

The Untouchable Son-In-Law: The Master Peregrine #Chapter 81 - Battle of a Lifetime - Read The Untouchable Son-In-Law: The Master Peregrine Chapter 81 - 90

Chapter 81: Battle of a Lifetime

'Clarine's mother—Cassandra Campbell?' Finn Taylor had met her. She was indeed an impressive woman.

"Let's go to the Landon family's house after this tea party," Finn Taylor told his wife blandly.

Yvette Larson had no idea what he had up his sleeves, but she simply nodded. No matter what her significant other was going to do, she was going to ride it out with him.

Finn Taylor and Yvette Larson walked forward, and a servant from the Sanders family approached them to show the way. "Ms. Larson, this way, please."

Although he was a servant, he was a servant of the Sanders family. His status was naturally much higher than an average person's. As such, he didn't even care about Finn Taylor.

But the latter didn't take that to heart either. After all, he had been ignored many times over the past three years. One more time wouldn't mean much.

As long as he had his lover by his side and had her understanding and love, nothing else mattered to him.

That servant glanced at the couple from the side of his eyes. *'It's annoying to see him holding Yvette Larson's hand. Who's Finn Taylor? He's just a useless matrilocal son-in-law—a joke in San Francisco! What right does he have to be married to Yvette Larson?'*

Yvette Larson had been betrothed to our Master, Joshua Sanders. But now, she's married to someone who can't even compare to our Master. Of course, I'm different. I'm just a servant, but maybe Yvette Larson will help me once she gets a divorce from Finn Taylor.'

Of course, he dared not voice his thoughts out. Whether it was the Sanders family or the Larson family, he couldn't afford to offend anyone.

He led the couple to a garden, where many tables had been set up.

On each of the tables was a chessboard, where checkmate formations had been arranged.

By now, many guests had already arrived and were gathered in the garden. They gathered around to examine the chessboard formation, wanting to give the game a go.

Of course, their expressions made it obvious that most of them had failed in solving the puzzle.

“Ms. Larson, please mingle around for now. The tea party will begin soon; someone will inform you once it begins.” With that, the servant took his leave.

As he did so, Finn Taylor noticed a sinister smile on his face. Although he had concealed it well and wiped that smile off his face in an instant, the latter’s eyes were sharp.

Nothing would get past his eyes.

Although Finn Taylor remained calm, he could tell that something was amiss. *‘It seems like something is indeed going to happen, but even I can’t put my finger on what it is.’*

As he glanced around, Finn Taylor noticed that the garden was filled with young people.

Seeing her husband’s confused gaze, Yvette Larson started introducing them to him. “That’s the Young Master of the Craig family. That’s the Young Master of the Smith family. That’s the Young Master of the Kleine family.”

As Yvette Larson continued, her husband’s gaze darkened. He realized that they all had one commonality—these people were all the most likely successors of their families.

‘If the Sanders family does anything to these people, almost all the prominent families in San Francisco will have wasted decades of effort and resources on raising their successors. It would be a crushing blow.’

Crank! Crank! Crank!

Just then, the gate to the garden was shut. There was no longer an exit out of the garden.

“Oh no!” Finn Taylor yelled out.

Bang! Bang! Bang!

Just then, someone started throwing torches into the garden one after another.

Just as Finn Taylor had thought, the Sanders family was trying to kill all of them.

This so-called tea party was just a cover. What the Sanders family was trying to do was wipe out all the prominent families' successors.

Without any successors, these families would definitely crumble once the elders passed on and the family was handed to the younger generation. After all, they would have no choice but to hand the family over to their second choices.

Naturally, the family would fall into shambles under their leadership. Then, there wouldn't be a single family that could come a close second to the Sanders family.

The Sanders family had really gone all out this time.

A torch landed right next to Yvette Larson. Sparks flew and landed on her dress.

"Ah!" Yvette Larson's face drained of color as she shrieked nonstop, but her spouse was calm and collected.

He simply extinguished that torch with his foot. Then, he brought his wife to a door.

He gave it a kick, and the door quickly creaked open.

However, there was a huge steel door waiting for them on the other side of the first door. It was obvious that this steel door hadn't originally been there.

It had only been erected to prevent anyone from leaving.

Finn Taylor tried to kick the door, but it refused to budge.

Of course, it wasn't because the door was well-made. Rather, it was because Finn Taylor wasn't even trying.

"Stay here." After instructing his wife to remain there, he walked back into the garden alone.

He leaned against a marble table; it was the only marble table in the entire garden.

Just like all the other tables, there was a chessboard set up on the table.

Finn Taylor glanced at the formation on the board and sneered. "Battle of a Lifetime."

This was a formation that had yet to be solved—it was named ‘Battle of a Lifetime.’ It was named for how one could crawl their way out of the direst and most pressing of situations.

This formation was similar to what was in front of him now. In the ‘Battle of a Lifetime’ formation, the player wouldn’t have any way out.

But Finn Taylor didn’t believe in that. He was going to find a way out.

“Everyone, listen to me if you want to live.” Finn Taylor slammed the marble table.

The whole garden was in chaos, but all noises suddenly ceased.

Everyone turned their gazes toward Finn Taylor in the center.

“Finn Taylor.”

“Finn Taylor? That sounds familiar? Which family are you from?”

“Which family? He’s that useless matrilocal son-in-law of the Larson family.”

The one who said that Finn Taylor’s name sounded familiar frowned. He felt as though he had been humiliated. *‘You’re just a useless matrilocal son-in-law. What right do you have to talk? Everyone has the right to talk except for you.’*

“Scram! Don’t distract us from escaping.”

Finn Taylor sneered. “Hehe! Escape? If you guys could escape, you’d be gone by now. I’m the only one who can save you now.”

He then lifted up the marble table in front of everyone.

Everybody’s eyes widened, and their jaws dropped. *‘That marble table probably weighs more than a ton. If he throws that table at the steel door, we might actually be able to escape!’*

“That... F-Finn Taylor, hurry up and smash that door to let us out!” The person who had frowned at Finn Taylor earlier started begging the latter after seeing his prowess.

“I can save you, but I have a request; it’s not overly demanding. I just want all of you to sign a contract with the Larson family after you escape. The minimum sum will be 1.5 million dollars, and we’ll split the profits 7:3. The Larson family gets 70%, and you’ll get 30%.”

Chapter 82: Finn Taylor's Life on the Line

Everyone stared wide-eyed at Finn Taylor because of this ridiculous demand. *'The Sanders family wants to kill all of us, and the Larson family isn't any better off. How could you make such a ridiculous demand?'*

If everyone present were to agree to it, it might very well elevate the Larson family's position to second place in all of San Francisco. There would then be two powerful and undefeatable families in San Francisco.

The first would be the Sanders family. The second would be the Larson family.

They would never get their day.

"No, I refuse." As expected, some people had started to pick on this ridiculous request.

Finn Taylor had already expected such a situation. "That doesn't matter to me. As long as one person disagrees, I'm not going to do anything."

All of a sudden, the person who had tried to find fault in his demand became the object of everyone's hatred.

"What are you doing? Are you trying to kill all of us? If you're so capable, why don't you smash that door open for us?"

Eventually, that person could no longer stand up against the fury of all of San Francisco's prominent families.

"I was wrong. Will that do? I'll agree to it, ok?"

But Finn Taylor refused to forgive him. "You were wrong? You aren't sincere enough. Why don't you kneel down to show me how sorry you feel?"

'Finn Taylor, who are you? You're just the useless matrilocal son-in-law of the Larson family, a joke in San Francisco. If I kneel before you today, I won't be able to live another day! I'll never give in on this matter.'

But seconds later, he relented. *'It's better to be alive after all. Even if I refused, the others might beat me up and force me to kneel. That's if the fire doesn't take my life first.'*

Of course, Finn Taylor wasn't an unreasonable person. Since that person had already gone down on his knees, it wasn't right for him to go back on his word.

Finn Taylor picked up the marble table and flung it at the steel door.

Everyone backed away, trying their best to shield themselves.

Thud!

The moment the door was broken down, everyone rushed out.

Only Yvette Larson stood rooted to the ground, with her husband holding her hand.

'Given my understanding of the Sanders family, we might still have a chance of surviving if we don't escape. But if we did escape, we'll face much more than just the fire. It's best to let someone else test the waters first.'

Just as expected, Finn Taylor was right.

Painful yelps sounded from outside.

Yvette Larson turned to look at her husband beside her. *'He's changed. He's not as useless as everyone makes him out to be; he's actually intelligent. It seems like he already predicted all this, and that's why he didn't let me leave. He's hardworking and outstanding.'*

The piercing shrieks went on for about half an hour before they finally died down. However, it seemed even more eerie after the noises ceased.

Finn Taylor gripped his wife's hand tightly and said, "Don't worry."

Yvette Larson knew full well that the true danger was still up ahead. Everything earlier was nothing more than a teaser.

Tap! Tap! Tap!

Footsteps sounded, and dozens of men appeared in front of Finn Taylor.

He didn't recognize most of them, but he did recognize a few of them—Grant Sanders, Joshua Sanders, and William Sanders.

They were stunned to see that it was Finn Taylor and Yvette Larson who were the last ones left in the garden.

Grant Sanders clapped. "Good, good, good."

'He repeatedly praised us, but what does that mean?'

“Yvette...” Joshua Sanders shouted Yvette Larson’s name but didn’t say anything else.

Perhaps he had truly been in love with her, or perhaps he just couldn’t let go of how Yvette Larson had once been his but now belonged to someone else.

However, all these feelings he had once had for her disappeared with that word. *‘Since Yvette Larson and her husband already witnessed such a bloody scene today, they can’t leave the Sanders family’s residence.’*

William Sanders waved, and the few dozen men surrounded Yvette Larson and Finn Taylor.

“I can deal with all of you alone.” Finn Taylor said something that sounded like a joke to all the Sanders family members.

“Wait there. I’ll find a way out for us.” Finn Taylor pointed at somewhere for his wife to go to.

Her eyes brimmed with tears. She felt that it was completely impossible for her husband to defeat so many people at once. *‘The Sanders family are clearly driving us into a corner, yet I have no other choice. I would only be a bother to my husband if I were to stay.’*

With tears in her eyes, she headed to the area her husband had pointed out.

Nobody in the Sanders family stepped forward to stop her. Naturally, this was an order from Joshua Sanders.

Joshua Sanders hated Finn Taylor’s guts. *‘The whole of San Francisco knows that Yvette was mine, yet she married Finn Taylor three years ago. How ridiculous! It’s because of him that I was humiliated and became a joke in so many people’s eyes! I’m going to let Yvette watch her husband die in my hands!’*

“Kill him!”

The moment Joshua Sanders gave his order, dozens of men swarmed toward Finn Taylor.

Every single one of them was a master of martial arts. If they had lived in ancient times, they would’ve been generals at the very least.

Even now, they were impressive figures who would gain the respect of many.

These people had one commonality—they killed without any hesitation. Perhaps they didn't even think much of killing nobodies like Finn Taylor.

The moment Joshua Sanders gave his order, he shut his eyes. In his mind, it wouldn't take more than ten seconds for Finn Taylor to die.

He didn't want to witness such a bloody sight.

Similarly, Grant Sanders shut his eyes.

“Ah!” As expected, a blood-curdling scream was heard.

But the noises that followed made both Grant Sanders and Joshua Sanders uneasy.

The screams were getting more numerous. They obviously didn't come from Finn Taylor alone.

‘Could it be...’ A thought surfaced in their minds.

The moment they opened their eyes, they saw the men from the Sanders family groaning in pain on the ground. Their limbs had all been broken.

As for Finn Taylor, he was sitting on top of someone—William Sanders.

‘This...’ Neither Joshua Sanders nor Grant Sanders believed their eyes. It was a truly incredulous sight. *‘It hasn't even been ten seconds, yet Finn Taylor managed to defeat all of our men! What happened earlier?’*

Grant Sanders and Joshua Sanders were now regretting their decision to close their eyes. They had initially done so to avoid witnessing the bloody scene, but that meant that they hadn't seen anything.

Also, the victory had already been won.

Grant Sanders and Joshua Sanders ran for their lives without a moment of hesitation.

Finn Taylor sneered and casually kicked a rock that had been by his foot.

It struck Grant Sanders right in the back.

Grant Sanders had already been diagnosed with last-stage cancer—this stone pierced through his lungs.

He was sure to be dead within three days.

Just then, William Sanders drew a dagger and stabbed Finn Taylor while he was distracted.

Chapter 83: I Want Grandpa to Apologize

Finn Taylor could end Grant Sanders's life with just a mere stone.

While misfortune may be a blessing in disguise, blessings may also bring about misfortunes.

Never in his life would he have expected to be stabbed in the heart. He was toeing the line between life and death too.

In the corner, Yvette Larson opened her mouth as she witnessed the scene. "Watch out!"

Unfortunately, it was too late.

Joshua Sanders—who had also witnessed the scene—rejoiced inwardly. *'Good. Kill him! Finn Taylor, you piece of trash. I want you dead.'*

His heart was filled with murderous intent toward Finn Taylor. He wanted this man dead, with no way to make his comeback.

But at that critical moment with his life still on the line, Finn Taylor shot a needle into William Sanders's neck.

The latter's eyes widened in disbelief. *'What's going on? He's clearly dying; I killed him! Why is he trying to kill me instead?'*

As he grew weaker, he tried to use the last of his strength to drive that dagger deeper into Finn Taylor's heart to kill the latter. Unfortunately, he was only growing weaker with the passing of time.

He slumped onto the ground, unmoving.

William Sanders was dead, and Grant Sanders was on the verge of death!

This was the eventual result of the Sanders family's tea party.

As for Joshua Sanders, Finn Taylor had no intention of doing anything to him. Instead, he picked up his wife's hand and headed out.

As he walked up to Joshua Sanders, he commented blandly, "It's time for the Sanders tribe to show themselves."

It was just a short statement, but Joshua Sanders's facial expression froze. It was as though he had been fossilized in stone and couldn't move an inch.

Nobody could imagine how stunned Joshua Sanders was at this moment. *'How could Finn Taylor possibly know about the Sanders tribe?'*

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The Larson Corporation's conference room.

All the higher-ups of the Larson family—Joseph Larson, Quince Larson, Eleanor Larson, and Quinn Larson—were present. Of course, the topic of their discussion was none other than the Sanders family's tea party.

"Grandpa, why did the Sanders family only invite Yvette to their party? Something seems amiss." Quince Larson threw out that question and then started to explain it himself. "I think that the Sanders family is plotting something. After all, the Sanders family has already tried to make things difficult for us in the past. But this time, Yvette attended the party alone without even letting you know about it, Grandpa. She doesn't even care about you now."

These words directly put Yvette Larson in conflict with her grandpa, Joseph Larson.

As expected, Joseph Larson's expression visibly soured as soon as Quince Larson finished his sentence.

"No, Yvette Larson couldn't have gone alone. She must've brought that piece of trash along with her." Eleanor Larson seemed to be rebutting her cousin but was actually trying to fan the flames. *'This woman dared to bring Finn Taylor along! Let's wait and see what Grandpa does to her! She doesn't even care about Grandpa! How shameless!'*

"Quinn, you're the CEO. What do you think about this?"

Everyone else had already said their piece. Only Quinn Larson had remained silent the entire time.

Quince Larson was a little confused because of this, and that was why he had called upon the latter.

“Huh? Me? I have nothing to say. I’m still so young, so it’s best that Grandpa makes the decision.”

Finn Taylor had already caught a chink in his armor. It was only natural for him to remain silent.

Quince Larson and Eleanor Larson glanced at each other, thinking that something was amiss. *‘Just a few days earlier, Quinn had been fighting with us over control of the company. Why has he changed all of a sudden? After all, he’s now the Larson Corporation’s CEO. If Yvette Larson is gone, he’ll gain the most out of it. Since he’s unwilling to speak, we can’t possibly force him to do so.’*

“Grandpa, what are you going to do about this?”

Joseph Larson’s expression was dark, and he looked as though he was about to say something.

But just then, the door was pushed open.

“How is Grandpa planning to punish me?” It was Yvette Larson and Finn Taylor.

Quince Larson couldn’t help but hate them both. *‘Grandpa nearly voiced out his thoughts. Of all times, Yvette Larson chose to enter just then.’*

“Yvette, why are you back? Have you ever thought about how the family would feel about you doing this?”

Yvette Larson sneered. *‘What a joke! I did nothing but attend a tea party. Which of the family’s rules have I gone against this time?’*

“Yvette, how did the tea party go?” Unlike Quince Larson, the Old Master wanted to understand the situation first.

“Grandpa, you previously told my parents that you wanted to chase my family out of the Larson family. Although you didn’t go through with that, you hurt my parents. Have I ever done anything to wrong the Larson family? As for my parents, they’re honest and down-to-earth people. If the Larson family’s second generation hadn’t gotten into that scandal, wouldn’t my father have inherited the position of family head as the eldest son? Grandpa, let me ask you something. Do you think this is enough for an apology?”

As soon as Yvette Larson finished her piece, her husband threw a huge stack of papers on the table.

Before they could even take a look at what was written on the papers, Quince Larson cut in. "Yvette Larson, have you gone mad? What are you doing? You want Grandpa to apologize to your family?"

Quince Larson didn't even bother looking at the papers. He simply picked out what he wanted to focus on. *'Yvette Larson must've gone mad! Why else would she do this? How could she ask Grandpa to apologize?'*

"That's right, Yvette. You're getting more daring. You even dare to go against Grandpa now. You're asking Grandpa to apologize to you today. Are you going to chase us all out of the Larson family tomorrow?"

Yvette Larson rolled her eyes at her cousin and pointed at the stack of papers on the table. "With these, I can get Grandpa to chase all of you out of the Larson family if I want to."

Hiss!

Everyone drew a breath in.

Quinn Larson furtively retrieved a copy of the documents to take a look at them. The moment he read the contents, his expression visibly changed.

Everyone had noticed this change in Quinn Larson's expression. As such, all attention was turned to those papers.

Each of them picked a copy up and flipped them open.

The words on the documents left them completely flabbergasted.

Everyone turned to Yvette Larson in disbelief.

Chapter 84: Right Before the Decision

Finn Taylor and Yvette Larson had left after killing William Sanders. After leaving, they realized that none of the successors of San Francisco's other prominent families was dead.

However, they were on the verge of dying.

As such, Finn Taylor forced them to sign the contracts. They had promised him to do so after all.

Initially, those people wanted to go back on their word. *'What can you do about it anyway? I'm already out.'*

But after Finn Taylor knocked a few of them unconscious, the others feared for their lives and finally relented.

That was how they had managed to get the contracts signed.

Finn Taylor had even inserted a clause on the last page: they would only sign the contract with Yvette Larson. If Yvette Larson was no longer involved in the project, the contract would be void.

That was why everyone in the conference room was staring at her.

Based on these contracts alone, the Larson family could very well become one of the two most prominent families in the whole of San Francisco. It could put them on the same level as the Sanders family, San Francisco's most prominent family.

The problem lay in what was written on the last page. It was clearly stated that the contracts would be void unless Yvette Larson handled these projects.

This meant that the Larson family had to choose between continuing as a second-tier family in San Francisco and handing the power over the family to Yvette Larson. If they chose the latter, they would immediately rise up the ranks to become the second most important family in all of San Francisco.

"Grandpa, I'll give you three days to consider this," said Yvette Larson as she turned to leave with her husband.

Seeing his cousin walking off into the distance, Quince Larson felt utterly helpless. *'Yvette had already taken me out of the previous project with the Sullivan family, but it was still possible for me to overcome that. As long as I worked hard, I still had a chance of pushing Yvette out of her position.'*

But now, Quince Larson felt utterly helpless.

Yvette Larson was too powerful, so powerful that he couldn't even catch up with her.

If he wanted the slightest chance of doing so, he had only one choice.

Upon leaving the Larson Corporation, Yvette Larson glanced at her husband. "Why didn't you put your signature on the contracts? You should know full well that your position in the Larson family would be completely different if you had put your name on the contracts instead."

Finn Taylor's heart leaped with joy as he heard the concern in his wife's words.

In the past three years, he had ignored everyone who had ridiculed and mocked him all because Yvette Larson had stayed by his side. Even if the whole world looked down on him, it was enough as long as Yvette Larson loved him.

“That’s alright. It makes no difference since your name is there.” Finn Taylor didn’t try to explain his actions.

“Finn.”

“Yes?”

“Thank you.”

...

Yvette Larson had given her grandpa—Joseph Larson—three days to think it through.

These three days felt as long as three years to the Larson family. Naturally, this piece of news was spread throughout the entire Larson family.

Everyone was waiting to see how the Old Master would respond and what the matter’s outcome would be.

The second branch of the Larson family.

Quince Larson stared out of the windows and at the falling leaves. He seemed to see himself in the fallen leaves on the ground.

Just like those leaves, he was about to fall from grace in the Larson family.

Franklin Larson walked over with a cigarette in his mouth.

“Dad, do you really think Grandpa will hand the family over to Yvette?”

“I don’t know. But from my understanding of Dad, he probably will.”

This was pretty much what Quince Larson had expected.

The Old Master’s greatest wish was for the Larson family to prosper.

“Dad, after Grandpa hands the family over to Yvette, he’ll probably force her to give birth to a great-grandchild for him. That child has to be a Larson.”

Franklin Larson took a puff of his cigarette and nodded. "Quince, I know that you've been battling with them for years. This loss must be a huge blow to you."

"Dad, I want to find that person..."

Quince Larson's words caused his father to drop the cigarette from his hands.

"Quince!" Franklin Larson seemed to have something to say, but he held himself back.

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The third branch of the Larson family.

Frederick Larson and Eleanor Larson were eating, but the father-daughter duo was distracted.

All of a sudden, Eleanor Larson asked, "Dad, how did Mom die?"

Thump!

Frederick Larson dropped his fork onto the table, his heart pounding furiously.

"Dad, there have been countless rumors about the Larson family. Will you tell me the truth today?"

Thud!

Frederick Larson slammed the table with his fist; he was visibly fuming. "Just eat!"

But there was no stopping Eleanor Larson. "Grandpa will probably hand the family over to Yvette tomorrow. I don't understand. I'm prettier than her, and her husband is a matrilocal son-in-law. Why should she get to take over the reins? I've tried very hard to beat her. Do you mean that I have to burrow my head just because of whatever shameful things you did in the past?"

Eleanor Larson was starting to get hysterical.

On the other hand, Frederick Larson fell silent. "I didn't kill your mom."

"Do you mean she committed suicide?" Eleanor Larson pressed him for a reply, but he refused to answer the question.

"Dad, let me ask you one last question. Who is Quinn Larson's father?"

Frederick Larson didn't have an answer to that question. Even he didn't know the answer.

...

The eldest branch of the Larson family.

Yvette Larson and Finn Taylor were cooking in the kitchen together.

It had always been the latter taking care of their meals, but for the past three days, the former had been in the kitchen helping out.

Today, she had even helped to fry an egg.

However, the egg had turned out completely charred. Nonetheless, Finn Taylor finished it.

Witnessing this scene, Yvette Larson couldn't help but feel heartache for her husband. *'Even I probably wouldn't be able to swallow what I cooked. How could Finn Taylor finish it?'*

"Yvette, don't bother cooking. Just let him do it himself. You've made great contributions to our family. From now on, our family can lift our heads up high in the Larson family as the family head." Just then, Linda James walked over.

"Yes, yes. You'd better take a seat there and get some rest." Finn Taylor giggled, advising his wife to rest as well.

But she waved him off, saying that she wasn't tired. *'Even if nobody else knows, I know full well that I only managed to get here because of Finn. I must help him with household chores and do my duty as his wife.'*

"Why are you giggling? If not for you, we'd have made our comeback a long time ago. Yvette is so sensible to want to help you. Why are you so stupid? You should've stopped her. Our family has really been too kind to you. If you'd married into any other branch of the Larson family, you'd have been kicked out a long time ago."

Chapter 85: A Taylor or a Larson?

In Linda James's eyes, her son-in-law was nothing more than a piece of trash.

To be honest, part of the reason he was famous for being a piece of trash was that Linda James had continuously complained about him outside the family.

She felt annoyed after seeing Finn Taylor giggling and couldn't help but lecture him. However, her lashing out didn't evoke any gratitude from her daughter.

On the contrary, Yvette Larson felt sorry for her husband. There had been many times Yvette Larson had nearly blurted out what her significant other had done for her. But what confused her was that he had never allowed her to do so.

"Mom, can you stop saying such things? We're a family, so why do you have to say such hurtful things?" Left with no other choice, Yvette Larson could only speak up for her husband.

But it seemed like it was never effective.

This time was no different.

"What, I'm his mother-in-law. Can't I criticize him? Not only will I criticize him, but I'll even make more rules for him. Finn Taylor, Yvette is about to take over the Larson family's reins. Have you thought about how you're going to address us in the future?"

Yvette Larson really couldn't stand her mother's behavior. "Mom, we're doing just fine. What do you want now?"

"Shut up." Linda James continued, "In the future, you'll address Yvette as 'Young Lady,' me as 'Ma'am,' and Francis as 'Old Master.'"

Yvette Larson sneered and turned to her husband. "Ignore her. Let her say whatever she wants to."

Linda James continued making a fuss for a long while, but everything she said was rebutted by her daughter.

In the end, she hadn't gotten her way.

...

Time flew by, and three days had passed.

On this day, the entire Larson family was gathered at the Old Master's residence. They were all here to find out what was going to happen.

Finn Taylor glanced at Quince Larson. The latter didn't look anywhere as devastated as he had expected of him. In fact, the latter looked rather pleased with himself.

Finn Taylor was confused. *'What's he up to?'*

"Come in, all of you."

The moment Joseph Larson spoke, the dozens of family members gathered outside the house strutted in.

At that moment, the Old Master was seated at the head of the table, expressionless.

Nobody could tell what the Old Master was thinking about from his expression.

The Old Master took a look around before his gaze landed on Yvette Larson. "Where's Finn Taylor?"

'Huh!?' Everyone was bewildered by the Old Master's question. 'He has never given Finn Taylor any thought in the past. His presence has never mattered at family conferences in the past. Anyway, it didn't make a difference whether he was there or not since he can't make any decisions in the family. But this time, Grandpa brought up Finn Taylor on his own accord. What does that mean?'

"Grandpa, he's outside," replied Yvette Larson before running out.

Before long, she returned with her husband in tow.

"Finn Taylor, have a seat." Joseph Larson pointed at a seat next to him.

This caused a slight hubbub amongst the Larson family. *'Everyone in the family knows that only the ones in the highest positions are allowed to sit next to Grandpa. But now, Grandpa has invited Finn Taylor to sit right next to him! What does that entail?'*

Of course, even Finn Taylor himself didn't have an answer to that. Nonetheless, he obediently took his seat next to Joseph Larson.

"Alright. Now that you're seated, I'll ask you a question."

"Go ahead, Grandpa. I'm all ears."

"Ok, let me ask you. If you and Yvette have children in the future, what will their surname be?"

'Just as expected!' Quince Larson had already guessed that his grandpa would pose this question to the couple.

But Finn Taylor remained silent, and he looked at Yvette Larson.

She stood up. “Grandpa, it’s obvious that our children will be Taylors.”

Joseph Larson shook his head. “No, no, no, no. Yvette, I won’t blame you for not knowing the rules, but Finn Taylor, how could you be so ignorant as well?”

“Rules?” Finn Taylor replied.

“Yes, rules. You should be clear of your identity—you’re just a matrilineal son-in-law. Your children should be Larsons.”

Finn Taylor sneered. “Grandpa, the children will be my children and Yvette’s. I think the two of us should have the final say on their surname.”

It seemed like Finn Taylor wasn’t going to compromise on this matter.

But strangely, Yvette Larson chose to stand on her husband’s side too. “Grandpa, thank you for thinking about our marriage contract. However, I think you should leave the decision to us.”

Thud!

Joseph Larson threw his teacup onto the ground. “What, do all of you want to rebel against me? I just said one simple thing, but you’re asking me to shut up! I’m not even dead yet! Finn Taylor, I thought you looked quite honest and managed the house pretty well, but it seems like you’re nowhere as sensible as I made you out to be. Why shouldn’t a Larson have the surname ‘Larson?’ What other surname could they possibly have? You have no right to speak in the Larson family. I only gave you a chance to say it yourself because I respect you.”

“But look at you now—you’re so arrogant. Forget it then; I have nothing to say to you. Yvette Larson, don’t you want to take control of the Larson family? If we can come to an agreement on giving your children the surname ‘Larson,’ this position is yours. But you can continue dreaming about having it if you want to give your children the surname ‘Taylor.’”

Whoosh!

In an instant, all eyes were focused on Yvette Larson alone. Everyone wondered what she would do.

Linda James tried to use her gaze to hint to Yvette Larson to agree with her grandpa and to name her children Larsons.

But Yvette Larson acted as though she hadn't seen it.

Francis Larson sighed, not knowing what to say.

The other Larson family members couldn't hold in their laughter. *'Is Yvette Larson stupid? All she needs to do is to say yes. As long as she says yes, the whole family and company will be hers. Yet, she's not answering!'*

Quince Larson had already thought it through. *'I was prepared to look for that person, but from the way things are progressing, that seems unnecessary for now. Yvette Larson is much more foolish than I had expected.'*

"Grandpa, I can tell you right now that our children will definitely be Taylors." Yvette Larson knew deep in her heart that everything she had now was all thanks to her husband.

She wasn't an ingrate. It was obvious that her children with Finn Taylor would be Taylors.

She would never let anyone interfere in this matter.

Silence!

As Yvette Larson gave her reply, the entire room fell into silence—pin-drop silence.

Chapter 86: Turning the Tables

Their grandpa, Joseph Larson, had the final say in the Larson family. This was something that had never changed in decades.

But today, someone had gone against Grandpa! It was none other than Yvette Larson.

The entire Larson family turned their eyes to Yvette Larson as though they wanted to skin her alive.

"Yvette Larson, what do you mean? Are you not going to listen to Grandpa?" Quince Larson was sure of his victory this time. *'Maybe the heavens are on my side.'*

Initially, he had been sure that he was going to lose in this battle over the position of family head.

'Who would've thought that Yvette would be so stupid? Isn't it just a surname? Why must she be so stubborn and make her children Taylors? Her children should be Larsons to begin with. Since he's a good-for-nothing matrilocal son-in-law, it's only right that their children are Larsons. Our Larson family will be made a joke if word of this gets out.'

"That's right, Yvette. We know that you're used to getting your way, but how could you rebuke Grandpa?" Eleanor Larson quickly added on as though she was trying to sentence her cousin to death.

"Francis Larson, look at how you've raised your daughter." It was Franklin Larson—Quince Larson's father—who had spoken. As a criminal in the Larson family's eyes, he rarely had the chance to speak during family meetings.

But today, he spoke out. He was going to use this matter to drive the family's eldest branch into a corner so that they would never be able to make a comeback.

"Brother, I'm not trying to say anything about you, but it's true that your family's gone overboard this time. Dad is Yvette's grandpa. Yvette is being very disrespectful and unfilial by going against his wishes. Dad is the Larson family head, and Yvette is just a younger member of the family. If anyone dared to disrespect me like that, I'd have kicked them out of the family." Eleanor Larson's father—Frederick Larson—cut in; his words were sharp.

He painted a terrible picture of Yvette Larson the moment he opened his mouth.

At this moment, the Larson family's eldest branch was facing criticism from all other members of the extended family.

Even the arrogant Linda James didn't dare to utter a word.

Her arrogance and pride were directed at Finn Taylor alone. When it came to others, she was no different from a coward.

Instead, it was Francis Larson—who was usually shy and timid—who stood up. "Dad, Brothers, the younger generation has their own ideas. In my opinion, it's best for us to leave that decision to the children's parents. Do you think we should always interfere in such matters? Does that mean that we should always listen to the family head?"

"Let me ask you then. If Yvette agrees to Dad's order to make her children Larsons, she'll be the family head in the future. Will you both listen to her then? Also, Quince and Eleanor, don't get too happy now. I'll give you an example. If you guys have children in the future and Yvette asks you to name your children 'Pig' or 'Dog' as the family head,

will you agree to it? If you don't, you'd be disrespectful and unfilial, just like what your Third Uncle said earlier."

"Oh right. Third Brother, I remember saying that you'd kick such disrespectful and unfilial people out of the family, right?"

Yvette Larson's eyes reddened. 'Over the past few decades, everyone has told me that it was because of my father's averageness that Grandpa passed over him to choose his successor from the third generation. I've spoken to Father about it too, and even I had felt that he was slightly dull. But today, I finally realize that Father isn't dull at all. He simply didn't want to fight over the position anymore. Given his education and abilities, some things no longer matter to him. It's definitely not because he isn't capable.'

His short speech had rendered the entire Larson family speechless today. "Francis Larson, what are you saying?"

Of course, the Larson family was unreceptive to his words.

"What, you don't like what I'm saying? Then, what makes you think I like what you guys are saying? Frederick and Franklin, I'm sure you guys don't need me to remind you about the things you've done. How could you have the cheek to talk about others?"

Although Francis Larson hadn't explicitly stated it, everyone knew exactly what he was talking about: their relationship with Hilary Stone 18 years ago.

"Oh, what are you trying to say? I want to know about it too." Just then, a woman's voice sounded from outside the room.

In an instant, the entire Larson family froze.

Dozens of eyes stared at the door. While everyone had different thoughts in their mind upon hearing this voice, they each wondered what the other was thinking.

The door was gently pushed open.

Along with the sun rays that shone in came a woman dressed in an elegant dress—it was none other than Hilary Stone.

The moment Hilary Stone appeared, Joseph Larson seemed to slump to one side. But very quickly, he composed himself. He then pointed at Hilary Stone and yelled, "W-who allowed you in?"

“Dad, look at what you’re saying. It’s a crucial moment where you’re announcing the Larson family’s successor. As the Larson family’s daughter-in-law, it’s only right that I’m here.”

Naturally, Hilary Stone knew exactly why Joseph Larson was lashing out at her. However, she simply pretended not to know and even threw a question back at the Old Master.

The reason why she was so bold was that she knew Joseph Larson inside out. *‘This old man cares too much about his reputation. He’ll never spread news that will damage the family’s reputation.’*

It was because she understood this about the old man that she dared to be so bold.

“Well, Dad, can I sit down?” It wasn’t much of a question anyway since she casually took a seat beside her son.

She handed Quinn Larson a stack of papers. “I heard that Yvette managed to score the Larson family quite a lot of business—so much that our family will become the second most prominent family in San Francisco. Good; it’s good that these young people are motivated. I have a contract here too. Perhaps you’ll consider making Quinn your successor instead after looking at it, Dad.”

Hilary Stone patted her son on the back. The latter then walked up to hand his grandpa the contract.

All eyes were glued on the contract in Quinn Larson’s hands. *‘What kind of contract is that? Why is Hilary Stone so confident?’*

Even Yvette Larson desperately wanted to know what was written on the contract. For some reason, she had a feeling that Hilary Stone was going to turn the tables today.

Chapter 87: A Father’s Duty

Seeing the expression on Yvette Larson’s face, her husband reached out for her hand. He was comforting her and trying to tell her not to panic.

In reality, Finn Taylor wasn’t flustered at all. He had already made preparations. *‘Hilary Stone thinks too highly of herself if she thinks she’ll be able to turn the tables against us.’*

Joseph Larson took that contract and flipped it open slowly. He started reading it meticulously, not missing even a word.

The further into the document he read, the more shocked he got.

Everyone in the room saw the Old Master's expression. *'What's on that contract?'*

And that was how time ticked by until ten minutes passed.

Joseph Larson took a deep breath. "Ok."

That was all he said.

"Grandpa, what's on that contract?" Quince Larson couldn't hold himself back and burst out.

"The contract states that the Larson family will collaborate with the Sanders family. From now on, our family will be on equal footing with the Sanders family and benefit from San Francisco's business industry together."

Hiss!

They had already guessed that the contract meant a lot the moment Joseph Larson said 'ok,' but they had never expected this!

Yvette Larson's contracts would only make the Larson family second to the Sanders family at the very most. But with Hilary Stone's contract, they would be on equal grounds with the Sanders family!

If anyone else had presented this contract, everyone would've wondered if it was fake. But because it had come from Hilary Stone, nobody suspected anything. *'She's Hilary Stone. She's definitely capable of doing that.'*

'But would Grandpa accept Hilary Stone's contract? After all, this contract is a bit disgraceful. If we accept it, other families in San Francisco will definitely frown upon us. Besides, Hilary Stone's demand in return for the contract is for Quinn Larson to inherit the family. That's a taboo in the Larson family. If we were to do so, all prominent families in San Francisco would definitely turn their eyes to Quinn Larson. Then, it's just a matter of time before the question about his father comes up.'

Joseph Larson was deep in thought.

Nobody dared to speak up.

Nobody dared to cut in at such a critical moment.

“Dad, Yvette and Eleanor are girls, and it isn’t realistic for their children to be Larsons. It won’t be right. As for the boys, there are only Quince and Quinn. Quince may be your eldest grandson, but he’s done such shameful things that have damaged our family’s reputation. He’s brought a lot of trouble upon us. My son—Quinn—is young, intelligent, and well-educated. Why shouldn’t he be given the position of family head?”

In Hilary Stone’s eyes, the entire Larson family were pieces of trash. Only her son was a talent.

In the face of such criticism, even the initially raging second and third branches were left speechless.

Franklin Larson and Frederick Larson only dared to fight with the family’s eldest branch. Neither of them dared to make a peep against this woman.

Yvette Larson wanted to say something but eventually held herself back. She wasn’t in any place to speak about these rumors.

Of course, Hilary Stone had to have something else up her sleeves if she dared to be so bold.

Because Joseph Larson hadn’t spoken, nobody dared to say a thing either.

Hilary Stone had already known that this would happen. Unfortunately, her calculations hadn’t accounted for someone—Finn Taylor.

She should’ve never attacked Yvette Larson. She was Finn Taylor’s soft spot.

Once Master Peregrine flared up, millions would die.

Finn Taylor walked up to Hilary Stone and reached out, directly grabbing her neck. Exerting some force, he slowly lifted her up from the ground.

Hilary Stone was in great distress. She felt as though she was going to suffocate!

She struggled to break free. Unfortunately, that didn’t do anything.

She struggled for a good three minutes until her whole face was flushed. She was on the verge of death.

Finn Taylor then shoved her to the ground.

As Hilary Stone lay on the ground, she panted heavily, trying to catch her breath.

It took a long while before she finally regained her senses, and she glared at Finn Taylor fiercely. "What are you doing?"

Hilary Stone went crazy. She had almost lost it earlier. *'Finn Taylor had clearly been trying to kill me!'*

"You know best what I'm trying to do."

Hilary Stone was slightly guilty and didn't dare to ask any further. Her guess was that the other had found out about her attacking his wife, but she wasn't clear about how Finn Taylor had found out about it.

However, the latter didn't care about Hilary Stone and simply turned to the Old Master. "Grandpa, I'm only addressing you as Grandpa because I respect you. I hope that your actions are worthy of respect."

'Finn Taylor has never rebuked anyone, nor has he ever fought back when being beaten up. Who would've imagined that he would talk back to Grandpa today?'

"Everyone from the Larson family is here. It's a major matter to choose a successor. Grandpa, you'd better think it through. I have something for you."

With that, Finn Taylor took out a stack of papers and put them in Joseph Larson's hand. He then picked up his wife's hand. "Grandpa, it'll be our last time here. The next time we're here, I hope that Yvette will be the Larson family head. Otherwise, we won't so much as step in the Larson family's residence."

With that, Finn Taylor dragged his spouse out of the house.

Everything had happened so suddenly, but Finn Taylor wasn't Hilary Stone after all.

Immediately, Frederick Larson and Franklin Larson became elders once again.

"Brother, you... I don't even know what to say. Is this how you raise your children? It's a father's duty to raise his child well. It's fine that Finn Taylor is insensible, but how could Yvette leave too?"

"Who did she learn such bad habits from?"

Frederick Larson and Franklin Larson went on.

But by now, Joseph Larson had already flipped the stack of photos around to look at them.

They were all of Quinn Larson, and each revealed an unspeakable sight.

Just moments earlier, he had truly considered handing the family down to Quinn Larson. But that thought immediately dissipated the moment he looked at these photos. *'It's indeed a father's duty to educate his children. This is absolutely true. Unfortunately, that shouldn't have been directed at Yvette but Quinn. Like mother, like son. He's the true disgrace in the family. If I were to put someone like this in charge of the family, the Larson family would be ruined.'*

Chapter 88: Committing Suicide

The meeting was still ongoing, but Finn Taylor had left with his wife.

"Aren't we going to stay until the end?" Yvette Larson was still a little dazed. She wanted to know who her grandpa would hand the family over to.

"No need. There won't be a result today." In actual fact, Finn Taylor was right.

With Yvette Larson's stubbornness, Joseph Larson didn't want to hand the family over to her.

As for Quinn Larson, it was certain that he wouldn't inherit the position given his scandal.

As for Quince Larson and Eleanor Larson, it was true that they were both capable. But to a greater extent, they were simply street-smart. Someone like them might be able to help the family prosper in the short term, but the family was sure to go down with them in the long run.

Of course, Joseph Larson didn't wish for that to happen. As such, the Old Master simply waved his hands and chased everyone out, saying that he was tired.

And that was how the first battle over the position of Larson family head ended with no result.

...

"Where are we going?" Yvette Larson was confused. She displayed none of that dominance she did in the office. On the contrary, she felt comforted and supported now that her significant other—who had always been known as a piece of trash—had backed her up.

She even asked her husband what they were going to do now.

Yvette Larson never would've expected such a situation in the past.

"To the Landon family's house."

'The Landon family?' Yvette Larson was stunned. She, of course, knew that Finn Taylor was talking about Clarine Landon.

"What, are you in a hurry to save her because she likes you?" joked Yvette Larson.

"Let's not go then," he replied immediately.

'Pfft!' Yvette Larson chuckled. "Do you know that Clarine told me some time back that she also realized that you'd changed? It seems like you're quite charming now. She even asked me if I was afraid that I'd lose you."

Finn Taylor turned back to look at his wife; he was intrigued.

"I told her that I'm not afraid of losing you."

"Why?" he asked.

"She asked me the same question too. I told her that you would've had a change of heart a long time ago. Over the past three years, I've made you suffer, and you've been scolded and humiliated countless times for my sake. You've given up too much for me, so I know that you'll never have a change of heart."

Finn Taylor smiled and picked up his wife's hand before heading toward the car. "Get in. Let's go to the Landon family's house."

Very quickly, they arrived at their destination.

The Landon family was a second-tier family in San Francisco. But unlike the Larson family, they had only one family branch.

The whole Landon family was made up of only three people—Kenneth Landon, Clarine Landon, and Cassandra Campbell. As such, it was much easier for them to make decisions as compared to the Larson family.

Finn Taylor didn't bother pressing on the doorbell. He knew that he would likely be refused entry if he were to do so.

He simply walked right into the Landon family's residence with his spouse in tow. *'You can choose not to welcome me. Anyway, I never hoped that you'd be welcoming either.'*

As the couple walked into the Landon family's hall, Kenneth Landon and Cassandra Campbell were seated on the sofa, discussing matters.

Then, their eyes met.

"Why are you here?" It was bold of Cassandra Campbell to say such a thing. After all, the Landon family and Larson family had been friends for a long time, and Yvette Larson and Clarine Landon were bosom friends.

Now that Yvette Larson was here, she had put up an unwelcoming front!

"We're here to bring Clarine with us." Finn Taylor spoke up before his wife even had the chance to do so.

"Who are you to say anything here?" Of course, Finn Taylor was a nobody to Cassandra Campbell. To put it bluntly, a piece of trash like this matrilocal son-in-law was simply dirtying their floor.

'If not for the fact that the two families are still acquaintances, I probably would've broken in to save Clarine by now.'

"Alright now. Clarine is our daughter; she has nothing to do with you two. You guys can leave." Cassandra Campbell gave her order and requested for Finn Taylor to leave.

But of course, they weren't going to do so.

"We're not going to leave until we see Clarine today." Finn Taylor ignored Cassandra Campbell and walked in with his wife.

Just as the couple reached the door, Kenneth Landon finally spoke up. "Stop right there! Finn Taylor, what do you make of my Landon family? Do you think you can just come and go as you please? I'll raise and educate my daughter myself. I don't need anyone from the Larson family to interfere in this."

The moment Kenneth Landon finished his words, eight men surrounded Finn Taylor.

The eight muscular men in black were the Landon family's main bodyguards. Each was a former martial arts champion.

Kenneth Landon had faced assassinations and all kinds of dangers in the past. It had been the protection from these eight people that he had survived them all.

"Go!"

With Kenneth Landon's order, the eight men charged forward. They were terribly skillful and agile.

Kenneth Landon let out a satisfied smile. He believed that Finn Taylor and his wife wouldn't be able to do anything as long as these eight bodyguards were around.

But his smile gradually stiffened.

Each of his eight bodyguards was a martial arts champion who had fought against hundreds of men, yet they fell one after another. Within ten minutes, not a single one of the eight was left standing.

Kenneth Landon's expression was interesting, to say the least.

"Can we go see Clarine now?" asked Finn Taylor. But without even waiting for Kenneth Landon's reply, he headed upstairs with his wife.

When the couple arrived at Clarine Landon's room, they realized that the door was locked shut with a huge padlock.

Finn Taylor yanked the padlock off the door.

"Don't come in. If you come in, I'll..."

The moment the couple entered the room, they were greeted by the sight of Clarine Landon standing on the window ledge, about to jump down.

"Clarine, it's me!" Yvette Larson was scared stiff and quickly yelled out.

Clarine Landon was stunned. She turned back and realized that it wasn't her parents but Yvette Larson and her husband!

However, this move caused her to lose her balance, and she fell out of the window.

"Ah..."

"Ah..."

Yvette Larson and Clarine Landon yelled out at the same time. Both of them were shell-shocked.

Just then, Cassandra Campbell and Kenneth Landon had rushed in too. That was how they both witnessed their precious daughter about to fall out of the window.

At that moment, terror could be seen on their faces. It was terror from deep within their souls that couldn't be faked.

But at that critical moment, Finn Taylor ran over to the window and grabbed his wife's best friend.

'Phew!' Clarine Landon let out a deep breath. 'If not for Finn Taylor, I might've gotten into a serious incident this time.'

Clarine Landon climbed back into the room, and her best friend rushed into the room. The two then embraced each other.

As for Finn Taylor, his ice-cold gaze was fixed on the former's parents.

Chapter 89: A Deal

For some reason, both Kenneth Landon and Cassandra Campbell instinctively took a step back under Finn Taylor's cold gaze. Neither of them knew why they were reacting in this way. *'This is our house. Our daughter was the one who nearly got into an accident, and Finn Taylor is nothing but a useless matrilocal son-in-law. Why are we even scared of him?'*

"Let's go, Clarine. I'll bring you out of this jail," said Yvette Larson as she tried to lead her best friend out.

But Cassandra Campbell suddenly seemed to think of something, and she stepped in front of Yvette Larson. "Yvette, you'd better worry about your own family. There's no need for you to worry about Clarine."

Yvette Larson looked at Cassandra Campbell in disbelief; the latter seemed like an unfamiliar stranger at this moment. "Auntie Cassandra, we've known each other for years, and I've always respected you. I hope you consider this clearly. Is the Sanders family or your daughter more important to you? If not for us, your daughter could very well be dead by now."

Cassandra Campbell knew that her daughter's best friend was telling the truth, but she refused to acknowledge it. So as she reached out, she said, "I don't understand what you're saying. The Landon family has nothing to do with you. I don't need a Larson worrying about who I want to get into an alliance with."

She grabbed hold of her daughter with no intention of letting her go.

Yvette Larson was so furious that she was on the verge of tears. *'Clarine Landon is my best friend. I never expected my best friend to be driven to the point of suicide, and the one who had driven her to this point is her mother.'*

“Fine; how about this? We’ll let Clarine answer this question herself. She’s all grown up, and you can’t restrict her freedom. You can’t stop her from leaving.” Yvette Larson compromised but also proposed a solution—one that Cassandra Campbell couldn’t accept.

“No, how can I wash my hands off of my daughter’s affairs?” Cassandra Campbell naturally refused to allow her daughter to make her own choice because she was clear about what the latter would choose.

She knew perfectly well that this situation was a result of her restricting her daughter’s freedom.

“Auntie Cassandra, don’t you think you’re going overboard?” Yvette Larson was infuriated. Although her mom did control her often, she still had a say in the family at the very least.

Sometimes, her mom would even stop scolding Finn Taylor once she stepped in to speak up for him.

She had never thought that her best friend led such a life at home!

“I’m going overboard? How am I going overboard by trying to educate my daughter? But you trespassed into my house without my permission, and you’re even screaming at me. Don’t you think that you’re the one going overboard?” Cassandra Campbell rebutted as though she was a crazy woman.

Yvette Larson wanted to say more, but her husband tugged on her, gesturing for her not to say anything more.

He then stood forward. “I’m not going to address you as ‘Auntie Cassandra’ anymore since you won’t acknowledge me. I’ll speak with Uncle Kenneth then. Uncle Kenneth, don’t blame me for fighting my way out of here with Clarine if you aren’t reasonable.”

Finn Taylor didn’t want to reason it out with the Landons—that was reserved for reasonable people.

When faced with such unreasonable people, Finn Taylor simply chose the easiest and roughest method.

“Finn Taylor!” Kenneth Landon was fuming, and his blood was boiling. But at the same time, he was panicking. This was because he had seen the other’s skills.

He believed that Finn Taylor would be able to fight his way out.

“Fine, I’ll let you leave with my daughter. But you have to promise me that she’ll be safe, especially from the Sanders family.” Kenneth Landon finally relented.

But this almost meant one thing—the Landon family and Sanders family were on the verge of breaking up.

Due to this, the Sanders family would definitely do something against Clarine Landon. As such, he wanted Finn Taylor to promise him that he would keep his daughter safe.

“Alright. I promise you.”

Yvette Larson and Clarine Landon looked on dazedly.

Yvette Larson had tried negotiating a deal for such a long time, yet Finn Taylor had settled it in no time at all.

What was Kenneth Landon really afraid of?

“What did you say, Kenneth Landon?” Cassandra Campbell heard that her husband had actually agreed to that request, so she quickly stepped up to cut in.

“Shut up.” However, Cassandra Campbell had never thought that her husband would lash out at her.

“Yvette, your auntie is a little blunt with her words, but you must know that she’s doing this for Clarine’s good. You both have a point, and neither of you is wrong. I apologize on her behalf. You and Clarine can leave. I still have some things to tell Finn Taylor. Is that ok?”

To be honest, it was Yvette Larson’s first time seeing Kenneth Landon speaking with such an attitude. And the person it was directed toward was none other than herself.

“O-of course.” Yvette Larson then left with her best friend, afraid that they would change their minds.

“How could you let our daughter go?” Cassandra Campbell was confused. *‘What’s he trying to do?’*

“Get us two cups of tea and bring them to the study.” Kenneth Landon didn’t answer his wife’s question and instead instructed her to do something else. “Finn Taylor, let’s go have a chat in the study.”

Cassandra Campbell couldn't believe her eyes. *'Not only did he allow our daughter to leave, but he's even being so polite to a useless matrilocal son-in-law! He must've woken up on the wrong side of the bed!'*

But her feelings were just feelings. She dared not go against her husband's wishes.

Kenneth Landon invited Finn Taylor into the study.

Finn Taylor had been unwelcome just minutes earlier and had even needed to fight his way upstairs. But now, a prominent figure in San Francisco—Kenneth Landon—was being respectful to him!

Finn Taylor didn't try to refuse and headed to the study with his hands behind his back.

As for Kenneth Landon, he followed behind Finn Taylor like a disciple.

If anyone learned of this, they would probably be dumbfounded.

The moment they sat down in the study, Kenneth Landon got right to the point. "Finn Taylor, you're well-trained. Have you been trained by a famous master?"

"You wouldn't believe me even if I denied it, so I might as well admit to it. I'm second to none in San Francisco."

'Second to none in San Francisco! What bold words!' Although Kenneth Landon was rather doubtful of that, he didn't rebuke him. "Alright, I'll pour my heart out to you today. When the Sanders family came to find me, my wife wanted the Landon family to become the Sanders family's vassal again. However, how can one live like that? Finn Taylor, do you want to make a deal with me?"

Chapter 90: Divorce

Just then, someone pushed the room to the study open.

Kenneth Landon was taken aback, but he relaxed upon seeing that it was his wife entering the room.

She had made tea and was now bringing it over for her husband. She had never thought that she would scare him.

Kenneth Landon had just gotten to the most crucial part—he wanted to rope Finn Taylor in to defeat the Sanders family.

In the end, the door was suddenly pushed open just as he was about to expose this top secret. It would be stranger if he weren't scared.

"What's wrong?" Cassandra Campbell thought that it was strange that her husband was sweating as she entered. "Huh? What's with you?"

"Nothing. Go out."

Cassandra Campbell continued staring at her husband suspiciously after placing the teacups down. But no matter how hard she tried, she couldn't see anything wrong. Thus, she left the room.

"Let's continue." Kenneth Landon placed one of the teacups in front of Finn Taylor. Then, he picked his own cup up and blew on the tea. "This piece of pie that is the Sanders family is huge. I'd be lying if I said that I don't want a bite of it, but I know very well that my teeth aren't strong enough to handle it. That's why I came up with this plan—to find someone to help me bite a chunk of that pie off. That person will naturally take their own share of the pie then. What's left might not be appetizing to them, and they won't eat it. But what's left will definitely be good enough for me."

Finn Taylor sipped on his tea while listening to Kenneth Landon's proposal. From time to time, he nodded, but that wasn't because he agreed with whatever the other was saying. Rather, he was merely signaling that he was listening to the other.

"I approached the Kennedy family of Washington, and they're willing to share a piece of that pie with me."

Although Finn Taylor appeared surprised by the mention of that family, he wasn't shaken in the slightest bit in reality.

What Kenneth Landon didn't know was that Finn Taylor had arranged for the chance encounter between him and Zachary Kennedy.

Finn Taylor had already exerted his influence on this city a long time ago with his power.

"What do you need me to do?" asked Finn Taylor all of a sudden.

"Protect my family." Kenneth Landon continued, "The Sanders family is really petty and will definitely take revenge on us if we do anything to them. I'm afraid that they'll harm Clarine or Cassandra. I'm begging you—please protect them."

Finn Taylor breathed out and took a sip of his tea. "You don't have to worry about Clarine's safety. As for Cassandra Campbell..."

His gaze was cold. "I need an apology."

'Apology?' Kenneth Landon understood why. In addition to the incident earlier, Cassandra Campbell had also humiliated Finn Taylor at his daughter's party. But now, he was asking Finn Taylor to protect his wife.

It would indeed be quite ridiculous to expect Finn Taylor to help Cassandra Campbell before she apologized.

Kenneth Landon pushed the door open. "Cassandra, come over for a second."

She walked over. "What's the matter?"

"Cassandra, you've been treating Finn Taylor very rudely. You owe him an apology."

Cassandra Campbell couldn't help but feel that her ears were playing tricks on her. *'How can this be? How could Kenneth Landon make me apologize to Finn Taylor? Who is he? He's nothing but a good-for-nothing matrilocal son-in-law—a joke in San Francisco! What will become of me after I apologize to him?'*

"Kenneth, have you gone mad?"

Kenneth Landon didn't know how to explain himself to his wife.

The fight against the Sanders family was too risky. Naturally, it would be best for as few people to know of this as possible.

As such, Kenneth Landon wasn't prepared to let his spouse in on this secret. Yet, it didn't seem likely that he would be able to convince her to apologize to Finn Taylor without telling her about it.

"Cassandra, I'm not joking around. You'd better apologize to Finn Taylor right away. The Larson family has always been friends with us, and Yvette has always been best friends with our daughter. You really were too rude to him."

Kenneth Landon tried to convince his wife with such words. Obviously, they weren't effective the slightest bit.

"Kenneth, I think you've really gone mad. How could you ask me to apologize to a piece of trash? You might as well kill me! I'm not going to be humiliated like that!" Cassandra Campbell huffed arrogantly. *'I'm never going to accede to that request.'*

"It seems like there's no point in me staying then." With that, Finn Taylor stood up to leave.

Of course, Kenneth Landon wouldn't let him leave just like that. He landed a slap directly on his spouse's face. "B*tch! Do my words mean nothing to you now? Apologize right now!"

Cassandra Campbell rarely saw her husband flare up. Moreover, this was the first time he had ever hit her. *'I don't understand. Isn't he just a useless matrilocal son-in-law? Why does Kenneth Landon care so much about his feelings?'*

But Cassandra Campbell was terrified; she was truly frantic.

Finally, she chose to compromise. "Finn Taylor, I... I'll apologize to you. I'm sorry."

Cassandra Campbell's previous words about her rather being killed than apologizing still rang in their ears. But in the next second, she apologized.

However, Finn Taylor didn't seem to have any intention of letting her off. "Kenneth Landon, I think you're mistaken. I meant apologizing to Yvette Larson. Don't you think that Cassandra Campbell went overboard with her words to my wife?"

Kenneth Landon was stunned. He had never thought that Finn Taylor wasn't requesting an apology for himself. *'But thinking about it, it makes sense. Finn Taylor always puts his wife first in any event. It seems like I really misunderstood him.'*

"Cassandra, let's go look for Yvette."

"Are you kidding, Kenneth? Do you want me to apologize to Yvette too?" Cassandra Campbell felt as though she was getting humiliated. *'Is apologizing once not enough? How can he make me apologize a second time? Does that mean I'll have to apologize to 100 other people as long as Finn Taylor wants me to?'*

"I'm not going." No matter what he said this time, Cassandra Campbell wasn't going to budge.

Finn Taylor sneered and walked out of the house.

Seeing that he was leaving, Kenneth Landon panicked. *'Whether the Landon family will be able to turn the tables and conquer all the large corporations in San Francisco depends on this alone. There's no way I'm going to let such a big fish escape just like that.'*

"Cassandra Campbell, if you don't go out now, I'll get a divorce!"

'A divorce! Kenneth has never even mentioned that once in our decades of marriage, but he spoke about it today. Just because of that piece of trash, Kenneth mentioned a divorce to me!' Cassandra Campbell was utterly disappointed, and she gritted her teeth while saying, "Fine. Let's get a divorce!"

