

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

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### Chapter 9: I'm Just Master Peregrine's Dog

Every word that Quince Larson spoke was a piercing attack. Every word and sentence was meant to show his grandpa one thing: that handing the company over to Yvette Larson would cause the Larson Corporation to become the Taylor Corporation in no time.

Then, all of the Larson family members would be fired from the company by Yvette Larson because of his orders.

Joseph Larson considered the situation carefully and was alarmed.

He glanced at his grandson. *'There are no outstanding talents amongst the Larson family's second generation. That is why I had said that I would simply pass over the second generation and choose my successor from the third generation. From the way things are, Quince Larson is the most brilliant one in his generation.'*

"Grandpa, I have no intention of fighting for power or profit. I'm doing everything for the sake of the Larson family." Quince Larson was just shy of raising up his hand to swear to God about it.

However, Joseph Larson merely sneered. "You don't have to put on an act in front of me. It's a pity that the Larson family's second generation is so incompetent and that you're the only one with potential in the third generation. You'll take the lead in the discussion with Xander Corporation tomorrow."

Quince Larson was excited by his grandpa's promise.

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Upon returning home, Yvette Larson and Finn Taylor told their parents about what had happened in the office.

The couple was overwhelmed with emotions at the news.

"Yvette, you've done our family proud."

Finn Taylor—who was standing by the side—felt joy from the bottom of his heart too.

However, Linda James glared at Finn Taylor. “Why are you smiling? It’s entirely my daughter’s credit that she was able to score this collaboration. If not for you dragging her down all this time, she would already have become the CEO of the company. I haven’t even settled the score for what happened yesterday morning.”

Yvette Larson was displeased. She knew in her heart that it hadn’t been her efforts that had landed her the contract. If not for her husband, she never would’ve been able to get into Pacific Heights.

Besides, it was only because Finn Taylor had risked his life by downing that bottle of whisky that they had managed to sign the contract in the end.

No matter how Finn Taylor felt about her mom scolding him, it felt to her that she was kicking him to the curb now that he had outlived his usefulness.

“Mom, stop it. It’s a happy occasion today. Don’t mention all those unhappy things in the past.”

Because Linda James didn’t want to ruin the joyful atmosphere, she eventually chose to hold her tongue.

Just then, Yvette Larson’s phone rang. The caller ID displayed the name: ‘Grandpa.’

For some unknown reason, Yvette Larson felt her heartstrings tighten in anxiety. “Grandpa, it’s me. Huh, why? I was the one who scored the deal. No, I won’t allow it. What does he have to do with it? He won’t be able to go if I don’t bring him along. What rights does he have? It’s Quince Larson, isn’t it?”

*Click—*

Before she could finish her sentence, the call ended.

Everyone in the family felt that something was amiss.

Nobody dared to utter a word, and they simply stared at Yvette Larson silently.

Yvette Larson’s joyful expression gradually fell. She curled up into a squat on the ground, sobbing.

“Yvette, what’s wrong?”

Linda James eventually managed to get the answer from her.

“Grandpa’s biased. I was the one who got the contract signed, but he insists on letting Quince Larson be the person in charge of the project and the one negotiating the deal with Xander Corporation.”

“Ah?” Linda James and Francis Larson were taken aback.

“Why did Grandpa suddenly change the person-in-charge?”

No sooner had Linda James finished her question than Yvette Larson’s phone ring again.

This time, it was Quince Larson.

Yvette Larson was just about to reject the call before her mother snatched it away to answer it.

“How’s it going, Yvette Larson? You should’ve received the news by now. It’s your fault for being stupid enough for bringing that piece of trash, Finn Taylor, along for your discussion. You humiliated the Larson family. How could Grandpa hand such an important project to you?”

“If the Sullivan family finds out that the guy they saw yesterday is your good-for-nothing husband, our collaboration will go down the drain. Then, you’ll become a criminal in the Larson family’s eyes.”

“Remember that our Larson family isn’t your Larson family. You’re just a woman. Even though your husband married into our family, it’s no different from you leaving the Larson family. Hahaha, I have to thank you for scoring the deal. Now, I have another huge project to take credit for in the company.” Quince Larson boasted incessantly about himself.

Unable to take it any longer, Linda James hung up the call. Then, she turned her deadly gaze to Finn Taylor. “It’s all because of you that Grandpa’s not allowing Yvette to work on this collaboration. It’s all because of you that our family has been utterly humiliated. Not only are we unable to lift up heads up high in the Larson family, but we’ve even become second-class citizens in San Francisco!”

“What crime did our family commit? Why did you have to join our family?” As Linda James said so, she grabbed a broom and smacked Finn Taylor.

Finn Taylor was traumatized and chose to escape from the house.

Yvette Larson was still dejected and was in no mood to care about that.

Finn Taylor decided to leave the Larson family's house.

A certain Starbucks in San Francisco.

In front of Finn Taylor sat the four guardians—Logan Yeats, Hunter Sullivan, Alexander Scott, and Zachary Kennedy.

“Master Peregrine, do you have a task for us?”

Finn Taylor took out a ring and put it on his finger. The ring was carved into the shape of a peregrine, and it was the symbol of Master Peregrine.

“The fight within Peregrine Hall hasn't ended. My younger brother is missing, not dead. You four guardians have two roads to choose from.”

“Firstly, you can choose to follow me with all your hearts.”

“Secondly, you can choose to go against me. Then, you either kill me or wait for me to kill you.”

The four guardians dared not go against him and swore their allegiance to Finn Taylor.

Finn Taylor sneered. “All these years, if I believed everything the world presented to me, I'd have died a long time ago. I won't believe a single word you guys say.”

“What I want to do today is to introduce you to someone.” Finn Taylor clapped his hands.

Then, an elder sauntered toward him. When he reached Finn Taylor, he stopped to bow before him.

The four guardians looked over with squinted eyes, trying their best to remember whom this person was.

Very quickly, Alexander Scott seemed to have thought of something. Although the rest were slightly slower, they eventually remembered it too.

“Zane Yeller.”

That man nodded. “Not bad. I'm the world's top assassin, Zane Yeller. However, I have another identity—Master Peregrine's dog.”

With a thud, Zane Yeller fell before Finn Taylor into a kneel, expressing his attitude and identity before the four guardians.

At the sight of this, the heartbeats of the four guardians rapidly increased to above 200 beats per minute. They felt as though they were about to combust.

Zane Yeller was a legendary recluse, but anyone he had his eyes on never lived long.

Who would've expected that such a legend was a dog owned by Master Peregrine?

Master Peregrine Finn Taylor was even more powerful than they had ever imagined.