

The Untouchable Son-In-Law: The Master Peregrine #Chapter 45 - Severing All Ties - Read The Untouchable Son-In-Law: The Master Peregrine Chapter 45 - 50

Chapter 45: Severing All Ties

“Mom, what are you saying?”

The moment Cassandra Campbell said those words, Yvette Larson’s face soured.

Even Clarine Landon stepped forward to lecture her mom. It was true that she shouldn’t have said that.

“What, can’t I teach her something as an elder? Besides, you should always watch the company you keep! I don’t mind you being friends with Yvette Larson, but I’m really afraid that this piece of trash will ruin you, my precious daughter.”

Yvette Larson was fuming. In comparison to Finn Taylor—who was the subject of humiliation—she was much more furious than he was.

“Auntie Cassandra, I’m leaving right now if that’s what you really think. I won’t allow anyone to bully my husband.” With that, she picked up her spouse’s hand and walked toward the exit.

However, she was stopped by her best friend. “Yvette, don’t leave. It’s my birthday today; stay on my account.”

Yvette Larson stopped in her tracks and looked at her best friend.

“Mom, why did you have to say such hurtful words?”

Cassandra Campbell sneered. “Hurtful? Fine, I’ll be straightforward. Yvette Larson, I went to visit the Sanders family yesterday and told them all about you and this piece of trash. Over the past three years, you were sensible and never let this piece of trash so much as touch you. Joshua Sanders values relationships. He still remembers the promise you made with him when you guys were young. Even though you’re married, he’s still willing to accept you as long as you get a divorce.”

“Yvette Larson, I’m not the one forcing you; it’s the Sanders family. You have two choices now. Firstly, you can chase this piece of trash away and sever all ties with him. Then, you’ll become Joshua Sanders’s mistress and prosper. In that case, the Landon family will remain good friends with you.”

“Secondly, you can choose not to listen to my advice and stay with this piece of trash. You’ll anger the Sanders family, and the Larson family won’t be able to take the blow. Then, your family will fall into ruin. The fate of the whole Larson family lies in your hands. Of course, the Landon family will sever all ties with you to protect ourselves.”

Every word that came out of Cassandra Campbell’s mouth was a stab to the heart.

She had always shared a good relationship with Yvette Larson, but there was a reason for her sudden change in attitude.

She was now laying the facts bare before Yvette Larson. It all depended on Yvette Larson’s choice.

In that instant, everyone’s gazes landed on Yvette Larson. They were all waiting for her answer—an answer that seemed predetermined.

“I’d rather die a martyr than live a shameful life.” Yvette Larson spat those words out confidently; then, she strode toward the exit with her fingers interlocked with her husband’s.

Clarine Landon glared at her mother menacingly before chasing after them.

“Clarine Landon, if you dare to leave now, you’d better not come back.” Cassandra Campbell scoffed. *‘I had only spilled the truth and told Yvette Larson everything because I thought highly of her. But now that Yvette Larson would rather go all out, I have decided to sever all ties with the Larson family.’*

Deciding to go against her mother’s words, Clarine Landon ran out resolutely.

Her mother’s worldview was warped; all she valued was power. However, Clarine Landon wasn’t like her mother.

“Yvette, I...” Clarine finally caught up with her best friend and her best friend’s husband at the hotel’s entrance.

“Why did you come out?”

“I was afraid you’d disown me as your best friend!”

“You silly girl, who else do I have but you? You’d better go back in. There are still other guests there. People might think that I did something to the birthday girl.”

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Seeing her daughter rush out, Cassandra Campbell slammed her fist down on the table in fury.

“What was the point in doing that? You and I both know just how close Clarine is to Yvette. Don’t you think your daughter will hate you for her whole life if you force her to cut all ties with Yvette?”

“Hate? She should be grateful to me.”

“Grateful?”

“Yes, grateful. The Larson family has already committed a huge crime by offending the Sanders family. It’s just a matter of time before their entire family crumbles. Do you really think I’m only getting her to cut her ties with Yvette Larson? I’m using her to cut all ties between the Larson family and the Landon family.”

“Joshua Sanders is back, and I’m afraid that the Sanders family is going to rise up again. The Larson family’s Old Master is already dead. Do you think the Larson family is any match for the Sanders family now?”

Kenneth Landon put on a bitter smile. “Oh, I’m finally seeing your true colors. Do you intend for our Landon family to become the Sanders family’s dogs again?”

“Dogs? Do you have to make it sound so nasty? You’re clearer than I am about just how powerful the Sanders family is. If they give us just the slightest push, we’ll be prosperous for sure.”

“I don’t care if you want to prosper, but do you really think you’ll be able to sleep at night after using such methods? You’re really a vicious woman. How could you even sell out your own daughter?”

“You’re right about that. It’s true that Joshua Sanders likes Yvette Larson, but she won’t accept him. Who will he turn to next to relieve that itch in his heart?”

“Y-you want to send my daughter into Joshua Sanders’s bed?” Kenneth Landon had to resist the urge to punch Cassandra Campbell.

“What do you mean ‘your daughter?’ Isn’t she my daughter too? Forget it; I don’t want to waste my breath on you. It’s my bad fortune for having married such a dumb man.”

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In the end, Clarine Landon returned reluctantly. After all, there were too many guests at this party.

She couldn't possibly leave without a word and offend everyone there.

"Why didn't you stay? I could've left; I'm used to it." Finn Taylor was slightly unused to his wife treating him so well.

Hearing that he was already used to it, Yvette Larson felt a sour twinge in her heart. *'It's true that my husband has experienced such incidents too many times. Every single time, I stayed while others chased my husband away as though he was a jinx.'*

Humans weren't robots without emotions.

Yvette Larson knew that her spouse had to feel uneasy about it.

Nonetheless, he had always chosen to leave silently without any complaints in view of the bigger picture.

But Yvette Larson wasn't going to give in this time. The only reason was that it was Clarine Landon's birthday party.

She didn't think that her husband would ever try to snatch her husband away, but Clarine Landon's infatuation with that violinist had served as a reminder to Yvette Larson that her husband had never been an unlikable piece of trash. It was just that he had never expressed his emotions or thoughts.

"Come on. Let's go home."

As they were chatting, seven to eight cars drove up to them. There were race cars of all models.

The doors opened, and dozens of young men wielding baseball bats got out of the cars.

Finn Taylor could tell that these young men had malicious intentions.

Fearful, Yvette Larson ducked behind her husband.

Chapter 46: The Sanders Family's Shocking Secret

Finn Taylor and Yvette Larson thought that these people who got out of the cars were the end of it. But in reality, this was just the beginning.

Shortly after that, cars started driving toward them one after another.

Mercedes Benz and BMWs were the standard, while Bentleys and Ferraris were common. Last but not least, a Rolls-Royce Phantom appeared.

The car rolled to a stop as dozens of besuited and sunglasses-wearing bodyguards stood on both sides of the Rolls-Royce Phantom.

The doors were slowly pushed open, and out walked a man. He was dressed formally and walked with a steady gait. "Ms. Larson, Master Sanders welcomes you."

Yvette Larson looked at the man with confusion in her eyes.

Finn Taylor gripped his wife's hand tightly, providing her with some warmth and comfort.

This man was William Sanders. To put it nicely, he was the adopted son of Grant Sanders, who was the Sanders family's head.

To put it bluntly, he was just the Sanders family's dog.

He used to be an orphan and was taken in by a Muay Thai Master because of his viciousness and brutality. While fighting in an underground fight club, he caught Grant Sanders's eye and was adopted. From then on, he became Grant Sanders's right-hand man, getting personally involved in all of the family's underhanded dealings.

Because he was physically strong and had the Sanders family's backing, nobody dared to get in his bad books.

After hearing Cassandra Campbell's words, Yvette Larson knew that the Sanders family would definitely find her sooner or later. It was just that she hadn't expected them to show up so quickly.

It was so quick that she wasn't the slightest bit prepared.

"Finn Taylor, hurry up and go home. Bring Mom and Dad to meet Grandpa and tell him about this."

Her grandpa, Joseph Larson, had the final say in the whole Larson family.

Yvette Larson felt that she had to let him know about this since he was the only one who could save her.

But Finn Taylor acted as though he hadn't heard his wife's words. He clutched her hand firmly with no intention of letting go.

He knew that he couldn't leave her now. He was a man and her husband at that. He had to face others and the future with his broad shoulders.

“Go on. It’ll be too late if you don’t leave now.” Yvette Larson tried to struggle free from her spouse’s grip, but it was too strong. She couldn’t break free no matter how hard she tried.

In the end, she gave up and got into the car with her husband.

There were over 100 cars parked outside the hotel.

Within the hotel, the Landon family was still hosting the birthday party. It would be a lie to say that the Landon family didn’t know what was going on.

Clarine Landon had wanted to leave the hotel several times, but she had been stopped by her mother.

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Inside the car.

Finn Taylor could obviously feel the sweat on his wife’s palm.

This was fear—fear that came from the bottom of her soul. It was because the Sanders family was too scary.

The Larson family and Landon family were considered prominent families, but who would’ve guessed that these families used to be mere vassals of the Sanders family?

In that case, who knew how much worse the Sanders family could get?

The Sanders family’s head, Grant Sanders, was a true piece of work. For his own benefits, he was capable of doing just about anything.

“Don’t worry. I’m here.”

Yvette Larson looked at Finn Taylor and forced a smile out. At that moment, she felt that her tense heart had finally relaxed a little.

It seemed as though her husband’s presence was a comfort to her.

Even without Finn Taylor letting them know, the Larson family eventually found out about this incident.

While Cassandra Campbell was terribly unreasonable, Clarine Landon was not. Since her mother refused to let her go, she had no other choice.

As such, she made a call to Linda James and told her all that had happened.

Upon hearing Clarine Landon's words, Linda James collapsed on the floor.

Not knowing what had happened, Francis Larson asked, "What's wrong?"

"Let's go. Our daughter is in trouble. We have to find the Old Master."

"What happened?"

"Joshua Sanders is back. The Sanders family took our daughter."

Francis Larson felt his heart tense up, and unease coursed throughout his whole body. "It seems like the rumor is real. The Sanders family is trying to build up their power."

"Who cares about the rumor? We have to meet the Old Master!"

Very quickly, the couple arrived at the Old Master's residence.

Unfortunately, the Old Master was still sleeping.

No matter how much they said, Quince Larson refused to let the couple in.

But knowing that this was an exceptional situation, Francis Larson and his wife couldn't be bothered and simply shoved Quince Larson aside and rushed into the Old Master—Joseph Larson's bedroom.

Joseph Larson opened his eyes and flared up when he saw Francis Larson and his wife rushing in. "Francis Larson, what are you doing? I just kicked Quince Larson from his position and let Yvette helm the company. Are you trying to drive me to my death? Do you really think you'll be in charge of the Larson family once I'm not around?"

"Dad, I don't mean to do that. It's just that the situation is really urgent. The lives of the Larson family are at stake here, so I didn't have a choice."

Just then, Quince Larson rushed in, and his lips curled up. "Hehe, why don't you speak louder? The lives of the Larson family? Do you mean someone from your family died?"

"Quince Larson, you'd better watch your words. The Larson family should remain united now. If we waver and fall, your family won't do well either."

The Old Master, Joseph Larson, looked at Francis Larson. He understood his eldest son well. If nothing had happened, he would never say such a thing. *It seems like trouble has indeed broken out.*

“Francis, what happened?”

“Dad, Joshua Sanders is back in the country. The Sanders family kidnapped Yvette.”

By the side, Quince Larson sneered. “I thought it was a major problem. It’s just your family’s problem. Why did you say that the whole Larson family was at stake?”

“Shut up.”

Quince Larson was a little stunned by that furious roar.

His grandpa, Joseph Larson, had shouted at him! His grandpa was standing on the side of Yvette Larson’s family!

“Go tell your second and third brothers... as well as Eleanor Larson and Quinn Larson to gather for a meeting.”

Within ten minutes, Franklin Larson, Frederick Larson, Eleanor Larson, and Quinn Larson had arrived.

Apart from the eldest granddaughter, Yvette Larson—who had been kidnapped—and the late Freddie Larson, all the Larson family members were present at this meeting.

Joseph Larson walked down to see the Larson family’s younger generations with tears in their eyes. “You’re all here. I have something to tell all of you. This concerns the Larson family’s survival, so you’d better listen carefully.”

Everyone present understood the seriousness of this matter through Joseph Larson’s tone, and nobody even dared to blink their eyes.

“Have a seat since you are all ready. Francis Larson, you should know best about this. Why don’t you tell everyone about the Sanders family’s shocking secret?”

Chapter 47: I’ll Let You Go If You Win

‘The Sanders family’s shocking secret. All eyes shot toward Francis Larson. What happened to the Sanders family?’

Along the way, they had already learned that Yvette Larson had been captured by the Sanders family. *‘But what does that have to do with the Sanders family’s shocking secret?’*

“I won’t talk about my daughter. I’ll cut to the chase and talk about the Sanders family. Three months ago, the Sanders family’s head—Grant Sanders—was diagnosed with end-stage lung cancer. It’s clear that Joshua Sanders is back to inherit the family business; otherwise, he should’ve stayed on to finish his last year of college.”

The members of the younger generation nodded. *‘So this is the Sanders family’s shocking secret. But how does this have anything to do with the Larson family’s survival? Is Francis Larson trying to scare us just to save his own daughter?’*

Although nobody dared to say a thing, their gazes made their thoughts clear as day.

“I know what you’re thinking. All I can say is that you’re all fools. Once Grant Sanders passes away, the positions of San Francisco’s four most prominent families will definitely be shaken. Moreover, Joshua Sanders is young. How will he establish himself after taking the helm of such an important family like the Sanders family? He’ll definitely need a chance to show off his prowess. It’s just that I never expected him to try to do so through the Larson family.”

“The Larson family freed itself from the Sanders family, and my daughter—Yvette—was betrothed to him as a mistress. Now, he’s using both of these things against us and forcing us to listen to him. If we do so, the late Old Master’s years of efforts will have been in vain, and our Larson family will never be able to make a name for ourselves again.”

“On the other hand, if we choose not to listen to him, the Sanders family will make it difficult for us to survive in the business world. Then, we’ll have no way out either. The Larson family is already being threatened to such an extent, yet none of you have felt it?”

Francis Larson’s words stunned the whole Larson family and made them change their minds about him.

In their minds, Francis Larson was a weak, timid, and useless man who was a slave to his wife. That was why their grandpa preferred the Larson family’s second family even though his family was the eldest.

But this time, he hit the bullseye with his analysis. Everything he said sounded reasonable and even touched their hearts.

This was his true nature. His past self had been nothing more than an act.

Even the Old Master, Joseph Larson, took a second glance at his eldest son. *‘It turns out that he’s such an opinionated man.’*

“Alright. Since we’re all clear about the situation now, let’s discuss our views and plans.”

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In the end, Yvette Larson arrived at the Sanders family's house with her husband.

The Sanders family owned acres of land, and the main building was situated right in the middle of that plot of land. Rumor had it that the building alone cost 20 million dollars.

William Sanders led Finn Taylor and Yvette Larson in alone. He had ordered everyone else to back down.

The trio walked up the stairs, arriving at a pavilion on the west side of the estate.

As they walked through the corridor, Finn Taylor glanced around him. *'These artificial mountains and ponds are placed in very interesting configurations. It's as though a master had been consulted on this matter. It seems obvious as to why the Sanders family is still able to maintain their position in society.'*

Within the pavilion, two men were playing chess.

Finn Taylor already recognized one of them: Joshua Sanders.

In front of Joshua Sanders sat a mature, middle-aged man. Without even asking about him, Finn Taylor guessed his identity. *'That would probably be the Sanders family's head, Grant Sanders.'*

"Master Sanders, she's here."

Grant Sanders turned slowly, and his gaze landed on Finn Taylor. "That's interesting. I didn't expect you to be here either."

"Uncle Sanders, you can talk to me if you have anything you want to tell me. Finn Taylor doesn't know anything." Along the way, Yvette Larson had already made her intentions known to her husband.

Once they arrived at the Sanders family's house, he was to remain silent and not say a word. She would be the one speaking for both of them.

"Yvette, don't be nervous. I only got William to bring you over because I missed you. Did Grant scare you?" With that, Grant Sanders's expression turned into one of anger.

"William Sanders, look at how much you've scared Yvette."

With a thud, William Sanders immediately kneeled down on the ground. "Master, please forgive me. I deserve to die."

Grant Sanders ignored him, letting him kneel on the ground.

Not only did this not make Yvette Larson feel relaxed, but it even caused her to feel more tense.

“Yvette, I heard that you haven’t had a good life in the past few years because you got married to a matrilocal son-in-law. Sigh, I like you very much. I always wanted you to be my daughter-in-law. It’s such a pity that fate makes a fool of all of us. This must be that legendary Finn Taylor.” Grant Sanders wagged his finger at Finn Taylor.

“Uncle Sanders, our relationship is fine. Thank you for your concern.” The more concerned Grant Sanders was, the more frightened Yvette Larson was.

“Young man, do you know how to play chess? Shall we have a game?” Grant Sanders wasn’t asking a question. Instead, he was giving an order.

As for Joshua Sanders, he had already stood up to give way to Finn Taylor.

As though she was dealing with an enemy, Yvette Larson quickly stood in front of her husband. “Uncle Sanders, he’s a piece of trash. Doesn’t the whole of San Francisco say that? Do you think he’d know how to play chess?”

Grant Sanders smiled and shook his head. “Sometimes, what others say may not always be true. It’s best to see it yourself. Only when you see it will you know what the truth is. Come on, young man. Have a round with me; it doesn’t matter even if you lose.”

Yvette Larson shook her head, advising her husband not to do so.

To her surprise, Finn Taylor let go of her hand. Then, he sat down in front of Grant Sanders.

“Good! Good! Good!” Grant Sanders affirmed.

Each word was like a giant bell ringing within Yvette Larson’s heart. She was scared stiff!

It was a game of chess!

Nonetheless, the game began.

Grant Sanders and Finn Taylor were head-to-head on the chessboard.

“Not bad; the young man’s skills are decent. Yvette, your husband isn’t a piece of trash. Look, he can play chess at the very least. Don’t you think he’s good?”

Yvette Larson had to suppress the urge to lash out at her husband. She had to resist the urge to punch him as well. *'Tell me. Are you dumb? Why did you insist on playing this game of chess? Do you think we'll get to leave if you anger Grant Sanders?'*

"Uncle Sanders, I think he only knows the basics. He won't be able to win—that's for sure."

"Haha. Yvette, I think you're wrong. He's playing a very interesting strategy. Young man, play well. If you win, I'll let you guys leave."

That last sentence was filled with murderous intent. Then, the pavilion fell into pin-drop silence.

Neither Finn Taylor nor Grant Sanders was going easy on the other.

One move and then another.

The sounds of the chess pieces moving sounded like sonorous thunder in the sky.

Yvette Larson, Joshua Sanders, and William Sanders had their eyes glued to the chessboard.

Chapter 48: So What?

Even the audience was on edge while watching the game between Grant Sanders and Finn Taylor.

Every move of the chess pieces felt like a stab to Yvette Larson's heart.

Although Yvette Larson knew nothing about chess, she could tell that Grant Sanders was an experienced player who was calm and collected and made his moves quickly.

This meant that victory was surely in his hands.

Yvette Larson couldn't wrap her head around why her husband had even agreed to this contest in the first place. *'Initially, it was much easier to settle the matter. I would've simply coaxed them at best or begged them at worst.'*

'From Grant Sanders's attitude, I could tell that he wasn't really trying to put me on the spot. But now, he is only going to let us leave if my husband wins. This means that we will surely remain captives here if my husband were to lose. As a respected figure,

Grant Sanders will definitely keep his word. Otherwise, how would he face others in the future?’

The game of chess was still ongoing. Nearly all the chess pieces had been taken off the chessboard.

The ones that were still left on the board were mostly Grant Sanders’s. It seemed like Finn Taylor had no way of making a comeback.

Plunk!

Grant Sanders made his last move. “You lost.”

Grant Sanders picked up his teacup and took a sip of tea confidently.

The moment Yvette Larson heard those words, she shut her eyes. She knew that this was the end for both her and her husband. *‘This chess game could very well have determined our fates.’*

By the side, Joshua Sanders and William Sanders were both sneering.

But Finn Taylor seemed not to have heard Grant Sanders. He reached forward and made his move.

Then, everyone’s gazes fell.

With that move, it seemed like the tables had been turned—it was checkmate.

Grant Sanders’s chess pieces had all been surrounded. He had absolutely no way of moving his pieces around.

“You lost.” Finn Taylor said the exact same words.

There was an awkward pause.

Grant Sanders’s hand trembled as he tried to steady himself. He placed the teacup down and looked at Finn Taylor. “Interesting; how interesting.”

“Leave then.” Grant Sanders waved them away as Finn Taylor stood up and took his wife’s hand.

Yvette Larson was still in a daze and hadn’t returned from her trance. Nonetheless, she politely bade him goodbye. “Goodbye, Uncle Sanders.”

They then rushed off.

William Sanders crawled up to Grant Sanders, making a neck-slicing gesture.

The latter shook his head, not wanting William Sanders to silence them.

After leaving the Sanders family's house, Yvette Larson quickly hailed a cab back to the Larson family's residence. She had to personally tell her grandpa about what had happened.

But when the couple arrived at the Larson family's residence, she realized that something was amiss.

There was not a single soul in the house—not even the family elders.

Thinking of only one possibility, she rushed over to the Larson family's meeting room with her spouse.

Familiar faces greeted her as she pushed the door open—her grandpa (Joseph Larson), her father (Francis Larson), her mother (Linda James), Franklin Larson, Frederick Larson, Quince Larson, Eleanor Larson, and Quinn Larson.

The entire Larson family was present.

The moment Yvette Larson pushed the door open, everyone's gazes fell on her.

Francis Larson and Linda James were the first to react.

They rushed over, and Linda James grabbed her daughter's hand. "My poor daughter. Are you feeling alright?"

Yvette Larson shook her head. "I'm fine thanks to Finn Taylor."

Linda James ignored the second part of her sentence and pulled her daughter over to Joseph Larson. "Dad, Yvette is back."

Joseph Larson nodded. "That's good. It's good that you're back."

Quince Larson and Eleanor Larson shared a knowing glance that was full of regret. Up until now, they still couldn't understand why the Larson family's fate was always bound together, be it for better or for worse. *'The heavens are really blind since Yvette Larson hasn't been killed this time.'*

Eleanor Larson put on a concerned expression and asked, "Yvette, did the Sanders family do anything to you? Why don't you tell us how you managed to come back?"

All eyes were on Yvette Larson because of that question. This was the question in everyone else's mind as well.

They were all curious about what Yvette Larson had experienced at the Sanders family's residence.

Yvette Larson was in a dilemma about how to answer this question.

"What's wrong, Yvette? Do you have something to hide? Don't tell me that you betrayed us just so you could escape! To think that we were all discussing how to save you!" Eleanor Larson was no different from a shrew. She immediately tried to slander her cousin once she realized that the latter wasn't replying to her.

"Eleanor Larson, you'd better not spout nonsense!"

"Spout nonsense? You know best what you've done."

The Old Master—Joseph Larson—nearly fainted from anger upon seeing his grandchildren arguing with each other so intensely. He slammed his fist on the table.

"Alright. All of you, shut up!"

"Yvette, tell us what happened at the Sanders family's residence."

Eleanor Larson had wanted to go on, but Quince Larson tugged at her. Finally, she relented.

"Grandpa, after the Sanders family kidnapped Finn Taylor and me, Grant Sanders asked about my marriage. He then challenged Finn Taylor to a game of chess and said that he would let us go if my husband won. My husband won in the end, and we were allowed to leave."

"Kneel down!" The Old Master, Joseph Larson, only said two words after hearing Yvette Larson. His tone was stern and domineering.

Yvette Larson was slightly frightened and was just about to kneel down when her husband stopped her.

Thud!

Finn Taylor knelt down on the ground.

In the Larson family, he was nothing but a matrilocal son-in-law that was looked down on. However, he would never let anyone bully his wife.

“So you know how to kneel as well? I thought that you’d gotten so courageous that nothing mattered anymore. Who allowed you to win that game of chess?”

Yvette Larson was in disbelief. *‘How could Grandpa say that?’*

She quickly explained, “Grandpa, I was only able to come back because Finn Taylor won. If he had lost, I might’ve been kept as a prisoner in the Sanders family’s residence forever.”

“So what?”

Joseph Larson’s words were like a bolt out of the blue to Yvette Larson. “Grandpa, what do you mean?”

“What do I mean? I should be the one asking you guys what you mean. So what if you had lost that game of chess? At the very most, you’d have been kept in the Sanders family’s residence. In the end, you might’ve even become Joshua Sanders’s mistress. But now that you’ve won and returned, do you know how much trouble you’ve brought upon the Larson family?”

“Finn Taylor, how dare you win against Grant Sanders? Do you think you’re worthy of winning? You’re a jinx! You’re going to kill the whole Larson family!”

Chapter 49: A Shattered Larson Family

Yvette Larson could hardly believe her ears. *‘I am Joseph Larson’s granddaughter—his biological granddaughter. How can he not even care about my survival and even spout such words?’*

“Grandpa, don’t you think you’re going overboard with your words?”

Quince Larson slammed the table. “Overboard? Yvette Larson, watch how you’re speaking to Grandpa. Was Grandpa wrong about what he said? From the very beginning, it was your family who created this trouble for the Larson family. Do you know how many families in San Francisco look down on us because you married this piece of trash?”

“Yvette Larson, you were clearly betrothed to Joshua Sanders, but you chose to marry someone else. Don’t you think it’s your fault that you offended the Sanders family and dragged our family down with you?”

Yvette Larson wanted to laugh. *'Why didn't you say so three years ago, Quince Larson? Three years ago, he should've told the late Old Master—Hugo Larson—exactly what he had just said. Perhaps, the late Old Master would've beaten him to death.'*

'He also said that I had a marriage contract with Joshua Sanders. Can a casual and shameless request from the Sanders family's Old Master for me to be Joshua Sanders's mistress count as a marriage contract as well?'

"Great! This is great!" Yvette Larson dragged her husband up from the floor and was prepared to leave. *'These so-called family members only make my heart run cold.'*

The moment Yvette Larson walked out of the room with her husband, Quince Larson's finger nearly poked Francis Larson's face. "Uncle, take a good look. This is your daughter. Does she even have Grandpa in her heart? She's still just a Deputy CEO helping Grandpa manage the company, but she's already eager to force Grandpa out of his position to take his place."

"It's my fault that I was useless and made a mistake, but don't forget that I'm not the only male in the third generation. Even if Grandpa doesn't hand the company over to me, he'll give it to Quinn Larson. Your family had better not dream of ever owning it!"

Eleanor Larson glanced at Quinn Larson.

He immediately kneeled before Joseph Larson. "Grandpa, I'm all grown up now. I want to gain some experience."

Quinn Larson was still young, only 18 years old. Logically speaking, there was no way the reins of the company would be handed to him, but he had somehow become a hot choice now!

Nonetheless, the cautious Joseph Larson didn't dare to make such a decision.

"Grandpa, I'm sorry for being useless and making some foolish mistakes in the past. If Quinn becomes the company's CEO, I'm willing to go all out to assist him." Quince Larson knew full well that his grandpa loved him the most. As such, he quickly added fuel to the fire.

Just as expected, Joseph Larson grew slightly hesitant.

"Grandpa, I've been in discussions with the head of Seattle's Scott family, Alexander Scott. I think that there's a high probability that it'll be successful. If we score that deal, we won't have to rely on Yvette Larson's project anymore," added Eleanor Larson.

Joseph Larson was delighted by what he was hearing, and he slammed his fist onto the table. “Good. I’m really happy to see all three families united and working together.”

Three families united—there was clearly something else between Joseph Larson’s words.

Francis Larson’s expression was terribly sour. *‘On the surface, Father seems to be praising the other three families. But in reality, he’s clearly lashing out at me for not matching up to the Larson family’s other three branches.’*

“Dad, the Sanders family has their sights set on the Larson family now. You must be careful before making any decisions,” Francis Larson finally advised.

But what he received in return was a dressing-down from the Old Master. “Francis Larson, I’m still well and alive. Why is your family in such a hurry to chase me out from my position? Fine. Since that’s the case, I think I have no choice but to name Quinn Larson as the CEO.”

Quinn Larson repeatedly kowtowed, thanking his grandpa profusely.

Quince Larson and Eleanor Larson shared a meaningful glance. They could see victory headed their way.

Unfortunately, they didn’t share the same thoughts.

What Quince Larson was thinking about was how he would eventually hold the power, be it in the family or in the office.

Quinn Larson would be a puppet CEO. After all, Quinn was still such a young kid.

As such, his grandpa naming Quinn Larson as the CEO was no different from handing the power back to him.

As for Eleanor Larson? That wasn’t what she was thinking about. Earlier, she had already told her grandpa that she would sign a deal with the Scott family.

That hadn’t been a lie. In fact, she had gotten it in exchange for her body.

‘Since Yvette Larson could become the company’s head with the Sullivan family’s project, there’s no reason I can’t do the same. When the time comes, I will be in charge of the most important project in the Larson Corporation to date. Anyway, the new CEO is just a young brat. Would my Larson family relatives rather listen to me or to a young brat?’

No matter what Quince Larson or Eleanor Larson thought, neither of them had expected Quinn Larson—who was still kneeling on the ground—to have his own ideas as well.

He had lost a young age and had been known as the Larson family's Young Master since then. However, he had had a miserable childhood.

Thankfully, he found good elder siblings in Quince and Eleanor Larson, who had always been helping and protecting him. But that also meant that they always stole his credit whenever he had any achievements.

He had endured everything, and today, he was finally seeing the fruits of his labor. He was going to be the Larson Corporation's CEO.

'All I have to do is endure it for a while longer until Grandpa passes on. I will then have the highest position in the Larson Corporation. My elder brother and elder sister have always thought me a fool, but they would never in a million years have guessed that I have already gathered evidence of their crimes behind their backs. Once Grandpa dies, I will expose them all. Then, nobody in the Larson family will be able to fight with me over the position of family head.'

Even in the face of such an impressive figure like the Sanders family, the Larson family was still fighting internally.

Francis Larson and Linda James returned home dejectedly.

The way Francis Larson saw it, the Larson family was doomed—completely doomed.

...

After leaving the Larson family's residence, Yvette Larson and Finn Taylor headed for the beach.

Facing the sea, Yvette Larson felt her tense heart finally relax. She yelled out at the sea, "Aaargh..."

Finn Taylor simply sat on the beach, watching his wife.

Just then, her phone rang.

Yvette picked up the phone, but the moment she heard the caller on the other end, her face turned ghostly pale.

"What's wrong?"

"Let's go. Hurry up! Mom called. Mom and Dad got into a car accident!"

'Car accident!' When Finn Taylor heard those two words, he fell into a frenzy as well. 'Could something really have happened to the couple? Yvette Larson has just been hit with her family's betrayal. What if her parents also pass away from an accident?'

Finn Taylor couldn't imagine how desperate his wife had to be.

Chapter 50: Staged Crash

According to Linda James's description, Finn Taylor and Yvette Larson quickly arrived at the site of the accident.

But what they saw was Linda James arguing with a middle-aged woman. "Do you even know how to drive? Look, you almost killed us!"

Linda James fiercely insisted that the other party intended to run into them and kill them.

"Can you be more reasonable? I was driving perfectly well, but you guys ran a red light. Besides, I didn't even hit you. Why do you keep trying to extort money from me? Are you a fraud, or is this a staged accident?"

"What are you saying? Fraud? Staged accident? How can you say that you didn't hit us? Can't you see that my husband is lying there on the ground and can't move?"

"You're so ridiculous. Both of us know perfectly well why he's lying there. He was fine just now, but you told him to lie there."

"I told him to lie there? What proof do you have? Do you have a dashcam?"

"Right, you're only so arrogant and bold because you saw that I didn't have a dashcam. If I had one, I'd have punched you a long time ago."

"Punch us? Wow, you even want to hit us now."

"You're really... a b*tch!"

Yvette Larson initially wanted to resolve the matter, but she felt utterly humiliated after overhearing the conversation.

The situation was clear as day. Linda James and Francis Larson had run a red light, nearly causing the female driver to knock into them.

But she had not, in fact, hit them.

Because she had seen that the other party had no dashcam, Linda James decided to extort a sum of money from the other party by pretending that her husband had been injured.

“Mom, can you stop embarrassing yourself?” Yvette Larson huffed as she tried to stop her mother.

However, Linda James refused to budge. She had held it in for long enough at the Larson family’s residence today. *‘The Old Master now even wants to chase us out of the family. Our lives are surely going to get tougher from now on.’*

Just now, Linda James had already clearly seen that the other party had no dashcam or any form of recording device in her car. *‘You were the one who hit me. You’ll have to pay me no matter what.’*

“Embarrassing myself? She nearly killed your parents, and you’re not even helping us? How could you be blaming us for this? Why did I give birth to a daughter like you?” Linda James hated her daughter for going against her.

“Fine; I’ll leave then. You can settle this yourself.” With that, Yvette Larson stomped off furiously.

Finn Taylor was just about to leave with her when Linda James shouted, “Stop right there. Why are you leaving? Stay here and settle this for me!”

He was annoyed but had no other choice. After all, he was her son-in-law, not her daughter.

Her daughter could leave, but as a son-in-law, he had to help his mother-in-law out before leaving.

Besides, he wasn’t just an average son-in-law. He was a matrilocal son-in-law.

Finn Taylor walked up to his father-in-law, and he kneeled down. “Dad, you’re the Larson family’s eldest son. I know Grandpa has always looked down on you, but you can’t look down on yourself too. Are you really going to continue with this act?”

Francis Larson’s gaze wavered, and he hesitated as he glanced at his wife.

“I’ll help you up, Dad.”

In the end, Francis Larson made his decision and stood up. "That's right; I can't degrade myself. Linda James, I still want my dignity even if you don't want yours."

With that, Francis Larson turned to leave.

Now that even her husband had left, Linda James's plot was sure to fail.

She vented all her anger toward Finn Taylor.

"I knew it! I didn't hit you. Now that he's gone, I can leave, can't I?"

Linda James had gone all out today. Without Francis Larson around, she simply lay herself down on the ground and even viciously hit the car with her head several times.

"I..." That female driver was speechless.

Finn Taylor waved her off. "Go on. Leave this to me."

She looked at Finn Taylor and asked hesitantly, "Are you sure you won't sue me for a hit-and-run?"

"No, no. Didn't you say that there aren't any CCTVs around? Even if I say that you ran away, I wouldn't be able to find you."

The female driver gave it some thought and felt that it did indeed make sense. As such, she hurried into her car and sped off.

With that, only Finn Taylor and Linda James were left.

Linda James flopped onto the ground and started throwing a tantrum. "You're such a piece of work, Finn Taylor. Look at what you've done. You've dumped my money down the drain! I could've gotten at least 15,000 dollars from her. Return me my money! Return me my 15,000 dollars!"

Finn Taylor's head was starting to hurt from Linda James's tantrum. "Alright, alright. Just take it that I owe you 15,000 dollars."

The moment she heard that, Linda James stood back up cheerfully. "No, a verbal agreement won't cut it. Let's go; we'll go home. You have to write me an IOU."

Finn Taylor was rendered speechless by his mother-in-law's shamelessness.

By the time they arrived home, Yvette Larson and Francis Larson were already home.

Once she arrived home, Linda James started searching through all her drawers and cabinets.

Francis Larson was confused. *'What is she up to now?'*

"Francis, do you know where we keep our paper and pens?"

"What do you need that for?" Francis Larson replied. He was curious about what his wife was going to do with them.

Even Yvette Larson—who was still in her room—was curious about what her mother was trying to do.

"I'm getting Finn Taylor to write me an IOU."

"IOU? Why would he need to write one?"

It wasn't just Yvette Larson that was confused. Even Francis Larson was bewildered.

"He let that woman go. I didn't get any money from her, so he'll have to give me whatever I would've gotten from her."

Linda James's answer had the father-daughter duo wondering if their ears were playing tricks on them. *'What kind of answer is this? We were clearly at fault, but Finn Taylor stepped in and helped to protect our family's reputation. But now, Finn Taylor is the one who owes Linda James money!?'*

"Mom, can you knock it off? Why would you write an IOU?"

"He won't be allowed to eat if he doesn't write it. I'll deduct the money from his meal allowance then."

Francis Larson: "..."

Yvette Larson: "..."

Both Francis Larson and his daughter were left speechless.

"Mom, I've already written the IOU. Take this." As the trio was still debating the matter, Finn Taylor walked in with a piece of paper in his hands and handed it to his mother-in-law.

She took a look at it. It was clearly written that Finn Taylor owed Linda James 15,000 dollars.

Linda James was finally satisfied, and she kept the IOU safely.

Just then, Finn Taylor's phone buzzed—it was a text message from Wampus.

He put his phone away and said to his wife, "Yvette, I have something to do. I'll be out for a while and may come back a little later tonight."

"Hold on." Yvette Larson rushed down from upstairs and handed an unopened bottle of beverage to him. "Stay safe."