

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

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### Chapter 5: You're A Jinx

Yvette Larson maintained her gaze on her grandfather, refusing to back down. Even she had no idea where she had gotten such courage from. Perhaps, it was the hand that Finn Taylor had placed on her shoulder which had spurred her on.

Everyone in the Larson family was stunned by Yvette Larson's attitude. *'Has she eaten something wrong today?'*

*'How can she speak to her grandpa in this manner?'*

Everyone thought that Yvette Larson was dead meat and that they were as well.

But just then, the Old Master of the Larson family spoke up. "Sure. As long as you manage to secure us a deal, I'll let you be the person-in-charge."

At that moment, everyone's jaws dropped.

The Sullivan family was extremely reputable, and there was no way the Larson family could even compare to them. If Yvette Larson were to become the person in charge of the project, she would definitely be on good terms with the Sullivan family. Then, her position in the Larson family would definitely skyrocket.

But when everyone thought more about it, they realized that this all hinged on the fact that they could establish a relationship in the first place. If the collaboration fell through, all this would be nothing more than empty talk.

Quince Larson continued to pressure Yvette Larson. "Yvette Larson, shouldn't you make a promise and tell us what you will do if you can't secure this deal for us since Grandpa has already agreed to your request."

"If I don't secure the deal, I won't ask for anything from the Larson family's assets. However, what will you do if I succeed?"

Quince Larson rejoiced in his heart. *'Joseph Larson is already 80, and it's only a matter of time before his life comes to an end. Then, the Larson family's assets will definitely be distributed among the different branches. One fewer family will benefit me since it will mean a larger share for me.'*

“If you succeed, I’ll start respecting you as an elder. I’ll address you as Sister Yvette; how’s that?”

Then, Yvette Larson would be the most respected among the Larson family’s third generation, while Quince Larson would rank second.

Quince Larson had never politely addressed Yvette Larson as ‘elder sister.’ Instead, he had always addressed her by her full name.

In his view, he held the most power. What power could a woman possibly hold?

“Deal,” Yvette Larson replied calmly and indifferently at the meeting.

When she reached home, however, she started feeling uneasy. She had made a promise, but working with Xander Corporation wouldn’t be that easy.

“What’s wrong? Are you still worried about the collaboration?” Seeing Yvette Larson in distress, Finn Taylor made her a cup of tea.

Unfortunately, Yvette Larson didn’t even take a glance at it.

“Actually, the key is not Xander Corporation but the Sullivan family from New York. It’ll be much easier if you manage to find the address of the Sullivan family in San Francisco and speak directly to them.” Finn Taylor had simply given Yvette Larson a suggestion, but what he received in return was her fury.

“Can you shut up? What do you know? Do you think you’re a CEO of a multinational corporation and that you’re in the position to be giving me advice? I only agreed to this because of your encouragement. I shouldn’t have listened to you.”

Just as she was talking, Linda James and Francis Larson walked over.

Both of them had overheard Yvette Larson’s words. “What? That’s an unrealistic promise! It’s all that piece of trash’s fault!”

“Finn Taylor, you’re such a bast\*rd and a jinx. What did our family do to you in your previous life that you’re torturing us like this?”

“You should know clearly about Dad’s health; he’ll pass on eventually. Our family will truly starve to death if we don’t get a single cent of his inheritance and if the company falls into Quince Larson’s hands.”

“It’s all your fault. Ever since you entered our family three years ago, our family has been on a downhill ride ever since.”

“You’re a jinx!” Linda James’s finger almost jabbed Finn Taylor’s face.

Finn Taylor didn’t try to avoid her because it was indeed true that he had dragged Yvette Larson’s family down.

It was good for them to vent their anger too.

Seeing him remain indifferent and acting like a good-for-nothing, Yvette Larson flared up even more. *‘Can’t you even rebuke others when they’re lambasting you? Are you still a man? I’ve never seen anyone as useless as you.’*

Yvette Larson turned and slammed the bedroom door behind her.

At the same time, Linda James landed a slap on Finn Taylor’s face. “Look at what you’ve done. Look at how angry my daughter is. Will you really feel secure and happy only after you’ve killed my entire family?”

Finn Taylor bit his lips without saying a word. Only when both Linda James and Francis Larson had returned to their rooms did he cautiously approach Yvette Larson’s room.

He opened the door carefully, only to be greeted by a pillow thrown directly at his head. “Scram! Who allowed you to enter my room? Finn Taylor, don’t think that you can enter my room just because we’re married. The kennel downstairs is where you truly belong.”

In the past three years, Finn Taylor and Yvette Larson had never lived as a real couple even though they were married in name.

Yvette Larson lived upstairs in a huge bedroom. On the other hand, Finn Taylor lived in a storeroom no larger than two square meters. It wasn’t even a stretch to say that it was like a dog kennel.

“Actually, I haven’t been slacking off over the past few days. I’ve already found the address of the Sullivan family in San Francisco. The security officer there is a friend of mine, and he agreed to let me in. This might be our chance.”

There was another pillow in Yvette Larson’s hands that she was about to throw at him, but she paused upon hearing Finn Taylor’s words. “You’re not lying to me?”

“We’ll know the truth once we head there. There’s no need for me to lie about this.”

Yvette Larson stopped in her movements and eventually placed the pillow down. “Forget it. Come in and have a seat. I’m going to get dressed and put on some makeup; we’ll leave in a while.”

Finn Taylor was stunned. This was the first time in three years that Yvette Larson had ever allowed him into her room. However, it seemed as though Yvette Larson was slowly changing as well.

“Don’t move; sit there.” What Yvette Larson was pointing to was a small stool within her room.

Finn Taylor shrugged and sat down indifferently.

After two long hours, Yvette Larson was finally done with her makeup.

“Dear, you look beautiful.”

“Don’t call me that. When we get there later, just pretend that you’re my assistant and address me as Ms. Larson.”

“Alright, Dear.”

Yvette Larson frowned.

“Understood, Ms. Larson.”

The Sullivan family had settled down in Pacific Heights in San Francisco.

Pacific Heights’ elevation and views of the city earned it renown as a scenic spot in San Francisco. It was the most affluent neighborhood in all of San Francisco.

Any villa around the neighborhood easily cost more than 100 million. Living here was a symbol of one’s status and that one had truly entered the upper-class circle.

The Larson family’s Old Master, Joseph Larson, dreamed of having a villa there too. He had once announced that he would hand over the family leader position to whomever in the Larson family could own a villa in Pacific Heights.

Now, Yvette Larson and Finn Taylor were standing at the foot of the hill where Pacific Heights stood.

Seeing the golden Rolls-Royce Phantom beside her, Yvette Larson was filled with curiosity. She seemed as though she were a country bumpkin going into the city for the first time. “When will I ever get the chance to sit in a Rolls-Royce Phantom?”