

## When Life Takes a Turn Chapter 5

Suddenly, a voice could be heard saying, "What's going on? Why are there so many people standing here?"

A middle-aged man dressed in a suit walked over with a frown. The faces of the teller and the two security guards conveyed their regard for him. The teller had even submissively stepped forward to welcome his arrival. "Manager, sir, you came just in time. There's someone here who's deliberately making trouble. He has a forged card, but he insists that it's a VVIP card. What a joke! Who doesn't know that our bank has only ever issued VIP cards? How can there be such nonsense as a VVIP card?"

Little did she realize that the manager's demeanor would change drastically upon hearing her words. "A VVIP card?"

"That's right! Sir, it's this man who is being a nuisance and affecting the normal operations of our bank. I'll have the security guards escort him out." She did not notice the unusual shift in the manager's expression.

She continued to order the security guards in a presumptuous manner, "Why are both of you just standing there?! Quickly, take this madman out!"

Zayn's countenance remained unaffected as he raised the card in his hand and said to the manager, "Is this how your bank treats your VVIP customers?"

The manager's face changed again as soon as he got a clear view of the VVIP card in Zayn's hand. He panicked and hastily yelled, "Stop! Are you trying to lose your jobs?! All of you must be blind. He is one of our bank's VVIP customers!"

What?

Upon hearing that, everyone was stunned and could not react to the situation immediately.

They watched as the manager jogged over to Zayn and bowed to him respectfully. The manager spoke in an impeccably humble manner, "It's our pleasure to serve you, sir. Please accept my most sincere apologies. I hope you can forgive our momentary lapse in judgment and for not identifying you at first sight. May I inquire as to which type of service you need from us today? For our most valued customers, we have an exclusive VIP channel arranged specifically to provide you with service of the highest quality and fastest speed."

The shock had left Ethan dumbstruck. What on earth was going on?

The bank was one of the largest in the country and the owners of many public corporations trusted it with their savings. It was a very large scale bank, so the manager was a man of impressive status as well. Despite all that, he was actually treating the worthless Zayn with such respect?

Ethan wondered if he was hallucinating!

It was not just him. The rest of the surrounding crowd also found the whole thing unbelievable.

The teller with the despicable attitude felt that her legs were trembling and her head was going numb out of fear. She had offended a highly valued VVIP customer, so her job was on the line!

Zayn nodded and then smiled at Ethan, saying, "Ethan, it's time for you to make good on your promise. Kneel down. I'm still waiting."

Ethan had a most unpleasant glower. He could not believe this was real, so he said to the manager with a darkened visage, "This has to be fake. Why haven't I heard about your bank's VVIP program?"

The manager replied, "Our bank has always had a VVIP program. The requirements to join are very high and it is provided to a specific crowd, so the vast majority are unaware of the program. Mr. Larson here is genuinely a VVIP customer of our bank."

Upon hearing the manager's confirmation, Ethan felt nauseated, as if he had just swallowed a mouthful of sewage!

Zayn felt especially pleased when he saw the look on Ethan's face. He asked, "Ethan, it was you who proposed the bet. You're not going to back out now, are you?"

The rest of the crowd was so eager to watch his discomfort that even the two men who came with Ethan began to silently distance themselves from him.

Ethan started to panic. It was impossible for him to kneel and address Zayn as daddy because he was a man who placed a lot of value on his reputation.

He quickly came up with the excuse that Zayn's WIP card was picked up from the streets. He then exited the bank while cursing aloud.

Zayn was not upset because he predicted that Ethan would not dare to follow through. It was already a very gratifying experience for him just seeing Ethan defeated. After that, it was time for him to focus on the real business of inquiring about the amount of money in the card.

He entered the exclusive VVIP reception area with special ATMs designed to provide balance-checking services. They used the most advanced technology in the world to ensure hackers could never infiltrate their system and guarantee the safety of their VVIP customers' properties.

Zayn keyed in his password. It did not take long before he saw the balance in his card and his heart began to race beyond his control!

Ones, tens, hundreds, thousands, millions...

There was a total of over seven billion dollars!

He felt that he was getting light headed upon seeing the series of numbers. His entire body was shaking with glee. Soon enough, he began to laugh wildly.

He had suffered for so many years and now it was finally time for him to free himself from all that misery.

Seven billion dollars was enough to last him ten lifetimes.

Zayn spent three full minutes calming himself. He then transferred three million dollars to his other normal bank card. He did this to avoid exposing his identity and not have Faye think of him as a rich playboy. He was very eager to see Faye's face when he took out three million dollars to help her get out of the family's dilemma. It would certainly be splendid! He felt excited just by thinking about it.

Zayn composed himself after coming out from the bank and went straight home.

Zayn was a nostalgic man. Even if he was a billionaire now, he could not bear to throw away the Segway electric scooter. After all, it had been with him for four years. He pushed it to a nearby convenience store and charged its battery for an hour before he rode home.

When he almost reached the Carters' housing estate, Faye happened to be at the turning driving home in a Volkswagen. The brakes on his scooter did not work well, so he could not stop in time. He crashed into the Volkswagen's rear bumper and the impact chipped off some of the paint. Zayn hastily apologized, "I'm sorry, honey. I didn't do it on purpose. The brakes on this electric scooter are a little loose."

Faye was filled with repressed anger after coming back from the company. The agitation caused by Zayn's reckless behavior unleashed her fury. "Zayn, can you do anything right?! At your age, other men are driving Mercedes-Benz or BMW cars already! I'm not asking you to be as outstanding as them, but you need to have something to show for it. You have to get a Chevrolet at the very least! You're still riding this ragged electric scooter after being married for four years! I've had enough of you!"

Zayn's hands and legs went cold. He felt as if he was suffocating after being scolded by her. Nevertheless, he still attempted to force a smile and apologized, "Honey, I don't need to ride anymore..."

Faye interrupted, "That's enough! I don't want to listen to your nonsensical chattering anymore! I'm already thoroughly disappointed by you and you can stop calling me honey from now on! I don't have a useless husband like you!"

With that, she slammed on the accelerator and drove the car into the housing estate.

Zayn was left behind.

He stood on the same spot with a stiff expression for a while before he managed to recover from the shock. He pushed through the dejection he felt in his heart and kept telling himself Faye was only venting her emotions because she was in a bad mood. Now that he was rich, he would be able to provide for Faye and make her so happy that she would fall in love with him.

He convinced himself of this as he rode on his scooter with its crumpled front.

When Zayn got there, Faye walked out of the bathroom and saw him. She appeared to grow even colder and more disgusted by the sight of him.

Zayn inhaled a deep breath and steeled himself. He walked over to Faye and forced a smile before saying, "Fifi, it was my fault earlier and I'm sorry. Please don't be angry."

Rather than replying to him, Faye turned away.

Zayn's posture was so lowly, he was akin to dust. He walked over to Faye's side and said in his gentlest voice, "You must be hungry, right? What would you like to have? I'll cook for you."

Faye put down her phone, stared at him, and said something that made Zayn tremble, "I want a divorce, Zayn. I'm going to go with Mr. Wilson in two more days."