

# **The Untouchable Son-In-Law: The Master Peregrine**

## **#Chapter 41 - Apologize to My Wife - Read The**

### **Untouchable Son-In-Law: The Master Peregrine Chapter**

#### **41 - 44**

#### **Chapter 41: Apologize to My Wife**

“It’s yours just because you saw it first? You didn’t buy it, so what if I’m buying it now?” The plump lady slammed a card down on the counter. “By card!”

Seeing how prideful the plump lady was, the sales assistants were naturally over the moon.

Yvette Larson had been walking around the shop for more than half an hour. Although she had tried on several pieces, she had not expressed any intention of buying any of them.

She was the kind of person that sales assistants hated the most. They felt that Yvette Larson was simply a poor woman who couldn’t afford to buy any of their products. All she wanted to do was try them on for fun.

In comparison to her, the sales assistants naturally preferred an old-fashioned, rich person like the plump lady, who didn’t even hesitate before paying for whatever caught her eye.

“First come, first served. What do you mean ‘I saw it first?’ It was clearly in my hands. How could you snatch it away from me?”

“So what if it was? I’m buying it now. Let’s see if they want to sell it to you or to me.” The plump lady pointed to some items within the drawer. “This, this, and this. I’ll pay for all four by card.”

The plump lady was smug as she said so.

Yvette Larson did a quick mental calculation. Those four items that the plump lady had chosen would add up to 150,000 at the very least.

She didn’t have so much money.

Yvette Larson was at a loss. To be honest, she truly took a liking to that jade piece and felt that it would be a perfect fit for her best friend. However, 150,000 dollars was way over her budget.

As such, she backed away and was prepared to leave.

“What, don’t you have money? I thought you were being backed by someone rich. I didn’t expect you to be putting on an act.”

Finn Taylor had been leaning by the entrance all the while, watching as his wife browsed around. He thought that his spouse’s beauty was out of this world. It was as though she was the most beautiful creation in the whole universe.

But someone was now trying to destroy this beauty. This irked him.

He walked up and grabbed that plump lady. “Apologize.”

She sneered. “What, do you want to punch me? I don’t think you’d dare to even touch me. I’m Samantha Jensen.”

Samantha Jensen.

The moment the plump lady mentioned her name, Yvette Larson’s pupils widened visibly.

Even the sales assistants hurriedly bowed before her. “Hello, Ms. Jensen.”

Finn Taylor narrowed his eyes. “Samantha Jensen? Who’s that?”

The plump lady flung his arm away, chortling. “I thought you were somebody for you dared to touch me. How could you not even recognize the name ‘Samantha Jensen?’”

Yvette Larson tugged at her husband. “Forget it. Let’s go.”

Although Yvette Larson wanted to let the matter go, her husband refused to do so. *‘She scolded my wife. How can I just let her go?’*

Seeing that her spouse was reluctant to leave, Yvette Larson reminded him in a small voice, “Samantha Jensen is Javier Jensen’s younger sister.”

“Javier Jensen? Who’s that?” Finn Taylor was confused. *‘What is she talking about?’*

Samantha Jensen thought that it was forgivable that Finn Taylor hadn’t recognized her name earlier. After all, he was a man. He couldn’t possibly spend all his time caring about other women.

However, this person didn’t even recognize her brother, Javier Jensen! He was clearly stirring up trouble! Or perhaps, he was just a country bumpkin.

“Wow, you’re a piece of work. You don’t even know my elder brother, Javier Jensen? Are you a country bumpkin, or are you trying to stir up trouble?”

“So what if I don’t know your brother? Is your brother Ultraman? Why should I recognize his name?”

“Get lost! I’m wasting my time talking to someone like you.” Samantha Jensen truly felt that she was wasting her breath talking to someone like Finn Taylor.

“Get lost? Apologize to my wife and return her that jade piece. Otherwise, I won’t let this matter go.”

Yvette Larson was stumped by her husband’s actions. She had never seen him protect her in this manner.

In the past three years, he had never rebuked anyone who scolded him, nor had he ever fought back when others hit him.

She thought that this was simply his nature. She never expected that he had been tolerating her tantrums all this while.

“Scram! Believe it or not, I’ll call my brother right now. I’ll see how you’ll die then.”

Finn Taylor scoffed. “Hit me. Feel free to hit me.”

Javier Jensen? Finn Taylor had never even heard of that name. *‘What could happen even if he comes?’*

“Hold on. Don’t.” Yvette Larson stopped Samantha Jensen from making the call, and she pulled her husband to the side. “Wait a minute. This Javier Jensen is San Francisco Business Association’s Vice Chairman. He’s friends with more than half of the businessmen in San Francisco. It’ll make things difficult for the Larson family if we offend him.”

Although Yvette Larson spoke in a whisper, the plump lady—Samantha Jensen—had overheard everything.

With that, she turned to Finn Taylor and said smugly, “So? You know who my brother is now, don’t you? If you apologize to me now, I’ll consider letting you off this time.”

That plump lady, Samantha Jensen, was haughty. She didn’t believe that they would dare to boss her around once they realized who her brother was.

Finn Taylor wanted to stand up for his wife, but she stopped him, not allowing him to offend the plump lady any further.

“Hehe! You don’t have anything to say, do you? I knew that you wouldn’t dare to say a thing. I thought that you’d be terribly tough and stubborn, but it seems like this is all you’ve got.” The plump lady was full of herself. “You guys have completely irritated me. Kneel down and apologize to me; otherwise, I’ll call my brother.”

Of course, Finn Taylor refused to kneel down before this plump lady.

After five to six minutes of going back and forth, the plump lady eventually made a call.

Seeing her affectionately address the person on the other end of the call as ‘Brother,’ Yvette Larson flared up.

She jabbed her husband’s head. “I told you not to be impulsive, didn’t I? Look at what you’ve done. I understand that you want to stand up for me, but you should know your own limits. Do you know that our Larson family will be stuck in a difficult position now that we’ve offended Javier Jensen? Finn Taylor, are you here to torture me or to protect me?”

As the plump lady ended her call, she heard Yvette Larson saying, ‘Finn Taylor.’

“No. Finn Taylor—that’s your name, isn’t it? You’re from the Larson family? Don’t tell me that you’re Yvette Larson and that he’s that useless matrilocal son-in-law, Finn Taylor? That can’t be. I’ve bumped into celebrities here in San Francisco!” The plump lady got more excited.

Even the sales assistants’ faces were plastered with wide smiles. *‘Finn Taylor. This man in front of us is the same Finn Taylor who married into the Larson family to become San Francisco’s biggest joke!’*

*‘How could a good-for-nothing matrilocal son-in-law dare to act as though he’s a big shot and even dare to go against Javier Jensen? Does he not know his place?’*

## **Chapter 42: Use My Card**

The plump lady was getting nastier with her words.

Finn Taylor nearly exploded in anger, but he held it in. *‘It isn’t the right time for me to reveal my identity just yet. My younger brother—Donovan Taylor—is still missing, and Peregrine Hall is still in a mess.’*

“Little Sister, who was so foolish as to have dared to bully you?” Just then, a man with a beer belly strolled into the shop.

“Hello, Mr. Jensen.” The sales assistants bowed to him.

This was San Francisco Business Association’s Vice Chairman, Javier Jensen.

“Brother, I’m sure you won’t be able to guess who he is.” Samantha Jensen pointed at Finn Taylor and laughed. “It’s him; his surname is ‘Taylor.’ Guess who he is!”

Samantha Jensen was in no hurry to let her brother take revenge on her behalf. After all, she had finally met San Francisco’s legendary celebrity, the matrilocal son-in-law—Finn Taylor. It would be great fun!

“Taylor? I don’t think there are any prominent families by the name of ‘Taylor’ in San Francisco.”

“Let me give you another hint. This is his wife; her surname is ‘Larson.’”

“The Larson family... Oh, I know of one. Quince Larson sent me several invitations for a meal, but I’ve rejected all of them. They’re just a second-tier family; they don’t deserve to have a meal alone with me. Now that you’ve told me about the Larson family and that her husband is a ‘Taylor,’ I’ve thought of someone. It must be the most famous in all of San Francisco—the matrilocal son-in-law, Finn Taylor!”

Samantha Jensen burst out into laughter, clutching her stomach as she bent over.

Seeing his sister’s actions, Javier immediately understood the situation. “Don’t tell me that I was right. Brother, you’re a celebrity. You were the one who bullied my younger sister? You scum! I heard that you don’t even dare to let out a fart at home. You’ve humiliated all men, but you dared to bully my younger sister here?”

As Javier Jensen said that, he directed a kick at Finn Taylor.

Finn Taylor dodged it easily. He then glanced at the clock. *‘It’s been five minutes. They should be here.’*

Just as that thought crossed his mind, a group of people walked into the shop.

“Oh, why are you here as well, Ms. Larson?”

Just as he was about to launch his second kick, Javier Jensen’s leg stopped in midair. Then, he heard those words.

*'That voice sounds familiar.'* He was dumbfounded as he looked over. *'That voice belongs to Hunter Sullivan!'*

Hunter Sullivan, The head of New York's Sullivan family. Compared to Hunter Sullivan, Javier Jensen was nothing.

Javier Jensen obviously dared not act presumptuously and quickly bowed to Hunter Sullivan, but the latter acted as though he hadn't seen the former and simply walked up to Yvette Larson.

"M-Mr. Sullivan?"

Finn Taylor suddenly remembered that his wife had told him that she wanted to meet Hunter Sullivan just a few hours earlier.

It was just as well that he had made him come here to resolve this matter. As such, Finn Taylor had sent Hunter Sullivan his location while the others were distracted earlier.

At that time, Hunter Sullivan had been in a meeting in the office. Nonetheless, he was so frightened that he immediately dropped everything he was doing and flew over.

"Yes, I'm out window-shopping. I heard that this goldsmith shop is very famous. Do you like the jade here too?"

"I-I quite like it." Yvette Larson was a little stumped and didn't know what to say. In the end, she mustered up her courage and said, "Mr. Sullivan, I have a humble request. May I invite you to have a cup of coffee so that we can have a chat?"

Hunter Sullivan was stunned. *'Master Peregrine hadn't told me about this.'*

But seeing that Master Peregrine hadn't refused, Hunter Sullivan agreed.

He glanced at the watch on his wrist and pretended to look up at the ceiling, seemingly calculating the time. "Alright. Half an hour."

*'Master Peregrine followed his wife out to shop. If I spend too much time with his wife, I will definitely offend Master Peregrine. However, I can't afford to reject her either.'*

As such, Hunter Sullivan decided that half an hour seemed reasonable. This was what he was calculating as he looked up at the ceiling.

As Hunter Sullivan and Yvette Larson were chatting with each other, Javier Jensen looked on dazedly.

He jogged over and tried to suck up to Hunter Sullivan. "Hello, Mr. Sullivan. I'm Javier Jensen from San Francisco Business Association."

It was only then that Hunter Sullivan noticed Javier Jensen's presence. "Oh, Javier Jensen. I remember you."

That was all he said before he turned back to resume his conversation with Yvette Larson.

This caused a chill to run down Javier Jensen's spine. *'That woman can't possibly be Hunter Sullivan's friend, right? The San Francisco Business Association would definitely lambast me if I were to offend Hunter Sullivan. Moreover, Hunter Sullivan can easily force me into poverty with just one word.'*

"M-Mr Sullivan, is she your friend?"

Hunter Sullivan seemed a little impatient, and his eyebrows furrowed into a frown. "Do you have something for me? Can't you see that I'm talking to Ms. Larson?"

Javier Jensen was completely flustered. He was now sure that Yvette Larson was Hunter Sullivan's friend.

*'Not only can my sister not do anything right, but she has even stirred up trouble for me! Of all people she could've offended, she's offended Hunter Sullivan's friend! I'm done for this time.'* Javier Jensen snatched the jade piece that had caught Yvette Larson's eye from his sister's hand.

Then, he bowed respectfully and stretched both hands out. "Ms. Larson, I think that there's been a misunderstanding. I'm sorry that my sister was so insensible. I hope that you'll be magnanimous and forgive her."

Hunter Sullivan frowned. "What's going on? Do you need any help?"

Yvette Larson herself was stunned. She hadn't expected the other to be so frightened by her chatting with Hunter Sullivan.

"N-nothing. It was just a small misunderstanding." Yvette Larson didn't want to trouble Hunter Sullivan.

It was best not to owe anyone anything in the business world. It was easy for one to be embarrassed when one owed others too much.

"Javier Jensen, come down to Pacific Heights tonight."

Hearing Hunter Sullivan's words, Javier Jensen felt cold sweat dripping down his forehead as regret filled his heart. *'Wasn't it just a piece of jade? Why did I have to speak up for her? I'm doomed this time.'*

Javier Jensen held the jade piece out and said to the sales assistant, "How much is this? I'll pay for it with my card."

With that, he quickly whipped out his credit card.

"Brother, why are you doing that? I was the one who spotted it first. Why should they get to have it? Besides, why are you paying for it?" Samantha Jensen saw the jade piece slipping out of her hands. *'Not only will I not be able to get my hands on it, but my brother is even paying for someone else to have it!'*

She was aggrieved and shouted out, "Brother, why are you afraid of them? Yvette Larson's family is just a second-tier family in San Francisco. Besides, she's from the third generation in her family and isn't even as favored as Quince Larson! As for him, he's the infamous and useless matrilocal son-in-law of San Francisco! Brother, why are you afraid of them? Do you really think they'll be able to do anything to us if we don't give them this jade piece?"

## Chapter 43: Clarine Landon's Birthday Party

Not only was Samantha Jensen ugly, but she was also brainless. Her brother—Javier Jensen—had already humbled himself to such an extent, yet she couldn't even read the room and had even said such a thing!

Hunter Sullivan sneered. "Alright, the Jensen family is so great. The Jensen family of San Francisco."

With that, Hunter Sullivan turned to leave without paying any heed to Javier Jensen.

Javier Jensen was so frightened that his face turned ghostly pale. He rushed up to his sister and landed a firm slap on her face.

"Brother..."

*'Brother has never laid a finger on me.'* For a moment, Samantha was stunned.

However, her brother couldn't even be bothered with her. With a thud, he fell to the ground before Yvette Larson. "Ms. Larson, I'm begging you. You must help me put in a good word with Mr. Sullivan. I know I was wrong. I'm begging you."



*Thud! Thud! Thud!*

Javier Jensen repeatedly knocked his forehead against the ground, not stopping even though blood was now dripping from his forehead.

Javier Jensen dared not stop, and now, his heart was full of hatred toward his own sister. *'That plump woman can't do anything but stir up trouble for me. I can forget about all those troubles you created in the past, but can't you see that I'm already trying to do my best to make it up to her? Why are you still being so stubborn? Look at what you've done. Hunter Sullivan has blacklisted our Jensen family of San Francisco!'*

Finn Taylor picked up that jade piece and dragged his wife out of the shop.

As she walked out, Yvette Larson turned to glance at the pair.

Seeing that Javier Jensen was still kneeling down on the ground, she turned to her spouse and asked in a low voice, "What shall we do? Shall we let Mr. Sullivan know about this?"

"Is there a need for that?"

Yvette Larson gave it some thought and eventually decided to let the matter go. She didn't know Hunter Sullivan well either. In fact, she had other matters to discuss with Hunter Sullivan.

It would be detrimental for her if she were to offend Hunter Sullivan because of Javier Jensen.

"Mr. Sullivan, I'll treat you to some coffee." Yvette Larson caught up with Hunter Sullivan.

The trio then headed to a coffee shop within the shopping mall.

"Mr. Sullivan, I'm very sorry about this. I'll cut to the chase." Yvette Larson then told him all about the problems the company was facing in regards to production, the substandard quality, and their inability to deliver the products on time.

Hunter Sullivan furrowed his brows as he heard this. Eventually, he replied, "Forget it; it's our first time collaborating with each other. I won't put you on the spot, but don't blame me for fulfilling the contractual obligations if something goes wrong the next time."

Although Hunter Sullivan said that, he thought in his heart, *'Anyway, this company belongs to your husband. It's none of my business whether you pay or not.'*

After sending Hunter Sullivan off, Yvette Larson looked at her husband, clearly annoyed. “Finn Taylor, what’s wrong with you? How many times did I remind you not to be impulsive earlier? Look, we would’ve been doomed if Mr. Sullivan didn’t happen to show up. So what if we didn’t get that jade piece? We could’ve gotten something else for Clarine Landon. Do you know what would’ve happened if we had offended the Jensen family?”

Finn Taylor bore the brunt of his wife’s anger without rebuking her. *‘My wife is right no matter what she says. If my wife gets into any trouble, I will have to resolve it.’*

Even after scolding her partner for several minutes, Yvette Larson didn’t even get as much as a word out of him. Because it felt pointless to her, she gave up on lecturing her husband.

She simply reminded him to watch his words if he wanted to protect her in the future.

Of course, Finn Taylor agreed to everything.

Whether his agreement translated into actions was another matter altogether.

...

The next morning, Finn Taylor got dressed and waited for his wife.

Since she was still putting on makeup, he sat there obediently, watching her do so.

From time to time, Yvette Larson would turn around to see that her husband was staring at her. “Why are you staring at me?”

“You’re my wife. Who would I look at if I don’t look at you?”

“Don’t people say that men like to play video games while waiting for their wives? Why aren’t you playing video games?”

“I don’t like video games.”

“Then, you can do something else like watching animations.”

“I don’t like animations either.”

“What do you like then?”

“I like you.”

Yvette Larson blushed and hissed, “Don’t joke around. Go read a book.”

Whatever his wife said was the law. As such, Finn Taylor obediently headed to the study to grab a book.

But Yvette Larson saw that the book's title was: 'How to Coax Your Wife.'

At that moment, she felt like the most blissful woman in the world.

Half an hour later, Yvette Larson was finally done with her makeup. The couple was finally ready to get out of the house.

The Landon family wasn't very different from the Larson family and was also considered a second-tier family in San Francisco.

Clarine Landon's birthday party was being held at the Grand Hyatt Hotel.

This was a five-star hotel in San Francisco that even Clarine Landon's family wouldn't usually visit. However, it was her birthday after all, and they couldn't afford to be miserly.

As such, Clarine Landon's parents had arranged for the birthday party to be held here.

When she saw her best friend walking over with Finn Taylor, she couldn't help but sigh.

She had been madly infatuated with that violinist for a period of time, but that violinist had turned out to be none other than Finn Taylor.

Unfortunately, Finn Taylor was her best friend's husband. There was no way she was going to snatch him away from her. As such, she could do nothing but sigh.

"You're the birthday girl today. Why are you sighing? Look at what I got you!" Yvette Larson handed her best friend the gift.

The latter didn't worry about opening the present in front of her best friend and opened it right away. After all, such rules were between strangers.

There was no need for such rules between her and Yvette Larson.

The moment Clarine Landon saw the jade pendant, she let out a surprised yelp. "Wow, it's beautiful!"

"Oh right, Yvette. I remember you wearing a jade pendant too. Take it out! Let's see which one looks better."

Hearing her best friend's words, Yvette grunted. "Speaking about that, it's really strange, but I haven't been able to find that jade pendant."

Finn Taylor cut in innocently. "What jade pendant? Why have I never seen it? Did you buy it for yourself?"

Of course, he knew exactly which jade pendant they were talking about. He had recently gotten his subordinates to investigate that jade pendant.

Since they had brought it up, Finn Taylor took the opportunity to ask how his wife had gotten it in the first place.

"What, do you care about how much your wife paid for it because you don't have money to buy it for her?"

"Let's go, Yvette. We'll ignore him."

Unfortunately, Finn Taylor was interrupted by Clarine Landon.

The latter dragged her best friend into the room.

Finn Taylor watched as Clarine Landon walked off into the distance, resisting the urge to punch her.

Just as he was about to walk in, an Audi A6 stopped right next to him, in front of the Grand Hyatt Hotel's lobby.

A besuited young man in sunglasses then got out of the car.

## **Chapter 44: Chase This Piece of Trash Out**

The young man didn't even spare Finn Taylor a glance and simply walked into the hotel after putting away his sunglasses.

Finn Taylor took a look at the Audi A6 before walking into the hotel without saying a word.

"Hello, Yvette, Clarine." This young man seemed to know Yvette Larson and Clarine Landon well. He immediately greeted them after entering.

"Wow! Joshua Sanders, you're back?" Clarine Landon was so shocked that she cupped her mouth.

That young man named Joshua Sanders stretched out his arms to hug Clarine Landon. Then, he turned to look at Yvette Larson.

He stretched out his arms yet again, but she took a few steps backward.

“I-I’m married. It’s inappropriate.” Yvette Larson ran her fingers through her hair.

Just then, Finn Taylor walked over. He stood behind his wife, identifying himself.

Joshua Sanders’s gaze was cold as he scanned Finn Taylor up and down with hostility. “Yvette, I’ve been back for three days. My mom told me about your marriage. He must be that piece of trash, right? Why didn’t you wait for me? Who in the Larson family would dare to bully you when I’m around?”

Joshua Sanders shoved Finn Taylor aside, wanting to pull Yvette Larson over.

However, she took a few more steps backward. “Joshua, it’s Clarine’s birthday today. I don’t want to ruin this happy occasion. Please mind your behavior.”

With that, she put her hand in her husband’s, interlocking their fingers.

Joshua Sanders’s pupils widened, his eyes full of murderous intent. “Okay, okay! I won’t make trouble, but I’ll make myself clear. I will definitely get back whatever I lost.”

With that, he turned to leave.

Finn Taylor’s gaze remained firmly on Joshua Sanders as he left.

“Don’t you want to know who he is?” Yvette Larson whispered in her husband’s ear.

Finn Taylor didn’t reply to her. *‘If she’s willing to tell me, I will listen. If she isn’t willing to tell me, I have my own way of finding out anyway.’*

Finn Taylor didn’t think much of Joshua Sanders.

“His name is Joshua Sanders. He’s the Young Master of San Francisco’s Sanders family. The Sanders family is one of San Francisco’s four most prominent families. In the past, the Larson family was just a vassal to the Sanders family. It was only after the late Old Master—Hugo Larson—returned that the Larson family rose up and broke free of the Sanders family. While the Larson family was still under the Sanders family, the Sanders family’s Old Master wanted me to marry Joshua Sanders to be his mistress!” Yvette Larson explained her family’s past to her husband.

Clarine Landon—who was standing by the side—added, “The late Old Master was a good man. The Landon family and some other families were initially vassals to the Sanders family as well. The Sanders family had the final say over who the children and grandchildren of our families would marry. It was the late Old Master who freed our families from the Sanders family.”

“Although Joshua Sanders was mischievous as a young boy, it’s true that he protected Yvette and me. But as he grew up under his family’s protection, he grew terribly arrogant. Eventually, he left for Europe. I never expected him to come back, much less try to lay his hands on Yvette.”

Finn Taylor had gained a rough understanding of the situation from his wife and Clarine Landon. What they had described wasn’t too different from what he already knew.

The Larson family’s late Old Master, Hugo Larson, was ‘White Crane’ of Peregrine Hall.

It was indeed true that his family had been a vassal to another family at that time. When he returned, he used Peregrine Hall’s power to force that family to let the Larson family off.

This meant that it had been the Sanders family who had held them captive.

*‘Heh! I hadn’t expected another love rival to appear out of the blue.’* Finn Taylor stroked his nose. “Huh? Why are you guys explaining all of this to me?”

Clarine Landon waved her hand. “Tch, you’re right. Why are we explaining it to you?”

She then brought her best friend to meet her parents.

“Hello, Uncle and Auntie.”

Clarine Landon’s father was Kenneth Landon, who was rather well-known in San Francisco. Her mother, Cassandra Campbell, was an impressive woman.

Kenneth Landon was a rather indecisive person. As such, it was Cassandra Campbell who made most of the major decisions in the company.

Although she didn’t hold an official position in the company, everyone in Landon Corporation respected her.

She had the domineering air of an empress.

Spotting Finn Taylor behind Yvette Larson, Cassandra Campbell couldn’t help but frown.

“Come, Yvette. Have a seat.” Cassandra Campbell was very warm and quickly sat Yvette Larson at the host’s table, but she didn’t even make a mention of Finn Taylor.

“Auntie, I came together with my husband.” Of course, Yvette Larson naturally noticed Cassandra Campbell’s attitude.

It didn’t matter that others treated her husband in this manner, but this was Cassandra Campbell they were talking about.

This made Yvette Larson feel uncomfortable. *‘No matter what, it’s only because of our Larson family that your Landon family was able to become independent. What right do you have to look down on my husband?’*

Clarine Landon thought that it was wrong too. It was weird for only one person to sit at the host’s table when they had clearly come as a couple.

“Finn Taylor, sit next to Yvette.”

Cassandra Campbell’s frown deepened. “Hold on. I won’t allow just any Tom, Dick, or Harry to take a seat at the host’s table. Yvette, I watched you grow up. You’re the most sensible girl I know. You’re clearer than I am about the kind of person Finn Taylor is. He doesn’t even have the right to sit at the host’s table at the Larson family’s events. Does he think he deserves to sit here now?”

Clarine Landon cut in. “Mom...”

Kenneth Landon spoke up as well. “It’s supposed to be a joyful occasion today. It’s such a rare opportunity for us to be gathered. Isn’t it just a seat?”

He was trying to defuse the tense situation, but Cassandra Campbell refused to back down. “It’s easy for you to say that it’s just a seat. Anyone with a good family background or anyone who has talent or abilities is welcome to sit at the host’s table. As for anyone else, they’d better take a seat at the other tables for guests; it’s only right. I’m already being kind by not chasing out a cheater like you, who snuck their way in!”

Yvette Larson could no longer stand Cassandra Campbell’s words. She slammed the table. “Auntie Cassandra, I respect you as an elder and didn’t want to offend you, but Finn Taylor is my husband. If you continue scolding and insulting him, you will be insulting me too.”

“Yvette Larson, don’t spout nonsense. I’m not scolding you; I’m just lecturing you on behalf of your family’s elders. Don’t you know what day it is today? It’s my daughter—your best friend, Clarine Landon’s birthday. Why did you bring this piece of trash here? Do you think that the Landon family can’t compare to the Larson family and that you can insult us like that? I heard that it was this piece of trash that angered your Old Master so much that he had to be hospitalized. It seems like you still haven’t learned your lesson.”

“Yvette Larson, if you chase this piece of trash out today, I’ll treat it as though nothing happened. Otherwise, I’ll have to reconsider your friendship with Clarine.”