

When Life Takes a Turn – Chapter 0067

Zayn had to wait a little while longer before Yvonne and Faye sauntered out of Fireflies. Seeing the latter's condition improve so much was a tremendous relief to him.

A few moments later, Sean dashed out of the club. He sauntered toward the car and very obediently reported to Zayn, "Sir, I've completed the task as instructed. Ethan Capel and his cabal are in deep trouble now, I can assure you. They'll be in there for at least three or five years before being released."

Zayn nodded in satisfaction, replying, "You're not half bad this time."

Jubilance spread across Sean's face immediately. He smiled so widely that his pudgy cheeks had to squish together to make way for his grin. "It's all thanks to your excellent tutoring, sir."

Instead of following up on that, Zayn simply looked out the window.

"Sir, if you're so inclined, Gordon Hayes would like to treat you to dinner." Sean added, "He says he would like to get to know you a little better, so maybe if you could tell him the time—"

"Pass. I'm busy," Zayn declined without hesitation.

The smile on Sean's lips froze. "Oh. I see. I'll pass your message along then."

A beat or two later, Zayn suddenly spoke up, "When?"

"When—wha—?" Sean blabbered, stunned by his sudden change of heart. Regaining his composure, he answered, "I mean, he says it's up to you to decide!"

"Make it tomorrow then," Zayn said.

“Okay! I’ll tell him the good news right now.” With that, Sean left for the club once again. A few minutes later, he came out with Gordon in tow. He was very moved and came to see Zayn off personally.

Gordon was the owner of the Fireflies. He might not have been the richest man in town, but he owned two businesses —Fireflies, the club, and a casino. A man like that would have accumulated quite a number of connections, so making his acquaintance would be worthwhile. Who was to say? Maybe one day Zayn would need his help.

By the time he returned home, it was already midnight. Faye only returned when it was one in the morning. She looked worn-out and markedly addled.

“Honey, you’re home!” Zayn greeted her with a smile, coming forward to help his wife carry her handbag.

Faye had only just returned from the hospital. Apparently, she had been treated with an IV drip for an hour. She was so lethargic and drowsy that she could only give a noncommittal nod in response.

Zayn brought a bowl of warm soup for Faye. “Here you go, honey. A bowl of good soup goes a long way to healing a weary body.”

Zayn’s kindness moved her a little, and yet, whatever happiness she felt was immediately displaced by the echoes of what Yvonne told her. In a snap, any warmth brought by his actions was erased so thoroughly that it was as if it never existed.

She set the bowl down on the table and stated stoically, “I don’ t want it.”

Zayn did not think much about this. He had already rationalized it as her holdover frustration from the misadventure she suffered a few hours ago. He only knew something was wrong when he tailed Faye into their room—hoping to have a chat—and the woman leveled an expression of disgust at him before declaring coldly, “Get out of my room. You’re sleeping on the couch tonight.”

Zayn was stunned. What was this about? He had not offended her in any way, had he?