

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

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### **Chapter 7: It's True I Didn't Go**

Even after returning home, Finn Taylor remained in a stupor. Although vomiting had already been induced at the hospital, the doctor had told them that it was normal for him to remain drunk for a day or two since the alcohol had already entered his bloodstream.

Groping his way around, he found his way up to Yvette Larson's room on the second floor.

Yvette Larson had wanted to prevent him from doing so, but her strength was no match for his.

Very quickly, Finn Taylor arrived at his wife's room. He crumpled down on the bed and wouldn't budge no matter how much Yvette Larson tried to tug at him.

Yvette Larson wanted to flare up at him but couldn't say a thing. After all, he had only gotten into this state because of her.

In the end, she chose not to leave and slept on the sofa that night because she was afraid that something would happen to him.

The next day, Finn Taylor awoke to see that his wife was still deep in her sleep. As such, he covered her with a blanket.

But Yvette Larson was awoken by that.

Yvette Larson's first thought upon waking up was wondering why her husband was in her room. With that came a brutal kick toward him.

However, Finn Taylor was easily able to dodge it.

Because of this commotion, Yvette Larson was finally completely awake.

She finally remembered why he was here. "Are... Are you fine?"

"I'm alright. I'm still feeling a little dizzy."

"Oh."

Linda James and Francis Larson happened to spot the couple walking out of the bedroom.

Linda James rushed up to Finn Taylor as though she was crazy. Without saying a word, she slapped him right in the face. "You... Wh-why are you coming out from that room? Yvette Larson, have you hurt your brain? Don't tell me that you two..."

Yvette Larson rolled her eyes. "Of course not. I slept on the bed, and he slept on the sofa."

She was afraid that Linda James would throw a tantrum if she were to find out that Finn Taylor had gotten the bed instead, so she had flipped the situation around.

"That's not allowed either. Don't let that happen again. Finn Taylor, you'd better know your place. You're just a son-in-law who married into our family. We're already being very kind by feeding you when you can't even compare to a dog. Do you think you'd still be here if this marriage hadn't been set up by the Old Master?"

"I'm punishing you now. Hurry up and clean the whole house. If I spot any dust later on, you won't get your meal."

Finn Taylor acted as though he was frightened and answered meekly before scuttling off.

Seeing Finn Taylor's pitiful look and thinking once again about how he had downed the whole bottle of whisky for her during the contract discussion, Yvette Larson tried to speak up for him. "Mom, treat Finn Taylor nicely in the future. No matter what, he's still my husband. If you say that he can't even compare to a dog, what would that make me?"

Linda James's suspicions arose as she saw Yvette Larson speaking up for Finn Taylor.

But before she could say anything, Francis Larson stopped her. "Alright, stop it. Look at what has become of our family because of all these quarrels all day long."

Yvette Larson ignored Linda James and went to look for Finn Taylor. "You've done a great job this time. Do you want me to tell Mom about it? Or I can help you get something from Grandpa."

Finn Taylor shook his head. "Don't say anything about it to anyone else. Just take it as though you were the one who managed to seal the deal."

He then smiled bitterly inwardly.

At Peregrine Hall, his mother wanted him to be a puppet while she held the true power in her own hands. Although his younger brother was missing, he still held power in Peregrine Hall and wanted to kill him.

That was why it was easier for him to survive simply by acting as a foolish and pitiful good-for-nothing son-in-law.

When Finn Taylor finished his household chores, the couple had a quick breakfast before Yvette Larson brought her husband to the office.

Even she herself didn't know why she was bringing him along, but she simply thought that she would feel more secure with him by her side.

The Larson Corporation's conference room.

Quince Larson slammed the table and laughed heartily. "Let me tell you something. You guys had better not laugh to death! Guess how Yvette Larson went to look for the Sullivan family yesterday! She brought that good-for-nothing Finn Taylor there!"

"Hahahaha! What a joke!"

"Did she simply give up because she knew that it was an impossible task?"

Everyone in the conference room burst out in laughter upon hearing the name 'Finn Taylor.'

"What are you guys laughing about?" Just then, a stern voice sounded out in the conference room. Then, someone walked in.

Upon seeing the new arrival, everyone held their breaths and was at a loss for words.

This was because the man who had just walked in was the head of the Larson family, Joseph Larson.

"What's going on, Quince?"

"Grandpa, Yvette Larson didn't take our collaboration with the Sullivan family to heart."

"Yesterday, she brought that piece of trash—Finn Taylor—along with her to the Sullivan family's villa to embarrass our family."

"Grandpa, I think she's purposely trying to ruin this matter for us."

“Grandpa, you must cut Yvette Larson’s family out of our family. They’re the jinx of our family.”

“Their family is the reason the Larson family has become a joke in San Francisco.”

When Joseph Larson understood the situation, he slammed the table in a rage.

“Grandpa, we’re here.” At that very moment, Yvette Larson walked into the conference room with Finn Taylor.

Everyone’s faces were filled with disdain when they saw Finn Taylor walking behind Yvette Larson.

“Yvette Larson, who allowed you to bring that piece of trash to the office? He’ll jinx our whole company.” Quince Larson broke out into a rant and scolded Yvette Larson.

Yvette Larson flew into a rage. “Quince Larson, who are you to control whom I bring to the office?”

“Yes, yes. I’m in no place to do that. After all, you’ll soon be kicked out of the Larson family. Then, I’ll be in no place to control you.”

Yvette Larson ignored him and walked up to her grandpa, Joseph Larson.

“Yvette Larson, didn’t you visit the Sullivan family yesterday? How did it go? I’m waiting to serve you a cup of tea and address you as my elder sister.”

Yvette Larson rolled her eyes at Quince Larson. “Finn Taylor, bring it over.”

Finn Taylor nodded and handed a bag over to his wife.

As he walked over, everyone moved aside to avoid him. It wasn’t that they were afraid of him but that they despised him so much that they thought it shameful to get close to him.

“There you go.”

Yvette Larson took the stack of papers over and slammed it onto the table. “Here’s the contract agreement between the Larson family and the Sullivan family. It’s all written clearly in black and white. Quince Larson, take a close look at it.”

The heading clearly stated: Contract.

At the bottom was the clear signatory of Xander Corporation.

Quince Larson was dumbfounded and was at a loss for words. “That’s impossible. Yvette Larson, this must be a fake. Don’t tell me that you didn’t even visit Xander Corporation.”

Yvette Larson nodded. “You’re right. It’s true that I didn’t visit Xander Corporation.”

Quince Larson—who had initially been scared stiff—perked up upon hearing these words.