

The Untouchable Son-In-Law: The Master Peregrine

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Chapter 8: A Larson or A Taylor

Quince Larson had been in deep despair but regained his excitement upon hearing Yvette Larson's words. He slammed the table. "You're good! You didn't even go to Xander Corporation, so how can you say that you signed a contract with the Sullivan family? Don't tell me that you're so scared of being punished that you got a fake contract to cheat Grandpa."

Quince Larson's words seemed to make everyone come to a sudden realization.

'It was no wonder Yvette even managed to sign a contract when we couldn't even enter Xander Corporation. It seems like she is indeed cheating Grandpa.' In an instant, everyone was filled with disdain.

However, Yvette Larson couldn't be bothered to explain herself. She was sure that her grandpa would be able to determine whether the contract was fake.

"Grandpa, how are you going to deal with Yvette Larson now that she's cheated you with a fake contract?"

Joseph Larson analyzed the contract closely. Then, he retrieved his glasses from his pocket and took an even closer look at it.

In the end, he slammed his fist on the table just as Quince Larson finished his sentence. "Shut up; you can't even get the simplest things done right."

"Grandpa, she's clearly cheating you with a fake contract. Why are you getting angry at me?"

"I've checked the contract. It's real." Joseph Larson removed his glasses and looked at his granddaughter in awe.

The atmosphere and air in the conference room seemed to have frozen at that moment.

"A-are you sure? That's impossible. She herself said that she didn't visit Xander Corporation."

Only then did Yvette Larson explain herself lazily. "It's true that I didn't visit Xander Corporation. I went to Pacific Heights instead and found the Sullivan family head, Hunter Sullivan. He was the one who signed the contract with me."

Joseph Larson nodded. "That's correct. I've seen Hunter Sullivan's handwriting before, and this is indeed his handwriting."

"Quince Larson, since this contract is real, don't you think it's time for you to fulfill your promise?"

Previously, Quince Larson and Yvette Larson had made a bet with each other. If Yvette Larson failed to sign the contract, she would have to give up her inheritance in the Larson family. On the other hand, if Yvette Larson succeeded in signing the contract, Quince Larson would have to yield to her and address her as his elder sister.

At that moment, all eyes were fixated on Quince Larson. Everyone wondered what he would do.

To be honest, Quince Larson was the most outstanding grandchild in the Larson family's third generation and the one most likely to inherit the position of family leader. If he were to agree to the bet, he would be demoting himself. Then, his grandpa might even have his own reservations about handing the position over to him when the time came.

It was obvious that Quince Larson had considered this as well. He put up a wide smile. "Yvette Larson, I was just joking about that bet. Did you really think it was real?"

Yvette Larson sneered inwardly. *'Quince Larson is sly and shameless indeed. If I hadn't succeeded, would he still insist that it was nothing more than a joke? Now that he's at a disadvantage, the bet has become a mere joke.'*

"Finn Taylor, why don't you tell us. Do you think I meant it as a joke?"

Quince Larson stared down at Finn Taylor, his gaze filled with threat. In his eyes, he had Finn Taylor at his beck and call. Since he had already spoken up, it was only right for Finn Taylor to follow his instructions.

'If even your husband says that it was a joke, what right do you have to force me into going through with that promise, Yvette Larson?'

"A man doesn't go back on his words." Finn Taylor didn't say much, but these words were enough to render everyone in the conference room speechless.

Then, they thought of something: *'Even the emperor can't go back on his words.'*

A clan leader couldn't afford to joke around.

Quince Larson either respected Yvette Larson as his elder sister, or he backed out of the fight for the position of family leader.

At the thought of this, Quince Larson itched with hatred. He glared at Finn Taylor. "You piece of trash. Just wait and see how I'm going to deal with you."

With that, he left.

After a while, he returned with a cup of tea and bowed down respectfully. "Please accept this cup of tea."

The moment that Yvette Larson reached out for the cup of tea, tears fell from the corners of her eyes. *'How many years has it been? Our family has always been bullied by Quince Larson, but today, we can finally hold our heads up high.'*

Yvette Larson didn't drink the cup of tea and handed it to her husband instead. "Drink it."

"Oh." Finn Taylor nodded and gulped the tea down at once, even swallowing the tea leaves.

Seeing this, everyone present couldn't help but think of him as a fool.

Yvette Larson hadn't drunk her tea but had given it to her useless husband instead. In Quince Larson's view, this was utter humiliation.

He flicked his sleeves and left.

In reality, Yvette Larson had done so because she knew that she had only gotten this far all thanks to her husband. She couldn't afford to shortchange him.

"Grandpa, I've made an appointment with Mr. Sullivan. He said that we should send some of our employees over to Xander Corporation tomorrow to discuss the details of the collaboration. I'll go get things ready."

The Old Master, Joseph Larson, was overwhelmed with emotion. *'That's the Sullivan family of New York! They are one of the five most important families in the whole country!'*

The Old Master had never dreamed of such a day when the Larson family would be able to work with the Sullivan family, and it was all thanks to his granddaughter. The more he looked at Yvette Larson now, the more he liked her.

In fact, he was even thinking of letting her take over the reins of the company.

“Yvette, you have full control over everyone in the company. You can fire anyone if they don’t listen to you.” The Old Master’s words held weight. This meant that he had given Yvette Larson great authority.

“Grandpa, what if they’re from the Larson family?”

“Just do it. You can think of the consequences later. Just fire them.”

That had been a casual question since she was afraid that the Larson family would stir up trouble for her.

She hadn’t expected her grandpa to give her such a reply.

Quince Larson hadn’t actually left and had been standing outside the conference room. As such, he had heard everything his grandpa, Joseph Larson, had just said.

He rushed into the conference room and yelled out, “Grandpa..”

“Shut up.” Before Quince Larson could even say a thing, Joseph Larson put a stop to it.

Yvette Larson was pleased and walked away as though she had just won a battle.

Finn Taylor followed closely behind. When he walked past Quince Larson, he threatened, “You piece of trash. You’d better not give me any chance to kill you. I’ll be sure to do it.”

He then strode off with no care to what he had said.

Only after everyone had left did Quince Larson drop to the ground and kneel before Joseph Larson. “Grandpa, you’re making a mistake. It’s true that Yvette Larson is the one who managed to seal the deal, but we need capable people for this project. No matter what, the Sullivan family is looking to work with us and not Yvette Larson. Actually, someone else can take over this project too.”

“Grandpa, I know that you treat everyone in the family fairly and want to give Yvette Larson a chance as well. But did you see how she acted just now? She didn’t even want to drink my cup of tea and handed it to her husband instead. If she takes over the company, I’m sure she’ll favor outsiders.”

“Grandpa, I’m a Larson, and my child will be a Larson. As for Yvette Larson’s child, how are we to know if they will be a Larson or a Taylor?”

