

## **The Untouchable Son-In-Law: The Master Peregrine #Chapter 51 - Hilary Stone - Read The Untouchable Son- In-Law: The Master Peregrine Chapter 51 - 60**

### **Chapter 51: Hilary Stone**

Through their interactions in the past few days, Yvette Larson had realized that her husband wasn't all that ordinary after all. This was in spite of the humiliation he had faced in the past three years and how he had been labeled as a piece of trash.

Ever since she had made it clear to her mom that she wasn't getting a divorce from him, Finn Taylor had changed.

Even so, he was still nothing more than a matrilocal son-in-law in this family. He was still the same piece of trash who was at her mother's mercy.

Yvette Larson had already thought it through; she knew that her husband had done this all for her sake.

At the thought of this, her heart blossomed with joy. This was why she had passed her spouse a drink and had even told him to stay safe as he was heading out.

"Ok." With a simple reply, Finn Taylor headed out of the house.

The information that Wampus had sent over had to do with the Sanders family.

Finn Taylor was very interested in the Sanders family. As such, he headed toward Pacific Heights.

Very quickly, he arrived at the Sullivan family's residence.

Logan Yeats, Alexander Scott, Hunter Sullivan, and Zachary Kennedy—as well as Merlin and Swallowtail—were already there.

"How's it going? Are you getting used to your new life?" Recently, Finn Taylor had found Merlin and Swallowtail new jobs.

Merlin was now a security officer, while Swallowtail was a janitor.

Their workplace was none other than Yvette Larson's neighborhood.

Of course, those weren't their main jobs. Finn Taylor intended for them to protect his wife's family. After all, he had brought a lot of trouble upon their family.

But these people who were stirring up trouble were way out of his wife's league.

"I'm doing well; I get along with the other security officers quite well. Swallowtail cleans the area during the day and picks up trash to sell at night. Nobody suspects a thing."

Finn Taylor nodded. *'Swallowtail is doing especially well. It's great that she's picking up trash to sell. This way, it will be even easier for her to conceal her true identity.'*

"Alright, let's talk about the Sanders family. Wampus, what's up with them?"

Wampus rolled the map out and pointed at an area.

Everyone looked toward the area Wampus had his finger on—it was Colorado.

"I've done my research. San Francisco's Sanders family isn't that simple; their ancestors were from Colorado."

Colorado, the Sanders family.

Logan Yeats and the rest glanced at each other in disbelief. "That can't be true."

Alexander Scott was dumbfounded. "We don't know that for sure. It's possible."

Finn Taylor knew what they meant: The eight tribes of Colorado. The Sanders tribe was amongst them.

According to Wampus, it was very likely that the Sanders family had descended from Colorado's Sanders tribe.

However, they had no idea whether the current Sanders family of San Francisco still kept in touch with the original Sanders tribe of Colorado.

If they had no contact, Finn Taylor could easily destroy this family. But if they did, things would be a little more complicated.

"Investigate it!" Finn Taylor's words revealed his murderous intent.

"Yes!" replied the four guardians in unison.

"Also, have you guys discovered anything about that piece of jade?"

Wampus shook his head. "Not yet, Master Peregrine."

Finn Taylor furrowed his brows in anger.

Wampus was so frightened that he immediately fell onto his knees.

But eventually, Finn Taylor's anger dissipated. He stood up and left the Sullivan family's residence and Pacific Heights.

He hadn't walked far from Pacific Heights before a well-dressed and elegant lady stopped him. "You must be Finn Taylor—the matrilocal son-in-law of the Larson family."

Finn Taylor scanned that lady from head to toe, confirming that he had never met her. "Do we know each other?"

The lady gently fanned herself with the fan in her hand. "No, but we're relatives."

'*Relatives?*' Finn Taylor didn't understand what she meant.

"My name is Hilary Stone. I think you should know who I am now."

'*Hilary Stone!*' Finn Taylor finally remembered who she was.

She was the wife of the Larson family's fourth son, Freddie Larson. That meant that she was Quinn Larson's mother.

At that time, Freddie Larson had passed away while Hilary Stone was still pregnant. As such, she had left the Larson family and returned to her own family.

A year later, Quinn Larson had been sent back to the Larson family by his mother. From then on, Hilary Stone hadn't been in contact with the Larson family.

In the blink of an eye, 18 years had passed.

Yvette Larson had told him all these things when she had been idle and bored.

Naturally, Finn Taylor had never met Hilary Stone.

He had never expected to run into her here. '*Is this just a coincidence, or was this planned?*'

"Shall we find somewhere to have a chat?" Although Hilary Stone had been married and had even given birth to a child, Finn Taylor felt that she gave off a seductive vibe.

It was a charm unique to young ladies, but Hilary Stone exuded it.

"Is there a need for that?"

“What, are you scared that I’ll eat you up? No matter what, shouldn’t you address me as ‘Auntie?’”

Finn Taylor gave it some thought and decided that he couldn’t afford to offend her. “Alright, there’s a coffee shop just ahead. Let’s go there.”

Then, the pair took their seats at the coffee shop around the corner.

Hilary Stone ordered three cups of coffee: one for Finn Taylor, one for herself, and she placed the last one next to her. “This is for your uncle, Freddie Larson.”

Finn Taylor was stunned and didn’t know what to say. *‘18 years. Freddie Larson has been dead for 18 years.’*

*‘Hilary Stone, I don’t believe that you still love him like you used to. Do you really order another set of everything you eat or drink for Freddie Larson? If you are indeed such a good person, why haven’t you returned to the Larson family even once in the past 18 years?’*

As such, Finn Taylor was sure that she was merely putting on an act in front of him. However, there was no need for him to expose her either.

“Finn Taylor, you’re not doing well in the Larson family, are you?”

Finn Taylor couldn’t stand how she was speaking as though she knew him well. *‘Aren’t we meeting each other for the first time today? More importantly, we only met five minutes ago. Is it really appropriate for you to be caring about me like this?’*

But Hilary Stone seemed ignorant of that fact as she placed her hand over Finn Taylor’s. “Sigh, what a poor thing. Your hands are so skinny.”

Finn Taylor immediately retracted his hand. “What are you trying to tell me?”

“Fine; I’ll be direct. The fight between the Larson family’s four branches should be coming to its tail end now. I’m guessing Joseph Larson isn’t going to last much longer. On behalf of the fourth branch, I’m willing to extend an olive branch and work with your family.”

Finn Taylor sneered. “On behalf of the fourth branch? Who are you to offer us help? Just because you’re Quinn Larson’s mother?”

“No. Of course, that’s not the only point. More importantly, I’m going to bring Quinn Larson back to the Stone family. He can’t inherit anything from the Larson family.”

At this point, Finn Taylor finally understood the situation: Hilary Stone was here to take her child back.

“You shouldn’t be telling me about this. You should be telling your son all of this. Perhaps you should even look for my father-in-law—Francis Larson—or my wife, Yvette, if you want to join forces with our family. I’m just a matrilocal son-in-law in the Larson family. I’m in no place to make any decisions.”

Hilary Stone smiled and chuckled with a crisp laugh. Then, she blew at Finn Taylor.

A fragrance wafted into his nose.

## Chapter 52: So Cheap

Hilary Stone’s unique fragrance nearly threw Finn Taylor off-guard as he started getting a little dizzy.

He shook his head, trying to break free of that pain.

But Hilary Stone merely smiled gently at him as she moved over to sit right next to him.

Initially, the pair had been sitting opposite each other. But with Hilary Stone right next to him, it was inevitable for the pair to touch each other.

“Auntie, you...”

“What’s wrong? Aren’t we relatives? Why do you mind?”

Finn Taylor picked up a glass of water from the table and poured it over his own face as he shook his head vigorously. Then, he rushed off.

Seeing Finn Taylor in such a frenzy, darkness covered Hilary Stone’s eyes. “Humph, he’s just a piece of trash! If not for the fact that I need to help my son take down your family, you wouldn’t even have a chance to touch me, you piece of trash! I’m letting you off this time. Next time, I’ll surely accuse you of raping me. We’ll see how your family maintains their place in the Larson family when that time comes.”

...

Finn Taylor hurriedly escaped from the coffee shop, not stopping to turn back for a glance. His lips were curled up into a smile. *‘How interesting. Hilary Stone is back! This mess in the Larson family is about to get even murkier.’*

He had obviously put on an act earlier. Ever since he turned six, Finn Taylor understood that he couldn’t afford to trust anyone but himself.

*'Did Hilary Stone really think she could trick me with her little tricks? How delusional.'* Finn Taylor didn't head home immediately. Instead, something popped up in his mind: *'Linda James's accident. No matter what, it's true that something did indeed happen to Linda James this time. It was partly because she had run a red light. but it was also partly because our family doesn't own a car.'*

*'Even the car that my wife had driven was one that the company had provided her with as the CEO. But now that she's only the Deputy CEO—not the CEO—it's only natural that she no longer has access to it.'*

As such, Finn Taylor thought about purchasing a car.

By the time he reached the BMW showroom, it was almost five in the afternoon.

The salesmen had already packed up and were getting ready to leave, but Finn Taylor walked over just then.

*'This...'*

People who usually purchased BMWs drove other luxury cars over with their friends or family. No matter how poor one was, they would always take a cab over if they didn't own a car.

The salesmen had never seen anyone walking to buy a BMW. *'Won't he become a joke if word gets out?'*

Upon entering the showroom, a red BMW on display caught Finn Taylor's eye. He walked over, wanting to have a feel of it.

But he had only just stretched his arm out when a feather duster appeared between his hand and the car. "Sir, you aren't allowed to touch the cars if you aren't buying them."

Finn Taylor eyed the salesman. "Shouldn't I be allowed to take it on a test drive? Do you mean I can't even touch the car?"

"Well, there's a showroom next door that sells SGMWs. You're welcome to test drive any car there. This is a BMW showroom."

Finn Taylor stroked his nose. "What do you mean?"

"Nothing much; it's just that the cars here are more expensive. You'd better not touch the cars if you can't afford them."

Finn Taylor was utterly displeased. “Oh, then I must have this car today. Name your price.”

“This is a BMW 5 series—1.5 million.” The salesman quoted the price and couldn’t help but sneer. *‘I have worked here for five years, and I am one of the most experienced salespeople here. While others can only tell whether their customers are wealthy or not, I can even name the brand and prices of the clothes my customers are wearing.’*

With just one glance, he could tell that Finn Taylor was dressed in cheap clothes. His entire outfit probably cost only ten dollars.

*‘If anyone told me that he’s here to buy a BMW, I’d take it as the biggest joke I’ve ever heard.’* As such, this salesman didn’t even stop to think if his words would offend Finn Taylor.

“1.5 million?”

The moment the salesman heard Finn Taylor’s words, he knew that this man in front of him could no longer keep up with his act and was surely going to leave. *‘That’s right; you don’t even have any money. Why did you even come here? You could’ve gone to SGMW instead. Why did you have to come to BMW? And even if you came, you didn’t have to touch that 5 series display. You’re just humiliating yourself.’*

“That’s right; it’s 1.5 million. Just leave if you don’t have enough money. We’re closing for the day.” The salesman yawned and was ready to kick Finn Taylor out.

“That’s a little cheap. Do you have anything more expensive?”

He had never expected Finn Taylor to give such a response.

*‘Pfft!’* The salesman had to suppress his laughter. *‘It’s alright if you don’t have any money. We’re all ordinary people, so it’s normal not to be able to afford a BMW. But you’re really despicable for trying to act like a rich person.’*

“Get out! Get out!” Finally, the salesman could no longer stand it and tried to chase his customer away.

Finn Taylor dazedly stood there, not understanding the situation. *‘What’s going on? I’m here to buy a car; I’m the customer. Don’t they say that the customer is king? Who would chase the king out? Why do they not want my money?’*

The din eventually attracted the attention of the BMW showroom’s manager. “What’s going on? Why is it so noisy?”

Seeing the manager walking over, the salesman got a little anxious inwardly. But he calmed down very quickly. "Sir, someone is creating a din here. I'm chasing him away."

That salesman acted as though he had done nothing wrong and was looking at Finn Taylor as though the latter was a fraud.

"What happened? Tell me everything."

"Alright. Sir, he said he wanted to buy this car, but he can't fork out so much money. Look at what he's wearing. It's so simple..." The salesman knew that he was in the wrong for chasing customers away, but he refused to apologize for that. Thus, he tried to find excuses for himself.

The manager waved him away and gestured for him to keep quiet. Then, he turned to Finn Taylor with a smile. "Hello, Sir. May I get your name? How may I assist you?"

That salesman may have worked here for five years, but the manager had way more experience than him.

He had seen extremely wealthy customers who dressed in very ordinary outfits. From then on, he had told himself that he would definitely treat every customer equally as long as they were here to buy a car.

"There's no need to be so formal. My name is Finn Taylor."

Compared to that sales person, the manager had a much friendlier attitude. Thus, Finn Taylor smiled back at him.

"Finn Taylor? Excuse me for being so crude, but it's best you change your name. This isn't a very auspicious name here in San Francisco."

Finn Taylor was stunned. "Does it really matter?"

"Sir, are you a foreigner? There's a good-for-nothing matrilocal son-in-law in San Francisco whose name is Finn Taylor too."

'*Er...*' Finn Taylor was rendered speechless for a moment. "If you're talking about Yvette Larson's husband, that'd be me."

The moment Finn Taylor said those words, the entire showroom fell into silence.

As everyone turned to look at him, their gazes were filled with utter disdain.

## **Chapter 53: Kneel**



“Sir, please leave.”

Finn Taylor had never in a million years expected that the manager—who had been very kind and friendly just seconds earlier—to chase him away after hearing that he was the Larson family’s matrilocal son-in-law.

“So what if I’m that matrilocal son-in-law? I’m here to buy a car. Does it matter what my identity is?”

The manager sneered. *‘It’s true that it’s my principle not to look down on anyone because even the most plainly dressed customer can be secretly wealthy. Unfortunately for you, Finn Taylor, you’re really too ordinary. You’re so ordinary that there’s no way you’ll ever have a chance to even prove yourself.’*

*‘Everyone knows that you haven’t been allowed to sleep upstairs in the past three years as the Larson family’s matrilocal son-in-law. You even have to cook and clean every day. You’ve done everything remotely possible to humiliate all men. It’s embarrassing to even let you stay here.’*

The one thing the manager wanted to do most was to chase this jinx out of the showroom. *‘Someone like this doesn’t deserve to be here.’*

“No, I’m here to buy a car. Why are all of you trying to chase me out?”

The manager walked up to the cashier and brought a POS machine over. “Come on. If you’re as good as you say you are, swipe your card. If the transaction goes through, I’ll kneel down in front of you.”

The manager didn’t believe that he wouldn’t be able to chase away such a piece of trash.

Dozens of eyes in the BMW showroom shot over.

Not a single person trusted Finn Taylor. After all, he was nothing more than a good-for-nothing matrilocal son-in-law.

How capable could a matrilocal son-in-law possibly be? It seemed more appropriate for him to be shopping for groceries, but a car?

Worse still, a BMW. Wasn’t that just a huge joke?

That salesman had the urge to slap himself. *‘I had even told this customer to buy a car from the SGMW showroom next door. I guess I was wrong this time. Someone like him probably can’t even afford an SGMW. In fact, someone like him probably wouldn’t even*

*be able to afford a rubbish truck from SGMW. He's better off driving an electric scooter. Anyway, it seems like the Larson family's matrilocal son-in-law really drives an electric scooter.'*

Finn Taylor wasn't fazed by the dozens of eyes on him. He reached into his pocket; then, his entire face flushed red.

This was because he had suddenly remembered something. Earlier on, it had been a little warm at Hunter Sullivan's house. As such, he had taken off his jacket.

However, he had forgotten to put it back on before leaving.

The most embarrassing thing was that his credit card was in the pocket of that jacket! This meant that he couldn't even use his card now.

"About that... I forgot to bring my credit card."

*Pfft!*

When Finn Taylor reached into his pocket, everyone present wondered if that piece of trash would really present a card to make payment.

However, the result was obvious.

*'He's just a piece of trash...'*

*'He has been putting on an act.'*

*'It's clear that he's broke.'*

'Forgetting to bring your card? Even a three-year-old wouldn't believe that excuse. Do you think we'll believe you?'

Finn Taylor was embarrassed. *'If I had taken out my card and swiped it, these people might've believed that I was indeed here to buy a car. But now, even I feel like I'm a fraud.'*

"Why don't I get someone to bring my card here right now?" Finn Taylor tested the waters, but he was met with sneers.

"Go away. We're closing for the day."

Not a single person trusted Finn Taylor.

“Mr. Taylor, you left your jacket behind.” Just then, a man rushed into the BMW showroom. Then, he handed Finn Taylor the jacket he had left in the Sullivan family’s residence.

At that moment, Finn Taylor felt like this man was the kindest man in the world.

He reached into the jacket pocket and handed the manager his credit card.

The manager, as with all the other employees, was already getting ready to leave for the day. He had never expected this to happen.

He stared at Finn Taylor dazedly. *‘Is this really happening? Are you still putting on an act up until now?’*

The manager received the card, his face still full of disbelief. Then, he swiped the card.

Everyone’s eyes were glued to the POS machine. They all wanted to know if the transaction would go through.

But at the same time, they couldn’t help but laugh self-deprecatingly. *‘What are we even expecting? The whole of San Francisco knows that this guy is a good-for-nothing matrilocal son-in-law. Do you really think that his transaction will go through?’*

*‘The answer is obvious.’*

*‘Why are we still waiting here?’*

*‘What a joke!’*

*Beep!*

The transaction was a success!

Now that it was obvious that the transaction had gone through, everyone was left dumbfounded. *“That can’t be true. The transaction was a success? How is that even possible?”*

*‘Everyone knows that Finn Taylor is the most useless and embarrassing piece of trash and has humiliated all men in San Francisco. How could he have paid for this?’*

*‘1.5 million? That’s a formidable sum. An average person would never even earn so much money in their whole lives. Besides, the Larson family of San Francisco is just a second-tier family. It would probably be difficult for a family like that to fork out 1.5*

*million dollars in cash. This means that it's likely that this sum of money isn't even the Larson family's.'*

At that thought, countless eyes stared at Finn Taylor, their gazes filled with fear. *'Who is this man? Who is backing him, and what is he hiding?'*

"Do you remember what you said earlier?"

*'A man has to keep his word. I could've easily gone to another showroom to make my purchase, but the staff in this showroom are such menaces, especially that manager. How could he have said such things?'*

*'Fine! Since you want to kneel, I'll let you kneel.'* Finn Taylor kindly reminded the manager about his promise.

In an instant, that manager's face turned ghostly pale. This was because he, too, remembered what he had personally said earlier: As long as Finn Taylor could make a successful transaction, he would go down on his knees.

"That... I..." The manager tried to make excuses but was met with Finn Taylor's piercing gaze.

*'What? Are you trying to deny it? Do you think I'll let you off?'*

The manager glanced at Finn Taylor and felt a murderous gaze on him.

Eventually, it was so intimidating that he gave up.

*Thud!*

The manager fell on his knees in front of Finn Taylor.

The latter didn't even spare him a glance as he sneered. "Where's the key?"

By then, a salesman had already hurried over to Finn Taylor to hand him the key.

As he received it, he casually said, "You'd better not say a word about what happened today; otherwise, I can't promise you that you'll stay alive."

With that, Finn Taylor turned to leave.

But the man who had brought his jacket over stopped him. "Young Master, Ms. Scott is in trouble."

## Chapter 54: As Expected of Master Peregrine

*'Ms. Scott?'* Finn Taylor was stunned. *'Has something happened to Phoebe Scott?'*

He got in the car and stepped on the accelerator, flying toward Pacific Heights.

By now, Logan Yeats, Hunter Sullivan, Alexander Scott, and Zachary Kennedy all owned their own properties at Pacific Heights.

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

Logan Yeats, Hunter Sullivan, and the rest were pacing up and down at the gate.

Finn Taylor could tell from their faces that they were worried sick. As he headed into the house, he asked, "What happened?"

"Master Peregrine, I'm afraid Ms. Scott isn't doing well. Dr. Smith came over, but he shook his head as well."

Finn Taylor knew that the Dr. Smith they were talking about was Jeremy Smith.

He was the most renowned doctor in the entire world and was known to raise people from the dead. But even Jeremy Smith shook his head this time.

Finn Taylor walked into Phoebe Scott's room, but the rest did not follow.

They stood outside the door, not allowing anyone to disturb them in the room.

The four guardians were all prominent figures; they weren't to be trifled with.

The Scott family servants were so fearful that they didn't even dare to make a peep.

As Finn Taylor walked into the room, he saw Phoebe Scott lying there, her face pale and void of life.

Within Jeremy Smith's hands were needles that he skillfully placed at Phoebe Scott's acupuncture points, pulling her back from death's door.

Alexander Scott—who was standing by the side—was sweating profusely. However, he managed to force a smile out when he saw Finn Taylor coming in. "Master Peregrine."

Finn Taylor waved him off, signaling for him to stay quiet.

It was the most critical moment as Jeremy Smith tried to save Phoebe Scott's life. They couldn't afford to make the slightest sound now.

Finn Taylor stood by the side as he watched the doctor's needles being poked around swiftly. He then abruptly took out a needle and placed it between Phoebe Scott's eyebrows.

It was only then that Jeremy Smith finally let out a sigh of relief. Then, he stood up and bowed to the other. Although he was elderly, he respectfully made a 90-degree bow.

Finn Taylor didn't ask Jeremy Smith to stand up immediately.

Only five minutes later did he finally speak up. "Get up."

Jeremy Smith stood up and said respectfully, "Thank you, Master Peregrine, for saving my life."

Alexander Scott was confused. *'What's wrong with Jeremy Smith? It makes sense that Finn Taylor's needle saved Phoebe, but what does that have to do with Jeremy Smith?'*

Seeming to notice Alexander Scott's doubts, Jeremy Smith quickly explained, "Thunderbird, you may not understand this. Let me explain it to you. Medical studies are getting more refined by the day. This time, your sister's illness was much more dangerous than before. In other words, she was already dead."

Alexander Scott paused. "Dead?"

He was stunned by Jeremy Smith's words. *'My sister is clearly alive. How could Jeremy Smith say that she's dead?'*

"Don't worry; listen to me. I said that your sister was dead, but I used one of the most high-level skills in the medical world. The moment I touched her, her life became closely intertwined with mine. Our fates were tied. If she died, I would've died as well."

Alexander Scott came to a sudden realization. He immediately fell to the ground in front of Jeremy Smith, expressing his utmost gratitude. "Thank you for saving her life, sir."

Jeremy Smith waved him off. "Your sister's condition was really dangerous. It was completely unexpected. When I used that method earlier, I almost suppressed your sister's illness and nearly... Thankfully, Master Peregrine stepped in and saved both of us."

It was only then that Alexander Scott understood why Jeremy Smith had said that Finn Taylor had saved his life.

The former turned toward Finn Taylor and kowtowed on the ground. With each kowtow, he yelled out, "Thank you, Master Peregrine!"

Finn Taylor waved him off, and Jeremy Smith helped Alexander Scott up. "Let's go out and let Phoebe have a good rest."

As they left the room, Logan Yeats and the rest surrounded them. "Dr. Smith, how's Phoebe?"

He waved them off. "She's fine. We have her illness under control for now."

His face was then filled with curiosity as though he was a student consulting a teacher. Although a little shy, he eventually blurted out, "Master Peregrine, it's been so many years, but your medical skills are improving with time! There's something I don't understand. How did you manage to place that needle between her eyebrows?"

This was what Jeremy Smith couldn't wrap his head around no matter how hard he tried. Even among the top 100 doctors in the country, not a single one would dare to do so.

After all, that was where the most vital acupuncture point was.

There were many doctors who had tried doing so but had ended up taking their patient's lives in the process.

This was why Jeremy Smith had hesitated to do so. In fact, he had nearly paid for that with his life.

He couldn't make out how Finn Taylor had managed to place that needle at once without much difficulty at all.

Finn Taylor smiled, pointing between Jeremy Smith's eyebrows.

In an instant, the latter was stunned. "Thank you so much, Master Peregrine. I understand; I finally understand it. I never thought that Master Peregrine would be able to solve the problem I've been researching for so many years. As expected of Master Peregrine."

Jeremy Smith was terribly emotional and looked all around the house for pen and paper. He wanted to record everything he had just learned.

Nobody else understood what the doctor had just learned. However, they knew one thing: Finn Taylor's medical skills far exceeded Jeremy Smith's.

The latter had once told the four guardians about this, but this was the first time they were experiencing it first-hand.

This made it more meaningful than ever.

The four guardians looked at Master Peregrine as though they were looking at a god. They had watched him grow up, face endless humiliation, and even be forced to become a useless matrilocal son-in-law of San Francisco. Yet, he had grown so much.

They wondered how much more Finn Taylor was hiding from them.

“You guys should all go home. Alexander, prepare a room; I’ll spend the night here.”

Alexander Scott was stunned. “Master Peregrine?”

“I’ll stay here to keep an eye on Phoebe’s condition. I’ll leave if her condition stabilizes tomorrow.”

The rest were already getting ready to leave, but when they heard Finn Taylor’s words, all their eyes turned red in an instant. *‘Master Peregrine is staying behind just to take care of Phoebe Scott!’*

In the past, they had always felt that Master Peregrine was high up in the air and untouchable. But today, they finally realized that Master Peregrine was such a gentleman.

At the same time, they realized how Finn Taylor had managed to gather so many capable people like Jeremy Smith and Zane Yeller through his own efforts even after leaving Peregrine Hall.

“Ack...” Just then, they heard Phoebe Scott vomiting within the room.

## **Chapter 55: Swear**

“Ack!”

Everyone outside the room clearly heard Phoebe Scott vomiting blood.

Her brother flew into the room frenziedly, but he was greeted by an unexpected sight.

After vomiting that blood clot out, Phoebe Scott now looked much better. As she lay there and saw her brother rush in, she sneered.



The pitiful weeping beauty in front of him pained his heart. *'My sister has suffered through too much while staying by my side. There are many who envy me because of my position as the head of Seattle's Scott family and Thunderbird of Peregrine Hall. But nobody knows that my deepest desire is simply for my sister to live a peaceful life. At that time, I had only entered Peregrine Hall because they had saved my sister.'*

Finn Taylor remained outside the room; he was in no hurry at all.

Everything was under his control.

He had initially intended to stay the night to watch over Phoebe Scott. But now that she had already vomited blood, he could put his mind to rest.

Finn Taylor strolled into the room.

When Phoebe Scott saw him, she wanted to get up from the bed to bow to him. But Finn Taylor gestured for her to stay put, and she did.

"This is from my wife." Finn Taylor stretched out his hand—there was a small hydrangea in it.

Phoebe Scott was a little confused but still thanked him and asked him to thank Yvette Larson on her behalf too.

Finn Taylor had organized a grand birthday party for his wife on the peak of Pacific Heights. Although she was a young lady from a respected family, she had volunteered to become an attendant for that day.

Today, Finn Taylor had returned this favor by giving her this hydrangea in his wife's name.

He nodded as he looked at Phoebe Scott. "You look quite good. Alexander, don't bother tidying up the guest room. I think I can leave at ease."

Alexander Scott was overwhelmed with emotion. He had already known just how impressive Master Peregrine's medical skills were.

Of course, he understood what Finn Taylor meant by his words. This meant that his sister had truly been saved.

"Send me off." With that, Finn Taylor turned and left.

Alexander Scott nodded and hurried out too.

The pair walked out of the villa.

“What happened? Didn’t I instruct Jeremy Smith to take care of your sister? If you followed his treatment plan, there would’ve been no way her illness would act up so easily. What happened?”

“It’s the Sanders family.” Alexander Scott told the other all about how Phoebe Scott had bumped into the Sanders family and how they had forced her to drink a glass of medicine.

Before this, Finn Taylor had been wondering about whether the Sanders family had anything to do with Colorado’s Sanders tribe. It now seemed like they were definitely in contact.

Otherwise, the Sanders family would never have even thought of dealing with Phoebe Scott.

*‘It seems like Colorado’s eight tribes can no longer sit still. Are they getting ready to make their comeback?’* Finn Taylor signaled for Alexander Scott to stop speaking. He already had a clear understanding of the situation.

After that, he drove off into the night.

When Alexander Scott returned to the villa, he heard a huge din. Thinking that something had happened to his sister again, he rushed in without hesitation.

But what he saw was Jeremy Smith holding the hydrangea, while Logan Yeats, Phoebe Scott, and the others stared intently at it.

“Oh, Alexander, you’re back. Alexander, oh Alexander. You’re so lucky.”

The person in question was still a little dazed. All he knew was that everyone was staring at him with gazes that were full of envy. *‘I just went out to send Master Peregrine off. What happened? Why is everyone looking at me like this?’*

“What’s wrong?”

“Alexander, do you know about the Master Peregrine Order?”

Alexander Scott was agitated. “Of course, I know about it. The Master Peregrine Order is the most precious treasure in this world. For anyone from Peregrine Hall, seeing the Master Peregrine Order is like meeting Master Peregrine himself.”

Alexander Scott rattled on fluently. After all, he held a senior position in Peregrine Hall and was not unfamiliar with the Order.

“Yes, do you know what the Order is made of?”

“Of course, I know that too. The oldest tree in the world is a Great Basin bristlecone pine. Legend has it that the Order was made from that very tree.”

“Yes, as expected of Peregrine Hall’s Thunderbird. You do indeed know the Master Peregrine Order like the back of your hand. I’ll let you in on a secret. People have thought of the tree that makes up the Master Peregrine Order as the key to longevity. Even just an inch of its bark costs tens of millions of dollars. Nothing compares to it—not pearls, not precious stones, and not diamonds. They can’t even compare to this tree even when added up together.”

All four guardians, as well as all the onlookers, were stupefied when Jeremy Smith said so. They had never known that the Master Peregrine Order—which they had always heard about—was so valuable.

“Let me tell you something else. The hydrangea that Master Peregrine gave your sister contains a small piece of that tree.”

*Hiss!*

The entire room fell silent.

Logan Yeats, Hunter Sullivan, Alexander Scott, and Zachary Kennedy were very well-known figures who were able to turn the tides of the business world with just their words. Yet, their eyes were as wide as saucers.

Not a single person could imagine how much Finn Taylor thought of this friendship to give such a valuable gift to Phoebe Scott.

It was to protect her life and wish her a long life.

Alexander Scott walked forward, trembling with every step. He received the hydrangea from Jeremy Smith and held it up high above his head; then, he kneeled down on the ground respectfully. “I swear on my heart that I will work for Master Peregrine alone in this lifetime, my next lifetime, and forevermore. The heavens will be my witness, and I’m willing to be struck by lightning or brutally killed if I ever go back on my words.”

Alexander Scott’s eyes were filled with tears, and each of his words was from the bottom of his heart.

Because Finn Taylor had been sincere to him, he was willing to reciprocate as well.

Even the other three guardians had tears fill their eyes too! Although they hadn't said it explicitly, they swore in their hearts to serve Finn Taylor faithfully.

...

But Finn Taylor wasn't doing as well as they thought; he was experiencing a bad headache.

At that time, he had bought this BMW 5 series on impulse. However, this car was way too expensive.

*'1.5 million? How should I even tell Yvette about this? If she finds out that I spent 1.5 million dollars, she'll probably kill me.'*

*'Speak of the devil.'* As Finn Taylor was wracking his brain while sitting in the car, his wife walked out of the house with a trash bag.

She then spotted her husband.

## **Chapter 56: Troubles of Buying a Car**

Yvette Larson hummed as she walked out with a trash bag. Then, she spotted her husband lighting a cigarette in a car.

She tossed the trash bag into the trash can next to her and walked straight up to Finn Taylor. There was an indecipherable smile on her face.

Finn Taylor felt his hair stand on end as he caught a glimpse of that smile.

"Not bad, Mr. Taylor. You're even driving such a luxurious car now."

Finn Taylor was so frightened that he immediately got out of the car and stubbed his cigarette.

"Explain yourself." Yvette Larson was polite and still had a smile on her face.

Finn Taylor picked up the cigarette and walked toward the trash can.

"Where are you going?"

"To throw this cigarette away."

*Thud!*

Yvette Larson slammed her fist down on the car. “Stop right there!”

Finn Taylor—Master Peregrine, head of Peregrine Hall—stopped in his tracks, not daring to move the slightest bit.

“Tell me what’s with this car.”

“Oh, the car. Would you believe me if I said that I won it in a lucky draw?”

Yvette Larson’s smile got more charming, but she didn’t say a word. She simply stared at her spouse.

It was exactly because she was remaining silent that the latter panicked even more. “That... I still had some money from the late Old Master. I saw that you didn’t have a car to go to work with, and it’s because Mom and Dad had to walk home without a car that they nearly got into an accident. That’s why I bought a car.”

“Oh? Do you still have money then?” Yvette Larson found it hard to believe her husband. *‘Was the Old Master crazy? How could he have given Finn Taylor so much money? But now that the car is right in front of me, I can’t afford to disbelieve it either.’*

“I still have some left. Do you want to confiscate it?” Finn Taylor took out a card and handed it to his wife.

He thanked the heavens that he had prepared this card beforehand. There were still 3,000 dollars left in it.

*‘If my wife takes it and checks the balance, I might be able to fool her this time.’*

What Finn Taylor hadn’t expected was for his wife to wave him off generously.

“Old Master gave it to you. Why are you giving it to me?” Although Yvette Larson wanted to take the card, she wasn’t after the money in it. She simply wanted to check how much was left so she could estimate how much the late Old Master had given her spouse.

But in the end, she gave up that thought.

In the past three years, their family had never given Finn Taylor a single cent.

Every month, her mom only gave him 200 dollars for groceries—200 dollars for a family of four for a whole month of groceries!

Yvette Larson had her suspicions that her husband had always paid out of his own pockets. Otherwise, how was it possible that they had meat to eat every day? *'What would my husband do if I were to take away that card?'*

"Let's go home!"

Finn Taylor's hands were still outstretched; he had never expected his wife to reject his card. *'Isn't she afraid that I will go astray because I have money now?'*

In actual fact, Yvette Larson wasn't in the slightest bit afraid.

*'Is Finn Taylor rich now? He already had this huge sum of money three years ago. In the past three years, it hasn't just been our family. Even the Larson family and the entire San Francisco has bullied and humiliated him. Nonetheless, he's taken it upon himself and has never had a change of heart.'*

As such, Yvette Larson was still willing to trust him.

When they reached home, Finn Taylor casually placed the car key on the table.

He then suddenly realized that something was wrong. By the time he realized this and wanted to hide his key, it was too late.

Linda James reached out. "What's that? Take it out."

Finn Taylor stood still, not knowing what to do.

He eyed his spouse, who shrugged. She didn't have any clue either.

With no other choice, Finn Taylor could only hand the key over.

"Oh, it's a car key. Yvette, did you buy a car?" Linda James's first reaction was to guess that her daughter had bought a new car.

Finn Taylor wasn't even a thought.

"You silly girl. I'm not trying to scold you, but you're really a spendthrift. Also, you'd better not leave your car key with Finn Taylor. He's so clumsy; what if he damages the car? Finn Taylor, I'll make the decision. You'll have our family's electric scooter from now on."

Linda James found the key to the electric scooter and acted as though she was doing Finn Taylor a huge favor as she handed it to him.

Yvette Larson walked up, wanting to remind her mother that it was her husband who had purchased the car.

However, her husband stopped her with his gaze.

“Yvette, what car did you buy? Let’s go; I want to take a look at it. Francis, come out. Your daughter bought a car.” Linda James was emotional, feeling like she hadn’t raised her daughter for nothing. *‘My daughter is so filial that she bought us a car.’*

As Francis Larson came out, the family walked out cheerfully to take a look at the car.

When Linda James saw the brand of the car, she couldn’t help but reproach her daughter. “Why did you buy a BMW? It’s so expensive. I know that you’re doing well and that you’re even the Deputy CEO now, but weren’t you just promoted? I don’t think your salary is high enough to pay for this car. Don’t tell me that you embezzled funds from the company! You’d better be careful.”

Yvette Larson didn’t know how to respond to her mother’s words. After all, she wasn’t even the one who bought the car.

However, she also couldn’t tell her mother about that. It was also true that she couldn’t afford this BMW with her measly salary.

That was why her mother had suspected her of embezzling the company funds. It was only normal for her to think that way.

Finn Taylor opened the car door and gestured for Linda James to get in. “Mom, try the chair. It’s made of real leather; it’s really comfortable.”

He was trying to coax his mother, but she shoved him aside. “Get lost, Finn Taylor. You’d better remember that this car has nothing to do with you. Without our permission, you’d better not touch this car! Look at your hands. They’re clearly to clean and cook. Do you think they’re worthy of touching this luxury car?”

Linda James really loved the car and looked upon Finn Taylor’s hands as though they had thorns and would ruin the car the moment he touched it.

She pushed Finn Taylor aside.

Finn Taylor didn’t know how to respond as his kindness had been taken for granted.

“What, are you unhappy that I said something about you? You’re a grown man, yet you can’t do anything right. All you do is laze around all day. Ever since you became a matrilocal son-in-law, what have you contributed to our family? Have you earned any money or bought anything for us? I think you’re really like those delusional men people talk about. All you want is to enjoy riches and a good life.

“Do you think you’re now like those wealthy people just because you’ve married into our family and that you can get anything you want? I’m telling you that you can keep dreaming about that. If you think I’m wrong, just take a look at yourself. You’re so useless; you’re no different from a wild dog begging for food. But if you were the one who bought this car, I definitely won’t say anything more. I’ll even give you a present as an apology.”

## Chapter 57: Karen James’ Shameless Family

Yvette Larson could no longer take it. *‘My husband has made great contributions to our family. Does my mom think it’s very easy to wash the clothes, cook our meals, and clean the house every day? There were many times that my significant other paid for our food out of his own pockets. In fact, it was my husband who had gotten me this position as the Deputy CEO.*

*‘Also, he had clearly purchased this car with his own money. Mom was going overboard by telling him not to even touch the car. Now, she’s even saying such hurtful things.’*

“Mom...” Yvette Larson shouted, wanting to blurt out the truth so that her mom would treat her husband better in the future.

However, Finn Taylor walked up to stop her. “Yes, Mom. You’re right. I’ll remember whatever you said.”

“Go away then; don’t stand in my way. Yvette, what did you want to say?”

Yvette Larson paused for a moment but chose to respect her husband’s decision.

“Nothing much. I’m tired, so I’m going back to rest. You can look at the car all you want.”

With that, she turned and left.

Linda James didn’t care whether her daughter had left; her eyes were glued to the car.

Just then, her phone rang.

After picking up the phone, she started a long conversation.

When she finally hung up the call, her expression was terribly sour. “Francis, Karen James and her family are here again.”

The moment Francis Larson heard that name, his expression fell as well.



Karen James was Linda James's younger sister.

The former's entire family was extremely strange, and Karen James herself was a terribly vain woman who got easily jealous.

Her husband, Larry Shaw, was an alcoholic. Finn Taylor had never seen him sober.

As for their son—Weston Shaw—he was a good-for-nothing young man who lazed around, dreaming of striking the lottery.

Buying lottery tickets, gambling, borrowing from loan sharks—there was nothing Weston Shaw didn't do.

“Why are they coming?”

“Isn't it obvious? That b\*stard—Weston Shaw—borrowed more than 10,000 dollars from loan sharks and can't pay them back. They're here to escape from them, of course!”

Francis Larson's hands trembled in anger. *'He's here to escape his creditors? What if his creditors find him here? Our family will then be dragged down too.'*

Such a situation had happened in the past.

Thankfully, Weston Shaw hadn't owed that much at that time. It had only been hundreds of dollars.

In the end, their family had been forced to pay Weston Shaw's creditors.

But even up until today, Karen James's family hadn't returned them that sum of money.

“They're already at the bus stop. What should we do? Francis, hurry up and think of a solution!”

“Solution? What solution could I possibly have? Do you think we can hide from them? It's not like they don't know where we live. Even if we run away, they'll look for the Larson family.”

Linda James was fuming.

“Dear, I have an idea.”

“What idea?”

“We can get Finn Taylor to drive this car over and tell Karen James’s family that we only made the downpayment on this car and have to make monthly repayments. Once they realize that we don’t have any money to lend them, they’ll leave after a couple of days.”

Linda James gave it some thought and felt that her husband’s idea was feasible. Although her heart ached, she had no choice but to hand the key over to her son-in-law.

“Finn Taylor, you have an important mission this time. You’d better make sure Karen James and her family believe that we have no money and that we owe others money as well.”

Finn Taylor nodded seriously, but his mother-in-law stopped him just as he was about to get into the car.

“Finn Taylor, you have a driving license, don’t you?”

“Of course, Mom. You made me take the test when I first got married to become Yvette’s driver, remember?”

“Oh, oh. Yes, I do. Oh right, you haven’t driven in three years. Do you still remember how to drive? Do you know which one is the accelerator and which one is the brake?”

“I do, Mom. The left is the clutch, the middle one is the brake, and the one on the right is the accelerator.”

“Oh, oh. That’s good. You must be careful; the car is new. You’d better not get into an accident.”

Finn Taylor nodded and reassured his mother-in-law again and again before she finally relented and allowed him to drive off.

When he arrived at the bus stop, the family of three was already waiting by the roadside with their luggage.

Karen James didn’t even spare Finn Taylor’s car a glance as it rolled to a stop. “Go away. We won’t take illegal taxis; we have our own car.”

Finn Taylor frowned. *‘Why didn’t I know that Karen James’s family had bought a car as well?’*

He rolled the window down and said to the family, “Auntie, it’s me.”

When the family of three finally caught a clear glimpse at the other’s face, their faces were filled with disbelief. “Finn Taylor? Why are you here?”

Finn Taylor frowned again. *'Idiot. You called Linda James for someone to pick you up. Who else would come?'*

"Mom, look! It's a BMW!" Weston Shaw's eyes widened as he stared at the brand logo on the car. He had to resist the urge to pluck it off for himself.

His mother walked over and analyzed it.

Eventually, she also realized that it was indeed a BMW. "Finn Taylor, did your family buy a car?"

"Yes. Yvette is now the Larson Corporation's Deputy CEO, so we got this car."

Once Karen James heard that, she didn't even feel happy for her sister that was now living a blissful life. Instead, her face was filled with utter jealousy.

"Auntie, hop on. Let's go home."

"Mom, I want to drive a BMW too." Weston Shaw's eyes were glued to the steering wheel in Finn Taylor's hands.

However, the latter had no intention of moving aside.

"Finn Taylor, thanks for coming to pick us up." Karen James seemed to be thanking him.

"That's alright. We're family."

"Yes, we're family. You must be tired from driving here. Why don't you let Weston drive so that you can rest?"

Finn Taylor smiled bitterly. "That won't be good."

"Why not? Why don't you listen to your elders? Have you forgotten who I am? I'm the younger sister of your mother-in-law. That means that I represent Yvette's family. What, do you dare to go against her family?"

Finn Taylor's expression darkened. *'How could Karen James be so shameless?'*

"Finn Taylor, I won't leave if you don't let my son drive. I'll call your mom to say that you didn't pick us up. No, I'll say that you knocked into us and wanted to kill us!"

Finn Taylor sneered inwardly. *'Linda James will probably be over the moon if she found out that I killed your family. I'd be doing her a huge favor.'*

But Finn Taylor wasn't going to let Karen James make that call. He was sure she would kick up a huge fuss at the station if she made that call.

Yvette would then be put on the spot by the Larson family, who would claim that they had embarrassed the family again.

## Chapter 58: Accident

"Forget it; I'll let you drive. Will that do?" Finn Taylor got out of the car and headed to the front passenger seat.

Weston Shaw was overwhelmed with emotion as he heard those words. After getting into the driver's seat, he looked and felt around, wanting nothing more than to steal that car key.

"Aren't we leaving?" Finn Taylor glanced at Weston Shaw. *'He's like a country bumpkin who is seeing the world for the first time.'*

"Alright, alright. Let's go." Weston Shaw stepped on the accelerator, and the car flew off.

Earlier on, Finn Taylor had been slightly worried that Weston Shaw didn't know how to drive. But after they moved off, he realized that the latter drove rather steadily.

However, he thought about it again. *'Weston Shaw cares a lot about appearances. Even though their family doesn't have a car, he probably rents a car often. Of course, the ones he rents can't compare to this BMW 5 series.'*

"Finn Taylor, your family seems quite rich now. You guys can even afford a BMW?" They hadn't driven far before Karen James started talking about money.

Finn Taylor sneered inwardly, knowing that she was trying to estimate how much their family had. That way, she could estimate how much to borrow.

"No, we're quite poor. We actually had to take a loan to buy this car. Our monthly repayment for this car is a few thousand dollars."

Karen James's expression immediately fell.

"Listen to what nonsense you're spouting. People say that you shouldn't talk about money, but that's among strangers. I'm your Auntie; I'm one of the closest kin you have. How could you lie to me? I heard that Yvette has become the Larson Corporation's CEO."

Finn Taylor rolled his eyes. “Deputy CEO.”

“CEO or Deputy CEO, she’s still a CEO.”

Finn Taylor rolled his eyes again. *‘She’s talking so much when all she wants to do is borrow money.’*

“Finn Taylor, I’m family too. Tell me, how much does your family have in savings?” Karen James’s expression appeared innocent, but that only disgusted the other even more.

“Er... Auntie, you’re really asking the wrong person about this. I’m sure you know how much power I hold in the Larson family. All I have control over is 200 dollars a month for groceries.”

Because she hadn’t gotten the answer she wanted, Karen James couldn’t help but feel aggrieved.

*Screech!*

The car came to a sudden halt just then, and everyone in the car was thrown forward.

“Weston Shaw, what the heck are you doing?” Karen James had been leaning forward to talk to Finn Taylor.

As her son slammed on the brakes, she rolled onto the floor.

She lashed out at her son as she climbed back onto the seat with great difficulty.

“Mom, Mom. I-I hit someone. Ah...” Weston Shaw was overwhelmed with emotion. He had been distracted by his mom asking Finn Taylor about money matters.

Unfortunately, an old lady had suddenly appeared in front of him.

He had slammed on the brakes but had eventually knocked into her nonetheless.

“Huh? What’s wrong with you? Do you know how to drive?”

“Mom, it’s all your fault. If you weren’t distracting me with your talking, I wouldn’t have collided with her. Mom, am I going to jail? Do I have to pay her?”

*‘An accident?’* Karen James suddenly thought of the problem. *‘No, my son can’t afford to go to jail. If he were to go to jail, his life would be ruined.’*

“Finn Taylor, do you know how to drive? Do you know you hit someone?” Karen James got out of the car and pulled her son out of the driver’s seat. Then, she glared at him. “Remember. No matter who asks about this, you must say that Finn Taylor was driving.”

Weston Shaw was frightened out of his wits. He would do whatever his mother said.

Finn Taylor was rendered speechless by these words. *‘Aren’t they even going to check on the person they hit at this point in time? How could they be thinking about how to get off the hook? Besides, there are so many cameras around. Do you really think you’ll get away with this?’*

*‘Money will solve the problem if that person is only injured, but what if that person is dead? Your son would be a murderer. Do you think he’ll be able to stay away from jail?’*

Finn Taylor got out of the car, only to see an old lady lying on the ground, unmoving. “Granny, how are you?”

The old lady widened her eyes as she looked at Finn Taylor. “It hurts. I want to go to the hospital.”

“Alright. I’ll call an ambulance for you.” Finn Taylor whipped out his phone and was about to make the call.

However, Karen James snatched the phone. “I must say, Granny. Look, our car didn’t even touch you. Don’t tell me that you’re a fraud!”

Finn Taylor was speechless. *‘Your son clearly knocked her down. Don’t you think that you’re being too shameless by calling her a fraud?’*

“A fraud? I’m a teacher and have been in education my whole life. Do you think I’d stage an accident?” The old lady was emotional. Karen James’s words had evoked her anger.

She was an educator, but her dignity was being trampled on.

Finn Taylor snatched his phone back and dialed for an ambulance. Then, he squatted back down. “Granny, do you have any family members? Tell me their number, and I’ll call them over.”

The old lady widened her eyes and took a few more glances at him. Compared to a b\*tch like Karen James, Finn Taylor’s words warmed her heart.

“I have a daughter.” The granny then told him her number, and he made a call.

It was inevitable for him to receive a scolding from the person on the other end of the call.

Finn Taylor had no choice but to bear with it. Then, he eventually gave the old granny's daughter the address they were at.

The old granny looked at Finn Taylor. "Young man, I'm sorry. I know you weren't the one who hit me. My daughter has quite a fiery temper; she must have scolded you."

Finn Taylor shook his head. "That's fine."

Karen James was displeased when she heard that. "What? What do you mean that he wasn't the one who hit you? This is his car. Who else could've hit you if he didn't hit you?"

Finn Taylor rushed up to her. "Can you shut up? I think we all know who the true culprit is. We passed by so many junctions along the way here. I'm sure there were many cameras too. Do you really want others to check on the driver of the car?"

The moment Karen James heard this, she knew that her son wouldn't be able to shirk any responsibility as the driver.

However, she couldn't just take this lying down. "Oh yes, you were the one who was talking to us in the car. That was why my son got distracted while driving. I think you have to bear the responsibility for this case."

Finn Taylor couldn't even be bothered to waste his breath on this b\*tch. 'I'd better call Linda James about this situation and see how to handle it. I can't go back now, but I have to let them know.'

Immediately after the call got through, Karen James started shouting into the phone. "Sister, look at what your good son-in-law has done. Not only did he hit someone, but he's even trying to malign my son!"

## **Chapter 59: A Perfect Plot**

As expected, Karen James's words were effective.

Linda James—who was on the other end of the call—exploded. "What? Finn Taylor, you hit someone with the car? Do you want to die? Where are you? Did you damage the car..."

Finn Taylor could feel her murderous intent even through the phone. *'It seems like I won't be able to clear the air on the phone. We need to have this conversation face-to-face.'*

As such, Finn Taylor told her the address.

Within ten minutes, Linda James, Francis Larson, and Yvette Larson arrived.

Without saying a word, Linda James rushed up to slap her son-in-law in the face without any hesitation. "Finn Taylor, what did I tell you before you left? You still damaged the car!"

Linda James glanced at the car; there were indeed a few scratches.

Her heart ached, and she was about to slap him a second time when her daughter grabbed her arm. "Alright. Let's find out what happened first."

"Humph!" Linda James was utterly displeased with her daughter's actions.

"How is it? Are you hurt?" Yvette Larson knew that her husband was the one who had paid for the car. As such, she didn't care about the car.

What she was most concerned with was whether her husband was alright.

Finn Taylor shook his head. "I'm fine."

Yvette Larson nodded and squatted down to look at the old lady. "Granny, I'm so sorry about this. How are you feeling now?"

"I-I'm feeling much better. I was feeling a little dizzy earlier, but that young man helped me. I'm feeling better now."

Of course, the young man the granny was talking about was Finn Taylor.

Karen James rolled her eyes as she stood by the side. "It's only right that he did that."

"Granny, we'll accompany you to the hospital. Don't worry; you'll be fine."

The old lady grabbed Yvette Larson's hand. "Young lady, I didn't stage this accident."

Yvette Larson chuckled and shook her head. "Of course not; it's our fault. We'll pay for your medical bills."



The moment Linda James heard the words 'medical bills,' her heart ached even more. "Huh? Medical bills? Stupid Finn Taylor! All you know how to do is waste money. Yvette finally bought a new car and hasn't even gotten a chance to drive it, yet you got into an accident. We even have to pay for their medical bills now! Why is our family so unlucky? Why did the Old Master insist on you marrying into our family?"

"The very next day after you married into our family, you jinxed the Old Master to death! I think you're trying to drive me to my death too!"

Finn Taylor silently stood by the side without rebutting her. After all, there were still outsiders around.

If he were to reply to her, they would definitely get into a fight.

They would then become a joke in the eyes of outsiders. That would only embarrass his wife even further.

"Mom, how are you feeling?"

*Screech!*

A car rolled to a stop, and someone rushed out of the car and shoved her way through the crowd to the old lady. "Mom, are you feeling alright?"

That person stood up. "I'm telling you. You guys hit my mom, so don't you even think of running away. I'm going to hire the best lawyers to sue you."

The moment she finished her sentence, she spotted Finn Taylor.

Her eyes widened as she stared at him, unable to believe that she had met him.

Linda James's family recognized this lady. This was the lady who Linda James had accused of knocking into her!

At that time, Linda James had insisted on that lady compensating her. However, Finn Taylor had kindly let her go.

That lady still remembered that clearly and had been very grateful toward him. But she had never expected to meet again under such circumstances.

"Penny, I'm fine. Don't put them on the spot. "The old lady was a reasonable person. Because she had been an educator her whole life, she liked kind-hearted children like Finn Taylor.

“It’s you? Were you the one who hit my mother?”

Just then, the blare of sirens could be heard. The ambulance had arrived.

Several medics rushed over with a stretcher. They skillfully performed a preliminary examination of the old lady.

They then told everyone, “From our preliminary examination, Granny seems fine. Because of her age, she was a little frightened after getting hit, and her legs felt a little weak. Hence, she couldn’t stand up. Of course, we’ll have to do a more thorough checkup for her at the hospital. Will her family members and the driver please follow us?”

In the end, Finn Taylor, Yvette Larson, and that lady named Penny boarded the ambulance with the granny.

Before she was lifted up onto the stretcher, she pointed at Weston Shaw. “He was the one who hit me.”

They got in the ambulance and headed toward the hospital.

Only Linda James, her husband, and the family of three were left at the scene.

The words that the old lady said before leaving made Linda James suspicious. “Karen James, you’d better come clean. What happened? Who was the one driving?”

“Finn Taylor. Isn’t this your car? He was the one who came to pick us up. Who else could’ve been driving?”

“Fine. I have no choice but to report this to the police since you guys don’t want to tell the truth. Let’s see who gets arrested.”

At the mention of the police, Karen James flew into a frenzy. *‘I can’t let my sister call the police; otherwise, my son will be ruined.’*

“Hold on, hold on. I’ll tell the truth. It’s true that Weston was the one driving, but you can’t blame him. It was Finn Taylor who kept going on about how rich your family was in the car. Not only did you guys get a luxury car, but your daughter even became the Larson Corporation’s CEO. He even said that you were even going to get a new house. I heard that you guys even have millions in savings. Don’t you think my son was shocked by that? That was why he got distracted and got into an accident.”

Linda James was staring at her sister as the latter spoke. She wanted to see if her sister was lying.

But Karen James had wisely mixed some truths into her lies. As such, Linda James couldn't tell if she had gotten the truth. "Did Finn Taylor really say that?"

"Do you think I'd lie to you? I'm your biological younger sister."

Linda James felt her blood boil; she couldn't wait to rip Finn Taylor's mouth apart. *'I had clearly told him to pretend to be poor in front of my sister's family, but he had chosen to do the exact opposite and brag about how rich our family was! He's really a piece of work. He can't even remember his surname after driving this luxury car! He'd better wait and see how I'll deal with him once he gets home.'*

"Sister, you have only one nephew. Do you really want him to go to jail? This may sound blunt, but your nephew is related to you by blood. What about your son-in-law? Besides, he's just a matrilocal son-in-law. I know you don't really like Finn Taylor either, right? Why don't we work together and push the blame to him? You'll save your nephew that way, and you can even force him to divorce Yvette. Don't you think this is a perfect solution?"

## Chapter 60: Lovey-Dovey

What Karen James meant by a perfect plot was to frame Finn Taylor and make him take responsibility for her son's crimes.

Yet, Linda James agreed to that suggestion. It wasn't because she liked her nephew very much. Rather, she felt that her sister was right. *'It was the late Old Master who had introduced Finn Taylor to us and forced him to marry into our family. As such, I can't afford to chase him away for fear of offending the Larson family. But what if he has killed someone in a hit-and-run accident? As his mother-in-law, I have full authority to chase him out of the Larson family because of that.'*

Thus, this strange pair of sisters came to an agreement.

...

In the hospital.

Penny looked at the examination report and heaved a sigh of relief.

"I'm really sorry. Is Granny feeling alright?"

Penny shook her head. "I haven't thanked you for what you did the previous time. She's fine; she was just a little shocked. She's recovering well."

Upon hearing that the old granny was fine, Finn Taylor finally relaxed. "I'll treat both of you to a meal. After all, we were at fault both times."

This was the truth.

The first time, Linda James had staged the accident and claimed that she had been injured.

The second time, Weston Shaw had nearly run that old lady over.

Penny was very forthright. "I'm a little more straightforward as a person, so I'm sorry for being so blunt when I first heard that my mother got into an accident. I hope you won't take it to heart. Alright, I won't reject your offer of a meal. Once we have a meal together, we'll be friends. Let's not talk about owing each other anything."

Yvette Larson dazedly stood by the side as she watched her husband. *'This accident could very well have led to disputes, but my husband resolved the matter so easily. How dare anyone say that my husband is a piece of trash? I will beat up anyone who says so!'*

As time went by, Yvette Larson got a stronger feeling that her spouse was simply putting on an act. *'He's resolved all the troubles I've run into with ease and efficiency, but others still think that Finn Taylor only ruins everything for them. The contract with the Sullivan family, the charity competition, my grandpa's hospitalization, and the two accidents—these had all been huge messes.'*

*'I would've made a mess out of them if I had handled them myself, but they were all settled amicably once my husband stepped in. Besides, there's also the matter of his endless source of money.'* Suspicion grew in Yvette Larson's heart. *'Is Finn Taylor really just an ordinary person?'*

Before she could even voice her thoughts, her husband dragged her out of the hospital.

"Penny, Finn Taylor is a good kid. Can you not frighten him?" The granny still remembered how fierce her daughter had been when she first rushed out.

"Mom, we had a chat, and all's good now."

They found a nearby restaurant and ordered some dishes off the menu as they started chatting.

Through chatting, Finn Taylor learned that Penny's husband was somewhat of a b\*stard.

His name was Oliver Kleine; he was a contractor.

He had married Penny while he had still been poor. He eventually earned his own fortune but had started to go astray after learning from other men in society. He had started to take a liking for younger women.

He had gotten himself a mistress and wanted to divorce Penny.

Penny was a lawyer, and it was humiliating for her to be in such a situation. But since she was already in such a situation, she had simply decided to go ahead with the divorce.

As a lawyer, she wasn't going to let herself suffer.

Basically, Oliver Kleine was inhumane. It wouldn't be difficult to get a divorce from him and leave him with nothing.

Penny was kind and was worried that he would be left homeless after the divorce. As such, she had chosen to leave him with the house.

However, it was this very act that had caused trouble for her.

When they had first purchased the house, Penny, Oliver Kleine, and their son's names were all on the property deed.

Now that she was divorced, Penny was willing to remove her name from the deed. However, there was no way she was going to remove her son's.

She had no intention of leaving this house to Oliver Kleine and his mistress's illegitimate son. Because of this, Oliver Kleine's mistress had probably instigated him to sue Penny.

Of course, Penny wasn't going to lose such a case since she was a lawyer herself.

Due to this, Oliver Kleine hired thugs to harass his ex-wife repeatedly.

*'Who am I? Do you think you little thugs will be able to bully me?'* The moment Penny showed her lawyer's license, those thugs were so terrified that they scattered off in all directions, afraid that she would remember their faces.

If she were to press charges, they would easily go to jail for three to five years.

Still, Oliver Kleine refused to back down. As such, he had been heartless enough as to turn his sights to his former mother-in-law—the old lady.

In the past, Oliver Kleine had been so poor that he didn't even have enough money to get married. It was the old granny who felt that Oliver Kleine was a hardworking and diligent person. As such, she went against everyone's advice and allowed Penny to marry him.

But now, he was biting the hand that had fed him!

After hearing Penny's words, Finn Taylor said quietly, "I can help you with this matter."

Then, he casually started dishing up some food onto his wife's plate.

*'Huh!?' Penny had to resist the urge to punch Finn Taylor for showing how lovey-dovey they were in front of her. 'I've just finished telling him the story of my unfortunate past, yet he's showing off his affection for his wife in front of me? Is he even human?'*

Of course, Penny had no time to care about that. She noticed that he had said something earlier: he would be able to help her solve this problem.

"Will you really be able to solve it?" It wasn't that Penny didn't trust Finn Taylor, but rather, she knew her ex-husband all too well.

He was just an annoyance. He refused to hit the old lady himself, nor did he allow anyone to do so. All he instructed those people to do was to hang around her house.

They didn't even step foot into her house. In fact, they did absolutely nothing to the old lady.

It was just that it was psychologically stressful with so many muscular and well-built men standing outside her house.

*'What can you possibly do? It's not like you can arrest them. Maybe you'll be able to chase them away. Even so, they'll be back the very next day. You can't possibly watch over her house every day, can you? Won't you still need to go to work?'*

"Trust me. I'll resolve this matter for you. But if you don't trust me, just take it as though I never said anything." Finn Taylor picked up a piece of meat and placed it on her plate.

"I..." What Penny wanted to tell him was to stop showing off his affection for his wife in front of her, yet she held herself back.

"What?"

"Nothing much. I trust you." In the end, Penny chose to trust Finn Taylor.

"Alright. Let's talk about something else then."

“Huh?”

“It’s a business deal. Since I’m helping you solve a problem, you should help me solve a problem as well.”

Finn Taylor’s words were beyond Penny’s expectations. *‘I thought that he had been offering to help me out of the kindness of his heart, but it turns out that he has his own demands too.’*

“Tell me. How much do you want?”

“It’s tacky to talk about money. Let me introduce you to my wife, Yvette Larson.” Finn Taylor spoke in a serious tone and gestured to his wife.

Penny nearly flipped the table over when she saw that. *‘You’ve been acting as a lovey-dovey couple for long enough! Do you really have to keep doing that? I know she’s your wife!’*