

The Untouchable Son-In-Law: The Master Peregrine #Chapter 91 - Housewarming Party - Read The Untouchable Son-In-Law: The Master Peregrine Chapter 91 - 100

Chapter 91: Housewarming Party

Finn Taylor had no interest in the fight between Kenneth Landon and Cassandra Campbell. *'This fight in San Francisco is getting more interesting. The Landon family, the Larson family, and the Sanders family are all involved in it now.'*

This seemingly messy situation was all under Finn Taylor's control. Similarly, he held the final say over all of their lives.

Finn Taylor strolled out and headed home.

...

The next day.

Finn Taylor and Yvette Larson managed to find somewhere for Clarine Landon to stay.

As the three of them arrived at her new residence, Yvette Larson and Clarine Landon received a message at the very same time.

They glanced at each other.

"What's wrong?" Finn Taylor saw that something was amiss.

'Pfft!'

'Hahaha!'

Just then, the best friends burst out into laughter.

"What's wrong?"

"We have a friend named Gavin Kleine. He's inviting us for a housewarming party now that he's gotten a new house."

"Someone you haven't been in contact with?"

“Yes, that’s exactly the case. The classmates who contact you after a long time either treat you to a meal or want to borrow money from you.”

Finn Taylor couldn’t help but sneer. *‘There’s no need to keep too many close friends; you only need a few good friends. Anyway, everyone else will eventually leave you. Most of them only treat you to a meal when they get a house, get married, or have children just to get a huge sum of money in return.’*

“Reply to him and tell him that you’ll be there on time.”

“Huh?” Yvette Larson and Clarine Landon were both stunned. They hadn’t expected Finn Taylor to give such a suggestion.

“Are we really going?”

“Why shouldn’t we go when they’re inviting us?”

Seeing how insistent Finn Taylor was, the two best friends didn’t refuse. As such, they both replied to Gavin Kleine, saying that they would be there right on time.

Clarine Landon suddenly stepped in front of Finn Taylor. “Let me tell you a secret: Gavin Kleine used to pursue Yvette when we were still in school.”

Finn Taylor remained indifferent; he wasn’t surprised at all because he had already known about this. When he had first entered the Larson family, he had already conducted a thorough investigation on his wife.

At that time, he simply thought that this was a marriage of convenience. He hadn’t expected himself to be smiling after the investigation. He was deeply attracted to this strong, independent, and beautiful girl.

Finn Taylor had no idea what Gavin Kleine’s intention for sending this invitation was. *‘Well, I don’t mind attending this party just to receive your declaration of war personally. Then, you’d better know to retreat yourself and not be too delusional.’*

Gavin Kleine’s housewarming party was set for seven days later. The location was none other than Gavin Kleine’s newly purchased house at Bayview.

Because this place was well-connected, property prices there were on the high side.

The only properties that were more expensive were those in the downtown region and the villas at Pacific Heights.

Finn Taylor, Yvette Larson, and Clarine Landon headed to Bayview together.

...

The Bayview neighborhood.

At that moment, Gavin Kleine's house was filled with guests.

Gavin Kleine glanced at the clock, then at the gate.

Some people witnessed that scene, and they couldn't help but mock him, "Gavin, are you looking for Yvette?"

'Pfft!'

The moment that person said those words, the whole house erupted into laughter.

"Gavin Kleine, oh Gavin Kleine. You value hoes more than bros. So many of your classmates are here, yet you don't even care about us. But look at how panicked you are just because Yvette isn't here yet."

"There's no point being so frantic anyway. She's already married, so you don't even stand a chance."

As the topic of Yvette Larson's marriage came up, everyone seemed to be interested in the conversation and had gathered around.

"What's the name of her husband?"

"Finn Taylor."

"Oh right, Finn Taylor."

"What husband? He's just a useless matriloal son-in-law."

At the mention of Finn Taylor's status as a matriloal son-in-law, all the guests seemed to become livelier.

"I heard that Finn Taylor hasn't even touched Yvette Larson once in the past three years. Is that true?"

"Who knows? But what we do know is that Yvette Larson hasn't gotten pregnant even after three years."

'Hahaha!'

Thinking about how Finn Taylor hadn't even managed to touch his wife after three years, they couldn't hold their laughter in.

But just then, three people walked into the house.

As everyone else took a closer look at the three new visitors, everyone recognized two of the three—Yvette Larson and Clarine Landon.

“Yvette? Clarine?” Gavin Kleine walked up and asked hesitantly.

Yvette Larson and Clarine Landon presented him with a gift. “That’s right. It’s us.”

Yvette Larson glanced around. *‘There are quite a few of my old classmates in attendance.’*

Gavin Kleine received the gift before pointing at Finn Taylor. “Who’s this?”

“My husband, Finn Taylor.”

The moment Yvette Larson said this, the atmosphere in the room froze. *‘We had just been talking about Finn Taylor, and now, he’s right in front of us!’*

Many of them stared at the new visitors, trying to see for themselves just how this famous matrilocal son-in-law of San Francisco looked like.

Finn Taylor was no stranger to such stares. In the past three years, he had been the object of many such curious stares.

Everyone was simply curious about that rumored useless matrilocal son-in-law.

‘It doesn’t bother me. Look as much as you want.’ Finn Taylor had gotten used to this after three years of training.

“What are you all staring at? It’s Gavin Kleine’s housewarming party today; he should be the star. Why are you all staring at my husband? He’s not a beautiful celebrity.” While Finn Taylor wasn’t bothered by such stares, his wife was.

She knew exactly how talented her husband was. Although she didn’t understand why her husband had chosen to hide his true abilities, she knew that he had his own reasons. But as long as she was around, she wouldn’t allow anyone to bully him.

“Right, right. I’m the star today. Let’s go take a look around my house.” Gavin Kleine then brought everyone on a tour around his house.

“Yvette, look at this chandelier. What do you think about it? I had it flown over from France. It cost me 30,000 dollars.”

Hiss!

In an instant, everyone drew a breath in.

“30,000? Gavin, you’re so rich.”

“Rich? Not really. I earn only a few hundred thousand dollars a year.” Gavin Kleine spoke haughtily and was up in the clouds. He was clearly bragging.

“A few hundred thousand? Gavin, where do you work?”

“Have you heard of the Sullivan Corporation?”

“The Sullivan family of New York?”

“Yes, that’s their company. I was initially working in New York, but I was transferred here after they opened a branch office here. I’m probably third in command in the Sullivan Corporation now. A few hundred thousand dollars a month doesn’t mean much. I just returned to San Francisco and didn’t have a place for myself, so I just bought a house to make do for now. Once I have the time, I’ll go to Pacific Heights to take a look around.”

Chapter 92: I Bought a House Too

Upon hearing that Gavin Kleine was going to buy a house at Pacific Heights, everyone became even more excited.

Everyone from San Francisco knew what that meant.

Pacific Heights was the core of San Francisco’s business circle. Even among the prominent families in San Francisco, there were top-tier families and second-tier families.

Yvette Larson’s family was a second-tier family.

Why weren’t they a top-tier family? Because they didn’t have a villa at Pacific Heights.

This was the rule the Sanders family had set. Although it seemed tyrannical, it had been passed down up until today.

The key determining factor of whether a person was successful or not was whether they were capable of purchasing a villa at Pacific Heights.

Of course, Gavin Kleine was simply exaggerating.

The cheapest villa at Pacific Heights cost at least 15 million dollars. There was no way he'd be able to afford one there, given his financial ability.

But of course, nobody present knew just how much he had. That was why nobody was able to expose his lies.

"Yvette, make sure to come once I buy a villa at Pacific Heights."

Finn Taylor was speechless. *'Why don't you buy a house first? What's the point of talking so much crap here?'*

"Sigh, it's really such a pity. Didn't I chase Yvette in the past?"

Countless voices sounded out one after another. "Yes, you did!"

"Yes, what a pity. I was incapable at that time, but now that I'm capable, you're already married. It'd be great if you were the female owner of this house."

Yvette Larson cut in. "Alright, stop it. I don't like you, and I have a great relationship with my husband. I'm going to leave if you continue saying such things."

"Forget it. I won't joke around anymore." Gavin Kleine raised both his arms up exaggeratedly. "You must be Yvette's husband. Brother, I heard that you don't have a good reputation in San Francisco. Is that true? But that doesn't matter. It's enough as long as you can give Yvette a blissful life. Oh right, Brother. Where's the house that you bought? Since we're all here, you can give us your address. We can decide on a date now so that we can have a meal together."

Gavin Kleine seemed to be trying to provoke him.

Finn Taylor had never worked a single day in the past three years. The whole of San Francisco knew about this.

Nonetheless, Gavin Kleine had chosen to say such things to him.

Yvette Larson was fuming, and she picked up her husband's hand, preparing to leave. She was never one to joke around. *'Since you made a promise and couldn't stick to it, I'll leave.'*

But her husband didn't budge no matter how hard she tugged on him.

Yvette Larson bit on her lip. *'Why is he still staying?'*

“Yvette, since your classmates are all here, let’s just announce it.”

Yvette Larson was slightly confused. *‘What is Finn Taylor trying to do?’*

“Our family has worked hard over the past three years, and we’ve bought a house too. However, it’s just a second-hand property. It’s currently under renovation, and the works should be done by the fifth of next month. I discussed with Yvette, and we were planning on inviting some friends and family over on the tenth to have a party. Initially, I thought that it’d be too shameless to send you guys invitations and receive gifts from you since you haven’t met in such a long time. But since someone has already brought it up, I might as well invite you guys too. Make sure you mark your calendars for the tenth of next month!”

Gavin Kleine had wanted to use this to put Finn Taylor down so that he would stand out. Besides, he had heard about Yvette Larson’s collaboration with the Xander Corporation.

If he could interact with Yvette through work, he might just be able to win her over. However, not only had he not been able to make Finn Taylor look bad, but he had even been put in his place by the latter.

More importantly, it seemed like he was the one scolding himself. He couldn’t even rebuke the other.

But given Gavin Kleine’s understanding of Yvette Larson’s family, he refused to believe that Finn Taylor was telling the truth.

‘Buying a house? Can your family buy a house given your family’s conditions? Oh right, you said it was second-hand property. Don’t tell me it’s in a run-down neighborhood—the kind that has dozens of floors but no elevators.’ Gavin Kleine felt that he was right. *‘If that’s the case, I would be terribly interested in attending Yvette Larson’s housewarming party. Then, I’ll let everyone know how stupid she was for rejecting me.’*

“Yvette, your family bought a house too? Where is it? How is it compared to Gavin’s house?”

Property in San Francisco had sky-high prices. There weren’t many young people who could afford their own properties now.

Now that everyone heard that Yvette Larson’s family had bought a house too, they posed this question excitedly.

However, Yvette Larson was simply confused. *‘Why don’t I know about my family buying a house? Finn Taylor is just making this up to shut Gavin Kleine up. How am I supposed to say anything?’*

“Don’t ask any more questions. Just come and have a look at it on the tenth. You’ll find out then.” Finn Taylor stepped in and saved his wife from the tricky situation.

But Gavin Kleine had seen Yvette Larson’s expression and Finn Taylor’s hasty explanation. He didn’t believe that Finn Taylor was speaking the truth. *‘But there’s no hurry to expose them now. There’s no point in doing so.’*

He hoped to make the matter as big of a fuss as possible. He wanted to see just how Finn Taylor would clean this mess up once his lies were exposed.

‘Although this man doesn’t have a good reputation in San Francisco, he’s still Yvette Larson’s husband. What I want is for the other to be entirely ruined. I can then use that chance to force Finn Taylor and Yvette Larson to get a divorce. That way, I won’t even need to go against my conscience to be with her.’

As everyone finished their meal at Gavin Kleine’s house, they left his house one after another.

The moment the trio got into the car, Clarine Landon hurriedly asked her best friend, “Yvette, you bought a house? Why didn’t I hear about it?”

“What do you mean? He was just bragging. Finn, how are you going to clean up this mess now?”

Finn Taylor let out a proud smile. “What if I was telling the truth?”

“Keep on bragging. Do you know how much a house costs? I think you’d have money to buy me breakfast, but I’ve never expected you to buy a house.”

All Finn Taylor got was 200 dollars a month, and he had to feed a family of four with that.

Yvette Larson even suspected that her husband had to pay for their expenses out of his own pocket. *‘Who’ll believe you when you say that you’ve earned enough money to buy a house?’*

But even though Finn Taylor was the one who had lied, the couple would have to bear the consequences together.

As such, Yvette Larson was at a loss. After all, there was no way she could remain in San Francisco once word of her lies got out.

Chapter 93: Heartless Thing

After sending Clarine Landon to her residence, the couple returned home.

Even after arriving home, Yvette Larson couldn't put her mind to rest. As such, she called her husband up to her room. "Finn, how are you going to solve this problem? We've told so many people about the house. Won't it be embarrassing for me if our lies are exposed?"

Finn Taylor couldn't help but chuckle upon seeing her worry-filled face. "Silly, Don't worry about this. I've already bought the house, and it's undergoing renovations now. We'll be able to move out and enjoy time together with just the two of us."

Finn Taylor had already instructed Wampus to settle anything regarding the house for him.

The house that he had purchased was none other than the first villa at Pacific Heights. It was also the most expensive and luxurious house in all of San Francisco.

Since Finn Taylor had already made a promise to his wife, he wasn't going to go back on his word.

"What? You guys bought a house?" Someone pushed the door open just then, and Linda James rushed in. She had initially come to call Finn Taylor downstairs to start cooking. Who would've expected that she would overhear such a huge secret?

"Yvette, where did you get the money to buy a house? Did you embezzle money from the company again?" Linda James had already had the suspicion that her daughter had embezzled money from the company to buy her car.

After all, Yvette Larson was the Larson Corporation's Deputy CEO. She would leave a better impression on others if she were to drive a better car to business meetings.

That was why she felt that the Old Master would turn a blind eye to it.

But Linda James hadn't expected her daughter to embezzle even more money in such a short period of time. Moreover, this was to buy a house! *'That isn't a small sum at all! If the Old Master finds out about that, he might very well kill our entire family.'*

"I..." Yvette Larson didn't know what to say. *'I just found out about the house. If I were to say that Finn paid for the house, my mother would never believe me anyway.'*

"Oh, I know! Do you think that I'm bullying you by making you cook here? Is that why you want to move out to avoid me? Finn Taylor, oh Finn Taylor. I never thought that you

were such a heartless thing. You can just let me know if you hate me. Why did you force Yvette to embezzle money from the company? Do you know how Quince Larson and the rest will deal with Yvette once they find out about this? Yvette might very well have to go to jail. Is that how you repay the Larson family? By making Yvette spend the rest of her life in jail?"

Linda James was very agitated; she felt that she had already guessed the truth. There was no other possibility she could think of.

"Mom, it's not what you think." Yvette Larson tried to explain, but she found no way of explaining where the money had come from.

"Mom, we bought a second-hand property. It didn't cost much, and the money came from our own savings. Yvette didn't take a cent from the company."

Finally, Linda James calmed down a little after hearing that.

Although Finn Taylor had forked out the entire sum alone, his money was no different from his wife's money in his heart. As such, he didn't think there was anything wrong with saying that they had both paid for the house.

While that was what Finn Taylor thought, Linda James clearly thought differently. "What do you mean 'your shared savings?' Yvette has worked so hard over the past three years, but you've done nothing at home. Have you ever worked or earned a single cent? Don't tell me that you were siphoning money from the money I gave you for groceries! Oh, no wonder I always thought that we weren't getting good dishes. You were stealing all the money for yourself!"

Linda James was truly maligning Finn Taylor.

'How could 200 dollars be enough to feed a family of four? Besides, shouldn't she look at what we've been eating? We always have meat, fish, seafood, and vegetables. There's no way we would've been able to eat such good food with only 200 dollars a month. Finn must've forked out a lot of money, yet she's accusing him of stealing money!' Because of this, Yvette Larson could no longer hold it in.

"Alright, Mom. Can you stop? We aren't asking you for any money for this house, and neither did I steal from the company. Please get out." As she said that, she pushed her mother out of her room.

Although Linda James was slightly annoyed, she had no choice but to leave.

Only after Yvette Larson was sure that her mother was gone did she ask her husband, "Did you really buy a house?"

He nodded. "Yes, but the house is in quite a mess now since it's under renovation. Otherwise, I'd have brought you there for a look."

Seeing that her significant other was completely confident, Yvette Larson no longer suspected him. *'A second-hand property is better than nothing, I guess. It doesn't matter what Gavin Kleine says then. At least, we have a house. Even though it won't be as good as his, it'll still be better than that of many of my other friends. Gavin Kleine probably won't put us down too much because of the others there.'*

To be honest, Yvette Larson didn't like Gavin Kleine very much. In fact, she hated him.

He was extremely selfish and had a mean nature. He always thought that he was the smartest person in the world and that he was the only smart person in the room while everyone else was a fool.

Yvette Larson remembered that he would always try to be the first to answer their teachers' questions in school. Often, he would immediately answer the questions once their teachers posed the questions, even before their teachers could give them any time to think about it.

Since he had already revealed the answer, there was no need for the rest to even think about the questions.

But Yvette Larson had never thought that Gavin Kleine was smart just because of that. In fact, this merely showed how socially inept he was.

He thought that he was outstanding, but his eventual results had been average at best.

...

The fifth of next month.

The renovations were finally completed. Once the cleaning company that Finn Taylor had hired made some finishing touches, they could move in.

That day, Joseph Larson called to invite everyone to lunch.

The atmosphere in the Larson family had been a little stiff recently.

After giving it some thought, the Old Master had finally come to a conclusion: It wasn't time to choose a successor yet. This time, there would be a brand-new way of determining his successor.

As such, he was going to use this chance to explain it at the luncheon he was hosting.

Chapter 94: The Most Useless Matrilocal Son-in-law

Because their grandpa had personally called them, Finn Taylor's family dared not refuse the invitation. As such, the family set off together after dressing up.

By the time they arrived at their grandpa's residence, the rest of the family had arrived too.

To Finn Taylor's surprise, the Old Master had even invited Hilary Stone too!

It wasn't just Finn Taylor who was taken aback. Even the rest of the Larson family was shocked too.

"Come in, all of you." In just a few days, Joseph Larson looked as though he had lost quite a lot of weight.

He addressed them and invited them in.

As they all entered, they saw the table filled with an assortment of dishes.

When they all took a closer look at these dishes, they were stunned. *'Grandpa personally cooked all of these dishes!'*

They all couldn't help but wonder what he was up to.

"Today, I called you here to discuss my funeral plans."

Joseph Larson's sudden words stumped the entire Larson family. *'Grandpa wants to discuss his funeral plans! What happened to him? Why has he suddenly lost all that weight? Could he be ill?'*

"Grandpa, what's wrong? Are you sick?"

"That's right. Grandpa, you should let us know if you aren't feeling well. Medical technology nowadays is very advanced. Don't let your imagination run wild, Grandpa."

Many of the Larson family's younger generation tried to comfort Joseph Larson.

Just as Yvette Larson was about to do so, her husband stopped her. He shook his head, telling his wife to stay still.

Others might not have known what was happening to Joseph Larson, but Finn Taylor knew about it well: Joseph Larson wasn't sick; he had been poisoned. It was poison!

Finn Taylor had found that out personally. He knew that Joseph Larson wouldn't die for now.

"Come on. Sit down and have your meal. I'm not sick; you don't have to worry. Recently, the Larson family has almost fallen out with each other because of the issue of succession. I'm afraid that the whole family will crumble once I die and that the Larson family will be no more."

Now that their grandpa was saying such things, everyone rushed up and tried to reassure him that it would never happen.

"I don't care what you guys think, but remember that you're all Larsons. Tomorrow, I want you all to sign the agreement as an assurance that you won't leave the Larson family after I die."

Initially, the whole Larson family had assured their grandpa that his worries would never become reality. But now, not a single person dared to speak up.

"Francis Larson, you're the eldest. You should go first."

Francis Larson agreed and walked forward. But the moment he saw the agreement's contents, his tears flowed down freely.

Everyone was curious as to what Francis Larson had seen that he had been so moved.

Francis Larson held up that paper, trembling slightly. "Mother."

He forced those words out with a choked voice.

Frederick Larson and Franklin Larson rushed over. They picked up that piece of paper and were visibly overwhelmed with emotions too.

On that paper was a photo of Yvette Larson's grandma.

"There's a photo of your mother on the agreement. If you acknowledge her as your mom, sign it. Otherwise, you're free to leave." Joseph Larson spoke with full confidence. He didn't even sound like someone who was ill.

"Dad, we were wrong. We'll sign it; we'll sign it right away." In the presence of their mom, the three brothers were like children, no matter how old they were.

After signing their names, they quickly asked their children to sign it too.

Everyone's gazes then landed on Hilary Stone and Quinn Larson.

"Hilary Stone, I'm willing to put the past behind us. If you're still willing to be a daughter-in-law of the Larson family, sign this agreement with your son. If you don't want to sign it, I can always give you a sum of money, and you can leave with Quinn."

Hilary Stone didn't say a thing and simply went up to put her signature on the document. Following that, Quinn Larson signed his name on the agreement too.

"Alright, I'll hand this over to Finn Taylor for safekeeping."

Joseph Larson's words left everyone dumbfounded. *'How could he pass such an important piece of paper to Finn Taylor, who he hates the most?'*

"Finn Taylor, I'm handing this to you because I dislike you and hate you the most. Besides, I can tell you that I'm not the only one—the whole Larson family hates you. It's because of this that I know you won't lose this paper and will keep it well. If anyone in the Larson family dares to betray us, take this out and expose them. Alright, let's get to the heart of the matter. From tomorrow onward, you'll all work in the company. I'll get someone to record just how much each of you earns for our company. Let's see how much each of you can earn from today up until the day I die. The one who makes the greatest contribution will be the next Larson family head."

Then, he even added, "There's no difference between males or females."

In an instant, the entire Larson family was stunned once again. *'Grandpa has finally relented and is now willing to hand the family's reins over to a female! But given the current situation, it does seem that Grandpa's idea is the fairest solution.'*

"How's that? Does anyone have any objections to it? Otherwise, we'll just proceed with that."

After a few minutes of silence, the Larson family started whispering amongst themselves. It continued for over ten minutes before the room fell into silence again.

"Have you all thought it through? Does anyone have any objections?"

"Grandpa, I have a question. Do both my dad and my achievements count as mine?" It was Eleanor Larson who had asked that question.

That shocked everyone.

In their eyes, Eleanor Larson was only someone who followed Quince Larson everywhere. They hadn't expected her to be interested in fighting for the position of family head.

"That's right. I already made the rule more than a decade ago that my successor will be from the third generation. That will never change. Your entire family's achievements will count as yours alone."

"Alright, I have another question. If I get married, how will your grandson-in-law's achievements be counted?"

"They'll naturally be yours as well if your husband can bring our Larson Corporation to greater heights."

Upon hearing Joseph Larson's words, everyone's gazes naturally fell on Yvette Larson. To be honest, this battle seemed like a battle between in-laws.

It was true that all four branches of the family were on similar ground in terms of resources, and the power that they held in the Larson Corporation was similar as well. But everything would change if they could find themselves a powerful spouse.

In that case, Yvette Larson would definitely be at a disadvantage. After all, she was already married, and she was married to the most useless matrilocal son-in-law—Finn Taylor.

Chapter 95: I Bought the House

"Finn Taylor, did you hear what Grandpa said? You'd better buck up. Your achievements count toward Yvette's." Quince Larson deliberately cut in to mock Yvette Larson and her husband.

He was always like this. No matter what it was, he always found a way to bring Finn Taylor into the matter.

It seemed as though he would get great benefits from denigrating Finn Taylor.

As such, Yvette Larson's expression immediately fell. *'It was Finn who had scored us the collaboration with the Sullivan family. Honestly, my husband has done much better than you, Quince Larson.'*

Yvette Larson had to resist the urge to spill this huge secret. However, her spouse reached out and stopped her from doing so.

“Brother, you’re really looking down on Finn Taylor.” Just as the rest of the Larson family was mocking Finn Taylor, Eleanor Larson spoke up.

What shocked everyone was that Eleanor Larson was speaking up for Finn Taylor!

Quince Larson was confused. “What do you mean, Eleanor?”

“Brother, don’t you know how impressive Finn Taylor is? He’s already bought a house and is hosting a housewarming party in five days’ time. Haven’t you received an invitation?” Eleanor Larson was saying this on purpose.

As expected, the entire Larson family exploded.

“Yvette Larson, do you mean your family bought a house?”

Quince Larson had never thought well of Finn Taylor. Of course, he directed his question at his cousin alone.

Yvette Larson felt terribly awkward when asked about the house. *‘Even I hadn’t known anything about it, but Quince Larson and the rest are never going to let me off.’*

“Yvette Larson, don’t you think you’re overdoing it? You’ve just gotten a new car, so how could you get a new house as well? Are you trying to empty the company’s bank account?”

Quince Larson’s words turned everyone’s attention to Yvette Larson. That was exactly the thought on everyone’s minds.

‘If you say that you’ve never taken a cent from the company, how could you have had the money to buy a house?’

“Brother, I respect you, but you should respect me too. I’ve never taken any money from the company.”

Eleanor Larson sneered. “Yvette Larson, if you’ve never embezzled any money from the company, why don’t you tell us where you got the money to buy your car and house? Don’t tell me that you struck the lottery!”

“That’s right. Tell us.”

Yvette Larson was fuming. She wanted to tell everyone that her husband had paid for both the car and the house, but she knew that not a single person from the Larson family would believe her even if she were to tell the truth.

“I don’t care if you guys believe me or not. Anyway, I’ve never taken a cent from the company. If you think I really did, you can go check the accounts. If you find anything wrong, I’m willing to go to jail.”

Yvette Larson felt that this would be enough to prove her innocence.

However, the Larson family didn’t share that thought. On the contrary, it cemented their belief that she had embezzled the company’s money.

Actually, everyone knew full well that they had all embezzled money from the company through the years they had been working for the Larson Corporation.

The only reason Yvette Larson dared them to check the accounts was that she knew that they couldn’t afford to do so.

If they were to do so, all members of the Larson family would be done for, especially Quince Larson. He had always held a high position in the Larson Corporation. As such, he had benefited the most from the company.

If they were to conduct an investigation, he might very well spend the rest of his life in jail!

“Yvette Larson, we won’t conduct an investigation. It’ll take too much work to check on the accounts. Do you want our company to close down? You just have to tell us where you got the money to buy your car and house.” Quince Larson naturally wasn’t going to check through the accounts, but he wasn’t going to make that too obvious either.

“Quince Larson, I’m going to repeat myself. I’ve never taken a cent from the company. I’m willing to face an investigation, but I’m not going to let you malign me.”

Seeing that Quince Larson and Yvette Larson were about to get into a heated argument, Joseph Larson slammed his fist on the table. “Why are you making such a din? Didn’t you just sign an agreement to say that you’re all a family? Do you want to split up now?”

Under pressure from their grandpa, the cousins finally kept quiet.

“Forget it. Let’s not talk about such unhappy things. Grandpa is right. Yvette, we’re all happy for you now that you bought a new house. You should invite your family for a party, shouldn’t you?”

Eleanor Larson said that on purpose. It was true she couldn’t find any evidence of Yvette Larson embezzling the company’s funds, but she had to let her grandpa see for himself the kind of house her cousin had bought.

That way, her grandpa would have a rough estimate of how much Yvette Larson had taken from the company.

“Grandpa, we bought a second-hand property. We didn’t intend on inviting anyone over, but I attended my classmate’s housewarming party a few days ago, and they insisted on coming over. That’s why we made a last-minute decision to host a party as well. We’ll naturally welcome you if you want to come, Grandpa.”

Now that things had gotten to this point, Yvette Larson had no choice but to invite everyone too.

This was exactly what Eleanor Larson had been waiting for.

Who would’ve expected Joseph Larson to say, “I’m not going; I’ll be staying at home. Don’t bother me with whatever goes on in the company or in your families.”

Joseph Larson’s heart had hardened after the recent fight between the younger ones. He had already decided to let go of everything and live his remaining years in peace.

“Grandpa, it doesn’t matter even if you don’t go. We’ll represent you; it’ll be the same.” Eleanor Larson cut in. *‘This way, there’s nothing Yvette Larson can do even if she doesn’t welcome us.’*

...

Toward the end of the meal, Francis Larson and Linda James fell silent. They were both in a panic because even they knew little about their daughter buying a house.

But now, the entire Larson family knew about the matter.

It would be terrible if something went wrong and Quince Larson and the rest found fault with them.

How would the Old Master treat their family then?

As such, Francis Larson and Linda James couldn’t help but pester their daughter about the house the moment they returned home.

“Yvette, I didn’t manage to ask you this yesterday, but you must be honest with me. What’s going on with the house?”

Yvette Larson felt uneasy, not knowing what to say. *‘It’s obvious my parents won’t believe me if I say that I don’t know anything about it. But what kind of lie am I supposed to tell them?’*

Just then, Finn Taylor said, “Mom, I bought the house.”

Chapter 96: Number One Pacific Heights

Seeing that his wife couldn't explain what was going on, Finn Taylor spilled the truth.

But no sooner had he said that than Linda James shouted, "Scram! Can't you see that I'm talking to my daughter? I won't blame you guys for being unwilling to tell me the truth. It's alright for you to have your own secrets now that you've grown up, but I don't want you to lie to me. You bought the house? Do you have any money? You're a grown man, yet you laze around the house and don't even have a job."

"Don't you know that everyone calls you a useless matrilocal son-in-law? Do you think that it doesn't matter since you've already gotten used to it? It's alright if you don't need your dignity, but we still want ours. Don't tell me such lies that are so unbelievable in the future." Linda James was raging and returned to her room after lashing out at her son-in-law.

With that, the questioning about their house stopped as well.

The couple glanced at each other, helplessness written on their faces. *'We already told her the truth of the matter. What can we do since she's the one who chooses not to believe us?'*

Yvette Larson called her husband to her room, "Finn, I'm quite curious. Where's the house that you purchased? We're hosting everyone there in a few days' time. Why don't you bring me there to take a look at it first?"

She was curious about where the house was located. She also wanted to come up with some backup plans in case anything went wrong with the house.

"Alright. Let's go tomorrow then."

The couple decided on the time.

...

In the blink of an eye, the second day arrived.

Yvette Larson sat in the front passenger seat, looking forward to seeing her own house.

With that, they set out.

The direction they headed in left Yvette Larson a little stunned. This was because they weren't heading into the city center.

Although this disappointed her slightly, it seemed good enough that her husband had managed to buy a house without any income. *'How could he have bought a house in the city center?'*

But as they drove on, Yvette Larson felt that something was wrong once again. She realized that they were headed toward Pacific Heights!

'How could that be?' Yvette Larson was dumbfounded, yet she didn't dare to question her husband. *'We're probably just passing through Pacific Heights, right? Our house is probably in the suburbs. Although we do have a house now, we'll only be able to afford one in the suburbs.'*

But just as that thought crossed Yvette Larson's mind, the car turned into Pacific Heights!

Yvette Larson's heart thumped crazily. *'This... Could it be that our house is really at Pacific Heights?'*

"Finn, are you driving in the wrong direction?" Yvette Larson asked cautiously. She felt as though she was dreaming, and whether this dream would be shattered depended solely on her significant other's answer.

"No."

As expected, Finn Taylor's answer was what Yvette Larson was waiting for. However, she couldn't help but look on incredulously. *'Do you mean that Finn bought a house at Pacific Heights? But how is that possible?'*

The car drove slowly toward the peak of Pacific Heights.

Halfway up the hill, they were stopped.

At that moment, Yvette Larson felt like she was finally going to wake up from her dream. *'That's right. Finn is just joking with me. He's trying to tell me that we'll eventually live here at Pacific Heights, but there's no way he could've bought a house here this time. Look, isn't he being stopped now?'*

Just as Yvette Larson thought that she had discovered the truth, she saw her spouse retrieve a card and hand it to the person outside the car.

Then, that person quickly handed the card back to her husband, and their car was sent on their way.

After that, they weren't stopped again.

That was how they entered the core of Pacific Heights.

Yvette Larson remembered that they had previously snuck into Pacific Heights when they had gone to the Sullivan family's residence. But this time, they were entering in broad daylight without any difficulties.

'This can't be true. Is our house really here? Which one is ours then?'

As the car drove up the hill, Yvette Larson saw that there was a number in front of every villa.

100.

99.

98.

...

As they drove further up the hill, the numbers got smaller, and the houses naturally got bigger and grander.

'Why isn't Finn Taylor stopping yet? We've already driven past number 80. Do you mean that our number is smaller than 80?' Just as Yvette Larson thought that the car would stop at number 60 or 70, they drove past number 50.

'That can't be. There are 100 extravagant villas here. It has a completely different meaning once we go past number 50.' Yvette Larson couldn't even imagine the kind of statuses these villas' owners had in San Francisco.

But the car rolled on.

40.

30.

20.

10.

The moment the car drove past number 10, Yvette Larson felt as though she was going to suffocate. *'I've heard rumors about this neighborhood. The peak of Pacific Heights houses the ten grandest villas. Every villa is a restricted area that only the owners are allowed to step foot into. If anyone dares to trespass into their property, their limbs will be chopped off before they are thrown off Pacific Heights. But Finn has driven all the way up here!'*

Yvette Larson didn't believe that the second-hand property her husband had been talking about would be one of the ten most expensive properties in Pacific Heights. *'That's impossible!'*

Nonetheless, the car rolled to a gradual stop in front of Number One Pacific Heights.

Finn Taylor was just about to get out of the car.

"Finn, don't get down." Just then, Yvette Larson held her husband back.

"What's wrong?"

"If you get out, your limbs will be chopped off, and you'll be thrown off Pacific Heights."

Finn Taylor laughed and asked, "Why?"

"It's private property here. These are the rules of Pacific Heights; this is what happens when strangers enter."

Finn Taylor laughed and pointed at the villa. "This is our house. Who will dare to chop off my limbs and throw me off the hill when I'm entering my own house?"

With that, Finn Taylor got out of the car without listening to his wife's advice.

Yvette Larson's heart tightened. *'Something is going to happen. Finn has gone too far with his joke this time.'*

At that moment, the door to Number One Pacific Heights was opened. Someone then walked out of the villa and headed straight toward Yvette Larson's car door.

Yvette Larson was so anxious that she felt like she was going to die.

Chapter 97: Housewarming Party

The man walking over was a besuited elder; he looked extremely cultured.

'He must be the owner of this villa.' Yvette Larson panicked inwardly. *'The owner has found out about us trespassing on his private property!'*

She could imagine just how terrifying the consequences would be.

The elder walked up to Yvette Larson and reached out to open her door.

By now, Yvette Larson was so frightened that she had clamped her eyes shut, trying to avoid the owner at all costs.

She was truly terrified. *'Finn has really gone too far with his joke this time. How am I supposed to clean up this mess?'*

She heard the car door being pulled open. "Ma'am, please get out."

Just as Yvette Larson thought that she would be lambasted, she unexpectedly heard the word 'Ma'am.'

Yvette Larson wondered if she was hallucinating because of her nerves.

"Ma'am, is there something I've done wrong?"

Only after hearing that word for the second time was she now certain that she wasn't hallucinating. Someone had indeed addressed her as 'Ma'am.'

She opened her eyes slowly and looked at the owner beside her, who was smiling kindly at her.

"D-did you call me 'Ma'am'?"

The owner nodded. "I've been waiting for the both of you for a long time. Ma'am, please get out of the car and have a look around the villa."

'Sir? Ma'am? What is going on?' Yvette Larson was still full of questions when her husband walked over.

"Go prepare something to eat," he ordered the elder, who backed away respectfully.

"Finn, what's going on?" Yvette Larson's palm was drenched in sweat. She felt as though her whole world was being turned upside-down.

"This is our house. Do you like it?" Finn Taylor pointed at the villa at Number One Pacific Heights.

“Y-you mean that this is the house you bought?”

“Yes.”

“Who was that person?” Yvette Larson was in a daze. *‘If Finn is the owner of Number One Pacific Heights, who was that man?’*

“He’s our butler. Didn’t he address you as ‘Ma’am?’”

“B-butler?” Yvette Larson felt as though she was dreaming. *‘We have a butler?’*

“Number One Pacific Heights isn’t just this villa; it includes the whole peak of Pacific Heights. Every tree, flower, and rock belongs to us. It’ll be a mess if we don’t have a butler.”

Yvette Larson was speechless; she didn’t even know what to say. *‘The most expensive and luxurious villa in all of San Francisco is mine! I’m so lucky to have everything here.’*

“Let’s go and see whether you like the decor in our house.” Finn Taylor offered his hand like a gentleman.

Although Yvette Larson still found everything incredulous, she reluctantly accepted it. She stretched her hand out and got out of the car, her hand in her husband’s.

As the couple entered the villa, the first thing that greeted them was a photo. It was humongous—measuring 10mx20m.

It was a wedding photo of Finn Taylor and Yvette Larson. While Finn Taylor was smiling widely in the photo, Yvette Larson had a blank expression.

This had been taken the day before their wedding. At that time, Yvette Larson had hated the idea of marrying the other. It was only because of the late Old Master’s order that she had been forced to accept this marriage. As such, she didn’t even try to put up a happy front while taking her wedding photos.

She had never expected her husband to treasure this photo so much that he had even hung it up here even though she had been very unwilling to take this photo.

It was only when she saw this wedding photo hanging here that she finally believed that this house belonged to her and Finn Taylor.

“Take it away.” Finn Taylor’s face was plastered with a smile as he looked at the wedding photo.

However, his wife had suddenly said those three words.

Finn Taylor was taken aback but didn't probe her any further. "Uncle Sam, take that wedding photo down."

'Uncle Sam' was the butler Finn Taylor was talking about. The former walked over without a word and immediately did as the latter said.

After the wedding photo was taken down, Yvette Larson finally asked her husband, "Do you like it?"

"Yes, it's our wedding photo. It's the most beautiful photo in the world."

"But the bride wasn't smiling."

"As long as the groom works hard, she will one day."

"Alright. Let's retake a wedding photo—one where I'm smiling—and hang it here. How's that?"

Finn Taylor was stunned. He never thought that this would be the reason his wife had asked him to remove this photo.

"Ok." Finn Taylor was overjoyed and answered quickly. He then brought his wife to take a look at all the rooms.

She was pleased with the decor style her husband had chosen for them.

The couple stood on the balcony, looking out at the view over San Francisco.

Yvette Larson suddenly asked her husband a question. "Last time, you said that your money came from the late Old Master, and I believed you. But how are you going to explain this house? It's impossible that this was bought with the late Old Master's money. Even if you gather the entire Larson family's assets, we would never be able to afford this villa. This must mean that the money has always been yours."

Yvette Larson's gaze was sharp as she stared at her husband. "I won't ask you where you got all this money from, but I hope to see a different you—one where you don't just tolerate everything because of me."

Yvette Larson wasn't a fool. In fact, she was a strong and independent woman.

Finn Taylor having so much money only meant one thing—he had been a big shot before their marriage. However, he had chosen to tolerate all that humiliation just for her sake.

Yvette Larson's heart ached whenever she saw her husband acting that way. She didn't like the current Finn Taylor. She wanted her husband to be a heroic young man who could protect her.

"Alright, I promise you." Finn Taylor picked up his wife's hand and made a solemn promise.

...

Time flew by, and the tenth arrived.

It was the day of Yvette Larson's housewarming party.

The entire Larson family had already gathered at their grandpa's house while Yvette Larson's classmates had gathered at Gavin Kleine's house.

Finn Taylor had already discussed the matter with the managers of Pacific Heights and had sent two buses from Pacific Heights to pick all their guests up.

As for Linda James and Francis Larson, it was only right that Finn Taylor and his wife personally took them to their new house.

Linda James pursed her lips after getting into the car. "Heh, I don't understand why Yvette lets you drive such a nice car. You don't even make any contributions to our family, yet you get to drive a luxury car and live in a new house. Finn Taylor, we must've accumulated eight lifetimes' worth of bad luck to have a matrilocal son-in-law like you."

Chapter 98: The House Is Yvette's

Linda James's words made her daughter very uncomfortable. While others were still in the dark, she was absolutely clear that her car and house had all been paid for by her spouse. *'If we want to talk about bad luck, it's probably Finn's bad luck for having such a mother-in-law.'*

"Mom, can you stop? If you are too embarrassed to go, you can get out of the car now. Finn, stop the car."

Finn Taylor listened to his wife and immediately stepped on the brakes, causing the car to come to a screeching halt.

"Either you shut up from now on and stop speaking ill of my husband, or you get out now. What's your choice?"

Linda James was scared stiff by her daughter's attitude, and she chose not to say anything in the end.

As such, the car moved off once again.

Along the way, Linda James seemed to want to say something again. But in the end, she swallowed her words.

As they drove along, Linda James felt that something was amiss. "Why are we headed toward Pacific Heights?"

Although Linda James rarely got out of the house, she knew exactly how expensive the villas at Pacific Heights were. *'Didn't Yvette say that they bought a normal second-hand property? A villa at Pacific Heights is a normal second-hand property?'*

Yvette Larson had been no less surprised than her mother the first time she had visited their house. Even now, she felt as though she was in a dream.

The car drove up Pacific Heights, and Linda James couldn't conceal her surprise.

However, she didn't know how the numbers on Pacific Heights worked. As such, she simply felt shocked the moment they drove up the hill.

But her husband was different. He knew full well how things worked at Pacific Heights.

This was the first time Francis Larson spoke after getting into the car. "Finn Taylor, are you sure you're not driving in the wrong direction? This is private property. You'll be punished for trespassing."

Finn Taylor drove on silently as his wife answered her father. "Dad, just sit still. We'll be there soon."

Although Francis Larson was confused, he chose to believe his daughter.

Eventually, the car rolled to a stop.

When Francis Larson realized that they were parked in front of Number One Pacific Heights, there was only horror on his face.

Just as Linda James was about to get out, Francis Larson pulled her back. "Don't get out."

"Why?" Linda James was confused. *'Why is Francis suddenly getting so stern when he's normally so reserved?'*

“Finn Taylor, why did you drive us here? Do you know that the hundred villas at Pacific Heights are private property? Our limbs will be chopped off, and we’ll be thrown off Pacific Heights if we trespass! Also, this is the grandest villa of them all—Number One Pacific Heights!”

Francis Larson’s words enraged Linda James. “Finn Taylor, you’re a piece of work. All I did was lecture you, but I’m still your mom and elder. How could you try to kill me like this?”

Finn Taylor ignored them and simply walked out of the car.

By then, the butler—Uncle Sam—was already waiting for them.

After speaking with the latter, Uncle Sam walked up to the car and knocked on the window.

Francis Larson rolled the window down, wanting to explain themselves.

Since Uncle Sam had walked out of the villa, he had to be the owner.

But before he could say anything, Uncle Sam spoke up. “Old Master, Madam, I’m the butler of Number One Pacific Heights. Master has asked me to invite you guys down for some refreshments.”

‘Old Master? Madam?’ Francis Larson was utterly confused by the way Uncle Sam was addressing them. “You’re addressing us as ‘Old Master’ and ‘Madam?’”

“Yes. Finn Taylor is the villa’s master, so you guys are naturally the ‘Old Master’ and ‘Madam.’”

Shock!

Complete shock!

Extreme shock!

Francis Larson and Linda James felt like they had heard a joke. *‘Finn Taylor is the owner of this villa? Number One Pacific Heights represents the top of the pyramid in the entire San Francisco. But now, Uncle Sam is telling us that Finn Taylor is the person at the top of the pyramid!’*

Uncle Sam quickly opened the door for Francis Larson and invited the couple out of the car.

Up until now, the couple was still in a daze. It felt like they were in a dream.

Francis Larson and Linda James were invited into the villa.

In the face of this house that was worth hundreds of millions, the couple panicked.

Just then, Linda James suddenly thought of something. *'Where did they get the money to buy this house? Yvette couldn't have taken this money from the company.'*

Although Linda James knew nothing about the company's financials, she knew that they never would've been able to afford a villa at Pacific Heights even if they were to empty the company's bank accounts.

She rushed up to her daughter. "Where did you get the money?"

"Would you believe me if I said that Finn paid for this?"

"Yvette, I might be old, but I'm no fool. I'll believe you even if you said you stole this, but I will never believe you when you say that that piece of trash bought this." Of course, Linda James refused to believe that her son-in-law had paid for this house.

Over the past three years, she had gained a good understanding of Finn Taylor as a person. *'If he were capable, he would've become a socialite and a household name. There's no way he would've been cooped up in our house.'*

"Well then. I've told you the truth, but you don't believe me."

Since she wasn't making any progress with her daughter, Linda James chose to interrogate her son-in-law. "Finn Taylor, tell me. Where did you get the money to buy this house? If you dare to lie to me, I'll kill you!"

"I won the lottery."

Linda James was in disbelief, but she couldn't think of another possibility. "Did you really win the lottery?"

"Yes."

"Who bought the winning ticket?" Linda James suddenly thought of an important question. *'If Yvette bought it, this house would be hers. But if it was Finn Taylor, this house...'*

"I bought it."

Unfortunately, this wasn't the answer Linda James wanted. Finn Taylor had told her that he had bought the ticket.

“Where did you get the money to buy this ticket? From the money I gave you for groceries? Or from Yvette’s allowance?” Linda James found another way to force him to tell the truth about the origins of the money. *‘As long as our family paid for the ticket, this house is ours. Finn Taylor has nothing to do with that money.’*

“Yvette’s allowance.”

“Alright, that means that Yvette bought it and won the lottery. Do you agree?”

“Yes, we won.”

“No, you are you. Yvette is Yvette. She gave you the money to buy this ticket, so Yvette was the one who won. Since the house was paid for with that money, that means the house is Yvette’s. Finn Taylor, do you agree?”

Chapter 99: The Wrong Person

Yvette Larson was at a loss for words upon hearing her mom’s logic. *‘Mom is really ridiculous. Even though I’m her daughter, I can’t stand it any longer. Finn bought this house, so what does it have to do with us? She’s kicking up such a huge fuss just for one reason—for Finn to acknowledge that this house is mine.’*

“Mom, can you stop? The guests will be here soon. Do you want to have such a huge argument in front of our guests?” With that, Yvette Larson dragged her husband away, not giving her mother the chance to continue.

Linda James was furious with her daughter’s actions. *‘Why do I have such a stupid daughter? Don’t you know that it’s most important to have control over your husband’s wallet? Since I don’t like Finn Taylor, it’s only a matter of time before you guys get a divorce. We must get this house under our names before chasing him out.’*

...

Over at the Larson family’s side, Quince Larson, Eleanor Larson, and the rest of the family were already waiting at the Larson family’s residence.

“Yvette Larson said that she’d send a car over for us. Why isn’t it here yet?” Quince Larson glanced at his watch.

Eleanor Larson glanced at it—it was a Rolex worth tens of thousands at the very least. “Brother, you’re doing quite well. You’ve even managed to buy a Rolex.”

Quince Larson was arrogant. “Do you remember the business deal that I secured last year? I got my reward and bought myself this Rolex. I have to say that a Rolex is a Rolex after all. It’s so comfortable wearing it.”

Quince Larson purposely exposed the watch to show it off to the Larson family.

Eleanor Larson’s principle was to inflate her cousin’s ego at all costs. *‘I’ll wait until the day you can’t boost your ego any further. That will be my day to shine.’*

It was the two cousins’ different goals that had created this scene.

Just then, a bus stopped in front of the Larson family’s residence.

“Are you Finn Taylor’s guests? Please get in.”

With that, all of the Larson family members got up on the bus.

Once they were all on the bus, they moved off. Then, the bus drove toward Gavin Kleine’s house.

There, Yvette Larson’s classmates were waiting. They had already been waiting at the entrance of Gavin Kleine’s neighborhood for a good half an hour, but they had neither seen nor heard anything.

Someone panicked. “Do you think that Yvette Larson was lying to us? Maybe she hasn’t even bought a house.”

“I don’t think so.”

“Look, it’s been half an hour, but we haven’t even heard anything from them. San Francisco isn’t that big. How far could their house be for the bus not to be here yet?”

“Don’t tell me that she bought a house in the suburbs!”

Pfft!

Everyone burst out into laughter at that suggestion.

Just then, the bus finally arrived.

Like he had done earlier, the driver shouted at them, “Do you know Finn Taylor? If so, please get in.”

The classmates glanced at each other, and the person who had doubted Yvette Larson earlier said, "Oh, they've actually come to pick us up. Let's go and have a look at what house she's bought."

Then, he got up onto the bus.

Gavin Kleine remained silent the entire time.

As they got on, they realized that others were already on the bus.

After realizing that it was the Larson family of San Francisco, the classmates wisely chose to stay silent.

While the Larson family fought with each other, they would never let outsiders speak ill of them.

Seeing that everyone had gotten on board, the bus driver stepped on his accelerator and headed toward Pacific Heights.

When the passengers realized that they were indeed headed for the suburbs, the disdain on their faces was evident.

However, that disdain quickly turned into confusion. This was because the bus was headed toward the suburbs, but they hadn't gone onto the road heading for the suburbs. Instead, they were traveling along a road that led only to Pacific Heights.

At that moment, a wild thought flashed past everyone's mind. But after giving it some thought, they realized that Yvette Larson's family would never be able to afford a villa at Pacific Heights.

As such, they calmed down yet again. *'We must be taking a shortcut.'*

But this thought was quickly proven wrong once the bus headed up Pacific Heights.

"Huh? Why are we driving up Pacific Heights? Didn't Yvette Larson's family buy a normal second-hand property?" Someone finally spoke up.

"Are we headed in the wrong direction?"

"Hey, are you sure you were supposed to pick us up?"

The driver continued along the road, thinking that he was about to reach his destination.

However, he immediately reacted the moment he heard those words—he slammed on his brakes. *‘F*ck! I picked up the wrong people? That’s impossible! It’s the owner of Number One Pacific Heights hosting a party! I’ll be doomed if I picked the wrong people up!’*

The driver took out a name list and looked at his passengers. “Who’s Quince Larson?”

“Me.” Quince Larson raised his hand.

“Let me check your identification card.”

Quince Larson thought that this was ridiculous, but realizing that this was a driver from the Pacific Heights neighborhood, the former didn’t dare to go against his orders. As such, he handed his identification card over.

The driver compared it to his name list. *‘I didn’t make a mistake.’*

“Who’s Gavin Kleine?”

“Me,” Gavin Kleine answered.

“What are you waiting for? Where’s your identification card?”

Gavin Kleine was terribly displeased with the driver’s attitude, thinking that the driver had embarrassed him in front of his classmates. Nonetheless, he had no choice but to take his identification card out.

After glancing at it, the driver confirmed that the second batch of passengers he had picked up were the right people too.

“No, I didn’t make a mistake.” With that, he returned to his seat and headed up the hill.

While the driver was calm, the passengers were not. *‘What does he mean? He didn’t pick the wrong people up? Does that mean that Yvette Larson’s house is really at Pacific Heights? But how is that possible?’*

Everyone present knew full well just how expensive a villa at Pacific Heights was.

‘Maybe we’ll believe you if you say that Yvette Larson’s family managed to buy a second-hand property after scrimping and saving for decades. But there’s no way they would’ve been able to buy a villa at Pacific Heights!’

The vehicle rolled on, and it passed the midway point, finally reaching the area where the top hundred villas were.

At this, someone exploded. “No, this is a plot! Yvette Larson wants us to trespass on private property, get our limbs chopped off, and thrown off Pacific Heights!”

Chapter 100: The Pains of an Ignorant Fool

The bus didn’t stop just because of their protests, and very quickly, they arrived at Number One Pacific Heights.

The driver brought the bus to a gradual stop.

Uncle Sam brought two boxes of cigarettes over.

The driver couldn’t help but exclaim that this family was different. *‘They are so generous! Whenever I chauffeured other passengers, they only offered me very ordinary cigarettes. It’s my first time receiving such luxurious cigarettes, and I’ve received two boxes!’*

After handing out the cigarettes, Uncle Sam got on the bus. “It’s been a long journey. Please come down and have some refreshments. We’ve prepared a lot of delectable food for all of you.”

But nobody was convinced by Uncle Sam. In fact, someone even questioned his identity.

“Who are you? How much did Yvette Larson pay you to put on a show here? Do you know that we’ll be trespassing the moment we get out? Maybe the villa’s true owner will suddenly show up and chop our limbs off before throwing us off Pacific Heights!”

Uncle Sam let out a smile. “Yvette Larson is my master’s wife. It’s only right to do whatever she instructs me to.”

Not a single person believed Uncle Sam’s words.

But just then, someone appeared in front of them—Linda James.

She had wanted to continue lecturing her daughter when she realized that her relatives from the Larson family had arrived. As such, she immediately rushed out.

She couldn’t wait to tell the world that their family had bought a new house—at Number One Pacific Heights, no less!

Linda James looked at her guests. "Since you're all here, why don't you get down? Come on in. Although this is our house, just treat this as your own house."

With that, she went up to pull Eleanor Larson down.

That was how Eleanor Larson was dragged out of the bus.

At that moment, everyone was utterly confused. *'Even if Yvette Larson is trying to kill all of us, she wouldn't possibly hurt her mom, right? But don't you think it's impossible for her to buy Number One Pacific Heights?'*

While everyone was still lost in confusion, Finn Taylor and Yvette Larson appeared.

Upon seeing Finn Taylor, the bus driver immediately got out and tried to shake the former's hand. *'This is the owner of Number One Pacific Heights! I'd probably win the lottery if I shake his hand!'*

Of course, Finn Taylor didn't look down on him and shook his hand. He even gave him some money.

Seeing that Finn Taylor and Yvette Larson were standing in front of the villa, the passengers finally got off. However, everyone was still in a daze.

Quince Larson pointed at Number One Pacific Heights and asked his cousin, "Is this the new house that you bought?"

"Of course."

Quince Larson had already been prepared to mock the couple once he arrived at their house, but now, he had to swallow all of his prepared words. He furtively pushed the Rolex up his sleeve, trying his best to conceal it.

While it was true that a Rolex was expensive, there was no comparing it to Number One Pacific Heights!

"Uncle Sam, go greet the guests." Finn Taylor addressed Uncle Sam.

Uncle Sam put on a wide smile. "Hello, everyone. I'm the butler of Number One Pacific Heights. Please come with me."

With that, he raised his right arm up and led everyone into the house.

When they walked in, they were overwhelmed with emotions.

Everyone knew that Number One Pacific Heights was wonderful, but one wouldn't even be able to imagine just how luxurious and perfect it was until one toured it personally.

Uncle Sam led the guests to a hall—it was terribly extravagant and had luxurious details. “This is the third hall of Number One Pacific Heights. Please have a seat; I'll bring some snacks over.”

Everyone had heard Uncle Sam's words and had caught the most important detail: This was just the third hall.

That also meant that it was nowhere near the most extravagant hall in the whole villa. In fact, it wasn't even the backup second hall.

They couldn't help but feel jealousy rise up in their hearts.

“Yvette Larson, what do you mean by this? How could you host us in the third hall? What, are we not important enough to be hosted in the main hall?” Eleanor Larson had spoken up.

She wasn't the only one who was displeased. The rest of the Larson family members were as well.

But Yvette Larson's classmates were already so stunned that they couldn't utter a word, including Gavin Kleine.

Previously, he had even boasted in Yvette Larson's face that he earned hundreds of thousands of dollars every year. But that was a joke compared to Number One Pacific Heights!

“Yvette Larson, don't tell me that you spent a fortune renting this third hall. Is that why you won't allow us into the main hall?” Quince Larson proposed a bold suggestion.

It was absurd, but all the other guests agreed with him. *‘How could Yvette Larson suddenly have so much money to buy Number One Pacific Heights? But she would probably have enough money to rent the third hall here. After all, you do know Hunter Sullivan. You might've been able to rent it with his help.’*

“It's not that I don't want to host you there, but it's mainly because the main hall is too small.”

The reason Finn Taylor had arranged for them to be in the third hall instead of the main hall was that the main hall and second hall couldn't fit so many people.

The main hall was a conference room meant for two. It was meant for the villa owner to welcome his most important guests for a chat.

As for the second hall, it wasn't big either. It was for the villa owner to have their own family over. It was cozy and could only fit four at the very most.

With dozens of people around, they naturally had to use the third hall.

Of course, not a single person believed Finn Taylor.

He laughed. *'These people are so ignorant.'*

He gestured. "Uncle Sam, why don't you show them around?"

Quince Larson, Eleanor Larson, and the rest of the Larson family didn't believe him. As such, they followed behind Uncle Sam to take a look at the main hall and second hall.

All of them wanted to find fault in what Finn Taylor had said. But by the time they returned, their faces were all filled with incredulity.

It seemed as though they had been struck down completely. Oh, the pain of being ignorant fools.

Just like Finn Taylor had said, the main hall and second hall were smaller and not suitable for hosting that many guests. However, they were far more luxuriously decked out than the third hall.

The greatest question Quince Larson had on his mind was where the money had come from. *'I wonder if I should let Grandpa know about this.'*