because I went down on my knees. She's completely lost it toward Melanie Taylor. I'm sure that will only make the latter even more vicious.'*

"Disfigure that brat."

The bodyguard behind Melanie Taylor took a knife out and grabbed hold of Kimberly Gold's face, disfiguring her in mere seconds.

Unfortunately, the young girl's beauty was now gone.

"Old man, I want you to transfer all of your family's assets to me and leave San Francisco within a week. Otherwise, it'll be the neck and not the face next time."

'A threat. It's such an obvious threat, but what else can I do? Even if I try to stand up against her, we're no match for South-East Asia's Taylor family. Besides, she's not just all bark. She's completely capable of going through with what she just said. So what if she escapes after doing that to us? Given how influential the Taylor family is, there's nothing we can do. We can't possibly head to South-East Asia to take revenge. The whole family will probably be killed if I do that.'

“Alright. I promise you, Ms. Taylor.”

That was exactly what Melanie Taylor wanted to hear. She stood up and looked at Third Master Gold before asking him one last question. “Tell your granddaughter whether you think your painting is trash. Do you think I did a good job by destroying it?”

Third Master Gold’s dignity had been completely trampled on, yet there was nothing he could do. “Yes, Ms. Taylor. You did well; my painting is trash!”

“Hahaha!” Melanie Taylor roared in laughter as she left.

Only after the group left did Third Master Gold slowly crawl up from the ground. The whole episode had lasted only minutes, but it had completely drained him.

His heart ached as he looked at his granddaughter’s face. “Kimberly, it’s my fault for being so useless.”

The young girl tried to hold back her tears. “Grandpa, who are they? Let’s look for Finn. I’m sure he’ll have a solution.”

Her grandpa sighed. “No need. I’ll get someone to announce that the Gold family will leave San Francisco and transfer all our assets to Melanie Taylor.”

“Grandpa...”

...

The Gold family’s announcement made waves in the city. Everyone knew what that entailed—the Gold family had fallen from grace.

However, nobody had gained anything from this change.

Besides, who was Melanie Taylor—the one who had taken over the family’s assets? This was the question in everyone’s mind.

When Hunter Sullivan learned of this, he immediately sought his boss out. “Do you know about what happened to the Gold family?”

“What happened?” Finn Taylor had been on the call with Yvette and knew nothing about what had happened.

“Go watch the news.”

Finn Taylor felt incredulous but still switched the news on.

When he understood the situation, he was dumbfounded. “What does this mean?”

“I don’t know. Shall we pay the Gold family a visit?”

“Let’s go.” Finn Taylor was stumped by Third Master Gold’s actions. *‘I’m still in a heated fight against Melanie Taylor, yet the latter has practically surrendered to the woman. While the Gold family’s actions aren’t the decisive factor for my victory, they will affect my standing. Everyone in the city knows that the*

Gold family is on good terms with me and that I treat Kimberly Gold as my younger sister. Still, Third Master Gold has transferred all of the family's projects to Melanie Taylor!

Finn Taylor and Hunter Sullivan rushed down to the Gold family's residence as quickly as possible. "Third Master Gold, don't you think you owe me an explanation?"

The older man wasn't shocked by the other's arrival. In fact, he had already prepared himself for it.

Third Master Gold remained silent as Kimberly Gold walked forward.

Just as the younger man was about to question the family, he spotted the young girl's disfigured face. "You... Did Melanie Taylor do this?"

Finn Taylor was stunned, but he immediately understood why the family had made such a decision—Melanie Taylor had threatened them with Kimberly Gold.

"Alright. Melanie Taylor, you're going to hell." Finn Taylor's heart ached as he gazed at the young girl's face. "Come on—I'll take you to see Jeremy Smith. He'll have a way of saving your face."

Finn Taylor grabbed hold of the young girl's hand, but she unexpectedly backed away. "Please have some self-respect, Mr. Taylor. The Gold family has nothing to do with you. We just want a peaceful life.."

Chapter 384: Equal

Kimberly Gold's hostile tone came like a bolt out of the blue to Finn Taylor. *'The young girl is practically severing ties with me.'*

"Don't be so stubborn. Your face is what matters now." Finn Taylor couldn't care less about whether the young girl was willing to follow him.

Her face had just been injured, and it was still treatable if she got the necessary help right away. However, the chances of a full recovery would decrease as time passed.

Finn Taylor wasted no time as he picked the young girl up and threw her into the car.

Kimberly Gold struggled, but it was in vain.

The man gave no care toward her opinions as he started the ignition. He then made a call to Jeremy Smith, asking the latter to head to Andre Cavill's bar.

By the time Finn Taylor arrived at the bar, the doctor was already there.

"Sir, please treat her injury."

Jeremy Smith took a close look at Kimberly Gold's face and smiled as he nodded. "Thankfully, it hasn't been three hours yet. It's still treatable."

Kimberly Gold was overwhelmed with emotions when she heard that. Before this, she thought that she was disfigured forever and had no chance of recovering. That was why she had been so cold to the man.

However, the doctor now said that there was hope for her!

“Kimberly, I’m leaving. I’ll get someone to send you back. Let’s not contact each other for now. Trust me; I’ll get revenge on Melanie Taylor for you.”

Kimberly Gold felt all sorts of emotions as the man left, not even knowing how she truly felt. She had long gotten over her crush on Finn Taylor, but it felt great being protected by an elder brother.

...

At the same time.

Linda James arrived at Melanie Taylor’s company with Finn Taylor’s secret. She walked straight to the elevator but was stopped by the receptionist. “Who are you to stop me? Do you know who I am? I’m good friends with your CEO. I have something important to discuss with her.”

Nonetheless, the receptionist didn’t budge. “I’m sorry. It’s part of our company’s rules; you have to make an appointment before you’re allowed upstairs. We don’t have any information on your appointment.”

In Linda James’s mind, she thought that she had something very crucial for Melanie Taylor. This meant that she was on the same level as the latter.

Yet, she had forgotten one thing—she didn’t even mean anything to Melanie Taylor.

Although Linda James claimed to know secrets regarding her ex-son-in-law, Melanie Taylor didn’t need any of that. She was capable enough to suppress the other without any help.

“How dare you stop me!?” Linda James reached out to slap the receptionist.

But just then, someone reached over and grabbed hold of her arm. “What’s the matter? Why are you so angry that you’re slapping my employee?”

It was Levi Taylor.

Of course, Melanie Taylor was there too.

“Levi, let go of me. I’ve found out Finn Taylor’s secrets. I’m here to look for your sister.”

Levi Taylor shoved the woman away, and she nearly fell onto the ground.

“Ms. Taylor.” From their conversation, the receptionist understood that Linda James knew Melanie Taylor. Although she had done nothing wrong, she couldn’t help but feel slightly anxious.

Of course, Melanie Taylor wouldn’t be so petty toward a mere receptionist. She waved the other off. “It’s alright. Do whatever you have to.”

With that, the receptionist returned to her workstation.

“How dare you slap my receptionist, Linda James?”

The older woman replied without any fear, “Why can’t I? I’m here to deliver news to you, but she didn’t allow me to go up to your office. Don’t you think I was right to have slapped her?”

“You better look at where you are. How dare you try to slap my employee?” Melanie Taylor sneered as her brother viciously slapped the older woman in the face, causing the latter’s face to swell up.

The Taylor siblings had been brought up strictly, and their education ranged from business management to martial arts.

Although Levi Taylor wasn’t exceptionally skilled, he could easily defeat someone like Linda James.

“You hit me? How dare you hit me! Melanie Taylor, I’m here to tell you about Finn Taylor’s secrets. Don’t you think we’re on the same level since I’m here to give you intel?”

The younger lady scoffed. “Equal? Is there something wrong with your brain? Do you think you’re qualified to be on the same level as me? Even a dog that I raise will be more valuable than you, much less a receptionist in my company. Your so-called intel is nothing but nonsense. Do you think Finn Taylor will have a chance of making a comeback against me when I have such great resources? I’ll make him die a terrible death!”

Melanie Taylor beckoned for security officers and ordered them to throw Linda James out of the office building.

The woman was still in a daze. *‘I tried so hard and even sold my soul to get intel on Finn from Yvette. I thought that I’d be able to get some benefits from Melanie Taylor, but she has never even cared about me! Am I really that lowly to her?’*

...

When he returned home, Finn Taylor was about to knock on his neighbor’s door. *‘But we’re just neighbors. It’s better to stay in our own lanes and not disturb each other if there’s nothing urgent.’*

Just then, Andre Cavill called to say that Kimberly Gold had already returned. Her face had been treated, and the doctor had said that it would take a week to heal up at the very longest.

Andre Cavill then told Finn Taylor that he was organizing a party that night, inviting the latter over.

‘The trip to Chicago was quite exhausting. Maybe the party will help me relax.’ Thus, he didn’t refuse the other’s offer.

Although that was the case, he was actually planning on meeting the four guardians to plan out their next moves.

When he arrived at the bar, he witnessed the men decorating the place.

The bar had been transformed into an airplane cabin.

“What’s going on?”

“We’re hosting a party for flight attendants tonight, and we invited quite a few of them over. Do you want to have some fun too?” said Andre Cavill just as Hunter Sullivan walked in.

“Andre Cavill, how dare you say that? You’d be dead if you said that in front of Yvette.”

Andre Cavill chortled. “I’m just joking.”

His boss laughed as well. “I don’t mind you guys playing but don’t bring me along. Hunter, let’s go upstairs. I have something to tell you.”

Finn Taylor gestured for the man to follow him..

Chapter 385: Party

The bar was decorated uniquely, and airplane seats were placed throughout the ground floor of the bar, giving guests the experience of sitting in a private jet.

In the center was a large stage where the bar hostesses would perform. Of course, Andre Cavill had also invited a few flight attendants over for the party so as to enhance the realism of the event.

To be honest, actual flight attendants gave off different auras than actors. However, they were to be respected.

If anyone tried to do anything to them, they’d be tempting fate.

Just turning up for the event would earn those flight attendants at least 1,000 dollars, which was a considerable sum. There were quite a few takers for the job since it was easy money.

Of course, that wasn’t all.

They knew that a high-end bar like this wasn’t frequented by just any person. There would definitely be many rich young men.

If they could win over just one, they wouldn’t have to worry about the rest of their lives.

Finn Taylor was naturally uninterested in any of that. He sat on the second floor, discussing his plans for the Nile Street neighborhood with Hunter Sullivan while ignoring everything that went on downstairs.

“Lily, why did you bring me here?”

“I only brought you here because you’re my good friend, Snowy.”

A flight attendant was dragged into the bar by her friend. It seemed like the former was reluctant to be here.

“They’re having a party with a flight attendant theme today. We’ll be paid over 1,000 dollars for it!”

Snowy was being dragged by her classmate, Lily.

“Lily, will we have to....” Hearing her friend’s words, Snowy naturally thought of that possibility.

“What are you thinking about? Do you think I’d try to harm you like that? This is a legitimate party, and they’re hiring flight attendants to create the atmosphere of the party. Of course, if you’re looking for someone, I’m sure there will be plenty of rich young men around.”

Snowy only felt more assured after her friend reassured her that her imagination wouldn’t turn into reality. *‘1,000 dollars does sound like a good deal for just showing up. Besides, I’m sure alcohol will be free at parties like this. It’s been a while since I’ve been to a bar. Not only will I get a free meal and drinks, but I’ll even be paid!’*

With that, she headed in with her friend.

Downstairs, the party was about to begin.

Due to the noise, Finn Taylor and Hunter Sullivan were forced to end their conversation.

The former picked up his wine and gestured for everyone to have their fill. Then, he pursed his lips as he glanced downstairs.

Straight away, he spotted Snowy in her flight attendant uniform.

“You know her?” Because he had been in the industry for a long time, Andre Cavill recognized different gazes. He could spot something amiss with his boss with just one glance.

“I’ve met her twice.”

“This will be the third time then. What a coincidence. Shall we invite her up here?”

Finn Taylor waved him off. “I have something against her.”

The other man chuckled. “Do you really have something against her, or are you just afraid that Yvette will lecture you?”

“Andre, I think you want to be taught a lesson.”

The man in question wisely kept his mouth shut, sensing that his boss was on the verge of flaring up.

It was alright to joke around, but it would be foolish to test his boss’s limits. That would simply be courting death.

On the ground floor, Snowy was nearly bored to tears as she glanced around. Coincidentally, she caught sight of Finn Taylor just as he was looking at her. “Hey, why is he here?”

Lily looked in the direction her friend was looking. She spotted Finn Taylor but didn’t recognize him. “Who is he?”

“Just a useless man who’s being supported by a sugar mommy. I can’t believe he followed me here. Does he think that I’ll fall for him?”

“A sugar mommy?” Lily got more confused as her friend went on.

The latter then told her friend about what she had witnessed.

“A wealthy lady’s Bentley? Are you serious?”

“Why would I lie to you? I can tell that he likes me and is trying to get close to me. Of course, I won’t fall for someone like him, but I never thought that he would stalk me and come all the way here. Does he think that he can bed me just because I attend a party like this?”

However, Lily remained doubtful about Finn Taylor liking her friend. *‘There was no hint of that from the man’s earlier gaze. ‘Snowy is overthinking things, but I can’t tell her that. We’ve been friends for years.’*

More than ten minutes later, Snowy glanced upstairs again.

Now that the music had gotten softer, Finn Taylor and Hunter Sullivan were now engaged in conversation again.

He didn’t even turn his gaze toward the woman.

“He’s good at acting. He followed me all the way from Chicago to San Francisco, but he’s pretending not to see me? Let’s see how long he can put up with that act.”

Every few minutes, Snowy would glance upstairs.

But Finn Taylor never even spared her a glance, and this made her friend even more convinced that Snowy was simply overthinking it. However, there was no way of correcting that misunderstanding right away.

“Fine, let’s see how well you act,” said Snowy as she stomped up the stairs.

Her friend picked up her wine glass and pursed her lips while smiling. *‘I have an ominous feeling that my friend will return defeated.’*

As she approached the stairs, Snowy was stopped by two security officers. “Are you blind? Can’t you see that I’m a flight attendant?”

“Flight attendants should be hyping the crowd on the floor. This isn’t a place for someone like you.”

There were only a few people on the second floor—Finn Taylor, Andre Cavill, and the four guardians.

The security officers couldn’t afford to offend any of the six men. If they allowed anyone to go up, they’d be dead meat.

“Someone like me? What do you mean? You better watch your words.”

“What, do you need me to be more explicit? I’m sure you know in your heart why you’re here.”

The security officer’s words angered the woman. *‘I’m not someone like that! But of course, nobody is going to believe that I’m just after that 1,000 dollars..’*

Chapter 386: Crumbling

“How dare you say that about me? Do you know who I am? I’m that guy’s friend.” Snowy pointed at Finn Taylor. *‘He must have some status to be sitting up there. I’m sure I’ll be able to scare this guy off by stating his name.’*

Just as she expected, the two security officers were stumped.

There was no need to question Finn Taylor’s status in the bar.

‘If this woman is truly our boss’s friend, we’ll be in deep trouble.’ The two men quickly rushed up to verify it.

Seeing the anxious expressions on their faces, Snowy was delighted. *‘Timothy Taylor is chasing me. Since he’s respected here, I’ll be respected too.’*

“Mr. Taylor, a woman is looking for you.”

Andre Cavill’s face immediately darkened as the security officer interrupted the men’s conversation. The former felt that he had to take responsibility for this. “Can’t you see that we’re busy here? Are you blind?”

Unexpectedly, Finn Taylor waved him off and glanced at the stairs. “I don’t know her. Chase her away.”

The security officer nodded. *‘I knew that woman was lying. How cunning! Does she really think that Mr. Taylor would fall for her? She must be daydreaming!’*

As the security officers returned to the stairs, Snowy said smugly, “What, have you asked him about it? Can I go up now?”

“Go up? Have you lost your mind? Mr. Taylor says that he doesn’t even know you. Stop pretending and scram!”

‘He doesn’t know me?’ Snowy was dumbfounded. *‘I took the initiative to approach Timothy Taylor, but this is how he responds?’*

Seeing that she wasn’t leaving, the security officers stepped forward to usher her away.

Snowy didn’t want to leave and shouted, “Timothy Taylor, stop putting on an act. Do you really not know me?”

Finn Taylor trusted everyone here, and they all knew that he went by the name of Finn Taylor in San Francisco. Although he had another name—Timothy Taylor—not many knew about it.

This meant that she probably knew the man, and this put the security officers in an awkward position.

Finn Taylor hated putting others in the spot, so he stepped in. “Oh, so what if I know you?”

“What, you stalked me all the way from Chicago to San Francisco, but you’re pretending not to know me now? What are you up to? Are you pretending to be cold and arrogant so that I’ll fall for you?”

Finn Taylor nearly burst out into laughter. “Pretending to be cold and arrogant? I don’t understand what you’re saying.”

“Aren’t you? So many men have tried to chase me, but you’re not outstanding. Hence, you’re trying to attract me by doing this.”

The man sneered.

“I think you’re imagining things. Chase her out.” He gave the order once more, and the security officers quickly stepped in.

Snowy naturally didn’t want to leave and started struggling.

Witnessing this, Lily quickly rushed up. “Don’t fight with them. Let’s go.”

‘Sigh. Women are so bothersome—especially these women who think so highly of themselves.’ He stood up and walked to the stairs. “Firstly, I have absolutely no interest in you. I definitely did not come to San Francisco because I wanted to chase you. Secondly, I’m here because I run this place. I’m not stalking you. Thirdly, I was engaged in a serious conversation earlier and didn’t even spare a glance at you. I wasn’t putting on an act to be cold and haughty. Lastly, we’ve only met twice. We’re not even friends, so please don’t use that word to describe our relationship. Of course, you might think that all men are your friends because of your special profession. I will respect that, but please leave.”

Each word was like a stab to Snowy’s heart, especially the last few words that seemed like the man was ridiculing her. *‘How could he say that I have a special profession! Everyone knows what that means!’*

Snowy was incensed and had to resist the urge to punch him. “Timothy Taylor, you scumbag! You’re such a useless man. How dare you say that about me when you have a sugar mommy?”

The woman was so enraged that she could no longer hold her tongue.

As she said so, everyone turned to him. They knew that Finn Taylor relied on his wife’s earnings, but why didn’t they know about an old woman supporting him?

‘Since when did that happen? Who is that old woman she’s talking about?’

Finn Taylor smiled brightly. “Connor White is your uncle, right? Why don’t you ask him who I am? You might as well ask him who the old woman that picked me up is at the same time.”

‘Connor White.’ Snowy was in a daze. *‘How does he know my uncle’s name? Our family was only able to make a name for ourselves because of him! Does Timothy Taylor know my uncle?’*

For some reason, Snowy suddenly felt that something was wrong, and she quickly made a call to her uncle. “Uncle, let me ask you a question. Do you know Timothy Taylor?”

Connor White was in the middle of grilling some meat, and he nearly burned himself when he heard his niece’s question. “Shh! You can’t just use his name like that!”

Snowy could sense her uncle's nervousness. "Do you know him?"

"Know him? I'm just a dog to him!"

"What do you mean, Uncle? I don't understand."

"You don't understand? Don't you know what his identity is? He's the young master of Chicago's Taylor family and the only one in line to inherit the family. He's also Master Peregrine!"

'The young master of Chicago's Taylor family, the only one in line to inherit the Taylor family, and Master Peregrine or Peregrine Hall?' Snowy felt as though her head was about to explode as her uncle named the titles the man had. "Oh right, Uncle. I saw a woman of about 45 years old pick him up in a Bentley back in Chicago."

"That should be his mother. She's the family head—Wendy Jensen."

'The family head of Chicago's Taylor family?' When she heard that, Snowy nearly burst into tears. *'The older woman is respected, yet I had turned her into nothing but a sugar mommy.'*

'What am I supposed to tell Timothy Taylor now?' Snowy felt as though she was about to crumble as she hung up the phone..

Chapter 387: True Love

When Snowy ended the call and looked back, she could see the look of disdain on Finn Taylor's face. While he had all the right to do so, she couldn't do the same.

The woman felt miserable, but she understood that she couldn't afford to offend the man. Not only would she have to die if she did, but even her uncle and the entire family would be dragged down.

Lily hadn't even understood the situation before her friend fell to her knees. "Mr. Taylor, I was wrong. I apologize for my words."

'How interesting and suave. She didn't even hesitate.'

"Scram then." Finn Taylor was ruthless and replied with only two words.

Yet, those two words were like a relief to Snowy. She understood that the man was letting the matter go.

Full of gratitude, she even kowtowed to the other before leaving.

Snowy's 180-degree change confused her friend, and the latter asked, "What's going on, Snowy?"

However, her friend didn't reveal Finn Taylor's true identity. She would simply be tempting fate if she were to reveal the man's secret.

Finn Taylor then returned upstairs and chatted with Hunter Sullivan for a while before leaving.

When he returned home, he was about to open the door when another door opened.

Michelle Yeller stuck her head out. "You're back, Mr. Taylor!"

Finn Taylor nodded.

"Erm... Can you help me fix my computer?"

"What, has it broken down?"

"I don't know, but there's something wrong with it. I tried tinkering with it but couldn't fix it. I heard the security officer say that you were back, so I've been waiting for you. I hope I'm not bothering you."

"That's alright. Let me take a look."

The moment he entered the house, he spotted Josie Meyer crying on the sofa. He remained silent since he didn't even know what had happened.

He walked up to the computer and checked it.

Billionaires would simply get themselves new computers if theirs broke down. Nobody would try to fix their computers, much less do it themselves. They probably wouldn't even know where the screws were, but Finn Taylor was different.

He had suffered much more than an average person since his childhood, so he had learned to be strong and independent.

He always had to rely on himself. If he didn't put in enough effort, there would always be someone trying to drag him down.

As Finn Taylor tinkered with the computer, Josie Meyer's cries only grew louder.

The man could no longer hold in his curiosity and asked Michelle Yeller, "What's wrong?"

"Oh. She was a fan of a couple, but the woman got married to someone else."

'Er...' Finn Taylor was at a loss for words. 'I thought something major happened, but it's nothing at all!'

"There are plenty of couples who love each other but can't be together. If you were to cry for every one of them, you'd probably be crying for the rest of your life."

Finn Taylor didn't beat around the bush, and that was why many didn't like hearing his words.

"What nonsense are you spouting? Do you know how much he loves her?"

"Tell me then."

"He's a three-time world champion in League of Legends and a two-time champion among all winners. He's even won the regional title eight times! He won everything, yet he lost her. So what if he has those championship titles?"

Finn Taylor wanted to applaud Josie Meyer; the latter had been so invested in her monologue.

“Go on,” the man encouraged.

“I’m done.”

“Oh, just that? I thought it would be a very touching story. It’s just a man who has made it through his own efforts and thinks that their success will win a woman over? Josie, let me tell you something. Those two things have nothing to do with each other. Nothing else matters when it comes to love. Love comes from the heart.”

However, Josie Meyer didn’t agree. “No, I don’t think so. Don’t you think that people will like someone who’s outstanding, rich, and able to give them a better life?”

“Yes, that’s true. But don’t you realize that you said ‘like?’ Loving someone and liking someone are two completely different things. How should I put it? For example, others will always ask you if you’re satisfied or whether you like a guy after a blind date. However, they’ll never ask you if you love the man. Why? That’s because love has nothing to do with material items.”

‘Nothing to do with love?’ Josie Meyer felt as though she had been schooled today, and her opinions toward love had completely changed.

However, the one who had taught her this lesson was none other than the man she hated most—Timothy Taylor!

“Let me ask you another question then. Would a woman truly be happy with a rich man that she doesn’t love?”

“Why not?”

“Just because he has money? Do you think that couples who aren’t well-to-do have nothing to be thankful or happy about? Then, have you thought about why Romeo and Juliet died together?”

“That’s just a story. Things like that don’t happen in real life.”

“What if I told you that both would’ve ended their lives after finding out that their lovers were dead even in reality? They would’ve chosen to die together again if given the chance. What they had was pure love—something you’ll never understand.”

Finn Taylor’s words made Josie Meyer feel miserable because what she had believed in for the past 20 years was being attacked.

What she thought was love was nothing like love.

‘Love is so pure. Even when you’re at your lowest and everyone else looks down on you, your lover will be the only one on your side. I know this well because I’ve experienced it myself. I’ve been called a piece of trash for the past three years. Even though Yvette has always been fierce toward me on the surface, she’s always been on my side. During Joseph Larson’s birthday, she was the one who gave me money to get him a present so that I’d be able to win the old man over. Yet, I’ve been dragging her down for fear of implicating her. It hasn’t been easy for Yvette over the past few years..’

Chapter 388: A Fight

"I've fixed the computer for you. I still have other things to attend to, so I'm leaving." It was already late at night, and Finn Taylor had no intention of staying here with two unfamiliar women. Hence, he left right after saying that.

He had no sooner left than Josie Meyer started lambasting him. "What the heck is he up to? He's a piece of trash! He cheated on his wife with her best friend and was forced to get a divorce! How dare he act so self-righteous in front of me?"

Josie Meyer hated the man's guts, and she couldn't help but express her discontent because the latter had lectured her earlier.

"Josie, I really think there's a deep misunderstanding between the two of you."

"Misunderstanding? What misunderstanding? It's fine if you think that he's great, but the way I see it, he's an utter b*stard!"

"B*stard? I don't think so."

"No? Have you thought about it?"

"Thought about what?"

"That he could be a good guy who deliberately tried to get close to us."

"Get close to us? Why don't you tell me what his goals for doing so are then?"

"You should ask him about that. Why would you ask me about that? How am I supposed to know what's in his mind?"

"If you don't know anything, why would you think that he got close to us on purpose? Besides, we've been the ones troubling him. He's never taken the initiative to approach us."

"That's his little trick. If he were to take the initiative, we'd definitely see through him. He's pretending to be cold and aloof while not approaching us, but he always appears at the right time when we get out of the house."

"Don't you have any conscience? He saved us when we were in trouble, but you're now saying that he deliberately got close to us?"

"What, can't I have my own suspicions?"

"Of course, you can. But think about why we were kidnapped that day. It was only because we got embroiled in the company's matters, but that company has nothing to do with him. Yet, you're saying

that he arranged for us to be kidnapped and tried to get close to us? Do you think you're making any sense?"

"It's perfectly reasonable. Are you so sure that we were kidnapped because of the company's matters? Who told us that? It was the kidnappers who said so, but didn't you see that he seemed to be on good terms with them too? How do you know that he didn't instruct the kidnappers to say so?"

"You're really scary. How could you think that about someone who helped you?"

"I'm scary? I've never thought that of myself. I've only been able to survive because of my prudence. Think about how you've lived. Haven't you always been by my side? It's only because of my carefulness that nothing has happened to us."

"You're saying that there are tons of bad guys in society and that we should be careful. I totally agree with that, but I don't think you should be suspicious of someone who helps you time after time."

"Let me ask you this then: why have there been so many coincidences? Is it really fate? Are you sure he's not creating these opportunities?"

"Do you mean that he was the cause of my computer breaking down too?"

"Of course not, but it's his fault that he was the first person who came to mind once it broke down. You're in a really dangerous spot now. You've already lost all sense and reason. If you ever get drunk or get so enamored when you're with him, you might make an irreversible mistake once you lose control."

"Irreversible mistake? Are you saying that I'm promiscuous and will strip for him?"

"Don't put words in my mouth. You're my best friend. I'm saying this only because I thought that you wouldn't get angry at me, but why are you flaring up today? Is it because you think I'm badmouthing him? You've completely lost your mind. You'll never think bad of him, but I'm your best friend!"

"But there's really nothing to criticize. Why do you always make him out to be a bad guy?"

"You're really hopeless. I have nothing to say to you anymore."

"You're the one who's hopeless. Have you never thought about why you're in this state now?"

"What state? Tell me exactly what you think. I want to see what my best friend truly thinks of me."

"You said earlier that we're best friends and that we don't have any secrets between us. Since we can be honest and open with each other, I'll be frank with you. I don't think it's because you're bad that you're still unmarried at 30. It's because your standards are too high. You always think that men should do everything they can to get in your good books, and you always think that they don't match up to you if they have so much as a flaw."

"I'm so outstanding, so why should I be with those lousy men? Can't I wait for someone who truly loves me? Am I doing something wrong by wanting to wait for someone who's worthy of me?"

"There's nothing wrong with wanting to find someone who's suitable for you, but have you ever considered that your values are already warped?"

“My values? How can you be talking to me about that? What’s wrong with my values?”

“The biggest problem is that you’ve always thought the worst of men. Even if they have never shown any interest in you, you always think that they should try to please you. If they don’t, you would always say that there’s something wrong with them.”

“So you’re saying that I’m not judging them objectively and that I’m only painting them in a bad light because they don’t try to suck up to me?”

Chapter 389: No Regrets

“Do you really think that you’re judging others objectively? How could you think badly of someone who saved you and even think that he was the one who planned it?”

“Michelle, you have to be careful of others. It’s completely possible for that to happen. Why can’t I have my suspicions then?”

“Because you’re making groundless claims. Why don’t you tell me what he’s trying to achieve from doing that?”

“What’s he trying to achieve? He’s already achieved it—you protecting him at all costs. You’re not even trying to see it for what it is before defending him. Don’t you think that’s what he’s after?”

“So you still think that I’m a promiscuous woman who’ll give myself to him once we have a chance to spend time alone?”

“That’s what you said. Don’t put words in my mouth.”

“I said it, but that’s what you meant. You’ve been leading me to say it.”

“Michelle, you must trust me. I’m doing this for your good. He’s not a good guy; you better keep your distance from him.”

“Josie, we’re all adults, and we each have our own opinions. I’m sure we can make decisions for ourselves. If you don’t think that he’s a good guy while I think that he is, there’s no need to discuss this any further because we’ll never be able to come to a consensus.”

“Fine then; let’s not talk about it anymore. However, I hope that our friendship won’t break down just because of him.”

“You’re looking down on me, Josie. I know you’re saying this for my good because you’re afraid that I’ll be cheated, but you should trust in me too. I’m not being taken in by anyone. I won’t let this incident ruin our friendship, but I hope that you’ll respect my decision.”

Even after arguing for half a day, the friends hadn't come to a conclusion. Although they both said that they wouldn't let this incident ruin their friendship, they were both clear about what this incident entailed.

...

At the same time, something happened in Gentle Breeze bar.

Finn Taylor had made a trip back to Chicago and brought Lancelot and Guinevere back with him. The latter two were now seated in the bar, and the former tasked Andre Cavill to take care of them.

However, Andrew Cavill had his own plans. "Lancelot, Guinevere, I've heard all about you two. Finn brought you guys over, but do you know that he has an arch-enemy here? Will you two dare to get rid of this problem?"

'An arch-enemy?' Neither of the two knew whom Andre Cavill was talking about. Besides, it was better for them to take instructions from Finn Taylor than do as they pleased.

While the couple had their own ideas, so did Andre Cavill. The latter felt that Melanie Taylor was trampling all over his boss, so much so that Finn Taylor's friends and even the Gold family were now forced into a corner.

Given the current circumstances, Andre Cavill hoped that the couple would be able to deal with Melanie Taylor and resolve the entire matter. *'Didn't they say that these two people are very impressive? Even I can't beat them, so won't they be able to deal with that brat—Melanie Taylor—then?'*

"I guess you two are afraid. If that's the case, just treat it as though I said nothing."

Lancelot and Guinevere had never feared anything. Even when they had been forced into a corner by Peregrine Hall, they never retreated. Of course, the other's words provoked them.

"Afraid? We've never been afraid. If you tell us who that arch-enemy is, we'll get down to it and deal with them right away."

"Don't get so smug. It won't be nice if you end up embarrassing yourselves."

"Embarrassing ourselves? Do you think that we won't be able to handle it? Why don't you tell us who that arch-enemy is? How frightening can they be?"

"Not very. She's just a twenty-something-year-old brat."

"What do you mean? You thought that we would be afraid of such a young brat? Are you looking down on us?"

"Don't misunderstand me. I didn't mean that, but that brat has quite a family background. She's the princess of South-East Asia's Taylor family. Let me ask you this again then: do you two dare to deal with her?"

South-East Asia's Taylor family was a well-known and powerful family. Even though the couple had remained in the woods, they had heard of the family.

Of course, this meant that things would get tricky if they wanted to deal with the family's eldest daughter.

Andre Cavill had already expected that reaction from the couple, who remained silent. But since he had already said such things, he had naturally already thought of ways to convince the couple.

"Hehe, just like I expected. The family's name must've scared you off. Didn't you tell me that she was just a young brat earlier? Don't you think I'm in the right to look down on you now?"

"Nonsense! You look down on us? Hurry up and tell us where she lives. We'll subdue her right away and let her know just how impressive Lancelot and Guinevere are!"

It was more effective to provoke one than to invite one to act.

Andre Cavill was skilled in doing so. It hadn't taken him much effort to turn the couple against the Taylor family and evoke hatred in them! *'If Finn finds out about this, I'll definitely get in trouble. Perhaps I'll even lose my life. However, I'm not going to change my mind.. I have no regrets!'*

Chapter 390: Beaten

In the past, both Lancelot and Guinevere had been respected figures. In fact, they had always been tasked with protecting Master Peregrine from the inception of Peregrine Hall.

There was no doubt about their skills, yet Andre Cavill had mocked them today, saying that they were afraid of a young brat.

'Do you think we'd be afraid of Melanie Taylor just because she's the eldest daughter of South-East Asia's Taylor family?'

"Let's go."

Seeing that he had succeeded in his ploy, Andre Cavill wasted no time in driving the couple to their destination.

As they arrived at the hotel entrance, Andre Cavill pointed at it. "Melanie Taylor reserved the entire hotel. You guys can just enter."

Lancelot glanced at the man. "What, are you not going with us?"

"I'll be useless to you guys. I might even drag you two down."

'Tch!' The couple couldn't help but despise the man, but they couldn't go back on their word now. There was no way they were going to give up just because Andre Cavill refused to enter the hotel with them.

But just as they walked into the hotel, security officers stepped forward to stop them.

Of course, the couple paid no attention to them since they were here to cause trouble anyway.

Bang!

These security officers were average men that would only be able to scare those who were timid away.

Lancelot and Guinevere naturally wouldn't be swayed, and they made their way to the second floor and then the third, sparing the men who obstructed them no mercy.

Very quickly, the couple arrived at the top floor where Melanie Taylor was staying.

This was naturally the safest place in the entire hotel since nobody would be able to make their way up to disturb Melanie Taylor. That was why her bodyguards were dumbfounded when they spotted the couple.

However, the Taylor family of South-East Asia wasn't well-known and respected for nothing.

The bodyguards were all furious. "Are you two courting death? Do you know who stays here?"

"Hehe, that's exactly why I'm here." Yet, neither Lancelot nor Guinevere even thought of backing down in the face of the few hundred bodyguards. They weren't fools and understood that battles weren't won through numbers but by skills.

Although the bodyguards thought that they could subdue the couple because of their numbers, they couldn't help but panic when they saw that their counterparts who rushed forward were killed one after another.

Now, they were no longer that confident.

While they were strong in numbers, the bodyguards no longer had any courage to charge forward to fight against the couple.

Of course, these men were no big deal to Lancelot and Guinevere. Nothing would faze them.

"Charge! Show those idiots what we're worth!" the leader of the bodyguards commanded.

Yet, Guinevere didn't even move from her spot before she managed to bring all those men to the ground.

The bodyguards were like paper when compared to the couple.

"Let's go!" With that, yet another few dozen men rushed forward.

However, it was painfully obvious that even this didn't help. All of them were still beaten down by the couple.

No matter how many people they had, it wouldn't make a difference. Now, they had no choice but to call upon Mr. Guinn."

"Please help us, Mr. Guinn." As soon as they called for help, an elder walked out of a room at the end of the corridor.

This man was none other than Mr. Guinn—one of the most powerful men from South-East Asia’s Taylor family. It had been years since he had shown his skills because there wasn’t anyone who matched up to him in South-East Asia.

He wouldn’t fight anyone who was below him in terms of skills—that was a source of pride. After all, nobody would think highly of him even if he managed to defeat a weak opponent.

In that case, there was no need for a match then.

But this time, things were different. Even Mr. Guinn was slightly worried by the earlier sight. However, he was merely worried that the battle would be a long, drawn-out one, not that he wouldn’t be able to defeat the couple.

“Are you their leader?” Lancelot and Guinevere sized up the old man. *‘He does look like our match.’*

“So you two are the ones seeking death.”

“No, but it’s a pity that we’re only seeing you and that she’s not here.”

Everyone knew who the couple was talking about—Melanie Taylor.

The young lady wasn’t someone just anyone could meet. Besides, they seemed to harbor ill intentions. Who knew if they would try to kill her once they met her?

“Well, you can meet her once you get past me.”

As they prepared for a battle, the expressions on the couple’s faces stiffened. They knew that they were no longer fighting worthless underlings but a truly skilled martial arts master.

Once the battle began, it didn’t take long before victory was decided.

By the time the bodyguards got a clear view of the situation, they saw both Lancelot and Guinevere lying motionless on the ground.

Just as they were about to celebrate their victory, they saw the old man spit a mouthful of blood onto the ground.

Although the latter had won, he had gotten injured—perhaps even severely injured.. At his age, an injury like this could even be fatal!