

The Untouchable Son-In-Law: The Master Peregrine

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Chapter 6: I'm Willing to Get Drunk for You

"Just have a try if you want to." Finn Taylor indifferently opened the door of the Rolls-Royce Phantom, even gesturing for his wife to get in.

Seeing Finn Taylor's actions, Yvette Larson was utterly shocked. "What are you doing? Didn't I tell you to keep your hands to yourself?"

She shoved Finn Taylor aside, carefully closing the door.

Yvette stared at her husband with a gaze full of resentment. "Do you know how much this car costs?"

"I just want you to sit in it. Sitting in it won't spoil it."

"Heh. Finn Taylor, I didn't know that you were such a romantic person. I would probably have thought that this was romantic if this was your car. Unfortunately, your actions are downright disgusting to me."

At this moment, someone who looked like a security officer walked over.

Yvette Larson's heart thumped frantically. She thought that they had been found out because Finn Taylor had meddled with someone's car.

If this matter blew up, she would definitely leave a bad impression on the Sullivan family. Then, she could forget about ever collaborating with them. *'I am indeed a fool for believing this good-for-nothing's words. He only knows the security officer in the neighborhood, not the head of the Sullivan family. Why did I bring him along?'*

"You're here, Finn Taylor. Come on in." That security officer walked toward Finn Taylor.

Finn Taylor was excited and quickly introduced his wife and his friend to each other.

"Dear, this is my classmate. He can bring us in."

Yvette Larson had been in a rage and was about to chase Finn Taylor away.

Her anger gradually subsided only after she heard his words. "Forget it. I'll let you stay since you're still a little useful. How should I address him?"

“Oh, I’m Keith Kennedy.”

“Hello, Mr. Kennedy. Thank you for going through this trouble for us. When I hold a banquet next time, I’ll be sure to invite you.”

Keith Kennedy waved her away. “It’s no problem at all. Finn Taylor and I have been friends for years. You must be his wife; I often hear him mention his beautiful wife. You’re just as beautiful as he described you.”

Yvette Larson was rather elated about being praised for her beauty. She glanced at Finn Taylor, wanting to scold him. *‘Who allowed you to address me as your wife in public?’*

In the end, she bit on her tongue and held herself back. *‘At least you have good taste and know that I’m pretty.’*

Afterward, Finn Taylor and Yvette Larson were escorted in by Keith Kennedy.

After going up many winding paths, the trio finally arrived in front of a villa.

“Here we are. The Sullivan family head, Hunter Sullivan, lives here. I have something on, so I’ll take my leave. It’s all up to you whether you’ll be able to meet him.” With that, Keith Kennedy left.

Yvette Larson simply thought that Keith had left because he was afraid that he would get in trouble for letting outsiders in without permission. Thus, she didn’t pay much attention to him.

The couple waited outside the villa for more than an hour. Then, that Rolls-Royce Phantom drove over.

As the car rolled to a stop, a man in Wampus robes stepped out of the car.

Finn Taylor winked at Yvette Larson, who walked over.

Although she appeared elegant and confident, Yvette Larson was feeling uneasy and anxious inwardly.

“You must have waited here for a long time.” Before Yvette Larson could even speak, the man in Wampus robes spoke up. “I’m the head of the Sullivan family of New York, Hunter Sullivan. You must be here to see me. Come on in.”

As Hunter Sullivan said that, he led the way toward the villa.

Yvette Larson was dumbfounded. *'What is going on? Others can't even enter Xander Corporation no matter how hard they tried, yet I'm being invited into the Sullivan family's mansion! How would the Larson family feel if they were to learn about this?'*

"Hello, Mr. Sullivan. I'm Yvette Larson from the Larson family of San Francisco."

Hunter Sullivan pondered for a while before asking, "The Larson family? I know the Old Master of your family, Hugo Larson. How's he doing?"

"Old Master passed away from his illness." Yvette Larson felt a surge of complicated emotions at the mention of the late Old Master.

He had treated her and their family well while he had still been alive. But Yvette Larson had never wrapped her head around why the late Old Master had insisted on her getting married to Finn Taylor.

She had now become a joke in everyone's eyes.

"Sigh. We haven't met in five to six years. I didn't think that he'd be gone just like that. Forget it; let's not talk about that. You must be here to ask for a collaboration." Hunter Sullivan took out a bottle of Domaine Leroy Musigny Grand Cru from the wine cabinet while speaking.

"Mr. Sullivan, we're very sincere about this. I know that the Sullivan family established Xander Corporation in San Francisco and are looking for partners in all areas. The Larson family may not be the most well-known in San Francisco, but we're still a reputable family. I hope that Mr. Sullivan will consider working with us."

Hunter Sullivan placed the bottle of 1985 The Macallan Fine and Rare Vintage Single Malt Scotch Whisky on the table in front of Yvette Larson. "Of course, we can have a discussion about our collaboration, but you should show your sincerity. Finish this bottle of wine, and I'll sign the contract immediately."

The Macallan Fine and Rare Vintage Single Malt Scotch Whisky was one of the top whiskeys around the world. The collection was known for offering some of the rarest and oldest single malts. Amongst them was 1985 The Macallan Fine and Rare Vintage Single Malt Scotch Whisky.

The alcohol glistened under the light, emitting the fragrance of caramel and vanilla undertones. Its texture was silky and full yet mellow at the same time.

40% alcohol. 500 millimeters.

If Yvette Larson downed it in one go, she would definitely be admitted into the hospital.

In an instant, her expression changed into one of awkwardness.

“What’s wrong? Are you not going to drink it? I guess you aren’t that sincere after all. Then, please leave.” Hunter Sullivan was chasing them away.

Yvette Larson picked up the bottle of whisky. What filled her mind were images of being criticized by her grandpa and being looked down on by Quince Larson and the rest of the family if she couldn’t complete her mission.

She slowly opened the bottle of whisky and was just about to drink it when Finn Taylor snatched the bottle away from her.

Gulp! Gulp! Gulp!

Under Yvette Larson’s incredulous gaze, Finn Taylor finished the entire bottle of whisky. “Finn Taylor, do you have a death wish? Let’s go to the hospital.”

Finn Taylor wiped the corners of his lips and said to Yvette Larson, “Si-sign the contract.”

“Good; that was nice! Ms. Larson, let’s sign the contract.”

The contract was signed with great speed.

Yvette Larson was still in a daze after signing the contract, but she had no time to consider that for now. What she had to do was to send Finn Taylor to the hospital. “Come on, let’s go to the hospital.”

Finn Taylor stumbled out of the door. As he walked through the door, he turned back to glance at Hunter Sullivan. He silently scolded him in his heart. *‘Can’t you be more serious about your acting? Couldn’t you have added some alcohol in at the very least? It was a whole bottle of water with no alcohol at all!’*

Thankfully, Yvette Larson never drank alcohol. That was why she hadn’t noticed anything amiss.

Now, she was going to bring him to the hospital to get his stomach pumped.

‘Am I going to vomit water out?’ Finn Taylor was stuck between a rock and a hard place.