

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

## **#Chapter 61 - The Unreasonable Linda James - Read The**

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

#### **61 – 70**

#### **Chapter 61: The Unreasonable Linda James**

Of course, Finn Taylor wasn't saying that just to show off his affection for his wife. He wasn't that lame.

"This is my wife, Yvette Larson. She's the Larson family's eldest daughter and the Larson Corporation's Deputy CEO."

As Finn Taylor introduced his wife, Penny felt that the latter's name sounded familiar.

When he finally finished his introduction, Penny had an awkward expression plastered on her face. "You mean that she's Yvette Larson and that you're Finn Taylor?"

He nodded.

Penny's expression fell even further. She seemed to have something to say, yet she didn't dare to voice her thoughts.

Even Finn Taylor thought that it looked ridiculous. "Is there something you don't dare to say? Do you mean to ask if I'm that useless matrilocal son-in-law everyone in San Francisco talks about?"

Then, he nodded. "Yes."

Because he had been so direct, Penny's expression changed to one of indignation. "That's maligning you! That's entirely false! Do you know who spread that rumor? I'll help you sue them; they clearly violated your rights."

Penny had heard of the piece of trash that was the Larson family's matrilocal son-in-law. In her mind, she had always thought that he would be an utter piece of trash. But now that she had interacted with Finn Taylor, she realized that the rumors were groundless.

As such, she was furious on Finn Taylor's behalf.

Yet, the person in question didn't seem to care. "Let's not talk about that. Just now, I asked you for a favor. I want you to be my wife's personal lawyer."

“Huh?” Penny’s gaze revealed her doubts. She couldn’t understand why Finn Taylor was trying to hire a personal lawyer for his wife.

“To put it simply, there have been some family disputes going on. Because my wife is female, and given my status, the rest of the Larson family has always looked down on our family branch. Although my wife is now the Larson Corporation’s Deputy CEO, there’s no shortage of people trying to harm her or frame her.”

From his words, Penny could guess the situation. “I see. That’s not a huge problem; you can leave it to me. I’ll treat Ms. Larson’s problems like my own personal problems from now on.”

After that, they chatted for a while longer before heading their own ways.

Along the way home, Yvette Larson looked at her husband and suddenly blurted out, “Finn Taylor, I realized that you’ve changed ever since I said I’d never get a divorce from you.”

Her husband shrugged. “Really?”

To be honest, even Finn Taylor himself knew that it was exactly at that moment that he had changed.

In the past, he had already been prepared to be a useless matrilocal son-in-law to the Larson family for the rest of his life.

It didn’t matter anyway. His parents and younger brother—his closest kin—had betrayed him. What else did he have to chase after in life?

But it was then that Yvette Larson revealed her thoughts. It made Finn Taylor understand that there was someone who was closely related to him in this world.

If he prospered, she would too. If he fell, she would too.

Thus, Finn Taylor put the past behind him and accepted the position of Master Peregrine.

*‘Yvette Larson isn’t wrong, but it’ll be better for me to handle this responsibility alone.’*

He had no plans on telling his wife about it for the time being. “Really? I don’t think I’ve changed.”

“Yes, I really think...”

Finn Taylor waved her off. "We're home."

Yvette Larson looked up. *'We're really home.'*

Before she could say a word, she stopped in her tracks.

The moment Finn Taylor entered the house, he saw all his belongings thrown outside the door.

*'Er...'* The couple glanced at each other, not understanding what had happened.

"Mom, why are Finn Taylor's things outside?" Yvette Larson yelled as she rushed into the house.

At the same time, Finn Taylor tidied up his belongings and carried them in.

However, Linda James was already standing at the door with a broom. "Finn Taylor, how can you still have the cheek to come back? You ruined our new car! You're really amazing, but it's just as well that you're back. Hurry up and sign this divorce agreement, then scam!"

*'Huh?'* Finn Taylor was confused.

Even his wife thought that the situation was incredulous.

She snatched the broom from her mother. "Do you really not know who was driving the car?"

Karen James rebutted in a strange tone, "I'm not trying to say anything about you, Yvette, but how could you favor an outsider at this point in time? Do you think your mom would lie?"

"An outsider? He's my husband, and she's my mom. I think we both know best who the outsider trying to sow discord between us is here."

Karen James flared up. "Great—how great. Sister, you'd better open your eyes. This is your daughter. She's starting to say that her family members are outsiders! I wonder if you didn't raise her well or whether someone else led her astray."

Her words were clearly directed at Finn Taylor. She was obviously trying to say that he had led Yvette Larson astray.

Linda James gave it some thought. *'It's true that nobody in my family has even been so rebellious. No matter how bad Weston Shaw is, he listens to his mother in everything'*

*that he does. There's only one reason my daughter has turned out this way: Finn Taylor has led her astray.'*

Linda James landed a slap on her son-in-law's face. "Finn Taylor, I've fed you, clothed you, and given you a roof over your head for the past three years. Yet, this is how you repay me? By teaching my daughter to sever all ties with me? You're such a good son-in-law. Oh no, you're a matriloal son-in-law. You're so cheap!"

*'It doesn't matter to me that I've been beaten, but Linda James can't slander me like this. It was clearly Weston Shaw who had been driving. All my wife was trying to do was defend me. I had never asked her to break all ties with her mother.'*

"Mom, we should have a conscience. I..."

"Oh, great. Now you're saying that I'm heartless. Yes, I'm heartless. I must've been blind to let the Old Master marry Yvette to you. If I raised a dog in the past three years, it'd have grown up already. I raised someone, but that person is calling me heartless now. Great!"

Finn Taylor was speechless, not knowing how to respond. *'That wasn't what I meant. Why does Linda James have to take it that way?'*

"Mom, let's not get personal. Can you stop being so childish and unreasonable?" Yvette Larson could no longer stand it and stood up for her husband.

"Great, here comes another one. I've raised my daughter for decades, and she's never rebuked me. But now that she's married to you, she's calling me childish and unreasonable! Go on; continue. I'll see what other words you two want to use to describe this old hag today."

Karen James walked over to comfort her sister. "Sister, don't get too upset. Don't they say that married daughters are like spilled water? It's the same even with matriloal sons-in-law. Didn't I tell you that your son-in-law wouldn't even feed you in your old age because you guys have no blood relation? He's nothing like our Weston. He's your nephew after all. He still has blood relations with you. Do you think he'd ever do something as shameless as rebuking his elders?"

## **Chapter 62: Leaving Awkwardly**

Because of Karen James's provocation, Linda James grew even more dissatisfied with her son-in-law. She felt that her family had encountered so many troubles all because of him. *'We're the eldest family in the Larson family, yet we're about to get kicked out of*

*the family! Isn't it all because we have a piece of trash that is Finn Taylor who's dragging us down?'*

"Mom, can you be more rational? Do you really not know how much Finn Taylor has done for our family? Don't waver just because Auntie is saying some things."

Linda James panted heavily; it seemed like she was truly infuriated.

"Yvette, stop it. Look at how angry your mom is."

Yvette Larson wanted to calm her mom down but was lectured by her father before she could even do so.

"She's trying to drive me to my grave. I'm going to die."

Yvette Larson could no longer stand watching her mom throw her tantrum. "Fine. You can throw your tantrum for all I care. Finn, let's go."

Yvette Larson picked up her spouse's hand and dragged him out of the house.

She took a few steps before turning back to Karen James. "Auntie, you can continue sowing even more discord. My mom has no money, so you'd better not think of borrowing any money now that you've chased us both away."

With that, Yvette Larson picked up her husband's hand once again and headed out.

This time, neither of them spared the rest a glance.

*Because of Yvette Larson's words, Karen James was panicking inwardly. 'I had said so much simply because I wanted Finn Taylor to take responsibility for the accident that my son caused. I never expected my niece to leave the house! What if they never ever come back? What will happen to our debts?'*

"Sister, how can you let Yvette leave? She's a young lady. Aren't you afraid that others will gossip because she's staying out with a man?"

Francis Larson harrumphed. "Gossip? They're husband and wife."

"But..."

"But what? Do you mean that couples should live separately?" Francis Larson's principle was that it was fine for others to criticize Finn Taylor, but he would never let anyone speak ill of his daughter.

The words Yvette Larson said before she left had been crucial.

Suddenly, Linda James seemed to return from her trance. *'Could it be that Karen James had said so much just to borrow money from us?'*

Now that her sister had even said such a thing, Linda James suddenly came to a realization. *'My sister has fooled me! She had said all those things just to borrow money from me. This... I even got into a huge fight with my daughter because of Karen James! However, there's no way I'm going to beg my daughter to come home.'*

"Sister, you'd better go out now! They haven't gone far; ask them to come back. This is a family matter, so it'd be embarrassing if we can't resolve it and word gets out about it."

Linda James appeared to be furious. "No, I'm not going. I'm her mom. Does she think she's my mom? She'll have to come back and beg me. Forget it; I don't want to talk about it. I'm too angry. I'm going to take a nap."

With that, Linda James headed straight for her room.

At that moment, Karen James's family was dumbfounded. They had come all the way here with a hidden agenda—to borrow money. However, they had never expected it to be way out of the question now.

"What should we do?"

"How am I supposed to know?"

"Why don't you know what to do? It's only because of you that we're in this situation now."

"Did I want this to happen? It's our son who drove into someone."

"Why is it my fault?"

"Why is it not your fault?"

...

Feeling the warmth from Yvette Larson's dainty hand, Finn Taylor's heart leaped with joy.

His wife then brought him to a hotel.

"Hello, how many rooms would you like?"

“Two-one room.” Yvette Larson initially wanted to ask for two rooms, but she thought about their relationship again. In the end, she decided on a single room.

“Alright. Please hand me your identity cards so that I can conduct verification.”

The couple was stunned when they heard the receptionist. Neither of them had brought their identity cards.

Who would bring them wherever they go?

“Er... We forgot to bring them. Can we just pay a higher price?” Yvette Larson tried to bribe the receptionist.

But that receptionist wasn't buying it. “I'm sorry; we're a legitimate hotel.”

*‘F\*ck!’* If not for her husband holding her back, Yvette Larson would've gotten into a fight with the receptionist. To her, it sounded as though this receptionist was mocking her.

In the end, the couple was left with no other choice and could only leave the hotel.

“Sigh. How nice would it be if we had our own house.”

Finn Taylor turned to look at his wife seriously. He then spoke up as though he was talking to her but also as though he was muttering to himself. “We will. We will.”

Although Yvette Larson had heard his words, she didn't take them to heart. “Forget it. Let's go home.”

*Along the way home, Finn Taylor glanced toward Pacific Heights. ‘Actually, I have already purchased one of San Francisco's most luxurious villas on the peak of Pacific Heights. It's worth more than 20 million, and it's currently under renovation. After the renovations are done, I'll move in with my wife. Then, we will no longer have to live with my father-in-law or mother-in-law. That would also mean that there will be much less conflict.’*

*When the couple arrived home, they stopped in their tracks. ‘How... How are we supposed to enter? It feels a little awkward.’*

Eventually, Finn Taylor instructed his spouse to wait outside. Then, he pushed the door open and walked in.

At this time, Karen James's family had just finished arguing with each other and were now sitting on the sofa without talking to each other.

Their faces were all down, but all three of them were surprised by Finn Taylor's arrival.

Karen James was about to speak when Finn Taylor spoke up. "It's rare that Auntie has made the trip here. As hosts, it's best that we bring you out for a meal. Yvette and I just made reservations."

Karen James had intended to lecture the other, but she swallowed her words when she heard him say that. She was afraid that not only would she not get to have this meal, but she would also be unable to borrow any money if she were to go overboard with her words.

*'Since Finn Taylor is willing to treat me to a meal, this means that his heart toward me has already softened. I had better keep my mouth shut for now.'*

"Alright. I'll go get my sister." With that, she rushed upstairs to get Linda James and Francis Larson.

Weston Shaw and Larry Shaw were both terrified of Finn Taylor, so they didn't dare to utter a word.

Very quickly, Linda James rushed down. "What? Going out for a meal? How much will that cost? Why can't we have a meal at home?"

Karen James stopped her sister. "Look at what you're saying. Just accept your children's filial piety. Look at how outstanding Yvette is. She's a CEO, and she's nothing like my son—your nephew—who knows nothing. We'll have to rely on Yvette to look out for him in the future."

With that, she pulled her sister toward the door.

## **Chapter 63: Petty Relatives**

Yvette Larson touched the front of the car—there was indeed a scratch on it. *'It seems like it formed because of the accident. Although I didn't pay for the car, my heart still aches.'*

In fact, her heart ached even more for her husband. He had clearly bought the car, yet her mom wouldn't even allow him to touch the car!

Even after Weston Shaw had gotten into an accident with the car, her mom had chosen to blame her husband instead!



She thought about how much Finn Taylor had had to endure and tolerate in the past three years—things he shouldn't have needed to tolerate.

Yvette Larson gave the matter some thought. *'Have I ever thrown tantrums or scolded him for no good reason in the past three years? But I'm certainly not that kind of person. I'm an educated and useful member of society.'*

However, she thought deeper about the matter. Then, she suddenly remembered about a dozen incidents where she seemed to have unreasonably scolded her husband just like she had done today.

In the face of this unjust punishment, Finn Taylor had reacted the same way as he had today—enduring it silently.

At the thought of that, Yvette Larson's heart filled with regret. She swore inwardly to herself to treat her husband well from now on and that she was never going to ill-treat him again.

Just then, her husband walked out with the rest of her family.

Yvette Larson was never going to hand the car key over to someone like Weston Shaw again. She leaned against the door to the driver's seat and watched her family walk over. *'How shameless can Weston Shaw get?'*

Because he wasn't allowed in the driver's seat, he headed for the front passenger seat.

Just as his hand touched the door, Yvette Larson glared at him as though there were daggers in her eyes. "Scram to the back."

Her voice scared Weston Shaw so much that he had no choice but to head to the back.

Only when Finn Taylor arrived did she move away.

"You'll drive."

Linda James was about to nag again when she witnessed this. "Yvette..."

But before she could finish, her daughter cut her off. "Mom, you didn't fork out a single cent for this car. Shut up and go take your seat."

Linda James was fuming and wanted to say something when her daughter whipped out her phone and showed her a QR code. "If you want to have a say, send me money for the car."

Although Linda James had no idea how much this car went for, she knew how expensive BMWs were. She naturally didn't have anywhere close to that amount of money to offer to her daughter.

In the end, she had no choice but to get into the backseat silently.

Finn Taylor got into the driver's seat while his wife got into the front passenger seat, ignoring the nagging of the people behind them.

The couple had a short discussion before they set off for a hotel.

Very quickly, they arrived at a hotel named Best Boutique Hotel. It wasn't luxurious, but neither was it shabby. It was a four-star hotel at the very least.

As soon as Weston Shaw got out of the car, he headed for the reception desk and asked about how many stars this hotel had.

The moment he found out that this wasn't a five-star hotel but a mere four-star one, his expression darkened. Then, he secretly told his mom about this.

Of course, Karen James immediately expressed her displeasure. "Sister, let me ask you. You weren't exaggerating about Yvette being a CEO, right?"

"No, she's just a Deputy CEO." Linda James couldn't understand what her sister was talking about.

"No? But since it's real, why are we here to have our meal?"

Linda James glanced around—it was clean and bright.

"What's wrong?" She didn't think there was any problem.

"This is only a four-star hotel, not a five-star one. A CEO is treating her auntie to a meal—her biological auntie. How could she bring us to a four-star hotel? Sister, I don't know if you look down on me or if Yvette does. But if that's really the case, I'm going home. You'd better not come to visit us ever again. Anyway, you look down on poor people like us. What's the point of keeping in contact?"

This was the kind of person Karen James was. After being lectured by her niece, she had been frightened and had started to blame herself for everything. She was then back to her usual self after Finn Taylor coaxed her with some words.

But now, she had started to say such bizarre things as though she didn't have a brain.

“No, that’s not what we mean. It’s just a meal. What’s the difference between a four-star hotel and a five-star one?”

“There’s a huge difference! It might not matter when you’re treating others to a meal, but I’m your biological younger sister and Yvette’s biological auntie! Think about it. If people in the company hear about this, what will they think of Yvette? If she treats her own auntie like this, how well will she treat her subordinates? Do you think those people will want to work for Yvette?”

Linda James was a little stunned by her sister’s words. *‘She does make sense.’*

She looked back at her daughter. “Yvette, shall we go somewhere else?”

Yvette Larson couldn’t be bothered to entertain her aunt, and she simply said, “Feel free to leave if you don’t want to join us.”

With that, she turned to walk toward the private room.

Even Finn Taylor couldn’t be bothered with that family and simply followed his wife to the private room. *‘They can join us if they want to; otherwise, they can simply leave. We’ll simply treat it as though we’re having a candlelight dinner date with each other.’*

Everyone was left standing there dumbfounded.

“You raised her well. You raised her so well. Sister, I finally get to see how well you raised your daughter. If my Weston behaved like that, I’d have killed him a long time ago.” Karen James’s words that were filled with a hidden meaning caused Linda James’s face to sour visibly.

“Alright, let’s not talk about this anymore. Let’s go in. Do you think we haven’t embarrassed ourselves enough?” Francis Larson lectured them and pulled his wife toward the private room.

As such, only Karen James’s family was left in the lobby.

The family glanced at each other.

Weston Shaw tested the waters by asking, “Mom, what should we do now?”

“What do you mean? Let’s go eat. Anyway, it’s the Larson family who will be embarrassed. I’ve never seen such a petty person. Her daughter is already the CEO, yet she’s only treating her aunt to a meal at a four-star hotel. If I were that rich, I’d treat them to a meal at a six-star hotel, let alone a five-star or four-star one.” With that, Karen James stomped off toward the private room.

But as she reached the door, she seemed to have thought of something. “Oh right, let’s go to the seafood corner and see what they have.”

“Right. I’ll go ask the receptionist where it is.”

## Chapter 64: Absurd Relatives

Very quickly, Weston Shaw found out where the seafood area was.

Then, the shameless family of three headed over to take a look at the spread.

“This looks good. It’s an Australian lobster, isn’t it?” Karen James pointed at a lobster while asking the waitress nearby.

“Yes, these are authentic Australian lobsters.”

“Alright, we’ll take seven.”

The waitress was stunned. “Madam, customers usually order only one Australian lobster. It’s more than enough.”

“What, can’t we have one per person? Do you think we can’t afford it?”

“You misunderstood me, Madam. That’s not what I meant.”

“Hurry up and put it aside for us then.”

The waitress could only say that she had been enlightened today. She had never seen anyone order an Australian lobster for each person.

“This—is this abalone?”

“Yes, these are authentic abalones from the East China Ocean.”

“We’ll take five kilograms of this for now.”

‘*Er...*’ The waitress seemed to want to say something but restrained herself.

“What’s this?” Karen James pointed at a dark thing that she had never seen before.

“This is sea cucumber from the Atlantic Ocean.”

“Oh, sea cucumber. Come, we’ll have one each. Why are the sea cucumbers so small? Do you have anything bigger?”

“I’m so sorry, Madam. This is, unfortunately, all we have.”

“Humph! Didn’t I say that the Larson family is stingy? Look at how small the sea cucumbers at four-star hotels are!”

The waitress wanted to rebuke Karen James. *‘These sea cucumbers are big enough. You’d have to go into the deep sea to catch any bigger ones. Even if you were to go to a five-star hotel, it’d definitely be of the same size.’*

But seeing that Karen James wasn’t one to be trifled with, she eventually gave up that thought.

“This, this, that, and that. We’ll have five kilograms of each.”

Adding everything together, Karen James had ordered more than a dozen different types of seafood. She then left while complaining. “Sigh, a four-star hotel is a four-star hotel. It’s nothing like a five-star hotel; their seafood selection is so small.”

The waitress watched Karen James walk away, resisting the urge to punch the latter.

...

Within the private room.

Yvette Larson quickly ordered a few dishes.

But by the time the waitress served the dishes, Karen James’s family still hadn’t arrived yet.

“Don’t tell me that they left.” Linda James was a little worried. After all, it was her younger sister that they were talking about. *‘If my sister really has left, that will be a little embarrassing for me.’*

“So be it. Let’s just eat.” Yvette Larson’s mood wasn’t the slightest bit affected by Karen James’s family. She picked up a piece of meat and placed it on her husband’s plate.

Just then, Karen James’s family walked in.

“Wow, how loving. You’re even taking food for your husband. Our family has never heard of matrilocal sons-in-law eating at the same table. Your Larson family has really

opened our eyes.” For some strange reason, Karen James’s words were filled with sarcasm.

“Auntie, that’s funny. Our family doesn’t have that rule. If you want to eat, you can sit down. Otherwise, you’re welcome to leave too. The door is right there.” Yvette Larson didn’t even look up before she started to eat.

*‘How dare Yvette Larson rebuke me when I’m older than her? I was just lecturing Finn Taylor. This family has no manners. How could they start to eat when their elders aren’t even here yet?’* She pointed at Yvette Larson but couldn’t say a word.

But naturally, she couldn’t afford to leave. Her seafood dishes hadn’t arrived yet.

Linda James stood up and pulled her sister in. “Come on; have a seat. Don’t be so childish.”

Linda James tugged at her sister, who eventually sat down.

Yvette Larson didn’t care about what was going on. *‘Whether she’s willing or not, she will eventually have to have her meal.’*

Suddenly, several waitresses entered the room. Each of them was carrying a dish.

Yvette Larson did a quick count.

There were nearly 100 dishes! Moreover, every single dish was an expensive one—ranging from Australian lobsters to abalones.

“Did you guys make a mistake? We never ordered these.” Yvette Larson’s first reaction was that the waitresses had definitely made a mistake. *‘I never ordered such expensive seafood.’*

“Yvette, I was the one who ordered them. It’s such a rare opportunity that I’m visiting you. Besides, you’re the CEO now. We should celebrate with these dishes.”

Yvette Larson nearly exploded after hearing that. *‘You old hag. It’s easy for you to say, but do you know how expensive these dishes are? When added up, all these dishes will cost 20,000 dollars at the very least! Thousands of dollars to treat you to a meal? You must think very highly of yourself!’*

*‘However, these dishes have already been ordered and served. There’d be no point in me kicking up a huge fuss.’*

Finn Taylor shook his head at his wife, telling her that there was no point in making a scene.

Yvette Larson whispered to him, "I don't have that much money."

Then, Finn Taylor furtively handed his card over to his wife.

Yvette Larson's mind was in a jumble as she received that card. *'Everyone is spreading rumors that Finn is nothing more than a matrilocal son-in-law of the Larson family and relies on his wife's family. But in my heart, I'm clear about just how many times he has helped me. Now, I even need my husband to pay for a meal!'*

However, she had no other choice. If she didn't accept his money, she wouldn't be able to pay for the meal.

In the end, Yvette Larson took the card and stuffed it into her pocket without saying a word.

Halfway through the meal, Weston Shaw suddenly left the room.

When he returned, his eye was badly bruised and swollen. It was obvious that someone had beaten him up.

He stumbled into the room with three to four muscular men chasing behind him.

He rushed up to Yvette Larson and pointed at her. "This is my cousin. She's the Larson Corporation's CEO. Do you guys have a death wish?"

As expected, those men stopped chasing after him.

Weston Shaw's heart leaped with joy. *'Have I really managed to subdue them?'*

Just then, a man walked in. He was bald and had an extremely ferocious face.

It was obvious he was a tough cookie.

After entering, he dragged a chair over and sat down. "Young man, you can't stop me by using the Larson family's name. However, I have met Quince Larson a few times and eaten with him. If you hand this young man over to me, I won't put you on the spot."

Of course, Karen James jolted up from her chair. "Who are you? Why should I hand my son over to you?"

"Oh, he's your son. You didn't raise him well, so I'll teach him for you. Sam."

At that, a muscular man rushed over and subdued Weston Shaw under his foot.

## Chapter 65: Thief

Yvette Larson wanted to get up, but her husband stopped her. In the end, she sat back down.

“I’ll fight it out with you since you dare to step on my son!” Karen James was an unreasonable person to begin with. Now that someone was stepping on her son, she rushed forward without any thought.

But another muscular man gently pushed her back into her seat.

Everyone froze.

“Boss, what did my son do? How did he offend you guys?” Larry Shaw was still sober and not drunk. As such, he stood up, wanting to learn about what had happened.

The bald man slammed a wallet onto the table. “Your son stole my wallet. How do you think I should handle this?”

“My son stole your wallet?” Larry Shaw was dumbfounded.

“Dad, don’t listen to their nonsense. I was in the toilet, and the wallet was on the basin. Finders keepers, so I took it. But now, they’re saying that I stole it!”

The bald man chuckled. He opened the wallet in front of everyone and took out the identity card in it. “Look, isn’t this me? I just placed my wallet on the basin for a moment while I was using the toilet, but your son stole it!”

Larry Shaw had wanted to defend his son, but with hard evidence in front of him, there was nothing else he could say. “That... Boss, it’s true that my son was wrong, but you said that you know the Larson family. We’re from the Larson family! We’ll apologize to you. Why don’t you sit down and have a meal with us? Let’s put this behind us. What do you think about that?”

The bald man sneered.

All his subordinates followed suit. They all stared at Larry Shaw as though he was a fool.



“Put this behind us? And you even dare to mention the Larson family? Why don’t you ask Quince Larson whether he dares to say such a thing to me!”

*‘The Larson family is no more than a second-tier family in San Francisco.’*

Finn Taylor had already recognized the bald man—Baldie Lowe from the Lowe family. Although it wasn’t a top-tier family, the Lowe family was still more renowned and powerful than the Larson family.

“I won’t beat around the bush. I had 30,000 dollars in this wallet, so either you pay me 30,000, or I’ll chop off this thief’s fingers for stealing my money.”

Larry Shaw was stunned, and he repeatedly glanced at his niece, hoping that she would speak up for his family.

“30,000? Why don’t you go rob a bank? Oh, I understand now. You put your wallet there on purpose to bait someone, didn’t you? Besides, who are you to say that my son is a thief? Perhaps my son was just being helpful and was trying to find the wallet’s owner. I think you should even give my son a reward!” As expected, Karen James was an unreasonable person who went knocking on death’s door.

How else could she dare to say such a thing to Baldie Lowe when things had already progressed to this stage?

“Good, good. Reward? Sam. Here—my reward.”

Baldie Lowe took out a cigarette and lit it. He took a puff as he ordered his subordinate, Sam, with what seemed like a smile.

Sam immediately dragged Weston Shaw up from the floor. Then, he threw a few vicious punches on the latter’s stomach until he started vomiting uncontrollably.

“You...” Karen James looked at her sister. “Sister, this is your nephew! Are you really not going to care about him?”

Linda James’s face was ghostly pale. She was scared stiff and couldn’t even mutter a word.

“Yvette, aren’t you going to say something?” Seeing that her sister wasn’t going to do anything, Karen James quickly roared at her niece. She had completely forgotten about the conflict they had had just moments earlier.

“A life for a life. You have to pay for what you owe.” Before Yvette Larson could say anything, Finn Taylor spoke up.

After that, he stood up and walked up to Baldie Lowe. He reached out and pinched the cigarette with two fingers, extinguishing the flame. "My wife doesn't like others smoking in front of her."

Yvette Larson was stunned.

To be honest, she had no intention of interfering in this matter. After all, it was Weston Shaw who was at fault. However, it was also true that her cousin was broke.

She was hoping that the matter would pass once Baldie Lowe beat Weston Shaw to a pulp, and that was also why she had remained silent this whole time.

She never in a million years had expected her husband to butt in, and it was all because she didn't like the smell of cigarette smoke!

Yvette Larson didn't know whether to feel moved or to scold her husband for being a fool. *'It's true that I'm sensitive to the smell of cigarette smoke, and that's why Finn has to go out of the house to smoke every time.'*

"Brother, you can go out and have a chat with him if you have a grievance with him. Our family has nothing to do with him, but I'll have to step in if you insist on smoking here."

Finn Taylor leaned one hand against the table and the other on Baldie Lowe's chair.

He bent over to face Baldie Lowe, and his eyes were filled with murderous intent.

Baldie Lowe was terribly pissed. *'It has been a long while since I've been threatened like this.'*

"How bold. What's your name?" Baldie Lowe was curious as to who the other was to dare to speak to him in this manner.

"Finn Taylor."

At the mention of these two words, the entire room fell silent. Then, there was a cacophony of laughter.

Baldie Lowe couldn't believe his ears. He had even wanted Sam to do something to this man. *'Who's this to dare to provoke me? It's Finn Taylor of all people!'*

"Oh, oh. Right, I remember. Yvette Larson. Right, you're Finn Taylor. Come take a look, everyone; he's a celebrity in San Francisco." Baldie Lowe pointed at Finn Taylor and said to his subordinates, "Take a good look. He's even more famous than your Brother

Baldie in San Francisco. He's the useless matrilocal son-in-law of the Larson family, Finn Taylor."

In an instant, all the muscular men in the room were bent over in laughter.

Finn Taylor shrugged indifferently. "If you have nothing else, you can bring him out. Of course, those are his parents. If you want to bring them along too, you're welcome to do so. However, this is our room. Don't blame me for getting rough if you don't leave."

*Pfft!*

Baldie Lowe chuckled.

His subordinates followed suit. They all looked at Finn Taylor as though they were looking at a joke.

"How bold of you to say that you'll get rough with us. Come on; let's see what you've got."

Just then, Weston Shaw took advantage of Sam being distracted to wiggle out of his grip and stand up. After that, he bowed before Baldie Lowe. "Brother, I was wrong. Brother, since this guy has a death wish, I'll help you teach a lesson. Will you let me off?"

With that, Weston Shaw threw a punch toward Finn Taylor.

"Interesting, how interesting. Fine, hit him. Beat him up, and I'll let you off."

*'How shameless can Weston Shaw get? He was the cause of this entire mess. Not only did he not try to settle the matter with Baldie Lowe, but he's even trying to help Baldie Lowe beat Finn Taylor up!'*

## **Chapter 66: Will You Agree to It?**

Baldie Lowe thought that this was great, and he acted as though he was watching a show.

He took great pleasure in turning someone against someone else.

But Weston Shaw was a nobody. If he could even touch Finn Taylor, the latter never would've become Master Peregrine.

Finn Taylor simply flicked his finger at Weston Shaw's neck. Then, the latter flew back as though he was a balloon that had been kicked.

*Thud!*

Weston Shaw slammed against the wall and fell to the ground.

Seeing her son getting beaten up again, Karen James flared up once again and started yelling. "Finn Taylor, how dare you hit my son? I'm going to kill you!"

Karen James roared, completely forgetting that her son had started the fight in the first place. It was just a pity that her son was too weak and was no match for Finn Taylor.

"Shut up." Finn Taylor's gaze froze Karen James in her tracks.

She felt a chill run down her spine. *'Why am I even afraid of a good-for-nothing matrilocal son-in-law?'*

Unfortunately, she was truly terrified. It was a fear that came from deep within her soul.

Karen James felt like she was going to die if she were to continue with this.

Initially, Baldie Lowe and his men had been mocking Finn Taylor. After all, a useless matrilocal son-in-law was nothing more than a joke.

But the moment Finn Taylor made his move, they were stunned into silence.

Not a single one of them dared to make so much as a peep. Everyone could tell just how vicious that move had been.

Sam was the most well-trained amongst Baldie Lowe's men. Even so, Baldie Lowe thought that Sam didn't stand a chance against Finn Taylor.

"I'll repeat myself. If you want to catch the thief, he's right there. However, my wife doesn't like the smell of cigarette smoke."

Finn Taylor's words evoked terror in Baldie Lowe's heart. *'It's frightening to think that such a powerful and skilled person is hiding his skills.'*

Baldie Lowe was one who calculated his every move; he didn't want to dig his own grave. "Haha, it seems like we misunderstood the situation. I'll leave. Let's go."

Finn Taylor waved at him, not stopping Baldie Lowe from doing so.

While those men had rushed in with fierce expressions, they looked dejected and pale as they left.

“Finn Taylor, how dare you touch my son!” Karen James hadn’t dared to act up while Baldie Lowe and his men were still around. But now that they were gone, she started acting as though she was the boss again.

Finn Taylor ignored her and returned to his wife’s side. “Was the cigarette smoke too choking? Do you need to get a new room?”

Yvette Larson was moved by her husband’s tenderness. She shook her head, expressing that she was fine.

Seeing that his wife was fine, Finn Taylor finally calmed down.

Of course, Karen James couldn’t take it lying down since Finn Taylor had clearly disrespected her. She gritted her teeth and grumbled to her sister, “Sister, look at how your family is acting. You guys are getting better and better. How can they ignore an elder’s words?”

To be honest, Linda James felt like ignoring her sister too. *‘It’s so obvious that your family was the one who got us into this mess in the first place. Finn Taylor helped to resolve it, yet you’re still grumbling over there. If anything, it’s your family who’ll be embarrassed.’*

“Mom, my stomach hurts. Finn Taylor, how dare you hit me!” Weston Shaw clutched his stomach while groaning in pain. He felt like he was about to die.

But at this moment, Finn Taylor was deshellng a prawn for his wife.

“Sister, look at this. Your son-in-law beat my son up! You’d better give me some money for my son to see a doctor.”

When Yvette Larson heard that, she nearly flipped the table to start a fight with her aunt. *‘How could there be such shameless people in this world? Your son was the one who committed a crime. Now that he got beaten up, you’re even trying to blame it on our family?’*

“Sister, I think you’re going overboard. It was an emergency...”

Linda James tried to diffuse the situation, but her sister wasn’t buying it. “An emergency? Do you mean that we can punch others during emergencies? Do you mean that it would’ve been fine if he killed my son since it was an emergency? Your

family has to take responsibility for this. Your family will have to pay for Weston's medical fees."

Nonetheless, Linda James was reluctant to ruin her relationship with her sister. "How much do you want?"

"30,000." However, it seemed like Linda James had underestimated just how shameless her sister was.

*'She asked for 30,000 dollars!'* Linda James's face turned ghostly pale.

Even Francis Larson pointed at Karen James. "You—you! This woman..."

"What's wrong? Do you mean that you're not going to give us the money after hitting my son? Fine, I'll go to the Larson family and ask the Old Master for money then."

Of course, Karen James was all too clear that Francis Larson's family wasn't well-liked by the Old Master. If she were to look for him, it was obvious that she wouldn't get her money. But at the very least, she would be able to ruin Francis Larson's image and drag his family down even further.

This was why she had said that to threaten Francis Larson and his wife.

The couple obviously knew that Karen James was trying to threaten them. Nonetheless, they had no other choice but to compromise. *'We can't afford to fight with such shameless people. Who knows if she'll actually go through with her threat?'*

Linda James turned to her daughter. "Yvette, I don't have any money. It's up to you."

Yvette Larson was fuming. *'Why should I have to pay them? Do they think it's easy for me to support the whole family with my salary alone?'*

"Fine. Our family can give you 30,000 dollars, but we have a request." Nobody expected Finn Taylor to speak up at that moment.

"You're in no place to speak." Linda James felt annoyed. *'It's because you punched him that we got into this situation. Do you think you have any right to speak now?'*

"Mom, we're the ones paying for it. It's only right that Finn Taylor gets a say in it." In Yvette Larson's heart, she felt like she owed her husband a lot now. As such, she wasn't going to allow anyone to speak ill of him.

Linda James had never expected her daughter to stand on Finn Taylor's side or even rebuke her. In an instant, she became even more infuriated and gave Finn Taylor the stink eye. "What's your request?"

“It’s simple. From now on, you’ll have to respectfully address my mother-in-law as your sister. If she returns to her hometown, you’ll have to make preparations for her and welcome her. If anyone disrespects her, you’ll have to put them in their place right away.”

Linda James had been rather displeased with her son-in-law just seconds earlier, but she had never expected him to make such a request. All of a sudden, her gaze toward her son-in-law became gentler.

Of course, Linda James wasn’t the only one who was shocked by this request.

Karen James’s family, Francis Larson, and even Yvette Larson were utterly dumbfounded.

“Have you made up your mind? Will you agree to it?”

## **Chapter 67: I Want to Withdraw One Billion Dollars**

“Finn Taylor.” Yvette Larson thought that her husband would use this opportunity to fight for some benefits for himself, but he had asked for this instead! *‘It’s true. Everything he does is for our family.’*

Finn Taylor waved his wife off, seemingly knowing what she wanted to say. However, he didn’t let his wife say anything.

“Alright, we’ll agree to your request.” After a discussion, Karen James’s family finally agreed to Finn Taylor’s request. “When are you going to give us the money?”

“Tomorrow.”

“Ok.”

After what had just happened, Karen James’s family couldn’t stand to sit down for their meal any longer.

As they left, Karen James turned back constantly. Perhaps her heart ached for all the seafood she had yet to eat.

Once the family of three left, Linda James started worrying about money again. She started blaming Finn Taylor. “You’re really a good-for-nothing. They were dealing with Weston Shaw, so why did you have to step up? Our family now has to fork out 30,000 dollars for nothing.”

Yvette Larson rolled her eyes at her mother. "Can you stop it? It's your fault for being so nice to them that they dare to step all over us now. I already told you a few years ago not to be so nice to them. If you're so confident, why don't you get back the money that they owe us?"

Having been lectured by her daughter, Linda James finally kept quiet.

The family finished their meal despondently.

But when they tried to pay the bill, the waitress informed them that Baldie Lowe had already paid it for them.

It was only then that a smile appeared on Linda James's face.

As for Finn Taylor, he couldn't help but grin inwardly. *'Although Baldie Lowe doesn't seem very capable, he has good judgment at the very least. I had simply thrown out a punch, yet Baldie Lowe already understood so much from that. He's someone I can cultivate.'*

Finn Taylor decided to get Wampus to look for Baldie Lowe. If they could cultivate him, they could give him a spot in Peregrine Hall.

...

The next day, Finn Taylor headed to the bank to withdraw money.

Yvette Larson had personally sent her husband to the door.

As she watched her significant other walk off into the distance, she had mixed feelings. *'Everyone says that Finn Taylor relies on his wife's family, but who would've expected him to fork out 30,000 dollars? Yet, my mom still thinks that she's the one who is forking out this sum of money. Mom never even considered where I would get such a huge sum of money. Perhaps my mom thought that I could embezzle the company's funds now that I'm the Deputy CEO.'*

Upon reaching the bank, Finn Taylor spotted the long lines at the counter. Hence, he headed for the ATM.

However, he could only withdraw 700 dollars at once.

As he withdrew his money, he grumbled about how troublesome this whole process was.

Finally, he managed to withdraw 7,000 dollars after ten withdrawals.



But as he tried to repeat the same process for the eleventh time, he could no longer do so.

*'Er...'* Finn Taylor was confused. *'What bad luck! Is the machine down? Or is there no more money in the machine?'*

"Sir, can you come over and take a look at this machine? Is something wrong?" Even after analyzing the machine for a while, he still had no idea what was wrong. As such, he looked for the manager.

The manager seemed to have nothing to do as he sat there, munching on some nuts.

He was annoyed that Finn Taylor had called him over. Nonetheless, he had no choice but to go over since a customer had called for him.

After several tests, the manager told Finn Taylor that there was nothing wrong with it.

*'Huh!?'* Finn Taylor's confusion grew, and he probed, "Could it be that there's no more money in the ATM?"

The manager stared at him as though he was crazy. *'What a fool! Does he really think that the bank will run out of money?'*

Finn Taylor was annoyed by the manager's gaze. *'If there's money in it, then just tell me. If not, you can let me know as well. Why are you looking at me like that?'*

"What do you mean? I can't withdraw any more money. You're not helping me solve my problem, and you're even looking at me with that gaze?"

"That's impossible. Look, I just made a withdrawal." The manager withdrew 20 dollars with his own card. Then, his gaze toward Finn Taylor changed to one toward a beggar.

The manager had to resist asking whether the other had any money left in his account.

Finn Taylor was terribly displeased. He inserted his card into the ATM once again and tried to withdraw money, but he was met with the same result.

At this, even the manager was slightly stunned.

After trying a few more times, he looked toward the bag in Finn Taylor's hand. "How much have you withdrawn?"

"7,000 dollars."

The manager seemed to have come to a sudden realization. “The daily limit is 7,000 dollars. You’ll have to make an appointment to withdraw any more than that.”

Finn Taylor was stunned. *‘Since when was there such a rule? Why did nobody tell me about this when I opened my account?’*

“Fine, I’ll go to the counter to get another 23,000 then.”

The manager acted as though he was talking to a fool. “Didn’t I tell you already? The daily limit is 7,000 dollars. You’ll have to make an appointment if you want to withdraw any more than that.”

Finn Taylor was displeased. “F\*ck! I earn more than 7,000 dollars every day from interest alone. How can you tell me that I can only withdraw 7,000 dollars a day?”

The manager nearly laughed out loud. *‘7,000 dollars in interest every day? What a joke! How much money would he need in his account to earn 7,000 dollars a day?’*

Very quickly, this scene attracted the attention of many other customers.

As they gathered around, the security officers constantly had to usher them away to maintain order.

In the end, the branch head was alerted to this incident.

The branch head was a woman who looked extremely capable. “What’s the matter?”

“Ms. Carter, he wants to withdraw 30,000 dollars. I told him that our daily limit is 7,000, but he refuses to listen to me. That was why we got into a little bit of an argument.”

“I don’t want to withdraw 30,000 dollars anymore. I want to withdraw one billion dollars.” The manager’s gaze irked Finn Taylor. *‘I can put my money in any bank. It doesn’t have to be this bank.’*

He had already decided to withdraw whatever he had in this account.

The moment Finn Taylor said so, the manager burst out laughing. *‘This guy is like a clown putting on a show!’*

Ignoring the manager’s laughter, Finn Taylor whipped out his bank card and said to the manager, “I should be able to withdraw money at any time with this card. You’re losing a valuable customer because of him.”

When the branch head took a closer look at the card in Finn Taylor’s hand, her face drained of blood. *‘A Peregrine card! That’s right. It’s our Peregrine card—a card that only the most valuable customers receive. A prerequisite of getting a Peregrine card is*

*to have a billion dollars in one's account. As such, this guy wasn't joking when he said that he wanted to withdraw a billion dollars. If my superiors were to find out that we had lost a Peregrine card holder because of our negligence, they would surely fly into a rage!*

## **Chapter 68: Fired**

"Ms. Carter, right? One billion—I want to withdraw it right now. If you don't have enough cash here, you'd better call your superiors and get them to send it over now. I want cash." Finn Taylor placed his Peregrine card in Ms. Carter's hand.

*In an instant, Ms. Carter was on the verge of tears. 'A billion dollars. It's true that a Peregrine card holder can choose to withdraw any amount at any branch, but I don't want that branch to be my branch. This is because I would have to take full responsibility for whatever happened in that case. Perhaps they won't just fire me for losing this Peregrine card holder. In fact, they might even kill me. I would be blacklisted from the finance industry from then on.'*

In fact, Ms. Carter was even worried that they might simply kill her because of their fear of Finn Taylor.

Ms. Carter landed a slap on the manager's face. "Scram! You're fired! Get lost! Don't you dare to show up here again!"

The branch head's furious roar attracted many dumbfounded stares.

As onlookers watched on in disbelief, Ms. Carter slowly bent her knees until she dropped into a kneel before Finn Taylor. Yet, the other didn't even spare her a glance.

His indifference horrified Ms. Carter even more.

*Thud! Thud! Thud!*

She repeatedly kowtowed, each bow making a disconcerting sound as her head hit the ground. "Please be magnanimous! Please be magnanimous!"

In the eyes of many, Ms. Carter was already an elite as the branch head. Who would've expected her to kneel down to Finn Taylor and even kowtow to him, begging for mercy?

This was really beyond anyone's expectations.

The manager stood by the side, feeling incredulous. *'What is going on? Why is the high and mighty Ms. Carter doing this?'*

But the branch head gave no care to the stares she was receiving and continued kowtowing. *'I'm going to move Finn Taylor with my sincerity. I want to let him know that I was wrong and beg him to give me another chance.'*

Finn Taylor glanced at his watch. *'It might take a few more hours if I want to withdraw a billion dollars. My plans at home will be delayed then.'*

In the end, he waved them off. "Forget it. Help me get 23,000 for now."

Ms. Carter was extremely emotional when she heard these words. She rushed into the bank and hollered at one of the staff, "23,000. Hurry up and give me 23,000!"

The staff member inside was slightly bewildered, but she stretched her hand out. "Miss, your bank card."

The staff member wanted to say that they could only hand over that 23,000 dollars once she passed them her bank card.

To this, Ms. Carter had to resist the urge to lash out at them. "Scram! You're fired!"

The branch head couldn't be bothered to waste her breath on this person and simply fired that staff member. Then, she walked up to another counter. "23,000."

Having witnessed the previous incident, the staff member quickly withdrew 23,000 dollars for Ms. Carter this time.

She took it and jogged over to Finn Taylor, handing him both the money and his card politely.

Finn Taylor glanced at Ms. Carter but didn't say a word before taking his money and leaving.

It was only after Finn Taylor left that the manager cupped his face while asking, "Ms. Carter, who's that?"

However, Ms. Carter's fury hadn't yet dissipated. "Scram! You've been fired! Hurry up and pack your things. After that, disappear!"

With that, Ms. Carter pointed at another person inside. "You too! Scram!"

The manager and that employee were shell-shocked. They had thought that Ms. Carter had only been putting on a show for that customer. Who would've known that she was serious about it?

"Ms. Carter, you can't do that. We've toiled for this bank for over a decade. You can't just fire us like that." The manager tried to speak up for himself, but that infuriated the branch head even more.

"Toiled? Do you know what a grave mistake you made today? You nearly lost our bank a Peregrine card holder! Do you know what that means? Every Peregrine card holder has to have a billion dollars with our bank at the very least. If our superiors find out about this, you won't be facing just a termination but a blacklist as well. You'd be blacklisted from this industry for sure. In fact, it wouldn't just be this industry but all industries. No company would dare to offend a Peregrine card holder for your sake."

"I'm only telling you to scram by yourself on the account that we've been colleagues for more than a decade. Otherwise, I would've reported you to HQ and let you face the music yourselves!"

The manager and the staff member stared at Ms. Carter wide-eyed. They never could've imagined that that plain-looking person was actually a Peregrine card holder!

Ms. Carter pointed at everyone present. "All of you had better shut your mouths about what happened earlier. You won't be able to bear the consequences of leaking the identity of a Peregrine card holder. But if you want to lose your job or cause your family, your wife's family, and all your relatives to lose their jobs and never find a job ever again, go ahead and let everyone know about what you saw today."

In an instant, everyone was stunned by Ms. Carter's words.

These people—who had stayed behind to watch how this would play out—chose to leave for their own good. Of course, they wouldn't even dare to speak a word of what they had witnessed even if they had 10,000 times the courage that they had.

This wasn't a joke. A life really was at stake.

Of course, Finn Taylor didn't know about any of this, nor did he want to know about it.

After withdrawing that 30,000 dollars, he headed home, where Karen James's family was already waiting.

Seeing him enter, Karen James rushed forward and snatched the bag from Finn Taylor. Then, she shamelessly counted the money in front of everyone.

Only after ensuring that she wasn't being shortchanged did she let out a smile.

“I didn’t miscount, did I? Do you still remember what you promised me?”

Karen James beamed. “Of course. Of course, I remember.”

Karen James walked up to her sister and gave a respectful bow. “Sister, I’m greeting you as your younger sister.”

Linda James was the James family’s eldest daughter and used to hold quite a high position in the family. Later on, she married Francis Larson.

Because Francis Larson was looked down upon by the Larson family, the James family started looking down on Linda James too.

Then, Finn Taylor married into their family. This caused everyone to look down on her even more.

But now, Linda James was being treated as the eldest sister once again. She was overwhelmed with emotions.

## **Chapter 69: Tempering Justice with Mercy**

But the moment Karen James’s family left, Linda James’s heart started aching for that sum of money.

She started to blame Finn Taylor. “Why did you throw that punch? Look, because of that punch, our family lost 30,000 dollars for no good reason.”

Yvette Larson quickly stood up for her husband. “Mom, I’m sure we both know just what kind of people Karen James’s family are. Even without Finn Taylor’s punch, their family would’ve found another reason to take this money from us. Besides, it isn’t even the first time such a situation has happened. If you really want to resolve the matter, you have to deal with the root cause of it. There’s only one solution: severing all ties with them.”

“It’s not even the first time I’m telling you to do this, but you’ve never agreed to go through with it. Not only did Finn Taylor do nothing wrong this time, but he even managed to help you gain respect as an older sister. Don’t you think so?”

Linda James naturally knew in her heart that everything her daughter had said was true. However, she couldn’t bear to truly break all ties with her family.

“Mom, I’m going out for a while,” said Finn Taylor before heading out.

After leaving the Larson family's house, he got into a car. It was one that Yvette Larson had seen before—the Rolls-Royce Phantom that had been parked at Pacific Heights.

Finn Taylor glanced at the seven to eight people in the car.

"We're ready, Master Peregrine." It was Wampus who had spoken—Finn Taylor had called him over. *'Does Karen James really think she would be able to take that 30,000 from Finn Taylor? Would he be Master Peregrine then? Are they tired of living to dare to take Master Peregrine's money?'*

The car drove along and rolled to a stop in front of a hotel.

It was a very ordinary hotel. The only reason Finn Taylor had instructed them to come here was that Karen James's family was staying here.

Of course, they hadn't yet arrived.

Finn Taylor had left the house soon after them in a car. On the other hand, Karen James's family was walking over.

This naturally meant that Finn Taylor arrived earlier than them.

After about five minutes, Wampus said, "Master Peregrine, they're here."

"Okay, take action now."

Following Finn Taylor's order, the seven to eight men in black got out of the car and headed toward Karen James's family.

Karen James was extremely vigilant as she walked with that bag of money in her hands.

Her husband and son flanked her, not daring to let their guard down.

Their hotel was just ahead, but just then, seven to eight sunglasses-wearing men surrounded them.

"Who are you? What do you want?" Karen James hugged that bag tightly in her arms, fearing for her life as she looked at the men in front of her.

Of course, these men had no intention of wasting their breaths on her. After one of them nodded, three of the men immediately jabbed each of the family members with a needle at their necks, knocking them unconscious.

The man who nodded then picked up the bag and got back in the car. After that, he passed the bag to Wampus.

The latter glanced at it and nodded. "Nothing's missing."

"Let's go then," ordered Finn Taylor, and the car flew off.

It was some time later before Karen James groggily came out of her unconscious state. When she realized that her bag of money was gone, she hurriedly shook her husband and son awake.

The family of three burst into tears, but there was nothing more they could do.

As for Finn Taylor and his subordinates, they had arrived at Wampus's house at Pacific Heights.

At this moment, there was an additional guest in Wampus's house—Baldie Lowe.

Finn Taylor walked in and handed the bag in Wampus's hands to Baldie Lowe. "Count it—the 30,000 dollars that you wanted."

Baldie Lowe glanced at that bag. When he realized that it was filled with wads of cash, he was dumbstruck.

"What, weren't you very articulate at the restaurant? Why have you become a mute now?"

"I. Mr. Taylor... I..." Baldie Lowe had truly become terrified of Finn Taylor after witnessing his skills. Thankfully, he had stopped himself in time and had even made up for his mistake by paying for the latter's bill.

But it was no longer fear he was feeling after New York's Sullivan family invited him over—it was terror.

He believed that this definitely had something to do with Finn Taylor. As expected, he met the latter here. Moreover, the Sullivan family head, Hunter Sullivan, was respectful to Finn Taylor.

This evoked even greater horror in Baldie Lowe.

"What, does my money bite?"

"No, no. How could Mr. Taylor's money bite? That was just a misunderstanding. I..."



Finn Taylor waved him off, signaling for him to stop talking about it. “Aren’t you curious about my identity?”

Baldie Lowe hadn’t spoken, but his gaze revealed his heart’s desire. *‘I am indeed terribly curious about who Finn Taylor is. Why is Hunter Sullivan so submissive toward him?’*

“Have you heard of Peregrine Hall?”

In an instant, Baldie Lowe was so frightened that he leaped up from his seat. “P-peregrine Hall.”

“Hunter Sullivan, Peregrine Hall’s Wampus.” Finn Taylor gestured toward Hunter Sullivan to introduce him.

Of course, Baldie Lowe had heard of Peregrine Hall. He was even clearer about what being Wampus meant.

There was only one person who could command such great respect from Wampus within Peregrine Hall.

Baldie Lowe didn’t even dare to imagine that the man in front of him—someone who the whole of San Francisco had termed as a useless matriloal son-in-law—was that person!

“It seems like you’ve already guessed it. There’s no point in me hiding it from you anymore. I’m Master Peregrine!”

*Thud!*

Baldie Lowe dropped to the ground, kowtowing before him. He didn’t even dare to meet the other’s gaze.

At this moment, Baldie Lowe had the urge to kill himself. *‘How could I have been so bold as to threaten Master Peregrine?’*

“Don’t get scared. Stand up and have a chat with me; I don’t bite.”

Although Finn Taylor said so, Baldie Lowe didn’t dare to stand back up.

It was Hunter Sullivan who helped him up.

“Do you want to join Peregrine Hall?”

Baldie Lowe couldn’t help but wonder if his ears were playing tricks on him. *‘This... This is incredulous. M-Master Peregrine is inviting me to join Peregrine Hall!’*

“Of course! I’m willing!” Although Baldie Lowe looked rough and tough, he was incredibly soft-hearted. He had his own backstory and his own difficulties too. *‘This will be a great chance for me to make a comeback.’*

“Alright, you’ll be Ursus from now on.”

Baldie Lowe was still in a daze from Finn Taylor’s words, but Hunter Sullivan reminded him, “Hurry up and thank Master Peregrine. He’s given you a position in Peregrine Hall.”

“Oh... Oh!” It was only then that Baldie Lowe remembered that everyone in Peregrine Hall had their own titles.

Finn Taylor had just given him the title of ‘Ursus.’

“Baldie Lowe—no, Ursus thanks Master Peregrine.”

“Okay, we’ll tell you about our rules then. You can’t expose your identity as Ursus; otherwise, I can’t be sure about what will happen to you. Also, if you dare to say a word about my identity as Master Peregrine, I can assure you that your entire family will be gone.”

Tempering justice with mercy? Finn Taylor was the epitome of that.

Baldie Lowe was stunned into silence.

## **Chapter 70: Piece of the Pie**

Baldie Lowe swore to the heavens that he would never speak a word about how Finn Taylor was Master Peregrine.

Finn Taylor didn’t push him either. He believed that Baldie Lowe was an intelligent man that knew what he could and couldn’t do.

Finn Taylor smiled as he glanced at Baldie Lowe. “Of course, I brought you here today because I have something for you. I guess you wouldn’t be loyal to me if I just gave you a title and let you join Peregrine Hall. Hence, I’m here to solve your problems.”

*‘Problems.’* Baldie Lowe laughed self-deprecatingly. *‘There is a problem nobody will be able to resolve.’*

“Have you heard of Jeremy Smith?”

*'Jeremy Smith?'* When Baldie Lowe heard this name, he was visibly shaken—so much so that his eyes immediately reddened.

“Your daughter is sick, or shall we say that she was poisoned. You exhausted all of your family’s resources to save her life, but she’s now in a vegetative state. Even after searching the whole world for the best doctors, you haven’t been able to cure her. Let me introduce you to someone today.” With that, Finn Taylor clapped gently.

An elder then walked in.

The moment Baldie Lowe’s eyes landed on that elder, he rushed forward emotionally. He kneeled before that elder, tugging on the latter’s hand as he begged, “Dr. Smith, I’m begging you. Please save my daughter; I’ll bow to you.”

With that, Baldie Lowe started kowtowing to the elder.

*Thud! Thud! Thud!*

The room was filled with those heart-chilling thuds as he banged his head against the ground.

“You don’t have to beg me; I’m just a small pawn of Master Peregrine. If you want to, you should beg Master Peregrine instead. I definitely won’t refuse Master Peregrine’s orders.”

Baldie Lowe was utterly taken aback.

He had heard marvelous things about Jeremy Smith. In fact, he had spent a good amount of time and effort seeking out Jeremy Smith. Unfortunately, all his efforts had been in vain.

What he hadn’t expected was for this brilliant doctor to be Master Peregrine’s subordinate!

Baldie Lowe had good judgment, and of course, he knew exactly just who he needed to coax.

With Jeremy Smith’s reminder, Baldie Lowe rushed up to Master Peregrine. He didn’t say anything and simply kowtowed repeatedly.

He had already said enough; there was nothing more to say. What he needed to do now was prove himself through his actions.

Baldie Lowe hit the ground again and again, each overflowing with his love for his daughter.

To Finn Taylor, this was someone who was willing to put himself down for his loved ones.

Finn Taylor was no different. As such, he liked Baldie Lowe very much. "Get up. Jeremy Smith, go take a look at Baldie Lowe's daughter."

Jeremy Smith bowed. "I understand, Master Peregrine."

Then, Finn Taylor turned his gaze to Wampus. "What's your progress with that piece of jade?"

Wampus felt a little guilty. "I'm sorry, Master Peregrine. I haven't found anything yet."

*'I don't want to hear excuses. All I need are results.'* Finn Taylor waved him off. "Okay. Get some people for me tomorrow. I need to do something."

Wampus hurried off to arrange for that right away.

Finn Taylor stood up. *'I've stayed here for long enough. It's time for me to return home.'*

As he walked out of Pacific Heights, he bumped into someone.

The sight of that person made Finn Taylor want to turn away to avoid her.

But she had already shouted, "Oi, Finn Taylor. Am I a man-eating tiger or a jinx? Why are you turning away from me?"

This person was none other than Quinn Larson's mother, Hilary Stone.

"What do you want?" Since he couldn't run from it, Finn Taylor turned around to face that woman.

"It's my second time seeing you come out of Pacific Heights. Don't tell me that you know someone here!"

Finn Taylor's gaze hardened, and the urge to kill her surged in his heart. However, he suppressed it.

Hilary Stone didn't notice anything amiss.

"I'm going home. I have no time for you." Finn Taylor didn't even bother trying to be respectful or polite to an elder.

"Don't. I still want to treat you to a cup of coffee."

"I'm not interested." Finn Taylor didn't want to have any contact with Hilary Stone. After all, there was a generational gap between them.

Finn Taylor could feel that Hilary Stone was plotting something against him.

"That won't do. I've already made a reservation; you have to go with me."

Finn Taylor was reluctant, but Hilary Stone walked up to pull him along. He wanted to dodge her, but the latter dragged him away.

Finn Taylor wanted to ignore her, but he was also scared that she would fall apart if he were to exert the slightest force.

*'Fine, I have no other choice. I'll just have a meal with her.'* Finn Taylor thought that nothing would go wrong.

Hilary Stone had chosen a restaurant this time, but it wasn't a high-class one. In fact, it was a roadside stall.

Finn Taylor quickly ordered a few dishes and paid upfront. He didn't want to owe Hilary Stone anything.

Finn Taylor was rather guarded against the Larson family. It was only wise to do so.

"What do you want to tell me?" Finn Taylor immediately spoke up without waiting for her to do so.

"What, can't I treat you to a meal as your elder?"

Finn Taylor sneered. "Elder?"

He very much wanted to laugh. *'If anyone in the Larson family wants to say that they're my elder, I would allow it. But I will never allow Hilary Stone to address herself as my elder. Which family's elder is she? She had already left the Larson family the year that Freddie Larson passed away.'*

*'But now that the Old Master is going to pass on and the Larson family's assets are going to be distributed, she's returned. It would be an insult to all other elders to address her as one.'*

“I heard that Quinn Larson became the company’s CEO.” Hilary Stone seemed to be muttering to herself, but she was also talking to Finn Taylor. “Quinn is the CEO, and Yvette Larson is the Deputy CEO. How nice. In these 18 years, it’s been the Old Master helming the company, while Quince Larson and Eleanor Larson managed the company. I never thought that a day would come when Yvette Larson and Quinn Larson would get the chance to do that.”

Hilary Stone was speaking slowly. It was as though she was analyzing the Larson family’s situation, but it also seemed as if she was saying this to Finn Taylor on purpose.

“It’s such a pity that the Larson family’s second and third branches are so deeply rooted in the family’s management. It’s hard to get rid of them at once. If the eldest branch or the fourth branch tries to do it alone, they’ll definitely fail spectacularly.”

Finn Taylor understood what she was getting at—Hilary Stone wanted his family to join hands with Quinn Larson.

“An alliance?” Finn Taylor mumbled. It seemed as though he had said those words but also like he hadn’t.

Hilary Stone scooped up a slice of pie and placed it on Finn Taylor’s plate. “The fourth branch is willing to share a piece of the pie with the eldest family. I wonder if they’d be willing to have it.”