

When Life Takes a Turn Chapter 1

Zayn Larson was doing the whole family's laundry when his mother-in-law, Ruby Lewis, threw another item at his face. She arrogantly commanded, "Zayn, wash this piece of mine first."

The corner of Zayn's lips twitched. He felt that his mother-in-law's gradually worsening attitude was pushing him beyond his limit. He said to her, "Mom, could you please put your laundry in the basket the next time you want me to wash it and not toss it at my face? I'm still your son-in-law after all."

It felt so degrading having a piece of clothing hanging on his head like that.

His mother-in-law slapped him across the head. "Do the laundry as you're told. Cut the crap or I'll stuff it into your mouth next time. You think a good-for-nothing like you has the right to complain? I'll tell you this, don't even think about eating today if you don't clean it properly!"

Still feeling like she had not vented her anger sufficiently, she gave his head another slap.

Zayn's entire body shook with rage. His mother-in-law said dismissively, "What? Have you had enough? You want to hit back? Try it. Try and hit me. Give it a go. I won't even be mad. In fact, I'll commend you for having the guts to touch me even once. Can you do that, you useless piece of sh*t?!"

If he could, Zayn would have retaliated without hesitation. The Carters had treated him worse than a dog over the past few years, giving him nonstop chores throughout the day. He was frequently not allowed to have enough food just because he was a son-in-law living with his wife's family.

Moreover, despite being married for four years, he had not even managed to hold his wife's hand. They called him son-in-law, but in reality, he was just a slave to the Carters.

“Like the spineless worm you are, you don’t even have the courage to fight when you’re told to. A man is better off dead than having to live like you!” his mother-in-law yelled maliciously.

Zayn lowered his head and clenched his fists so tightly that his nails were almost cutting into his flesh, yet he did not have the nerve to make a sound.

“Mom, how many times have I told you not to toss your clothes at Zayns’ face? He has his dignity too.”

Upon hearing that, Zayn shivered from head to toe. He looked up and saw an exquisite lady standing at the doorway with a slight frown on her face.

It was his wife, the beautiful Faye Carter.

He also saw the distance and disappointment in her eyes.

“Dignity? Ha-ha! Ask him and see if he has any dignity or if he knows what dignity is?” His mother-in-law said with a sneer, “I wish he was a dignified man so nobody would look down on our family anymore! But could he be that?”

Faye gazed at Zayn in anticipation and saw that he remained completely unmoved, which made her even more disappointed. It seemed that she had truly misjudged Zayn and he really was just a hopeless good-for-nothing.

“Alright, Mom. Let’s get ready to leave. Dad is waiting for us downstairs,” Faye said.

Realizing what was happening, his mother-in-law pulled Faye to the side and said in hushed tones, “Fifi, is there no other way? From what I’ve heard, Wilson is a hideous, fat old man!”

As he did the laundry, Zayn overheard her. He trembled ever so slightly and his ears perked up.

Faye closed her eyes, took a deep breath, and nodded, saying, "This is the only way to save the Carters."

His mother-in-law protested, "You're not the only woman in the family. Skye and Eve are very pretty too! Why do you have to sacrifice yourself? Not to mention, you're already married now. How can we show our faces in public if word of this were to get around?"

A wisp of sorrow and self-mockery emerged in Faye's eyes. "Perhaps this is my destiny. After all, I'm the one at the bottom of the ladder in this family."

His mother-in-law turned around and glared at Zayn furiously. "I shouldn't have agreed to let you marry this layabout back then. If he were a man with even a little backbone, at the very least, he wouldn't let you do this! God!"

Seeing Zayn putting so much effort into doing the laundry, the disappointment in Faye's eyes only grew. At last, she heaved a helpless sigh. Shaking her head, she said, "He is not made for this and I never had any hope for him from the start. Anyway, Grandpa has yet to make a decision, so perhaps there's still a possibility that things will work out..."

"Really?" Ruby's eyes lit up.

Faye forced a sorrowful chuckle. "Maybe."

Standing at that distance, they assumed Zayn could not hear their conversation. In fact, he could make out everything clearly. As he raised his head, his eyes were red and his heart was bursting with an uncontrollable flood of emotions! He desperately wanted to tell Faye he was not a good-for-nothing. In truth, he was the second son of the Larsons from Waltz City, a position that commanded great respect. Nevertheless, he was unable to reveal this to her because of issues he could not discuss!

Noticing that Faye and his mother-in-law were leaving, he gritted his teeth and chose to follow them.

He arrived downstairs only to discover that Faye and Ruby had already gotten into his father-in-law's car and left. He had no choice but to ride his electric scooter and go after them.

Fortunately, it was the evening rush hour. The roads were congested with vehicles, so he managed to catch up to them with his ragged scooter.

Half an hour later, his father-in-law's car stopped in front of a building and the three of them walked inside together. Zayn noticed that it was the office building that belonged to the Carters.

The Carters owned a huge multimillion dollar fashion brand. In the first year of their marriage, Faye took him to the company twice, but he accidentally offended her cousin during his last visit. After that, the Carters forbade him from going there ever again.

"What happened to all of you? You're just arriving while the others have been waiting for you for so long," one of the older men said.

There were already more than twenty people sitting in the room.

"My apologies. We were stuck in traffic. Sorry for keeping you waiting." Faye's father, Wayne Carter, lowered his head contritely.

"Alright, take a seat and let's talk about how to handle this crisis," the old man replied, waving his hand dismissively.

Howard Carter stood up and said, "Grandpa, Mr. Wilson has agreed to loan us three million dollars as long as we agree to send a beautiful woman from the Carter family to accompany him for three days and to pay off the loan with interest in three years. I think we should do as he asked. If we use the three million dollars to turnover, I believe that we will certainly be able to overcome further difficulties."

His grandfather, George Carter, nodded and said, "Skye, Eve, Faye, in our family, the three of you are the only ones that meet his requirements. This is the crucial turning point that decides the survival of the Carters, so which one of you is willing to endure this for the family?"

Skye was the first person to come forward. "Grandpa, I'm already engaged to Zachary Cullen. If news of this matter were to get out, my marriage would be ruined. Moreover, my period just started yesterday... Grandpa, I'd do anything for this family, but you can see it's quite impossible given my circumstances..."

Right after that, Eve stepped forth and said, "Grandpa, I'm afraid I can't do it either. I just found out that I'm pregnant a few days ago. If I were to spend time with Mr. Wilson, I'd lose the baby. Grandpa, I genuinely want to help the family, but unfortunately, my situation won't allow that!"

Both of them appeared so pitiful as they managed to force out two tears each. After giving their excuses, their eyes filled with pride and triumph as they turned to Faye standing at the side.

They had always been envious of Faye ever since they were young just because she was more beautiful and cultured than them.

Any man they managed to seduce would inevitably fall for Faye after meeting her.

They were under the assumption that an exquisite woman like Faye would definitely marry into a powerful, wealthy family and live a life of endless luxury and splendor. They did not expect that Faye would actually get married to a man who stayed with her family instead. Moreover, they were delighted to learn her husband was a worthless nobody.

With the family in the middle of a huge financial crisis and the banks refusing to loan them anything else, the only person willing to come to their aid was that ugly pig, Mr. Wilson. "Faye, you're a woman of great beauty, aren't you? You should do this for the good of the family."

George looked toward Faye and said with narrowed eyes, "Faye, this is the final juncture that determines the fate of the Carters. You're not menstruating or pregnant, are you?"

Ruby swiftly stepped forward and said, “Dad! Our daughter Faye is already married, and they’ll be celebrating their fourth wedding anniversary in two days. If Zayn were to find out about this matter, it will affect their relationship!”

Howard immediately replied contemptuously, “You mean that good-for-nothing Zayn? What difference does it make if he finds out about this? He’s just a scoundrel that married into our family. In my opinion, little Faye is such a beauty, it would be a waste for her to be stuck with a disgusting man like Zayn! After spending some time with Mr. Wilson, he might even take a liking to her. Isn’t it a far better for her to be with Mr. Wilson than that scumbag Zayn?”

Pretentiously, he added, “I’m only doing this for Faye. Doesn’t everyone think this is the best course of action?”

“Yes, yes, yes...”

“Howard’s right. She’ll be much better off with Mr. Wilson than that useless piece of sh*t Zayn.”

“We’re doing this for Faye. It’s a win-win situation for all sides!”

Everyone in the meeting room chimed in.

As the person concerned, Faye did not utter a word and simply gazed out the window. There was no telling what was on her mind, so Ruby gave her a shove and said, “Yikes! My sweet daughter, why are you daydreaming? Say something. You’ve got me worried to death.”

Faye focused her eyes and looked toward her Grandpa George. Astonishing everyone, she said, “I will accompany Mr. Wilson...”