

# **The Untouchable Son-In-Law: The Master Peregrine #Chapter 71 - Hilary Stone's Secret - Read The Untouchable Son-In-Law: The Master Peregrine Chapter 71 - 80**

## **Chapter 71: Hilary Stone's Secret**

Finn Taylor looked at the pie on his plate. He knew exactly what Hilary Stone meant.

It was simple. If he helped the fourth branch fight for the Larson family's assets, Hilary Stone was willing to split some of that with his family.

But Finn Taylor merely sneered. In his eyes, the Larson family was nothing.

If not for Yvette Larson, he wouldn't even be interested in a family like this. He could get anything without even lifting his hands. Why would he need anyone to give him a share of anything?

Just then, a stray dog trotted up to Finn Taylor while wagging its tail.

Finn Taylor picked up the pie and tossed it to the dog. "I have something on, so I won't stay any longer."

With that, Finn Taylor turned to leave.

Hilary Stone was fuming as she watched him walk off.

As he walked out of the restaurant, Finn Taylor whipped out his phone and sent a message to Horned Serpent, asking him to investigate Hilary Stone.

He couldn't kick away the feeling that this woman had definitely returned because she wanted something. *'From my initial understanding, Hilary Stone's family owns just as many assets as the Larson family. Logically speaking, there's no need for her to fight for the Larson family's assets. Perhaps something has happened to the Stone family.'*

After dealing with all that, Finn Taylor headed home.

...

The Larson family's house.

Yvette Larson walked downstairs, only to find her parents lying on the sofa, unmoving.

She flared up. "Are you guys incapable of cooking now that Finn Taylor isn't around?"

Of course, Linda James felt aggrieved that her daughter was lecturing her. "Why are you blaming us? You should blame Finn Taylor. Why did he go out?"

Yvette Larson had been busy rushing out reports in her room for the past few hours. Now that she had finally finished, she was intending to make some food for herself. In the end, what greeted her was the sight of her parents lying there, waiting for her husband to make them a meal. *'Since when did they become like this?'*

"Why are you looking at me? Why don't you hurry up and call Finn Taylor to ask him when he's coming back?"

To be honest, Yvette Larson's heart broke for her husband. *'He has really spoiled my parents rotten.'*

Yvette Larson wasn't even thinking of calling her husband. She could see just how much he had improved over the past few months. *'Since Finn told me that he has something on, that has to be true. I'm not going to disturb him.'*

Just then, Finn Taylor walked in. "Yvette, I'm back. I bought you some fried chick—"

Before Finn Taylor could finish his sentence, his mother-in-law had already rushed up to snatch the box of fried chicken away from him. "Why did you buy so little? Do you think it'll be enough for the three of us?"

"Huh? You guys haven't eaten?"

*'Huh!?'* Finn Taylor hadn't expected that Yvette Larson's family hadn't eaten yet. He had bought this for his wife's supper.

"Some people would rather starve to death than work."

Finn Taylor felt a little awkward. "Shall I cook now?"

He walked into the kitchen to find that they had run out of all ingredients.

No matter how amazing Finn Taylor was, he couldn't make something out of nothing.

"Forget it; you two can have it. I'll just get some cookies." With that, Yvette Larson headed upstairs.

Her husband followed suit and let out a sly smile as he reached the top of the stairs.

“Why are you smiling so slyly?”

“Make a guess.” Finn Taylor was still keeping it from her and didn’t let her in on his secret.

“I’m not going to guess. Hurry up and tell me.” Yvette Larson didn’t even seem like the CEO of a large corporation.

“Look.” Finn Taylor took out a piece of fried chicken. “I secretly hid one before Mom stole it from me just now.”

*Hahaha.*

Yvette Larson chuckled. *‘I had wondered what my husband was doing, acting so furtively. I had never expected him to do this, but it’s funny.’*

She had tasted all kinds of delicacies, but this piece of fried chicken tasted especially delicious to her.

“Oh right, let me tell you something. Hilary Stone is back.” Finn Taylor was a little afraid that his wife still didn’t know about it.

“Who?”

“Hilary Stone—Quinn Larson’s mother.”

Yvette Larson remained indifferent even after hearing that. “Oh, no wonder Quinn Larson has been so arrogant these few days. He’s been acting as though there’s someone backing him. I was thinking that he shouldn’t act this way even though he’s now the CEO. After all, there’s still Quinn and Eleanor stepping all over him. It turns out that he’s gotten someone to back him—one who will never betray him.”

Yvette Larson was especially cautious about Hilary Stone. At that time, the latter had stirred up a lot of trouble after marrying into the Larson family. Even until now, these things were still taboo in the Larson family and were secrets to be kept.

“Have you met her?” Thinking about those secrets, Yvette Larson flashed a suspicious glance at her husband.

“I met her.”

“How is she? She’s beautiful, isn’t she? Doesn’t she exude a unique charm?”

“She’s not as beautiful as you.”

“You’re so glib. Do you think I don’t know how beautiful Hilary Stone is?”

“I don’t. I’m not good with faces.”

*Pfft!*

Yvette Larson nearly burst out into laughter. *‘Afraid that I would get angry if he said that other women are more beautiful than me, he even came up with a lie that he was bad with faces!’*

“Why did Hilary Stone look for you?”

“She treated me to a meal.”

“Wow. I’ve known her for so many years, and she’s never treated me to a single meal. Yet, she treated you?”

*‘Er...’* Finn Taylor felt like this was a trap.

“What else? You’d better ‘fess up.” Yvette Larson tapped her feet gently, waiting for her husband to confess everything to her.

“She also served me a slice of pie during that meal.”

“Are you guys that close for her to serve you food?” Yvette Larson was wary, seeming to realize something was amiss. “What else did you guys do apart from eating?”

“She even said that the fourth branch is willing to share a slice of the pie with our family. As long as they have something, we’ll get a share of it too.”

Yvette Larson frowned.

“I then threw that slice of pie to the dog.”

*‘Pfft!’* Yvette Larson had initially been fraught with worry, but now, she was bent over with laughter. “You’re good. I wish I could’ve seen Hilary Stone’s face when she was being played by someone else. While she was in the Larson family, she...”

Halfway through, Yvette Larson seemed to have caught herself and quickly shut up.

“What happened in the Larson family?” Finn Taylor was waiting for the most exciting part of the story, but that plan had gone up in flames.

“Why are you so interested in Hilary Stone?” Yvette Larson chose to throw a tantrum and refused to reveal anything.

“Hurry up and tell me about it! I’m begging you, my dear wife.”

## Chapter 72: 18-year-old Secret of the Larson Family

Just talking about Hilary Stone’s secret made Yvette Larson want to burst out into laughter.

She didn’t go straight to the point. Instead, she asked her husband a question. “Finn, why do you think all the other Larson family branches ganged up against our family?”

*‘Huh?’ Finn Taylor had wondered about this question too. ‘I’d always thought that the eldest family had lost favor with them because of the tradition of the eldest son inheriting everything. But now that my wife is saying this, it seems like there’s more to this.’*

“Let me ask you another question. Why did Grandpa skip the second generation and choose his successor from the third generation?”

This was something worth thinking about. In the past, Finn Taylor had received a standardized answer to this question: the Larson family’s entire second generation was useless. As such, the Old Master had no choice but to choose his successor from the third generation instead.

But after a few interactions, Finn Taylor realized that the second generation wasn’t as useless as they were made out to be. This included his father-in-law, Francis Larson.

His father-in-law had always been putting on an act, allowing Linda James to run the family instead.

All these things added up together gave off the feeling that there was something amiss in the Larson family. It was as though everyone was hiding a secret.

*‘Could this secret have something to do with Hilary Stone?’*

“Let me ask you a final question. Why hasn’t Hilary Stone been back even once to see her son in the past 18 years?”

Finn Taylor thought that he already had his answer. It was just that he couldn’t voice it out.

His suspicion was that Hilary Stone had been having affairs with the Larson family's second generation. Perhaps it was Quince Larson's father, Franklin Larson. Or perhaps, it was Eleanor Larson's father, Frederick Larson.

Of course, there was an even greater possibility that it was both of them.

It was this very scandal that had disqualified the entire Larson family's second generation from inheriting the company.

Finn Taylor even suspected that the death of Quinn Larson's father—Freddie Larson—was related to this matter.

That was why Yvette Larson's family was being targeted. It was because their family was the only one who hadn't been involved in this scandal at all.

As for his wife's last question, Finn Taylor wanted to ask if Quinn Larson was Freddie Larson's son at all. Maybe he was Frederick Larson or even Franklin Larson's.

*'However, this is no longer important. I thought that I had met with a nobody, but I never thought that Hilary Stone would be such a big shot. Interesting! How interesting!'*

...

The next day.

Finn Taylor headed out with a few lackeys to find Oliver Kleine. He had previously promised Penny that he would resolve the matter for her.

Finn Taylor glanced at the lackeys whom Wampus had found. With just one glance, he could tell that these lackeys were capable.

They weren't putting on an act.

Finn Taylor punched one of their shoulders.

That guy didn't even flinch—his body was well-built.

Finn Taylor quickly brought them to a construction site.

This was none other than Oliver Kleine's workplace. He was a construction supervisor and had 30 to 40 construction workers under his leadership.

"Remember, deal only with the person who's at fault. If anyone here hurts an innocent worker, don't blame me for being ruthless."

Of course, they all took Finn Taylor's commands seriously and swore not to go against his wishes.

...

Just as Finn Taylor got out of the house, his wife headed for her office too.

Hilary Stone was waiting at the entrance to the neighborhood with a cup of coffee in her hand. It was as though she was waiting to watch a show.

At the same time, four to five beggars appeared nearby out of nowhere. However, they loitered by the entrance without leaving.

It seemed like they were waiting for someone. From time to time, they would even glance toward the neighborhood.

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At the construction site, Finn Taylor went up to a worker and asked for Oliver Kleine.

"Are you looking for Mr. Kleine? He's there—do you see the excavator? He's on it."

Finn Taylor turned in the direction that worker had pointed—there was indeed an excavator.

Upon seeing it, his gaze hardened. *'Things are different now. If I were to go over now, it would be easy for Oliver Kleine to get away since he's in the excavator. Once the latter starts operating the vehicle, nobody would even dare to get close. Of course, it's simple for me to damage the excavator. It's just that I'm unwilling to expose myself for such a trivial matter.'*

"Mate, I'm looking for Mr. Kleine to discuss a business deal. I have an upcoming project, and I want to ask him if he's interested," said Finn Taylor as he handed the worker a cigarette.

That worker glanced at the cigarette and took it; he had fallen for this trap. He was overwhelmed with emotions as he headed toward the excavator.

Finn Taylor threw his lackeys a glance.

They immediately understood their boss's intention.

...

Just as Yvette Larson drove out of her neighborhood, she was surrounded by a few beggars.

She couldn't even move her car.

She honked at them, but they had no intention of stepping aside.

*'Maybe all they want is money.'* As this thought, she retrieved 30 dollars from her purse. "Here, I'll give you some money. Can you guys move aside?"

As soon as she rolled her window down, a beggar rushed over to try to yank her door open.

Yvette Larson felt a chill run down her spine. She tried her best to roll the window back up as quickly as possible, but it was already too late.

The man had already forced his way in.

Another person then tried to drag Yvette Larson out of the car.

She struggled to step on the accelerator and rush off, but she was too late once again.

She was forcefully hauled out of the car, and Yvette Larson tried with all her might to land a punch on that beggar's face.

Unfortunately, she was too weak and had no way of breaking free from his grip.

In front of the neighborhood entrance, Hilary Stone was still sipping on her cup of coffee cheerfully. Then, she stood up and left.

When she left, a strange smile was plastered on her face.

At the very same time that she left, those beggars suddenly dropped everything and left as well.

Yvette Larson was left on the ground, sobbing.

She had been scared stiff earlier; it was terror she had never felt in her entire life. She had been completely helpless.

How she wished her husband could be by her side at this moment.

...

At the construction site.



After learning from a worker that someone was looking to hire him for a project, Oliver Kleine was visibly excited.

He rushed over eagerly, but he had no sooner done so than the people behind Finn Taylor took out a sack to throw Oliver Kleine in.

He struggled frantically, but of course, he was no match for them.

That worker from before was terrified by the sight before his eyes, but Finn Taylor stared at him, and he didn't dare to make a peep.

Then, Finn Taylor gestured for his lackeys to follow him.

With that, they headed out of the construction site.

### **Chapter 73: A Grave Misunderstanding**

With Finn Taylor leading the way, Oliver Kleine was carried to the house door of Penny's mother.

They flung the sack onto the ground, allowing Oliver Kleine to crawl out. He was still swearing at them and probably would've attacked them if not for the fact that he was vastly outnumbered.

"Kneel down!" Finn Taylor spat out.

Oliver Kleine took in his surroundings, finally realizing that he was at the door of his former mother-in-law's house.

In an instant, he was dumbfounded.

"Did Penny hire you guys? I already divorced that woman. Why did you take me here?" Oliver Kleine tried to make excuses for himself.

"I told you to get down on your knees." Finn Taylor had no interest in listening to this man's nonsense. All he wanted the latter to do was kneel to the old lady.

"Why should I kneel? We're already divorced! How ridiculous!" Oliver Kleine tried to leave, but one of Finn Taylor's lackeys viciously kicked him in the knees such that he bowed over into a kneel on the ground.

And it just so happened that he was facing the old lady's house.

“Oliver Kleine, I don’t care whether you’ve gotten a divorce or not. I brought you here to ask about one thing.”

Oliver Kleine remained silent, wondering what Finn Taylor was trying to say.

“Do you still remember how you married Penny?”

“By my own efforts, of course...” He initially wanted to say that he had only married Penny because he had proven his worth, but he hadn’t even finished his sentence before a few images surfaced in his mind.

At that time, he had been dirt-poor. He had absolutely no money to get a wife, but he liked Penny very much. That was why he had gone to Penny’s house to do their chores.

There was nothing he wouldn’t do—from cleaning to harvesting crops. They could count on him for any chores they needed to get done.

This was how he left a good impression on Penny’s family. Of course, he never would’ve gotten to marry Penny if he had simply done just that.

The whole of Penny’s family was educated.

While Penny had been a college student, the old lady was a teacher.

As for him? He was almost illiterate—all he knew how to write was his name.

But while everyone in Penny’s family objected to him, the old lady stood up for him. She insisted on marrying her daughter to him.

Oliver Kleine had almost forgotten about this episode of his past, but Finn Taylor’s question had refreshed his memory.

In an instant, tears welled up in his eyes.

“The old lady is lucky that she wasn’t frightened to death. There’s a fable about a farmer and a snake that repays good with evil, but I guess you wouldn’t know anything about that. It’s such a pity that Penny married an illiterate man like you.”

As expected, Oliver Kleine didn’t understand what Finn Taylor was saying. But it was exactly because of this that the former started thinking of something else. *‘In the first three years of my marriage, Penny would often say things I didn’t understand. After all, it was a habit she had cultivated over two decades. It was common in her circle to use such vocabulary, and everyone else understood her. I was just a stranger who had barged in on her life and didn’t understand what she was saying.’*

*'Three years later, I suddenly realized that I understood everything Penny said. It was obviously because Penny had changed for my sake. How could I abandon a woman who loved me so much?'* Finally, Oliver Kleine broke down into tears, and he fell to the ground with a loud thud. "Mom, I was wrong."

*Thud!*

Oliver Kleine hit his head against the ground yet again while kneeling and apologizing in the direction of the old lady's house.

Finn Taylor clapped. *'I've solved the matter.'*

He turned back to look at his lackeys. "When you go back to Wampus, tell him that each of you will get 1,500 dollars."

The lackeys couldn't help but wonder if they had heard him wrongly. *'It seems like we haven't done anything, yet we are going to get 1,500 dollars!'*

Knowing what they were about to say, Finn Taylor waved them off and asked them to stay silent.

With everything settled, Finn Taylor headed home.

Before he even entered the neighborhood, he spotted a car parked at the entrance to the neighborhood. There was a woman wailing beside the car.

Finn Taylor was still wondering what was going on when it suddenly dawned on him that it was his wife!

In an instant, he felt like someone was crushing his heart.

He rushed up to his wife with large strides. Then, he bent down and grabbed his wife's hand. "Don't worry; I'm here."

Seeing this familiar face, Yvette Larson suddenly realized how comforting his presence was. *'I hated him so much when he first married into our family three years ago. I even swore to myself never to speak to him in my life. But after three years, it seems like I can't get away from him. He's my everything—he's my husband.'*

"What's the matter?"

"Boohoo." Yvette Larson didn't say a thing, but her pent-up emotions burst out right then.

Her tears fell uncontrollably as she lay in her significant other's arms.

The latter decided not to pursue the matter. He just hugged his wife tightly, providing her with warmth and hope.

Eventually, the whole neighborhood learned of the matter.

Very quickly, it reached Francis Larson and Linda James as well.

A few neighbors had rushed to the neighborhood entrance as well. By then, Yvette Larson had already calmed down because of her husband.

The latter supported her and helped her up to the front passenger seat.

Just as he was about to drive off, Linda James arrived.

*Slap!*

Without any hesitation, she landed a slap on Finn Taylor's face.

"Mom..." Yvette Larson rushed out of the car.

"Finn Taylor, oh Finn Taylor. You're getting more out of hand by the day. I dislike you, but what about Yvette? From the very start, she's never mentioned a divorce, has she? Who stands up for you when I scold you? Who feeds you when I starve you? Also, who secretly gives you a cushion whenever I make you kneel down on the ground? You're a piece of work. How could you repay kindness with evil? You'd better give me a good explanation as to why my daughter is sobbing so badly."

Linda James had no clue what had happened. She had simply heard that her daughter was crying her heart out at the neighborhood entrance and that their matrilocal son-in-law was by her side.

Naturally, she assumed that Finn Taylor had bullied her daughter.

"Mom, I have nothing to say."

"Great! Are you not even going to rebuke me now?"

Finn Taylor didn't know what was going through his mother-in-law's mind. He simply believed that it was his fault for not protecting his wife. *'It's true that this is my fault. I failed to protect her well.'*

As such, he didn't try to make excuses for himself.

Yet, it was his behavior that convinced Linda James even further that Finn Taylor was guilty.

“Mom, it’s not what you think.” Although Yvette Larson didn’t know what was going through their minds, she felt that there had been a misunderstanding between them.

“Stop it, Yvette. Your mom isn’t blind. I can still tell right from wrong.”

“That’s right, Yvette. It’s my fault; I shouldn’t have let you go through that.”

## Chapter 74: That Person’s Back

“That’s right, Yvette. It’s my fault; I shouldn’t have let you go through that.” Finn Taylor’s words merely added fuel to the fire.

In an instant, Linda James was sure that her son-in-law had bullied her daughter and was why the latter was sobbing her eyes out.

She grabbed Finn Taylor’s collar. “It’s you, isn’t it? You were the one who bullied Yvette, right?”

Finn Taylor didn’t try to defend himself. *‘I usually send Yvette Larson to work. It’s only because I had to settle Oliver Kleine’s matter that I had let my wife go to work alone today. Never in my life would I have thought that she would be bullied. How could I have placed more importance on Oliver Kleine’s matter than Yvette Larson? It’s all my fault.’*

He had no complaints about his mother-in-law blaming him for this. “I’m sorry, Mom.”

“Don’t call me ‘Mom.’ How dare you! Hurry up and kneel down!” Linda James was fuming. *‘I had been unsure earlier whether I had misunderstood Finn Taylor, but it now seems like I’m not maligning you. You admitted to it yourself.’*

Linda James had seen just how much her daughter loved her husband. *‘Since you dared to bully my daughter, I’ll teach you a lesson!’*

Finn Taylor glanced around him. There were many onlookers.

*‘I would surely lose all dignity if I were to kneel down here.’* He let out a wry smile. *‘Compared to my dignity, Yvette Larson is much more important to me. I had already died three years ago. I had died the moment my mother personally kicked me out of Peregrine Hall.’*

*'I'm only alive because of Yvette. She had been reluctant to marry him, but I still remember how Linda James had arranged for me to sleep downstairs on our wedding night. It was Yvette who had allowed me upstairs. Although I had slept on the floor in her bedroom, she had chosen to ruin her own reputation for my sake. Even though Linda James had forced me to sleep downstairs from the very next day, I have never forgotten what my wife has done for me.'*

He bent down slowly into a kneel.

Yvette Larson rushed over to support him before he could get down on his knees, preventing him from getting on the ground. "Don't kneel! Mom, stay out of this."

Yvette Larson didn't want to tell her mom the truth of the matter, fearing that she would worry.

However, Yvette Larson's stutter made her mother even more suspicious. "Yvette, don't worry. I'm here. You can tell me everything; I'll make the decision for you. Finn Taylor, did you hit my daughter? Otherwise, why would she be so afraid?"

Although Finn Taylor was willing to take the blame for not protecting his wife, he wasn't going to admit to beating her. "Mom, I promise that I didn't hit Yvette."

Linda James looked at him in disbelief. "Is that so? Then, tell me why Yvette is stuttering and refusing to tell me about it."

But Finn Taylor had no answer to that because even he had no idea what his wife had been through. All he knew was that he was to be blamed as long as his wife was upset.

"Mom, Finn Taylor didn't bully me. I was upset because of something else. Forget it; I'm going to work. I'm not going to talk to you anymore." With that, Yvette Larson got onto the front passenger seat.

Finn Taylor followed behind and sat in the driver's seat.

The car raced off toward the office.

Linda James—who was left behind—didn't know whether to believe her daughter. She believed that her son-in-law had bullied her daughter, and nothing was going to convince her otherwise.

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San Francisco, Old Western Hotel.

This was a rather famous hotel in San Francisco, and it was decorated in a vintage style. As such, it attracted many who came dressed in retro fashion.

Today, Quince Larson and Eleanor Larson were seated in one of their private rooms.

Eleanor Larson glanced at her watch impatiently. "Brother, I thought we agreed on meeting at nine. It's already half-past nine. Why isn't that person here yet? Who am I meeting?"

It was true that Eleanor Larson was in a bit of a hurry today. After all, Alexander Scott was looking for her.

She desperately hoped that she would be able to hook up with him, but her cousin—Quince Larson—stopped her before she could leave the house.

He claimed that he had someone important for her to meet, yet she had been waiting for half an hour and still hadn't seen so much as that person's shadow.

"There's no hurry to meet that person. We can't hurry that person either, but I assure you that you'll be shocked once you see her."

*'Who could that possibly be?'* Eleanor Larson glanced at her cousin suspiciously. "Oh right, Brother. I suddenly thought of something."

"What?"

"Aside from you, there's still Quinn Larson in the third generation. Why did you support Quinn Larson being named as the CEO? Aren't you afraid that he'll snatch the position of family head away from you?"

Quince Larson couldn't help but laugh at his cousin's naivety. "The Larson family's successor was decided a long time ago. Nobody else will be able to take that position but me. The Larson family's second generation was disqualified a long time ago. As for the third generation, Grandpa won't hand the family over to a woman, and Quinn and I are the only boys. Don't forget the scandal that Quinn Larson was involved in. Do you think that Grandpa will hand the family over to him?"

Eleanor Larson came to a sudden realization. *'That's right.'*

Quinn Larson was a disgrace to the Larson family; nobody knew who his biological father was.

As family head, his identity had to be known to all. Unfortunately, there was no way of investigating Quinn Larson's background.

It was a mess—a mess that could only be barely controlled. Even if it couldn't be controlled, they had to do their best to control it to the very end.

*Clink!*

Suddenly, the door was pushed open from the outside.

“Oh, you're both here.”

Eleanor Larson was dumbfounded when she caught a glimpse of the person walking in. *'Hilary Stone! No wonder Quince said that I'd be shocked to see her. Yes, who would've expected the person who threw the whole family into a frenzy to suddenly return after 18 years?'*

“What, are you very surprised to see me?” Hilary Stone looked at Eleanor Larson as she put her bag down.

“Of course. You shouldn't be here.” Eleanor Larson was straightforward. Perhaps it was because she now had Alexander Scott backing her that she had gotten much bolder.

“Yes, it's true that I shouldn't be here because you're all so afraid of me and the secrets I'm keeping. The day I reveal all these secrets will mark the end of the Larson family! Hahaha!” Hilary Stone wasn't afraid of Eleanor Larson at all. After all, she knew better than anyone else about what she had done at that time.

The Larson family was terrified that she would speak up and turn the entire family into a joke.

“Are you threatening me?” Eleanor Larson was pissed off by Hilary Stone, especially by her disgusting behavior.

## **Chapter 75: An Infuriated Master Peregrine**

“What's wrong? You don't seem to like me very much. Why don't you guess whether you and Quince are cousins or biological siblings?” Hilary Stone laughed.

It was a strange laugh—an unbridled one.

“You...” Eleanor Larson nearly leaped up to punch Hilary Stone, but her cousin sat her back down.



“Alright, stop it. Let’s talk about the eldest family. They’re getting more powerful now; they even dare to go against Grandpa now.” Quince Larson’s gaze was as cold as ice. *‘For some strange reason, what should’ve been mine seems to be getting out of my reach lately. The eldest branch of the Larson family also seems to be gaining momentum. Besides, that family is the only branch that hadn’t been tainted by the scandal 18 years ago. Everything added up together really scares me.’*

“Brother, didn’t you just say that you weren’t worried?” Eleanor Larson thought that it was strange that her cousin was contradicting himself.

“Just listen to the question you’re asking. Do you know who was the one who spread the rumor that Yvette Larson and Finn Taylor don’t get along?”

Eleanor Larson was stumped. *‘Isn’t that the truth?’*

“I was the one who spread that rumor and made a point to let Grandpa hear of it. I even spread it across San Francisco as well. As for Yvette and her husband, their relationship might not be as bad as we think.”

Eleanor Larson still didn’t understand what that couple’s relationship had to do with the Larson family’s future successor.

“Fool!” Seeing that she had indeed not understood the situation, Quince Larson lashed out at her. “Have you ever considered this? If Yvette Larson and Finn Taylor are doing fine and decide to have a child, do you think that child will be a Larson or a Taylor?”

Eleanor Larson seemed to be getting onto something, but she didn’t know what to say.

“The Old Master will simply skip the third generation and hand the family over to the fourth generation. Anyway, it seems like the third generation isn’t all that impressive either.” Hilary Stone spoke up, her straightforwardness offending the cousins. However, she paid no heed to that.

It was only then that Eleanor Larson came to a sudden realization. She suddenly thought of something. *‘If I were to give birth to a child with Alexander Scott, would that child be a Larson or would he want...’*

But after giving it some thought, she dismissed that idea. *‘It’s only because Finn Taylor is a matrilocal son-in-law that he’d agree to name that child a Larson. In fact, I don’t even know if Alexander Scott would be willing to have a child with me. Of course, it would be impossible for that child to be a Larson in any case.’*

“Quince Larson, you’re really a piece of trash. How could you be the most likely candidate to succeed the Old Master? You’re being suppressed by Yvette Larson!” Hilary Stone never minced her words.

Of course, Quince Larson was annoyed. “Can you stop being sarcastic? Just tell us if you have a plan.”

Hilary Stone sneered. “Even if I have a plan, I’m not going to do anything. Quinn is the company’s CEO now. He’s going to be the family head anyway, so why should I help you?”

Quince Larson slammed the table. “Hilary Stone, did you call us here today to make a fool out of us?”

Previously, Hilary Stone had taken the initiative to approach Quince Larson, saying that she could help him get the position of family head.

This was why Quince Larson had agreed to this meeting. He had never expected to land up in such a situation.

“Quince Larson, you’re really childish. Tides turn all the time. When I approached you, Quinn Larson wasn’t the CEO yet. However, he is now. You were the one who pushed him into that position.”

Quince Larson was furious. “Hilary Stone, don’t forget what position Quinn Larson has. It’s impossible for him to inherit the position of family head.”

“Nobody can be absolutely sure about that. If your dad, her dad, and all the other Larson family elders decide to support Quinn Larson, who do you think the Old Master will choose?”

Quince Larson’s gaze was filled with cold, murderous intent. *‘Hilary Stone is terrifying. This means that she had never broken off contact with my father—Franklin Larson—nor with my third uncle, Frederick Larson, all these years. Perhaps the Larson family elders are still in contact with her. This woman is a social butterfly. How much damage does she want to do to the Larson family?’*

“Do you know what I want to do the most?”

Hilary Stone sneered. “I guess you must want to kill me. Alright, if you were capable of doing so, you wouldn’t be sitting here talking to me. Stop putting on an act in front of me. I’m not scared of you.”

Hilary Stone was much more shameless than Quince Larson.

Quince Larson could only blame himself for being unlucky for meeting such a woman. “Fine, you’re really vicious. But just wait and see—the Larson family will definitely not land in your son’s hands.”

Quince Larson got up and stomped off.

Eleanor Larson's displeasure could be seen all over her face, and she picked up her bag and walked off in a huff as well.

The first round of discussions between the Larson family's second, third, and fourth branches ended in a disaster.

...

Finn Taylor sent his wife to the office.

As the car was parked there, he gripped her hand tightly.

The atmosphere was cold as the couple remained silent.

*Badump! Badump! Badump!*

Finn Taylor could hear his wife's heartbeat speeding up.

*Gulp!*

Yvette Larson could also hear her husband swallowing his saliva nervously.

Both of them seemed to want to say something, but in the end, Yvette Larson got out of the car.

He hadn't said anything.

Finn Taylor could finally relax since he had seen his wife step into the office building. But now, he was raging as he headed to look for Merlin and Swallowtail.

"Gather at the peak of Pacific Heights!" With that, he sped off.

Although Pukwudgie was in a meeting with a client, he immediately put down his wine glass and rushed to the peak of Pacific Heights the moment he received the order.

Wampus had been enjoying his refreshing cup of tea when he received the order. His tea was abandoned, and he also flew toward the peak of Pacific Heights.

At that moment, Thunderbird had been waiting for Eleanor Larson's arrival for her to continue with her act. But the moment he received the notification, all of that flirting was thrown to the back of his mind. He threw his coat on and headed toward the peak of Pacific Heights.

Horned Serpent had been singing in a karaoke lounge with many girls around him. Of course, those girls were reluctant to let him go after he read that message. Due to this, he sent them flying with a slap. Then, he rushed toward the peak of Pacific Heights as well.

On the other hand, Merlin and Swallowtail were taking a stroll in the park. The pair hadn't met in a long while, and there were naturally many things they wanted to tell each other.

Their relationship seemed more like that of a couple.

Just then, they received an order from Finn Taylor. Neither of them had a good feeling about this.

Both of them could feel that Master Peregrine was infuriated. *'Perhaps we have something to do with this.'*

Although they had no evidence of it, they couldn't help but fear. Nonetheless, they headed for the peak of Pacific Heights.

## **Chapter 76: Master Peregrine Order**

The peak of Pacific Heights.

Finn Taylor stood with his arms by his side—he was truly enraged.

As Pukwudgie, Wampus, Thunderbird, and Horned Serpent arrived one after another, they stood silently by the side, not daring to make a sound.

They could all feel the strange atmosphere in the room. They had no idea what had happened, but the murderous intent that Master Peregrine exuded made it obvious just how serious this matter was.

Finally, Merlin and Swallowtail arrived, and they silently took their places beside Horned Serpent. Both of them were drenched in sweat.

It wasn't a result of the fatigue from running here, but a result of the fear deep within their souls.

Along the way, the pair had already started looking into the reason Finn Taylor had suddenly gathered all of them.

Indeed, the pair had found a clue—Yvette Larson had been bullied.

“You’re all here,” said Finn Taylor calmly as he turned around.

But none of them dared to speak up.

“You’re all still alive!” His words took a sudden turn, and his tone was now chilling.

The six of them immediately got down on their knees, not daring to look up.

“Great, you’re all alive. I thought that you were all dead.”

These words terrified all six of them, especially the four guardians because they had no idea what had even happened.

Merlin hesitantly took a step forward before hitting his head against the ground. “Master Peregrine, I deserve to die!”

Merlin was a man and was willing to bear sole responsibility for everything. He wasn’t going to drag anyone down with him.

He knew that it was entirely his fault. Master Peregrine had treated him well and had ordered him to stay in the neighborhood to protect Yvette Larson at all times. However, there were many times she wasn’t in the neighborhood. At those times, there was no need for him to follow her.

But this time, Yvette Larson’s incident had indeed occurred within the neighborhood. There was no running away from it.

Finn Taylor sneered. “You should thank the heavens that nothing happened to my wife. If anything had happened to her, you’d already be a corpse by now.”

To Finn Taylor, Yvette Larson was his everything. Everything he did was for her sake. If anything happened to her, he would go crazy and would do anything to take revenge for her.

“Investigate it! I want you to find the culprits by today. Otherwise, you don’t need to come back either.” Finn Taylor spread his palms to reveal the Master Peregrine Order.

This was the first time Finn Taylor had ever used it. The four guardians, Merlin, and Swallowtail were dumbfounded, and their faces drained of blood.

Nobody had expected him to use the Master Peregrine Order. But because the Master Peregrine Order had been invoked, none of them dared to slack off.

They quickly rushed off.

Within the next hour, the entire network system in San Francisco crashed. Everyone realized that they were no longer able to access the internet.

Of course, it wasn't because any lines had been damaged. It was only because the men from Peregrine Hall were using it that it had crashed.

They were searching all over San Francisco.

"That's right. Can you get a clearer image of these people?" Very quickly, the six of them got hold of the surveillance footage of Yvette Larson's accident.

There were a total of five beggars, and their faces were currently being analyzed by big data.

This was a project on a massive level. It would take a few days at the very least—even up to months or years—to look for them.

But they didn't have that much time; all they had was a day.

"Horned Serpent!" Pukwudgie called out.

He was actually a computer genius. It was just that many years had gone by without him having any chance to show off his abilities.

Because of that, many had already forgotten how he had joined Peregrine Hall in the first place. In fact, even he had almost forgotten about it.

*'It seems like I'm going to make my comeback today.'* Horned Serpent took his seat in front of the computer, his fingers flying over the keyboard gently.

His fingers were naturally longer than an average person's. This meant that he typed faster than average too.

*Tap! Tap! Tap!*

The only sound that could be heard in the room was Horned Serpent's fingers tapping against the keyboard.

Everyone held their breaths, not daring to make a sound for fear that they would disturb him.

This concerned all of their lives.

*Tap! Tap! Tap!*

His fingers continued tapping on the keyboard.

Time had passed without anyone realizing it.

Three hours had passed when Horned Serpent suddenly stopped.

Everyone rushed to look at the computer screen, but there was nothing.

Just as they were about to voice their doubts, Horned Serpent finally made one last move and tapped on the spacebar key.

Five faces then appeared on the screen.

Everyone's eyes scanned these five faces; they took a good look at each of these faces.

Horned Serpent's fingers then flew across the keyboard once again, and a map appeared on the screen.

Five red circles appeared on the map as well—these five circles showed these five people's exact locations.

"Horned Serpent, stay here. The rest of you, get going. We'll each catch one of them." As the head of the four guardians, Pukwudgie quickly made a decision and gave his orders.

Upon receiving their orders, Wampus, Thunderbird, Merlin, and Swallowtail immediately set off.

Of course, Horned Serpent wasn't slacking off either. He provided the other five with details of the culprits' locations in real time.

With this information, catching them didn't pose much of a problem.

Although those beggars had been vicious and fierce toward Yvette Larson, they behaved like worms the moment Peregrine Hall's men showed up.

Very quickly, the culprits were dragged up to Pacific Heights.

The six of them shared a glance. Although they had caught the culprits, they still felt a little guilty. After all, it was true that Yvette Larson had nearly gotten hurt this time.

Master Peregrine had already told them that Merlin would've been a corpse a long time ago if his wife had gotten the slightest cut.

To be honest, not a single one of them doubted him. They were sure that Master Peregrine was capable of doing that.

“What should we do?” They all turned toward Pukwudgie. He was the most senior of them all, so he had to come up with an idea.

However, Pukwudgie was a mess as well. He didn’t know what to do in front of Master Peregrine.

“I’ll take responsibility for my actions. I’ll take full blame for everything after we hand these people over.” Merlin spoke up, and he took the blame for everything as usual.

The rest seemed to want to say something but remained silent in the end.

All six of them headed toward Pacific Heights with the five culprits in tow.

There, Finn Taylor was admiring the view of San Francisco.

*‘I’ve been bullied my whole life, and now, I can’t even protect my own wife. Am I too weak, or does everyone think that they can bully my wife? I can be a matrilocal son-in-law and let my wife bully me, but that’s no excuse for all of you to challenge my limits.’* Finn Taylor was still deep in thought when Pukwudgie and the rest arrived.

## **Chapter 77: Killing a Dog**

“Master Peregrine, we’ve caught them.” Even though Pukwudgie and the rest already had the culprits, they couldn’t help but feel anxious.

Merlin stepped forward. “Master Peregrine, this was my fault alone. Please don’t blame any of the others.”

Finn Taylor ignored both of them and turned to the five beggars. “Who was it? Who instructed you to stop Yvette Larson’s car?”

Finn Taylor had a photographic memory. He was sure that he had never seen these five beggars before. This meant that they bore no grudges against him.

It seemed like there was only one possibility—they had been hired by someone.

“Ha, who are you? You’re just a useless matrilocal son-in-law. How dare you try to make us talk?” Their boss was stubborn.



Finn Taylor simply picked up his dagger and ran it across that person's neck.

As that beggar's blood dripped down, he quickly lost all signs of life.

At this sight, it wasn't just the four other beggars who were stunned. Even the four guardians and the rest were shell-shocked.

Master Peregrine—who had always been warm and even allowed the Larson family to bully him—was actually such a brutal man. As long as it didn't involve his wife, Finn Taylor turned a blind eye to it. However, these beggars had chosen to help someone else hurt Yvette Larson.

That left Finn Taylor with no other choice.

"I'll talk. It was a woman." One of the beggars was so frightened that he had peed himself. He quickly told Finn Taylor everything he knew.

"A woman?" An image flashed past his mind. *'Eleanor Larson? Hilary Stone? Or someone else from the Larson family? Who was it?'*

"Oh right. That woman isn't young, but she was very well-dressed and maintained her appearance well too."

Based on this description, Finn Taylor came to the conclusion that it had been Hilary Stone. *'Is this revenge for rejecting her? Fine! Great!'*

"Except for him, throw everyone off the cliff."

The other three beggars' faces turned ashen the moment they heard that. They begged Finn Taylor to forgive them.

They had been driven into a corner. In fact, they hadn't even hurt Yvette Larson.

But Finn Taylor remained indifferent. *'That's right. They didn't hurt Yvette Larson, and they should be thankful that they didn't. Otherwise, they won't be the only ones dead. I'd have killed their families' ten generations!'*

Merlin knew in his heart that he had committed a grave mistake this time. Of course, he wasn't going to let Master Peregrine handle such trivial matters personally.

He grabbed hold of those three people and brought them to the edge of the Pacific Heights cliff. Then, he really threw them off the cliff.

The only beggar who had spoken up couldn't help but feel like a stone was weighing down on his heart. He felt eternally grateful that he had made the right decision to speak up earlier; otherwise, he'd have been thrown off the cliff as well.

If one was thrown off this hill, death was certain.

"Horned Serpent, have you gotten the surveillance footage?"

"Yes, I found it."

"How many hours passed after they stopped Yvette Larson's car until I appeared?"

"One hour and 16 minutes." Horned Serpent had a good memory when it came to numbers.

"Alright, one hour and 16 minutes. From now on, stab him once every minute. I want him dead in exactly one hour and 16 minutes. If he dies any earlier or later than that, just wait and see what I'll do to you." Finn Taylor handed the dagger to Merlin before heading out.

He had no interest in dealing with a nobody. The one he wanted revenge on was Hilary Stone.

*'How dare that woman set her sights on Yvette? Since she dared to do that, she'd better be prepared to bear the consequences.'*

There was a club in San Francisco named 'Red Sage Club.' It was named after the herb that was said to heal one's body, but everyone knew very well what kind of dealings this club was involved in.

Finn Taylor walked straight into the club.

"Sir, are you a member here?" Seeing that Finn Taylor hadn't registered at the front desk and was heading right in, the receptionist tried to stop him.

But the manager stopped her before she could step forward. "Shut up."

The receptionist glanced at her manager in bewilderment. "Ma'am, he doesn't have a member card. He shouldn't be allowed in."

The receptionist was confused as to why her manager had stopped her. What she didn't know was that her manager was experiencing a surge of emotions in her heart.

Just a few days ago, the manager had been at the bank and had personally witnessed Finn Taylor taking out his Peregrine card. She hadn't said a word about that incident to anyone.

*'What a joke. If I said anything about that, I would probably be dead by now. But I never expected to see that legendary Peregrine card holder in Red Sage Club! However, what is such a big shot doing here?'* She didn't dare to go up to stop Finn Taylor. In fact, she even arranged for her subordinates to stay out of his way.

Due to this, Finn Taylor headed right up to the top floor without being stopped.

The elevators didn't go up to the top floor. The elevators could only bring guests to the second floor.

But there weren't even stairs from there to the top floor.

However, Finn Taylor didn't care about that. As he walked out of the elevator, he passed through a long corridor before finally stopping in front of a bonsai plant.

He moved the pot.

*Crank! Crank! Crank!*

A massive hidden door appeared in front of Finn Taylor.

He opened it to find stairs in front of him.

He walked up the stairs, finally arriving at the top floor. Then, he kicked each door open.

As each door was kicked open, unspeakable scenes came into sight one after another.

There was a flurry of curses and tons of people kicking up a fuss, but Finn Taylor ignored them all.

Finally, he kicked open the last door.

In there was the protagonist he was looking for.

The moment Quinn Larson caught sight of Finn Taylor, he was so frightened that he fell from the bed. *'Finn Taylor has found out about my secret! What if Finn Taylor tells others about this? What will I do?'*

At this point in time, he felt utterly humiliated.

Yet, Finn Taylor acted as though he hadn't seen Quinn Larson's expression at all. He walked forward, grabbed hold of the naked Quinn Larson, and dragged the latter out as though he was dragging the corpse of a dead dog out of the room.

He then dragged Quinn Larson into the elevator and out of the club.

When Finn Taylor arrived at the front desk, the receptionist nearly let out a scream, but she managed to cup her mouth.

To be honest, the receptionist still had no clue as to why her manager was behaving so strangely. *'If word gets out about this, Red Sage Club is done for. In the past, everyone has always settled their grievances within Red Sage club itself!'*

## Chapter 78: Warning

That receptionist was right. It was true that their clients had done that in the past to maintain the club's reputation and business.

However, it was different this time.

A few security officers foolishly jumped into action, but the manager shot them a sharp gaze, causing everyone to freeze on the spot.

They had no idea why their manager was telling them to stop, but since she had already given her orders, there was no need for them to go against her.

"Sir, you're completely ignoring the rules of Red Sage Club. Do you look down on me?"

Unfortunately, someone chose to step in just then. The one who had spoken was none other than Red Sage Club's boss, Samuel Sanders. He was the biological younger brother of the Sanders family head, Grant Sanders.

Given his identity, Samuel Sanders could get anything done in San Francisco without even lifting a hand. Because he had received news that someone was making a din in Red Sage Club, he had rushed over immediately.

That was why everyone had just seen him step in and try to stop Finn Taylor.

The female manager was shaken. She didn't know whether she should go up to stop her boss.

In the end, she chose to act as though nothing had happened. *'This is a fight between two big shots. If I interfere in it, there is only one possible ending to it—I would get killed after getting caught in the middle.'*

“Scram!” Finn Taylor was still livid at this moment. *'This has nothing to do with Red Sage Club. If the other party is smart, I naturally won't make things difficult for the other party either. But if the other is foolish and tries to stop me, I'll have to let the other party experience the consequences of stopping me.'*

“Oh? Aren't you going to let that person go now that I'm stepping in?”

*'Does he not recognize me? Otherwise, why isn't he letting that guy go even after I told him to?'* As such, Samuel Sanders plainly announced his identity. *'Even if he's never seen me before, he must've heard of me, right? He'll have to let that person go then.'*

“I don't care who you are. Go away!”

Samuel Sanders had only told Finn Taylor his name because he didn't want to waste any time.

Of course, Finn Taylor didn't want to waste any time either.

Samuel Sanders shut his eyes and gestured for a white-haired elder to come forward.

His name was Cedric James, head of the martial arts James family. In recent years, their family had been on a decline, but Samuel Sanders had spotted Cedric James at a martial arts meet.

As such, Samuel Sanders had spent a huge fortune to keep Cedric James by his side.

The martial arts that the James family practiced emphasized the use of the whole body as a weapon.

Cedric James threw a curved punch, a whoosh sounding as his fist broke through the air.

“Scram!” However, Finn Taylor couldn't even be bothered to fight back. He simply shouted at the other.

For some reason, Cedric James felt as though his whole body was being crushed. He flew back and slammed against the glass door, shattering the glass door into bits and pieces.

In an instant, the entire club fell into dead silence.

Cedric James lay there as if he were a corpse.

Even Samuel Sanders's expression soured visibly. He had never imagined the person in front of him to be so vicious.

Finn Taylor casually flung Quinn Larson to the ground. *'I had initially wanted to find a place to teach Quinn Larson a lesson, but that doesn't seem necessary now. I'll do it right here.'*

"Do you have a camera?" Finn Taylor looked up at Samuel Sanders, his eyes void of life.

But Samuel Sanders felt a chill run down his spine from that gaze. Finn Taylor's eyes made him seem as though he was the devil.

"O-of course." Samuel Sanders was terrified, and he dared not even put on airs as a member of the Sanders family. He was nothing more than a lackey now.

"Take a full set of photos of him." Finn Taylor found himself a chair, took a seat, and started ordering Samuel Sanders around.

If this had happened in the past, Samuel Sanders would've flared up and beaten anyone who dared to speak to him in this manner. But now, he didn't even dare to utter a word of complaint.

Under everyone's watchful gazes, he started taking a full set of photographs of Quinn Larson!

Because Finn Taylor had dragged the latter down, he was completely naked with not even a piece of clothing on him.

Finn Taylor reached out, and Samuel Sanders obediently handed the camera over. The former then flipped through the photos.

Samuel Sanders's photography skills weren't bad to say the least. He had managed to capture everything he should have.

Finn Taylor strolled up to Quinn Larson as he held the camera. Then, he stepped on the latter's face. "You'd better smarten up. Otherwise, I can't promise you that these photos won't make their way around."

Finn Taylor knew that the Larson family's Old Master—Joseph Larson—cared most about his family's reputation.

If Quinn Larson's photos were to be leaked, he wouldn't even have to consider inheriting the Larson family. In fact, the family's fourth branch might even be kicked out of the Larson family.

Nobody in the Larson family would allow such a blemish to exist.

After kicking Quinn Larson, Finn Taylor left Red Sage Club with his camera.

It was only when Finn Taylor disappeared into the distance that Samuel Sanders finally let out a sigh of relief.

Samuel Sanders had no idea who Finn Taylor was, but he did have a good understanding of Cedric James's skills. He had seen Cedric James break a ten-centimeter-thick steel board with his own eyes.

That was why he had spent so much to keep Cedric James by his side. However, the person he had just met had casually beaten Cedric James up.

*'How powerful is that person?'* Samuel Sanders had no idea and didn't even dare to think about it.

Red Sage Club's boss pointed at everyone present. "Don't you dare speak of this incident. I'll kill anyone who does."

Red Sage Club's workers naturally knew how vicious Samuel Sanders was. Following that warning, they quickly nodded, not daring to spill even the slightest detail of the incident.

Only that manager was still a little dazed. She was the only one amongst all of them who knew of Finn Taylor's status as a Peregrine card holder.

She was wondering how to look for that person. *'If I could get into a relationship with that person—even if just as a mistress or a fling—I would have more than enough for the rest of my life.'*

...

After leaving Red Sage Club, Finn Taylor headed to a darkroom to develop one of the photos that had been taken.

He then mailed it out. Of course, it was addressed to Hilary Stone.

This was Finn Taylor's warning to the latter. He hoped that this woman would understand respect.

After doing all that, he headed to the Larson Corporation. It wouldn't be long before his wife got off work.

By the time Finn Taylor arrived, his wife had just left the office.

Finn Taylor had bought a bouquet of flowers, wanting to give his wife a surprise.

But as she received the bouquet, her face was filled with worry. She handed him a card.

Finn Taylor took a look at it—it was an invitation.

A tea party—the host was also none other than Grant Sanders!

## Chapter 79: Vicious Woman

Finn Taylor narrowed his eyes as he glanced at the invitation. “Get in.”

Once the couple was in the car, Finn Taylor started asking about the invitation. “Did the Sanders family send this over?”

“Yes, they said it's a tea party. All the young entrepreneurs in San Francisco have been invited, but I'm the only one in the Larson family who received the invitation.”

“Quince Larson and Eleanor Larson must be terribly jealous.”

“Sigh. They did come to my office to leave some sarcastic comments, but I'd much rather they receive this than me.”

*‘The Sanders family isn't one to be trifled with. This invitation spells trouble, just like how we had nearly gotten into trouble the previous time. Who knows if we'll be able to return after going? But if we don't go, we'll offend the Sanders family and give them an excuse to make things difficult for us. What a great strategy.’*

Even Finn Taylor couldn't help but respect the Sanders family for this move. “Are you allowed to bring any family members?”

Yvette Larson widened her eyes and stared at her husband. “Do you want to tag along? No, no. It's too dangerous. The last time...”

“That's right. I went with you last time, and we returned safely, didn't we? The tea party is tomorrow. Alright, let's go get outfits for ourselves. We'll attend that party dressed to the nines tomorrow.”



Yvette Larson was rendered speechless; she was worried sick. *'What am I supposed to do about this tea party?'*

But Finn Taylor looked indifferent as though he hadn't taken the matter to heart at all.

That was absolutely true—Finn Taylor indeed hadn't taken it to heart.

The so-called first family in San Francisco was nothing more than a joke in his eyes. It wouldn't even take much for him to ruin the whole Sanders family. It was just that he didn't want to expose his true identity that quickly.

More importantly, the Sanders family didn't mean much. Destroying them wouldn't bring him much benefit anyway.

It was best not to alert the enemy to his actions for the time being.

The only reason Finn Taylor had chosen not to touch the Sanders family yet was to lure Colorado's Sanders tribe out.

*'The eight tribes. How interesting.'*

While Yvette Larson hadn't intended to buy anything at first, her mood completely changed once they entered the mall.

After some time, the couple walked into a boutique selling vintage dresses.

As the couple walked in, they headed for the same dress. It was the most eye-catching piece in the entire boutique.

It gave off the vibes that only princesses were fit to wear this dress.

"This one's not bad." Finn Taylor reached out and was about to touch the dress when a sales assistant spoke up.

"Sir, you aren't allowed to touch any of our dresses."

Finn Taylor sneered. *'Before entering, I observed several customers browsing. They had clearly touched these dresses. You obviously look down on me and think that I can't afford this.'*

"Oh. Are you not letting me touch it because you think that I won't be able to afford it?" Finn Taylor was slightly annoyed. *'I went to great lengths to bring my wife out to try and lift her mood, but you're making me feel uneasy now.'*

“Sir, it’s a misunderstanding. This is a rule in our boutique. We treat all customers equally.”

“Is that so?” Finn Taylor sneered and then walked up to the reception to press a few keys.

Surveillance footage then popped up on the screen. It was the footage of the shop assistant serving other customers earlier in the day.

Those customers were clearly touching the dresses in the footage.

This was a slap in that sales assistant’s face.

“Oh, I’m sorry; she’s new and insensible. Sir, please don’t get upset. I’ll apologize to you and make it up to you.” Seeing that an argument was going to break out, a manager stepped in.

She was trying to diffuse the situation with an apology, but Finn Taylor had already suffered for the entire day.

He, of course, wasn’t going to let the other party off with a mere apology. “You have no right to speak to me. Get your boss here.”

In an instant, the manager didn’t know what to do. *‘If I were to call my boss over, that sales assistant would probably get into trouble. Worse still, I would probably be dragged into the matter.’*

As such, she stood rooted at the spot, trying to salvage the situation. “Sir, I’m so sorry for the inconvenience. We’ll definitely lecture her and train her well. Do you like this dress? You have good taste...”

The manager hadn’t even finished her sentence before Finn Taylor shoved all the racks to the ground.

The dresses fell to the ground one by one. “Do you not understand me? Get your boss here.”

The manager trembled in fear. She knew that she no longer had control over the situation.

If she continued trying to salvage it, it would only go in a downward spiral from here.

In the end, she had no choice but to make a call to her boss.

Within ten minutes, her boss arrived.

But Finn Taylor had never expected to see someone following behind the boss—it was the manager of Red Sage Club.

They didn't seem like a couple but siblings.

“Brother, are you trying to destroy my boutique?” The boss took in his surroundings, realizing that the racks were all on the ground.

Before Finn Taylor could even say a word, the woman beside him stomped on his foot. “How could you speak to a customer like that? Get lost.”

That female manager stepped forward and said with a smile, “Sir, I'm so sorry. This was our fault.”

She pointed at the sales assistant. “You're fired.”

Then, she pointed to the boutique's manager. “You're fired too.”

The boss stared dazedly at his younger cousin. After all, they had a good relationship with his cousin. *‘What's gotten into her? Why did she fire both of them at once? Why is she being so vicious?’*

“Sister, you...”

“Brother, you'd better listen to me. Otherwise, I'll tell Auntie about all those illegal dealings you've been involved in.”

Because of this threat, the boss didn't dare to make a peep.

It seemed like the female manager had a mountain of evidence against him.

But Finn Taylor wasn't at all interested in that family's problems. “I don't care if you fire them, but I want her to apologize to my wife.”

The female manager nodded. She walked up to that sales assistant and slapped the latter in the face. “Lily, you'd better come clean about this. Otherwise, I can't promise you that you'll walk out unscathed.”

Lily, the manager, and even the female manager's cousin were dumbfounded by this. *‘What's gotten into her today? It feels like she's going to swallow someone up whole.’*

But the female manager didn't want to swallow anyone. All she wanted was for Lily to apologize.

By this time, Lily was also scared stiff.

With the female manager leading her, she dazedly walked up to make an apology. However, she had never expected the female manager to kick her in the knee.

Lily slouched over and fell onto the ground in a kneel.

*Hiss!*

Everyone sucked in a breath.

Finn Taylor couldn't help but marvel. "What a vicious woman!"

## **Chapter 80: Clarine Landon Being Held Captive**

"Hello, sir. I'm so sorry about everything. You must want to buy this dress for your wife; you have really good taste. As a show of our apology, we would like to give this dress to you for free."

The female manager's actions stumped her cousin. *'This dress costs at least 3,000 dollars, and she said that she was going to give it to him for free!'*

"No, this..." He was about to speak up when his cousin glared at him, scaring him into silence.

"Hello, sir. My name is Forest Clark. Let's exchange numbers; I'll send this dress to your house personally."

Finn Taylor had been thinking of kicking up a fuss, but he didn't feel at ease doing so given Forest Clark's attitude. "Forget it. Let's go with that."

Without giving it much thought, he exchanged numbers with Forest Clark and let the latter know his address. He even insisted on it being delivered that very day.

Of course, Forest Clark was extremely respectful toward him.

Even after walking out, the couple couldn't believe what had just happened.

It was true that they had been at fault to begin with, but Forest Clark had behaved so strangely. No matter how much the couple thought about it, they couldn't wrap their heads around why it had turned out this way.

Of course, it wasn't just Finn Taylor and Yvette Larson who didn't understand Forest Clark's behavior. Even the latter's cousin, Kevin Smith, had no idea why she had done so. "No, doesn't that dress cost at least 3,000 dollars? How could you just give it away for free?"

Forest Clark pouted and rolled her eyes at her cousin. "Take this; pay for it with this card."

Kevin James was still confused as he took the card from his cousin. "You're paying for it?"

"Of course."

"Forest Clark, what's gotten into you?"

But she couldn't be bothered to reply to him. She knew what an important figure Finn Taylor was. Although she had lost about 3,000 dollars today, she had gotten the latter's number.

This meant that she'd have the chance to get in contact with him in the future.

A Peregrine card holder was worth at least a billion dollars. Then, 3,000 dollars wouldn't even matter to her.

Of course, it was too shameful to talk about this. As such, Forest Clark didn't try to explain herself.

...

"Why did that person give us the dress for free?" Yvette Larson pointed at the boutique in confusion.

"I don't know. Who cares? We'll just take it." Even Finn Taylor had no idea what had happened.

The only explanation he had was that the other party had gotten terrified that he would kick up a fuss in the boutique after witnessing what he had done previously. As such, she had chosen to give him that dress to keep him silent.

After strolling around for a while longer, the couple returned home.

Forest Clark happened to be sending the dress over right then. She made a call to Finn Taylor to say that she had arrived at the entrance to the neighborhood.

After letting his wife know, he headed out to pick the dress up.

Forest Clark was dressed in a very thin shirt. It was so thin that one could practically feel her body while standing at a close distance. "Hello, Mr. Taylor. Here's your dress."

Finn Taylor simply picked the dress up and walked off, not even saying a word to her.

When the former had walked away, Forest Clark stomped her feet furiously. *'I wore this on purpose, but he hadn't even spared me a glance. Am I not pretty enough? Is my body not tempting enough? Humph! Men are all b\*stards! But I don't believe you; you're just putting on an act because we're too close to your house. If I could just invite him out on a date, I'll definitely find a way to get into a relationship with him.'*

Upon returning home, Finn Taylor quickly got his wife to try on the dress.

But Yvette was in no hurry.

However, Finn Taylor was insistent, so she had no choice but to change into it.

The dress was beautiful, but she was even more stunning.

Finn Taylor had already mentally prepared himself, but he was dumbstruck by her beauty as she walked out.

It was hard to hide his surprise.

Of course, Yvette Larson was pleased with what she was seeing. "Is it nice?"

Although she already knew the answer, she still posed that question.

All women were like that. They wanted to hear it for themselves even though they already knew the answer.

"Yes, it's really beautiful." Finn Taylor's answer satisfied his wife.

"Alright, I'll wear this to the party tomorrow then. I'll stun everyone there." Upon talking about the party, Yvette Larson's expression visibly darkened. *'It's the most prominent family of San Francisco—the Sanders family—we're talking about. The host is also the family head, Grant Sanders. No matter how I look at it, I feel that going to this tea party is no different from entering a lion's den. If I had a choice, I'd never attend it.'*

Unfortunately, she didn't have a choice.

...

Night fell, and dawn broke.

By the time dawn broke the next day, Yvette Larson had already gotten up and was getting dressed.

It was much simpler for Finn Taylor. He simply chose a suit for himself.

When Yvette Larson spotted that suit, she froze.

It was the suit that her spouse had worn at their wedding. To be honest, it was a very ordinary suit that she had thought her husband had thrown away a long time ago.

She had never expected him to still have it. It seemed like he had been waiting to surprise her with it. *'How deeply does he actually love me?'*

Very quickly, the couple finished their preparations.

After having their breakfast, Finn Taylor drove toward the Sanders family's residence with his wife in the front passenger seat.

It was their second time there.

Last time, they had been dragged to the Sander's family residence.

This time, they were going of their own volition.

Although the two visits seemed different, each was no less dangerous than the other. In fact, given Grant Sanders's personality, Finn Taylor was sure that this wasn't just a simple tea party.

By the time Finn Taylor and his wife arrived at the Sanders family's gate, Joshua Sanders was waiting there to welcome the guests.

A cold gaze flashed past Joshua Sanders's eyes the moment he caught sight of Finn Taylor, but it disappeared instantly.

Joshua Sanders turned toward Yvette Larson. "Oh, you're here, Yvette. This way, please."

Yvette Larson nodded and thanked him, then walked into the garden with her husband.

"Oh right, did Clarine receive an invitation?" Finn Taylor suddenly remembered about her and wondered why the Sanders family had invited his wife but not Clarine Landon.

"Clarine is being held captive."

It was just a casual question, but he had been let in on such a huge secret!

“Captive? What happened? Was it the Sanders family?”

“No, but also yes.”

“What happened?”

“It’s because of the Sanders family. Clarine’s mother offered her up for marriage to the Sanders family, but she refused. That’s why her mother locked her up.”