

UNTOUCHABLE

Chapter 101: Moving into Number One Pacific Heights

After telling the rest that he was going to the washroom, Quince Larson made a quick call to his grandpa, Joseph Larson.

During the call, he told his grandpa that Yvette Larson had bought a new house—Number One Pacific Heights!

Earlier on, Joseph Larson had declared that he would never go to Yvette Larson's house. But now, he had to swallow those words.

This was all because it was Number One Pacific Heights!

What did that mean? It was the most prestigious property in all of San Francisco!

Now that Number One Pacific Heights belonged to a Larson, there was no way Joseph Larson was going to give up this chance to look at it.

After returning from the washroom, Quince Larson steered the conversation in a certain direction. Very quickly, they got to the question of how the family had bought this house.

"Yvette Larson, how did your family get so much money to buy this house? You know everyone here. Don't hide such good opportunities from us!"

Quince Larson's question drew everyone's attention. *'That's right. Everyone knows that Number One Pacific Heights is terribly expensive. How had Yvette Larson managed to afford it? If she's willing to share her tips with us, we might just be able to get rich too—even if we can't earn as much as her.'*

'As expected, they've gotten to this question. If I tell the truth, nobody will believe me. It seems like we'll have to lie.' Yvette Larson was in a dilemma. "We won the lottery."

Unfortunately, Yvette Larson was now dealing with the elites of different industries, not Linda James.

"The lottery? That's impossible. I work for the pool. If anyone won so much money to buy this villa, there's no way I wouldn't have known." The one who had spoken was Jennifer James. She was a classmate of Yvette Larson's and had called out the latter's lie.

"What do you mean by this, Yvette Larson? It's rare that I'm asking you about something. Do you think that it's very inconvenient to answer me, so you're even lying to me now?" Quince Larson ruthlessly humiliated his cousin. *'So what if you have money? I want you to know that you've betrayed your family. I want the entire Larson family to know that you're a traitor.'*

Yvette Larson was in a frenzy in the face of such accusations. Her hand was as cold as ice.

Finn Taylor grabbed her hand to give her some warmth. "Quince Larson, this is our house. How dare you start making a din here?"

Quince Larson was stunned. This was the first time Finn Taylor had ever confronted him, and he was doing so in front of so many other people.

'Do you think I'll allow myself to be trampled on?'

"Finn Taylor, who are you? I'm the Larson family's eldest grandson, but you're only a useless matrilocal son-in-law. You're in no place to speak to me. I'm only here out of respect for your family. Do you really think you can boss me around?"

Quince Larson and Finn Taylor were head-to-head, and neither was willing to give in to the other.

Just then, Uncle Sam walked over. He walked up to Finn Taylor and whispered, "Master, Joseph Larson is at the midpoint of the hill. He can't come up."

Although he had whispered that, Quince Larson had overheard their conversation.

He smiled inwardly because his grandpa was here. *'As long as Grandpa is here, Yvette Larson can dream on about having it easy.'*

"Alright, I understand." Finn Taylor replied before looking at Quince Larson. "Aren't you going to pick him up?"

Since it was Quince Larson who had called him here, Finn Taylor couldn't be bothered to pick the Old Master up. He believed that the former would go even if he didn't.

"No, Finn Taylor. Isn't this your house? Shouldn't you go pick him up?"

"Heh. When I invited Grandpa here, he said he wasn't going to come. I didn't even know that he was coming. I think you'd better go pick him up." Finn Taylor remained indifferent and tried to stay out of the matter.

But that infuriated Quince Larson. Still, he had no other choice. After all, he was the one who had asked his grandpa to come.

If he didn't go to pick his grandpa up, the latter would definitely blame him for it. As for Finn Taylor, he would definitely be able to get himself out of that situation.

Left with no other choice, Quince Larson decided to head down the hill. Of course, it was no mean feat.

On the way here, he had gone up the hill on a bus. But now that he was going down, he was relying on nothing more than his own legs.

Quince Larson grumbled as he picked his grandpa up.

Joseph Larson wanted to scold someone too. *'I'm already advanced in age, yet they are asking me to climb up the hill! I can barely catch my breath.'*

The duo lashed out at Finn Taylor in their hearts and made the arduous journey up to Number One Pacific Heights.

Right at that moment, Finn Taylor strolled out of the villa. The moment he saw his grandpa, he put on such an exaggerated surprised look that everyone knew it was fake. "Wow, Grandpa. Why are you here? Didn't you say that you weren't coming? Sigh, Grandpa. You should've called me if you were coming. I could've sent a car down to fetch you."

"Quince Larson, I'm not trying to say anything about you, but didn't you know that Grandpa was coming? Since you already knew about it, why didn't you tell me? You wanted Grandpa to walk up, didn't you? I'm telling you that I won't let you off if anything happens to Grandpa because of this." Finn Taylor viciously lashed out at Quince Larson.

Still, there was nothing the latter could do. *'I can't possibly admit that I'm a traitor who told on others. If I do, I'll be humiliated!'*

Joseph Larson felt hatred rise up in his heart. He naturally knew full well that Finn Taylor was the one who had planned for him to walk up without a car, but he had no evidence to prove it. As such, he had no choice but to swallow that grievance.

Joseph Larson found himself a seat to catch his breath.

As his heart rate returned to normal, he glanced around the villa and nodded repeatedly. "Good, this is great. Yvette, I'm really proud of you that you were able to buy Number One Pacific Heights for the Larson family."

Joseph Larson pointed at the villa and said, "My ancestors, are you looking at this? The Larson family has made our mark. As the Larson family head, I've led the family this far. The whole of San Francisco will see just who the Larson family is! Dad, when you brought the Larson family out from the Sanders family, I bet you'd never dreamed that our family would ever move into Number One Pacific Heights."

"Yvette, you're the most familiar with this place. Hurry up and tell me where we should put our shrine for our ancestors. Oh right, there must be a separate spot for the late Old Master, Hugo Larson. I think that room looks good. What do you think?"

Chapter 102: Going Against Your Ancestors

Joseph Larson was going to move their ancestral shrine into Number One Pacific Heights.

Both Finn Taylor and Yvette Larson were rendered speechless. *'We've never once seen this happen in our entire lives. His grandchild has just bought a new house, and as a grandpa, he's going to move the ancestral shrine to his grandchild's house? How disgusting!'*

"Grandpa, don't you think that you should discuss this with us first?" Yvette Larson couldn't hold it in any longer and expressed her dissatisfaction.

However, her rebuttal caused a stir amongst the Larson family.

Quince Larson was the first to speak up. “Yvette, what do you mean? Are you saying that you’re going to go against Grandpa?”

Eleanor Larson’s face was filled with fear and confusion. “You’re refusing? Yvette, don’t tell us that you’re disowning your ancestors just because you’re rich now.”

Frederick Larson and Franklin Larson butted in as well. “I say, Brother. You’d better say something. This is your house. If you don’t want to acknowledge your ancestors, you’d better leave the Larson family.”

“That’s right; you should leave. Anyway, your family is so rich that you can buy Number One Pacific Heights. Your ancestors shouldn’t mean anything to your family anyway.”

Going against her ancestors—that was the picture the entire Larson family was trying to paint of Yvette Larson.

They wanted everyone to know that Yvette Larson’s family were people who went against their ancestors.

Hilary Stone sneered. “Ancestors? In my opinion, it’s true that they won’t have much feelings for them since there are so many generations between them anyway. But the late Old Master Hugo Larson is different. Finn Taylor, Hugo Larson was the one who introduced you and Yvette to each other. It’s only because of him that you were able to marry into the Larson family. Don’t you think that you should save the late Old Master in your spot now that you’ve gotten a new house?”

Whoosh!

Everyone’s eyes were glued to Finn Taylor.

Finn Taylor clenched his fist, his blood boiling. *‘This is the house that I had bought for my wife, but the Larson family is trying to disgust us by moving the whole family shrine here.’*

“Grandpa, we’ll get the late Old Master a good burial site. Our family can also pay for a crematorium to be built. Must you move the late Old Master’s ashes into our house?”

Finn Taylor drew ire from the Larson family.

Quince Larson said coldly, “What do you mean, Finn Taylor? Do you think so poorly of the Larson family that you think we don’t even have money for a burial site or crematorium? Of course, we have money for that. We just don’t have that much money for such a nice house like Number One Pacific Heights. You said earlier that this is your new house with Yvette. Since the late Old Master was the one who brought both of you together, I don’t understand why you’re being so heartless.”

Quince Larson accused Finn Taylor’s family of being heartless. However, the latter didn’t want such taboo items in his new house. *‘Is there anything wrong with that?’*

“Forget it; let’s go. They don’t even want to acknowledge their ancestors. Do you think they’d acknowledge such poor relatives like us?”

“That’s right. Yvette, I’ve finally seen your true colors. I never thought you were such a person.” With that, Quince Larson stood to leave.

Everyone else followed closely behind. Just like that, the entire Larson family was gone.

Of course, Yvette Larson’s classmates dared not stay any longer now that things had progressed to this stage.

One by one, they found their own excuses to leave.

The couple had planned an elaborate housewarming party, but it had ended just like that.

Yvette Larson and her husband stood by the pond in the back garden.

Yvette Larson spoke up. “Finn, I’m so sorry. I didn’t know that the Larson family would do that either.”

Today, Yvette Larson had truly been amazed by how shameless the Larson family was. To be honest, she felt embarrassed to be a Larson.

However, Finn Taylor hadn’t taken the matter to heart. “It’s ok.”

He really thought nothing of that matter. *‘They’re just fools making a fool of themselves. It’s only out of respect for my wife that I haven’t dealt with the Larson family. Otherwise, given my status, those people would already be dead. However, they still have blood relations with Yvette. I can kill them whenever I like. When Yvette wants to, I can get rid of those people for her at any time. I will just leave them be for now.’*

“Let’s go out for a walk.” Although Finn Taylor didn’t mind, his wife seemed to be burdened. As such, he offered to take her out for a walk.

Finn Taylor drove them to a marché.

He wanted to get them a cat. That way, the house would seem cozier and more inviting.

But Finn Taylor couldn’t even tell the difference between Short-hairs, Persians, and Coons. In the end, the couple fell in love with none of those but a ginger cat—a chubby ginger cat.

In Yvette Larson’s words, they’d probably spend half of their money feeding this cat!

Just as they walked out of the pet shop, they spotted a woman kneeling on the ground.

Beside her was another woman, who was lashing out at her. From time to time, that woman would even kick the other woman who was on the ground.

This drew the attention of many onlookers.

Finn Taylor glanced at the woman throwing the punches and then at the one kneeling on the ground.

The aggressor looked sharp and mean, while the victim looked naive and innocent.

It seems like there’s something more to this. It would’ve been fine if I didn’t see it, but now that I have, I can’t ignore it.’

“Wait here for me,” Finn Taylor told his wife before walking up to them.

But Yvette Larson didn’t stay as her husband had instructed her to. Instead, she followed closely behind him.

It was then she realized why she had slowly fallen for that man in front of her—it was because he was upright and just.

In this materialistic society, many people’s priorities had changed. There weren’t many like Finn Taylor anymore.

That fierce woman landed another slap on the other.

Just then, Finn Taylor reached out to grab her.

“What are you doing?” The fierce woman glared at Finn Taylor, wanting to skin him alive.

“Tell me. I’ve been watching you, and you’ve been scolding and hitting her. Why don’t you tell everyone what’s going on?”

That woman ignored Finn Taylor and broke free from his grasp. She then stuck her foot out toward the latter’s crotch.

Chapter 103: I’ll Hit You If I Want to

That woman was terribly vicious and aimed straight at Finn Taylor’s most vulnerable part. If that woman managed to kick him right there, Finn Taylor would probably no longer be able to have any children.

Of course, that wasn’t going to happen.

Finn Taylor slapped that woman, throwing her more than ten meters away.

Because she had been struck down, her hair was in a mess, and her face was now swollen.

“You... How dare you hit me?” That woman glared at Finn Taylor as though she was crazy. She couldn’t believe that the latter had struck her!

“I’ll hit you if I want to. So what?” Finn Taylor sneered inwardly. *‘I’m Master Peregrine. So what if I hit you?’*

“Who dared to hit my woman?” A ferocious-looking man rushed up just then; he was a muscular man who looked well-built. His name was Scar Ross, and he was rather well-known in the marché.

It had been years since he had started collecting protection fees from the shops around the area. Out of fear, many shopkeepers had chosen to pay him.

That was why everyone was terrified of him.

Because they had seen this fierce woman with Scar Ross, they couldn't help but think the worst of her. Yet, nobody dared to utter a thing.

"Your woman? Aren't you going to do anything about her now that she's bullying someone?"

Scar Ross glared at Finn Taylor. "Do you have a death wish? How dare you hit my woman?"

With that, Scar Ross threw a punch in Finn Taylor's direction. Of course, he was no match for the latter.

Finn Taylor returned a light punch, but that was enough to send Scar Ross flying all the way back. The latter landed right next to a trash can along the road.

Finn Taylor then walked up and picked the kneeling woman up. "Tell me what happened."

This woman was completely scared stiff and stuttered as she glanced at Scar Ross.

"I'm only giving you one chance. If you want to get your revenge, you'd better talk now. Otherwise, I'm leaving. You can deal with them yourself."

After giving it some thought, the gaze in that woman's eyes hardened. *'Yes, he's my only chance. If I don't tell them the truth now, I'll probably have to take the blame for this for the rest of my life.'*

"S-she stole from me. When I caught her in the act, she smashed her phone on the ground, saying that I was the one who did it. She even said that I was maligning her!"

Finn Taylor turned to that vicious woman. "Is that true?"

The vicious woman spat on the ground. "Nonsense. I'm Scar Ross's woman. Do you think I'd steal money? B*tch, you were the one who stole it. After I caught you in the act, you even smashed my phone and maligned me! Why don't you take a look at what you're wearing and what I'm wearing? You're just a cheap woman who came from the countryside. How dare you accuse me?"

Finn Taylor glanced at that shop and shouted at the timid owner, "Do you have surveillance cameras?"

The owner was thrown into a frenzy, and he glanced at Scar Ross. As he pretended to walk out of the shop, he knocked against the computer, causing it to come crashing down on the ground. "No... Not anymore."

Everyone saw exactly what had happened. It was impossible for a shop not to have any surveillance cameras.

The owner had clearly destroyed all footage because he was afraid of retaliation from Scar Ross. But now that the surveillance cameras had indeed been damaged, it would be difficult to put things right.

"That's alright. Don't we have witnesses? Hey, you were in that shop just now, weren't you? Why don't you tell us who was the one stealing?" Scar Ross stood up and pointed at the owner.

Naturally, that owner was scared stiff from Scar Ross's interrogation.

He pointed at the honest woman. "Diane Taylor, you've been working in our shop for several years. I never thought that you'd steal from us!"

The shop owner had just admitted that it was Diane Taylor who had stolen from the shop! However, everyone knew full well that it wasn't the truth. *'It's clear that you're only maligning Diane Taylor out of fear of Scar Ross.'*

Yet, nobody had any evidence to prove him wrong. It seemed like Diane Taylor was about to be convicted for something she had never done.

Finn Taylor squinted his eyes and gave it some thought. "Hold on."

He made a call to Horned Serpent, who was a computer genius. Finn Taylor believed that Horned Serpent would definitely find a way to get ahold of the surveillance footage in the area.

Scar Ross was annoyed. "Why should we wait? She's the one who accused my woman of stealing and even smashed her phone! I'm not asking for much. I just want her to pay us 15,000 dollars. Then, I'll let this matter go."

As expected, Scar Ross was inhumane. He asked for 15,000 dollars right away.

15,000 dollars was an enormous sum of money to Diane Taylor. She was just an ordinary college student in San Francisco and had only come out to work because her family was poor. Never in a million years would she have expected to encounter such a situation.

"I said to hold on. If you don't understand me, I'll beat you up until you do."

Thinking back to the punch Finn Taylor had thrown at him, Scar Ross eventually shrank back and shut up.

Five minutes passed.

Because nothing had happened in the last five minutes, Scar Ross walked over once again. "Tell me which gang you're from. If you want to interfere in this, just pay me on her behalf. Otherwise, you'd better shut up and stay out of this. I won't let others bully me, and I've already given you enough respect. Since you don't have any evidence, why don't we just call the police?"

Diane Taylor panicked the moment she heard that. *'If they do that, I will probably be arrested since I have no evidence to prove my innocence. If that leaves a mark on my record, my whole life will be ruined.'*

Diane Taylor was frantic.

"Hehe! I dare you to do anything to her with me here. I said to wait. Even if you have to wait for another three years, you'd better wait."

Scar Ross reached over and tried to grab Diane Taylor, but Finn Taylor stopped him.

With a gentle twist, Scar Ross's elbow popped out of place.

Scar Ross was nothing more than a three-year-old toddler in Finn Taylor's eyes. While training in the mountains, he had fought with bears. He had even managed to fracture that bear's bones.

'Yes! I wonder if that bear will hold it against me when I go back to visit.' Just as Finn Taylor was reminiscing about the past, Horned Serpent sent a video to his phone.

Chapter 104: Transfer

Finn Taylor glanced at his phone. After confirming the video's contents, he tossed his phone over to Diane Taylor.

The latter was slightly confused, but she instinctively opened that video.

She was overwhelmed with emotions as she watched it. She pointed at the phone and shouted, "This video! It recorded everything that happened just now! It'll prove my innocence!"

With that, Diane Taylor turned the phone to face the public and replayed the video.

All the onlookers gathered around.

From the video, it was clear that Scar Ross's woman had stolen from the shop and that Diane Taylor had gone up to stop her. Then, Scar Ross's woman smashed her own phone onto the ground. After that, they witnessed what had followed.

"Scar Ross, what else do you have to say?"

Scar Ross was slightly afraid. He rushed up, trying to snatch the phone away from Diane Taylor.

Of course, he didn't succeed.

This time, Finn Taylor didn't hold back anymore. He threw a few kicks and punches over. It would be at least three years before Scar Ross would get up from bed.

With that settled, Finn Taylor walked up to Diane Taylor. He stretched his hand out. "My phone."

Diane Taylor was slightly nervous when she saw the former walking over, but she quickly handed his phone back to him after hearing his words.

Finn Taylor had no interest in listening to her. He walked up to his wife, picked up the cat, and was getting ready to leave.

But just then, Diane Taylor seemed to have gathered up her courage and rushed over. "Hello, sir. My name is Diane Taylor, and I'm majoring in veterinary science. Could you please take me in? I'll take good care of your precious cat."

Diane Taylor had proven her innocence, but she knew that her boss would definitely fire her out of fear of Scar Ross.

In fact, it wasn't just her boss. The entire marché would probably be against her.

However, she desperately needed a job.

Finn Taylor was rendered speechless. *'I solved her problem for her, but why does it feel like I'm creating more trouble for myself?'*

However, Yvette Larson maintained her smile. "You know how to take care of cats?"

To be honest, taking care of this cat would take up too much of the couple's time—time that they didn't have. However, Yvette Larson knew that the cat would be done for if she were to hand it over to her mom.

"Yes, that's my major at college. I'll do well to take care of it."

Yvette Larson hesitated. "Can you cook and clean?"

"Huh?" Diane Taylor was stunned, but she immediately regained her senses and nodded. "Yes, I can!"

"Alright, we'll hire you. You can help around the house and help to take care of our cat."

Although Diane Taylor was slightly taken aback, she wasn't going to refuse the offer. Children from poor families had to grow up early, so she naturally wasn't going to despise the job of a nanny.

"Let me tell you something. My husband's surname is Taylor too. This must be fate."

Diane Taylor looked at Finn Taylor, visibly moved. "You're a Taylor too. Hello, hello."

Finn Taylor handed the cat over to the girl. He, of course, wasn't going to go against his wife's decision.

As the trio walked away, Diane Taylor looked awkwardly at the couple. "About that... Do you mind if I ask about my pay?"

Finn Taylor chuckled. "Oh yes, I almost forgot to tell you. We must come to a consensus on your pay. How about 3,000 dollars a month for now? If you think it's too much work, I can increase your pay from there."

Diane Taylor wondered if she was dreaming. *'3,000 dollars? What kind of nanny earns 3,000 dollars a month? Could it be...'*

Her mind ran astray. "That... I don't mind being paid less. I'm from a good family, and I'll only do what I should. I won't accede to any of those weird requests."

'Pfft!' Finn Taylor and Yvette Larson burst out into laughter in unison. *'Diane Taylor is too imaginative.'*

"You are really overthinking it. You'll understand why 3,000 dollars is normal once you come to our house." Yvette Larson was the one who said that. Then, she added, "Oh right, he's really upright too. He'll ignore you even if you try to seduce him."

Diane Taylor stole a glance at Finn Taylor. Seeing that he couldn't care less about her, she finally let her guard down.

When she realized that Finn Taylor drove a BMW, she couldn't help but look on in awe. *'This family is probably really rich. Even though they are wealthy, they are still cultured and well-mannered. As expected, there is a huge difference between different people.'*

The car drove along and headed toward Pacific Heights.

Diane Taylor knew nothing about the property prices here. She was still a college student, and none of her friends were from such prestigious families. However, her heart started thumping rapidly as they arrived at Number One Pacific Heights.

She had never seen such a humongous house in her life. At that moment, she finally understood why Yvette Larson had told her that 3,000 dollars weren't much once they arrived here.

She also understood why Finn Taylor told her that she could request a higher salary if she thought that it was too much work.

"Who is she?" Linda James sat on the sofa, savoring an apple. Seeing Finn Taylor and Yvette Larson return with a stranger, she was filled with curiosity.

"Mom, she's our hired help. You can let her take care of the cooking and cleaning around here from now on."

Linda James was filled with displeasure upon hearing that. "Why would you need hired help? Don't we have Finn Taylor? He was the one who cooked and cleaned in the past."

Yvette Larson gestured around. "Haven't we moved into a new house? He'll be too tired to clean the whole house. It's good that we hired a helper."

"Oh, how much does it cost?" Linda James was still annoyed.

"3,000 dollars."

"3,000 dollars?" Linda James leaped up. "Finn Taylor, I think you must've gone crazy. Did you think that I'd stop caring about you just because you've bought a house? How could you force Yvette to hire a helper just because you don't want to cook? How could you hire a helper and such an expensive one at that? Tell me, who is forking out that 3,000 dollars?"

Yvette Larson sighed. "Mom, we're a family. Why do you always try to draw lines between us?"

Linda James hated her daughter so much at that moment. "What do you know? You may treat him like family, but does he treat you as family? I've already checked—his name is the only one on this house's property deed."

"Finn Taylor, if you treat Yvette as family, you should transfer this house to her. What do you think about that?"

Chapter 105: Apologize

After Finn Taylor and Yvette Larson had gone out earlier, Linda James had been thinking about it. After a long while, she decided that her son-in-law had to transfer ownership of the house over to her daughter. Otherwise, this house would always be Finn Taylor's.

'If the couple gets divorced, our family will never get a share of the house. In fact, what will happen if Finn Taylor chases us out even if he doesn't get divorced?'

Finn Taylor had bought this house for his wife, intending for them to live alone. However, Linda James had refused to leave.

Since his spouse hadn't said anything, Finn Taylor naturally said nothing as well.

However, Linda James was afraid that he would kick her out one day. As such, she was trying to make her son-in-law transfer ownership of the house.

But just because she was insensible didn't mean that her daughter was as well. "Mom, could you stop talking about that?"

Just then, Yvette Larson's phone rang—it was Quince Larson.

'From the call, it seems like Grandpa is looking for me to discuss an important matter. I have to rush down to the office right away.' Yvette Larson had no time to waste on her mother and simply left.

As for Finn Taylor, he simply left Diane Taylor with a few instructions before leaving with his wife.

Seeing that her son-in-law was gone and that she failed in her mission, Linda James vented her anger on Diane Taylor. "What are you looking at? You'd better hurry up and get down to work. I think Finn Taylor must be crazy to offer you 3,000 dollars a month."

Following that, Linda James simply sat there, complaining nonstop about how unfair this whole situation was.

Of course, Diane Taylor was terrified and didn't dare to rebut her. All she could do was get down to work.

Suddenly, Linda James thought of something. "Don't tell me that you're Finn Taylor's mistress. Why else would he be in such a hurry to bring you home? Even if he's looking for a helper, he shouldn't offer such a high salary. That's right; you must be Finn Taylor's mistress!"

Diane Taylor could ignore everything else Linda James said about her, but she wasn't going to take this lying down. *'Linda James is clearly denigrating me and smearing my name!'*

"No, I'm not!" Thinking about how she had been bullied earlier in the day, tears welled up in Diane Taylor's eyes.

"If you're not, why would you get so worked up? Why are you crying? I bet I'm right!" Linda James landed a slap on the other's face.

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As Finn Taylor and Yvette Larson arrived at the office, they felt that the atmosphere was strange.

Even Eleanor Larson wasn't as arrogant as her usual self, and neither did she dare to mock the couple.

Yvette Larson couldn't help but wonder if something had happened to the company. She walked into her office, where Joseph Larson and Quince Larson were already waiting.

What surprised Yvette Larson was that her grandpa stood up the moment she walked in.

Even though Quince Larson was initially reluctant, he was left with no choice but to stand as well once his grandpa stood up.

"Grandpa, are you looking for me?" Yvette Larson sat down on her chair while her husband took a seat on the sofa by the side.

Yvette Larson was nervous and asked, "Grandpa, what's wrong? You can tell me if anything's wrong."

After giving it some thought, Joseph Larson still told the truth.

After the gathering at Finn Taylor's house, Joseph Larson had been enraged by his eldest granddaughter.

Quince Larson had only added fuel to the fire by saying that Yvette Larson was an outsider. Since she was now married to Finn Taylor, she was no longer a Larson even though the latter was a matrilineal son-in-law. As such, they couldn't afford to let Yvette Larson remain as the person-in-charge of the project with the Sullivan family.

It was because they had changed the project's person-in-charge before they had started that they had drawn ire.

But this time, Hunter Sullivan would definitely respect Joseph Larson as long as he personally talked it out with him.

With Quince Larson's coaxing, Joseph Larson finally bought into it and headed to Xander Corporation with his grandson.

In fact, they had even managed to get a meeting with Hunter Sullivan. However, the latter refused to allow a change in the project's person-in-charge.

He wanted to terminate the project.

This project was an important one to the Larson family. To prevent cash flow problems, the Larson family had even stopped all other projects to focus on this collaboration with the Sullivan family.

But now, this project was going to be terminated too.

The Sullivan family had already thrown their money into the project. If they delayed it and didn't get their money back, it would be the Sullivan family at a loss in the end. Even such a prestigious family would be on the verge of breaking down then.

It was the thought of this that Joseph Larson had no choice but to beg his eldest granddaughter for help.

Only Yvette Larson would be able to convince the Sullivan family to change their minds. The only one who could save the Larson family was her.

Finn Taylor couldn't help but chuckle when he heard the Old Master's words. "How interesting. Grandpa, didn't you say that you were going to choose your successor based on our achievements? Why are you going back on your word so quickly?"

Quince Larson flew into a rage when he saw that even Finn Taylor dared to speak ill of his grandpa. "Finn Taylor, who do you think you are? How dare you speak to Grandpa like that?"

Yvette Larson shot Quince Larson a deadly glare. "Is Finn wrong?"

She then let out a fake smile. "Don't you think so, Grandpa?"

Joseph Larson had been humiliated today, but he had no other choice. He had brought this upon himself. If he hadn't listened to Quince Larson, none of this would've happened.

"Yes," answered Joseph Larson quietly. He didn't want to say anything else.

Yvette Larson turned to her cousin. "Did you hear that, Quince? Grandpa has admitted to it. I want you to apologize to Finn."

'Apologize to Finn Taylor? You might as well just kill me. Finn Taylor, who are you? You're just a matrilocal son-in-law and a piece of trash! In contrast, I'm the heir to the Larson family. If I apologize to him today, this will be a stain on my life!'

Yvette Larson drummed her fingers against the table.

As for Finn Taylor, his eyes were fixed on Quince Larson.

It felt like they were trying to kill each other with their gazes. Neither was willing to compromise.

All that could be heard in the room was Yvette Larson tapping the table.

Tap! Tap! Tap!

Every tap felt like a hammer hitting against Joseph Larson's heart. Eventually, he broke down.

He threw a glance at his grandson. "Apologize."

Chapter 106: The Mistress Scandal

Although Quince Larson didn't want to apologize, he had no other choice because his grandpa was now forcing him to do so. In the end, he looked at Finn Taylor. "I'm sorry."

As soon as Quince Larson said his apology, the entire office fell into silence. Everyone seemed to be contemplating something.

Quince Larson felt very uncomfortable inwardly. *'Today, I humiliated myself! I want revenge; I will definitely take revenge! As long as I have the chance, I'll definitely take the chance to get my revenge on Yvette Larson and Finn Taylor. I'll make them pay for what they did today.'*

Joseph Larson knew full well that he would be humiliating Quince Larson by making the latter apologize, but this concerned the family's life and death.

He had no other choice. Dignity was nothing when compared to the Larson family's survival.

Of course, Finn Taylor and Yvette Larson understood the situation well. Although they looked like they had won, this came at a price—agreeing to their grandpa's request of saving the Larson family.

As expected, Joseph Larson spoke up. "Yvette, look at how Quince has apologized. You must help the Larson family get through this trial."

Yvette Larson had to resist the urge to punch someone when seeing how biased her grandpa was. Eventually, the power of familial ties forced her to agree to his demands. "I'll do my best, Grandpa."

Only then did the Old Master finally feel relieved.

Once Joseph Larson and Quince Larson left, Yvette Larson tried calling Hunter Sullivan. However, his phone was switched off.

Very obviously, he didn't want to pick up her calls.

"It looks like we have to make a trip down to the Xander Corporation." Yvette Larson was frustrated, but there was nothing she could do.

She headed out to Xander Corporation with her husband.

Along the way, Yvette Larson did her calculations. Eventually, she realized just how much debt the Larson family would be in without this project.

She couldn't help but panic, but there was nothing she could do except curse Quince Larson in her heart. *'This b*stard is really incompetent and turns everything to dust! If he were the slightest bit capable, the Larson family never would've landed up in this state.'*

Seeing his wife's sorrow expressed on her face, Finn Taylor comforted her. "It's alright. It doesn't matter even if the Larson family goes bankrupt. Your husband will help you rise up again, so what are those relatives anyway?"

Yvette Larson knew that her spouse was simply trying to comfort her. As such, she forced a smile out.

However, that was truly what Finn Taylor had in mind. In fact, he had already known about this matter a long time ago.

He was the one who had instructed Hunter Sullivan to terminate the project.

Finn Taylor had two goals: Firstly, to give the Larson family a warning so that they would realize that Yvette Larson was this huge project's person-in-charge. Hence, they had better not set their sights on this, but affirm his wife's position and status in the family instead.

Secondly, if the Larson family wanted to put Yvette Larson on the spot, he was prepared to let the Sullivan family end the contract for real.

He could crush such an unimportant family like the Larson family in seconds. Without his wife, the Larson family would fall overnight.

On the other hand, Yvette Larson would only be relieved of her burdens when without the Larson family. She would even rise up and improve her life and career.

The car drove all the way to Xander Corporation.

But just as Yvette Larson was about to go upstairs, she was stopped by the security officers. "Hello, Ms. Larson. Mr. Sullivan instructed us to stop anyone from the Larson family from going upstairs."

Yvette Larson had already expected this to happen. At that moment, she couldn't help but lash out at her cousin in her heart. *'Quince Larson is so useless. Does he know how much we'll benefit from working with the Sullivan family? It's not just benefits; the Larson family might even get the chance to get out of San Francisco and move into the New York circle! That's the capital and financial hub of the country! It'd be great if we can settle down there, but Quince Larson, you've ruined everything. You're such a scumbag!'*

Finn Taylor stayed with his wife as she waited at the Xander Corporation's office for two hours. However, Hunter Sullivan never showed up.

Yvette Larson could only return home in disappointment.

As they arrived home and got out of the car, Finn Taylor spotted Diane Taylor running down the hill with tears streaming down her face.

Instinctively, Finn Taylor knew that his mother-in-law had bullied her. He rushed over and grabbed her hand.

"Mr. Taylor, please let go of me. I want to leave."

Of course, he wasn't going to do so. She would definitely run away once he did.

"What happened?"

Just then, Yvette Larson rushed up too. Looking at the tear streaks on her face, she could also tell just how aggrieved she felt.

"Let her leave. Scram!" At that very moment, Linda James rushed out of the house, never forgetting to butt into the conversation.

“Mom, what’s wrong? Why are you making her leave?” Yvette Larson couldn’t help but feel that this was an incredulous situation. When she first saw Diane Taylor at the marché, she had gotten a good first impression of the latter. *‘Do you really have to do this, Mom?’*

“Yvette, you’re really a fool. Don’t you know that this woman is Finn Taylor’s mistress?”

“Huh?” Yvette Larson sneered in complete disbelief. *‘If Finn Taylor cheated on me, then all men in the world would definitely cheat on their wives as well.’*

“It’s true. Why won’t you believe me? Look, they’re even holding hands now!”

Finn Taylor was only holding onto Diane Taylor’s hand because he didn’t want her to leave. But in the end, his mother-in-law had turned it into evidence against him!

“Mr. Taylor, Ms. Larson, I know that you are kind. You saved me today and even gave me a job, but I care about my dignity. I won’t let someone ruin my reputation, so I can’t work here.” Using all her might, Diane Taylor managed to break free of Finn Taylor’s grip and sprinted down the hill.

Finn Taylor watched her departing figure and shouted, “Diane, have you forgotten about what happened today? If you don’t tell the truth and leave just like that, you’ll be looked upon as a criminal for the rest of your life.”

Diane Taylor stopped the moment she heard those words. She was considering the paths before her.

Eventually, she turned around and glared right at Linda James. “I’m not Mr. Taylor’s mistress. You framed Mr. Taylor and me only because you want Mr. Taylor to transfer ownership of the house over to your daughter.”

Because Diane Taylor had exposed her lies, Linda James was thrown into a frenzy.

“You even hit me and even wanted to pay me off so that I would admit to it. Then, you chased me away because I refused your offer. I’ll never admit to something I’ve never done. Mr. Taylor is my benefactor, so I won’t frame him just because of your dirty money!”

Chapter 107: Take Her Down

Diane Taylor spilled the truth.

Linda James wanted to rebuke her, but both Finn Taylor and Yvette Larson knew just how their mother was. She was perfectly capable of doing that.

“I...”

Linda James tried to defend herself, but her son-in-law glared at her. “Don’t you think you went overboard?”

Linda James was frantic, but she put up a strong front. "Overboard? How did I go overboard? I think you were the one who went overboard. I'm your mom; look at how you're speaking to me."

Linda James completely ignored what she had just done and acted like an elder, demanding an apology from Finn Taylor.

"Mom, can you be reasonable?" Even her daughter couldn't stand to watch from the sidelines anymore.

"I want you to apologize to her." Finn Taylor took a step forward and grabbed his mother-in-law's hand.

Linda James struggled to break free, but it was to no avail. "Finn Taylor, what do you want? Is this the way you treat your elders?"

"Elders should behave like elders to deserve respect. You slapped her and even maligned her. Don't you think you owe her an apology?"

Linda James looked toward her daughter with pleading eyes. "Yvette, don't you see that your mom is being forced into a corner? Argh, I'm going to die! I'm really going to die!"

Yvette Larson viciously treated as though she hadn't seen her mother's unreasonable tantrum.

Finn Taylor refused to back down too. "If you don't apologize, you can go back to live in our old house. Since this place doesn't suit you, you'll only live miserably here."

The difference between their old house and Number One Pacific Heights was like night and day.

Finally, Linda James relented. "Fine, I'll apologize. Let go of me."

Of course, Finn Taylor didn't do so. He understood his mother-in-law all too well. If he were to let go, she definitely wouldn't admit to having said so.

What he had to do was exert his dominance to force her to make her apology.

"I'm... sorry. I apologized to you. Will that do?" Although Linda James was still brusque, she had apologized after all.

As such, Finn Taylor let her go.

He then walked up to Diane Taylor and snatched something from her hands. "I was the one who hired you, and I didn't fire you. Who allowed you to leave?"

Diane Taylor was moved, and tears welled up in her eyes as she glanced at her employer.

Over the next few days, Yvette Larson could finally breathe a sigh of relief, seeing that her mother wasn't stirring up any more trouble.

However, Yvette Larson was still feeling very down. Almost every day, she would make a trip to Xander Corporation and would call Hunter Sullivan. Yet, the result never changed.

She was never allowed upstairs even after arriving at Xander Corporation.

As for Hunter Sullivan, his phone was always switched off.

That day, Finn Taylor took the initiative to visit his wife at her office. "I want to discuss something with you."

Finn Taylor's expression was stern as he entered the office.

Yvette Larson felt as though her husband was going to say something important. "What?"

"I have a way for you to meet Hunter Sullivan."

'*Huh!*' Yvette Larson stared at him and asked immediately, "How?"

"It's a little troublesome and a little dangerous."

Yvette Larson was still confused, but she saw a playful smile creeping up her husband's face. "Oh, there are terms. I have to think about it."

Yvette Larson thought about it for a long while but realized that she had nothing to give to him. Her husband was the one who had purchased both their car and house. Moreover, they were both the best in their categories.

Even she wouldn't have been able to afford them.

'*What else can I give him?*' Just then, Yvette Larson thought of something: Every night, the couple slept in two separate bedrooms. Although they were a couple, they had never been intimate with each other.

"If you can really help me, I'll let you sleep in my bedroom."

Finn Taylor smiled in satisfaction. This was exactly the answer he had been waiting for. "Alright, I'll settle it for you. Wait for my good news."

With that, Finn Taylor stood up.

But his wife was curious. "What are you going to do?"

"Hunter Sullivan has a villa on Pacific Heights."

Yvette Larson sighed; she had thought that her significant other had another plan.

She had already thought of this plan, but she had visited the house several times, and it had been locked every time she visited. It seemed as though Hunter Sullivan had disappeared into thin air.

"Their gate is locked. You won't get to meet him even if you go there."

"I'll break the gate down," Finn Taylor replied nonchalantly.

Yvette Larson was slightly taken aback. "Break it down?"

"If I do that, the property manager will look for Hunter Sullivan on my behalf." With that said, Finn Taylor walked out of the office.

After leaving, he headed straight for the Sullivan family's residence at Pacific Heights.

Of course, Finn Taylor had his ways of getting in contact with Hunter Sullivan. However, he had to put on an act to the very end.

In the end, he really smashed that gate.

Naturally, that attracted the attention of Pacific Heights's property manager.

When he saw that the perpetrator was the owner of Number One Pacific Heights, he didn't dare to blame him for another. He simply felt that there had been a conflict between the two owners.

Someone like the property manager was in no place to offend such owners. As such, he put the two parties in contact with each other.

Just like that, Finn Taylor managed to get in contact with Hunter Sullivan, just like how he told his wife he would.

Whatever followed was easy to resolve.

Hunter Sullivan took the initiative to call Yvette Larson, saying that they had misunderstood each other. Now that he had had a few days to cool down, he thought that money was still more important and that they could continue with their project after all. However, Yvette Larson had to pay for his gate.

Of course, Yvette Larson thanked Hunter Sullivan repeatedly, even promising him that she would replace his gate with a top-quality one.

After hanging up the call, Yvette Larson heaved a sigh of relief. She had been tensed up over the past few days just because of this matter, and it had finally been solved.

Just then, she heard a din outside.

She opened the door to find that her grandpa—Joseph Larson—had arrived.

This time, Joseph Larson wasn't alone. Not only were Quince Larson and Eleanor Larson standing behind him, but there were also many extended relatives of the Larson family.

These people weren't very close to the Larson family, but they were still Larsons after all. As such, they still held shares in the company.

Although it wasn't much, it was enough to guarantee that they wouldn't go hungry or homeless.

However, they all flew into a frenzy after learning that the Larson family was about to go bankrupt. That was why they had all gathered at Joseph Larson's house, wanting him to provide them with a way out.

No matter how much he tried, the Old Master couldn't convince these people. Left with no other choice, he could only bring them to the office so that Yvette Larson could settle this matter for him.

"Joseph, you're the family head; our survival depends on you. If Yvette Larson is incapable, you'd better take her down! I think Quince Larson is more reliable!"

Chapter 108: I Quit

“Joseph, you’re the family head; our survival depends on you. If Yvette Larson is incapable, you’d better take her down! I think Quince Larson is more reliable!”

“That’s right, Joseph. You’re the family head, and the whole family is relying on you. Look at what’s become of the company now. Why is it that the company is on the verge of going bankrupt after Yvette took over? Is this her fault?”

Although these relatives were all bums, they all loved to suck up to the rich and powerful.

The Old Master had made himself very clear with his attitude. While Yvette Larson seemed to have made a name for herself recently, the Larson family relatives were clear about the most suitable candidate in Joseph Larson’s mind.

It was just that he couldn’t voice out his thoughts. After all, he very much needed her to remain in charge of the project with the Sullivan family—she was his golden ticket.

Before this project was completed, they needed Yvette Larson in the company. He couldn’t afford to kick her aside just yet.

However, the Larson family relatives knew that the Larson family would eventually fall into the hands of Quince Larson. That was why they immediately started sucking up to Quince Larson while putting Yvette Larson down.

These were all nieces and nephews of the Old Master, so they were still Yvette Larson’s elders.

Yvette Larson naturally had a lot she wanted to say to them, but there was no way she could put them into words.

It was also impossible to deprive them of their shares unless she became the Larson family head one day.

Yvette Larson was in a rage, and she quickly shut her door and returned to her seat.

She vented her anger by banging on her keyboard, but the door opened just then, and her grandpa brought those annoying relatives in.

Yvette Larson didn’t even bother to get up and simply greeted him. “Hello, Grandpa.”

This infuriated the Larson family relatives.

“Oh, Yvette Larson, you’re not even the Larson family head yet. How could you be so rude already? We’re your uncles and aunties. How could you ignore us?” The one who had spoken was the wife of the second son of Joseph Larson’s second brother.

Her name was Helen Landon. She was the meanest amongst them all and always tried to stir trouble up for Yvette Larson.

Yvette Larson glared at Helen Landon, so much so that the latter was slightly fearful.

“What are you doing? This is the office. Are you going to beat us up?”

Yvette Larson smiled. “Oh, so you know this is the office too. Rules are rules. The first rule in the Larson Corporation is that we disregard your position and status at home and look only at your position and status in the company. I’m the Larson Corporation’s CEO. I remember that you seem to work in the Larson Corporation too. Was it as the Deputy Director of Sanitation? Go out and knock before entering again.”

Yvette Larson’s boldness scared Helen Landon. Nonetheless, the latter refused to leave the room. *‘The whole Larson family would probably hear of it if I were to leave now. Then, I would definitely be made fun of!’*

She looked at Joseph Larson, “Uncle, this is the granddaughter that you raised. She’s so disrespectful and rude. Do you think she’s worthy of being the CEO or the Larson family head?”

Yvette Larson took off her employee badge. “Grandpa, Auntie Helen is right. I’m too disrespectful to be the Larson Corporation’s CEO. I must do my duties as the CEO. Since I can’t satisfy the public, I have no choice but to resign from my position.”

With that, she placed her badge on the desk and headed out.

This stunned all her relatives.

Today was unlike any other day.

Everyone was clear that the Larson family had invested all of their money into the project with the Sullivan family. If that project were to fall through, the Larson family would go bankrupt.

But now, the Sullivan family refused to have any contact with the Larson family. The only one who could do so was Yvette Larson.

If she were to leave this office today, the Larson family would really be doomed.

Joseph Larson didn’t say anything but glared at Helen Landon with a cold gaze.

All the other relatives quickly turned their eyes to her too.

“Helen Landon, Yvette was right. Although you’re her elder, you’re her subordinate in the company. You are the one who’s being disrespectful. I think you should be the one resigning instead.”

“That’s right. Yvette is the Larson Corporation’s CEO, so how could you be so disrespectful toward her?”

These relatives knew no shame. In an instant, Helen Landon was being painted as the bad guy.

Even she panicked.

Eventually, she stood up and walked out. Then, she stood at the door and knocked gently. “C-CEO, can I come in?”

Yvette Larson didn't say a word and simply nodded stiffly and proudly.

"Alright, we're all family. Why are we fighting with each other?" Eleanor Larson was kind and took the initiative to bring Helen Landon in.

Only then did the Old Master speak up. "Yvette, your Auntie Helen has already admitted to her mistake. Just let this matter go."

Yvette Larson didn't say a word, and time ticked by.

Each second was torture for the Larson family. They were really fearful that Yvette Larson would simply leave.

If she were to do that, it would mark the Larson family's end.

Ten minutes passed before Yvette Larson picked up her employee badge and wore it again.

The Larson family relatives finally heaved a sigh of relief.

"Yvette, we're here to ask you if you've gotten in contact with the Sullivan family." Joseph Larson was pleased that his granddaughter hadn't chosen to abandon their family after all.

"It's been settled, Grandpa."

Yvette Larson didn't gain the Larson family's approval with those words. On the contrary, everyone's eyes were filled with disbelief—or rather, suspicion.

Not a single one of them believed her.

"Settled? That can't be. Yvette, you haven't even gone out today." Eleanor Larson's question revealed her deep distrust in what her cousin had said.

"Yvette, although all the elders are here, you don't have to feel too pressured. It was all my fault. If you think it's too difficult, you can let me know. I'll go to Xander Corporation and kneel there until Hunter Sullivan shows up. You can't lie to us just because you feel pressured. This project concerns the whole Larson family's survival. We have to know the truth; don't conceal it." Although Quince Larson seemed to be blaming himself, he was clearly accusing his cousin of lying to everyone.

In fact, most of the Larson family members present even agreed with him.

Even Joseph Larson shook his head gently. He didn't believe his granddaughter either.

Chapter 109: Apologize to My Dog

"Yvette Larson, don't you think you should show us some proof that you've settled the matter? How else are we supposed to believe you?"

Eleanor Larson's words, the Larson family's gazes, and her grandpa's attitude completely disappointed Yvette Larson.

'I've tried my best and exhausted all means to find Hunter Sullivan for my family. In the end, I even begged my husband for a favor. But what I got in return was my relatives rebuking me. Not a single one of them believes me. Since they refuse to believe me, why had they forced me to do it?' Yvette Larson felt disappointed but also helpless.

'Familial relationships involve blood ties. I can sever ties with them, but can my father do so? He is a Larson too. He is Grandpa's son and always will be.'

Yvette Larson made a call, and very quickly, someone arrived at the office.

She leaned back against her chair, feeling utterly exhausted. "Tell the chairman about it."

"Alright, Ma'am." That person then reported some matters about the project being continued and showed them some documents from Xander Corporation.

"Let me take a look at that." Joseph Larson took the documents over to analyze them.

These documents were real and had just been sent over by Xander Corporation. It seemed like the project was indeed going to start again.

Joseph Larson looked embarrassed as he glanced at his granddaughter. "Yvette, I wronged you again. You don't blame me for that, do you?"

Now, Yvette Larson no longer wanted to speak to her grandpa. "I need to meet Hunter Sullivan; I'm leaving."

She then picked up her bag and walked out, completely ignoring her grandpa's question.

Seeing Yvette Larson's departing figure, Quince Larson gritted his teeth. "What's the big deal? You're just gleaning off the Sullivan family wanting to collaborate with the Larson family."

Eleanor Larson added, "That's right. I don't understand why Hunter Sullivan doesn't want to work with you and insists on working with that woman. Do you think that something's going on between them?"

Thud!

Joseph Larson slammed the documents in his hand onto the desk. "Can you both shut up? You're both so useless, yet you dare to speak ill of others!"

The Old Master lashed out as his blood pressure shot up. He stumbled as though he was about to fall.

Those Larson family relatives rushed up to support the Old Master as though they were trying to take credit for it.

After a few deep gasps for air, Joseph Larson finally calmed down.

...

Yvette Larson felt as though her mood had significantly lifted after walking out of the Larson Corporation. It seemed as though the air outside was even fresher than usual.

Her husband had the car, but she was in no hurry anyway. It had been a long while since she had taken a walk.

Yvette Larson seemed like an innocent and romantic teenager. She shut her eyes, breathing in the blooming flowers' fragrance as she felt the gentle breeze in her face.

Thud!

Just then, she bumped into someone and even stepped on the puppy beside her.

Woof! Woof! Woof!

The puppy barked frantically at Yvette Larson.

Knowing that she had caused an accident, she quickly apologized. "I'm sorry, Miss. I'm very, very sorry."

Yvette Larson thought it was her fault to begin with and that there was no need to shy away from apologizing.

However, the woman in front of her was dissatisfied. "No, do you think you can get away with an apology after bumping into me?"

Hearing that, Yvette Larson knew that the other party wanted monetary compensation. She couldn't help but remark at her bad luck as she took out 150 dollars. "I'm sorry. Miss, do you think this is enough?"

The woman took a glance at the notes in Yvette Larson's hand and sneered. "I thought you looked pretty educated. I didn't think that you'd be so dumb."

Yvette Larson was stunned, not understanding what the other was saying. *'Do you mean that 150 dollars isn't enough?'*

"I don't really care that you bumped into me. Anyway, I didn't fall or get hurt."

Yvette Larson couldn't help but nod. *'Did I wrong her? Was I being too petty?'*

But the woman's next words took Yvette Larson by surprise. "But you stepped on my baby. Do you know what breed my baby is? He's a Teddy. It's an expensive and intelligent breed!"

'Huh!?' Yvette Larson felt slightly awkward and didn't know what to say.

"How about this? I think you didn't do it on purpose, so bow to my baby three times and pay me 15,000 for his medical fees. Then, I'll treat it as though nothing happened."

'Huh?' Yvette Larson couldn't help but wonder if her ears were playing tricks on her. 'Bow to the dog three times and pay her 15,000 dollars? Isn't this a scam?'

“No, Miss. Didn’t you say that I didn’t do it on purpose? Besides, you weren’t hurt either. Why should I bow to your dog and compensate you with so much money?”

“What, you stepped on my baby. Don’t you think that you should apologize? My baby can’t speak. In all other aspects, he’s smarter than humans. Besides, our baby won a competition before. I only asked for 15,000 in compensation—that’s already a steal!”

‘She’s crazy!’ Yvette Larson rolled her eyes and then turned to leave without saying a word.

But that woman refused to let her go and grabbed her arm.

Seeing Yvette Larson resist, the woman threw a slap toward her face.

...

After settling his affairs with Hunter Sullivan, Finn Taylor drove toward the Larson Corporation.

He still remembered what his wife had promised him earlier in the day. To be honest, he had been waiting for this day for the past three years.

Even after arriving at the office, Finn Taylor couldn’t find his wife, and it felt as though everyone was avoiding his gaze.

Instinctively, Finn Taylor knew that his wife must’ve been bullied again.

‘But where has she gone?’ Finn Taylor looked around the office, but it was to no avail.

For some reason, he was getting jumpy. He couldn’t shake off the feeling that something was about to happen.

He made a call to Horned Serpent and asked him to find his wife’s location.

Within five minutes, they managed to narrow down on a location.

Following Horned Serpent’s directions, Finn Taylor sprinted toward that direction. Along the way, he happened to run into a group of people walking out of the mall.

Squeezing through that crowd had wasted several precious minutes.

Finn Taylor was getting more panicked by the minute. Finally, he spotted his wife after turning the corner.

She was at the junction ahead.

But just then, Finn Taylor spotted a woman slapping his wife right in the face.

Chapter 110: Heaven’s Justice

As he witnessed that sight, Finn Taylor flared up. *'I don't even dare to touch my wife. How dare she hit my wife in front of me? Does she have a death wish?'*

That woman's hand was getting closer to his wife's face with every passing moment.

Ten centimeters.

Five centimeters.

Three centimeters.

Two centimeters.

One centimeter.

Just as that woman's hand was about to land on Yvette Larson's face, Finn Taylor grabbed that woman's hand.

He panted loudly, trying to catch his breath—he was clearly exhausted. He felt as though he had expended all of his energy and had probably broken the world record for sprints.

He had covered such a long distance in such a short time.

"Why are you grabbing me?" The woman tried to struggle free from Finn Taylor's grip, but her efforts were in vain. Thus, she yelled out.

Finn Taylor ignored her and slapped her back. *'F*ck! How dare you slap my wife? I'll slap you first!'*

"Who are you? How dare you slap me?" This woman didn't look like someone who could be trifled with. Naturally, she was fuming because Finn Taylor had slapped her.

She tried to salvage the situation by throwing her arm out at Finn Taylor, but the latter simply sneered and shoved the former to the ground.

Seeing that the woman had been beaten up, the dog seemed to be on a rampage and pounced at Finn Taylor.

'I'm not going to let you do as you like, much less your dog.' He simply stepped on that Teddy dog and kicked it around.

Seeing that her precious dog was being bullied, the woman flew into a rage. "How dare you kick my baby? I'll fight it out with you!"

That woman rushed over, but Finn Taylor casually kicked the dog toward her.

The woman and her dog flew ten meters back before finally landing on the ground with a loud thud.

"How is it? Are you hurt?" Finn Taylor ignored the woman and her dog; he had only his wife on his mind.

"Nothing." Afraid that her husband would worry, Yvette Larson quickly reassured him that she was fine.

“What’s the matter?” It was only right for men to stand up for their wives, and Finn Taylor was never afraid of getting into trouble. Even if his wife got herself into trouble, he would go all out to resolve it for her.

“I bumped into her and accidentally stepped on her dog. I apologized to her and even offered her 150 dollars, but she insisted on me bowing to her dog and even asked for 15,000 dollars.”

Finn Taylor exuded a chilling coldness. *‘Apologize to the dog? How did that woman even come up with that?’*

Finn Taylor walked up to that woman and her dog.

“What are you doing? What do you want? Do you think you’re right? Your wife stepped on my baby.”

Finn Taylor sneered. “She was naturally wrong to have bumped into you, but she already apologized. You shouldn’t have used this as an excuse to force her to do so many things. Do you know how much she’s suffered? How dare you use your livestock to humiliate my wife? I’ll let you see what true livestock is like!”

Finn Taylor picked that dog up.

The puppy struggled frantically.

“Let go of my baby. What are you trying to do?”

Finn Taylor glanced at the dog in his arms, suddenly thinking of something. *‘Wait a minute! There’s no collar!’*

“Is this dog really yours?”

A trace of panic flashed past that woman’s eyes at Finn Taylor’s question. “Of course, he’s mine!”

Finn Taylor’s intuition told him that something was definitely amiss. “Forget it. Since my wife has already apologized to you, I’ll pay you. Let me see your license.”

License—this word threw the woman into an even more frantic frenzy.

Finn Taylor grabbed her collar. “Don’t tell me that you don’t have a license. Is this dog even yours?”

That woman was so frightened by the other’s dominance that she finally spilled the truth. “I... That dog isn’t mine. I picked it up just now. I-I...”

The woman glanced at Finn Taylor.

The latter could tell that this woman was completely flustered. “Hehe. It’s not your dog, yet you dared to ask for 15,000 as compensation from my wife!”

“I-I was wrong. I just saw that she had an expensive bag in her hand and thought that she’d be rich, so I wanted to extort some money from her.”

Yvette Larson looked at the bag in her hand, and she thought about how she had gotten it.

At that time, she had gotten her husband to pick her up from the office for the very first time after he had left a good impression on her.

In the end, he humiliated her after the electric scooter's battery had died. The very next day, he bought her a bag as an apology.

She had disregarded it then.

Now that some time had passed, she had taken it out without thinking much of it. This was the bag that Yvette Larson was holding right now.

"Is my bag very expensive?" Yvette Larson was stunned. She suddenly realized that her husband was surprising again and again.

"I work at a boutique. An authentic bag like that costs 30,000 dollars."

"30,000?" Yvette Larson was stumped, and she glanced at her husband. "Didn't you say that this bag cost only 30 dollars?"

'Er...' Finn Taylor's eyes were still on that woman. "You slapped my wife, forced her to apologize, and even tried to extort her! Hurry up and kneel down to her!"

He landed a kick straight on that woman's calf.

She bent over in pain and fell on her knees.

Still, Finn Taylor didn't let her off. *'How dare you spill my secrets? Go to hell!'*

He threw his fist over—this punch would cripple the woman for the rest of her life.

Her lungs had already been damaged. She would live the rest of her life with unceasing and untreatable coughs. Nonetheless, such a small punishment meant nothing when compared to what she had demanded of Yvette Larson.

'She's Master Peregrine's wife. How dare you make her bow to a stupid dog? If Peregrine Hall hears of this, it won't just be you who'll get hurt. Your whole family will be dead!' Finn Taylor picked up his wife's hand. "Let's go; I'll treat you to a meal."

As she walked beside him, she punched him repeatedly. "Tell me about this bag first! What's going on?"

"What else do we have at home? Is there anything else I think is cheap but is actually very, very expensive?"

Finn Taylor chuckled. "Me, of course! I'm nothing but a useless matrilocal son-in-law in the eyes of many others, but let me tell you—I'm actually Master Peregrine. The four guardians are my subordinates, and I can get anything I want just by making my request known. I have billions of dollars under my name. In fact, I can control the whole world's economy if I want to."

Yvette Larson couldn't help but chuckle as she listened to her husband. "Hahaha, continue telling me more lies. I think you're getting more convincing with your stories. Why don't I register you for a social media account? You can write all of your stories out there. What do you think of the name 'Heaven's Justice?'"

Finn Taylor gave it some thought. *'Heaven's Justice? That sounds quite good.'*