

When Life Takes a Turn Chapter 4

“Hmm, what’s the matter?” Zayn’s face was expressionless.

The man calling quickly exclaimed in excitement, “Thank god! Young master, I’ve managed to contact you at last!”

Zayn’s entire body trembled involuntarily when he heard the words “young master”. How long had it been since someone addressed him as such? Four years. It had been four long years!

Uncertain, Zayn asked, “Are you the butler, Mr. Young?”

“Thank heavens! Young master, I’ve finally found you!” Mr. Young was ecstatic beyond comparison and his words were even muffled by sobs. Zayn was stunned by the situation. Mr. Young had served the Larsons loyally for many years and had always been a staunch person. Why was he so excited now?

“Mr. Young, please don’t address me as young master anymore. I’m just a homeless man disowned by the family now,” Zayn said in a self mocking manner before heaving a sigh.

“Young master! You are the second son of the Larsons. A man of honor and status. How can you be a homeless man disowned by the family?”

“Young master, come home. The Larsons need you now!”

“Mr. Young, are you trying to humiliate me even more? I was kicked out of the Larsons four years ago and treated worse than a dog. What does the Larson family need from me? Do they want me to come home and be humiliated?” Zayn clenched his fist. He could never forget the shame he suffered under the Larsons back then!

Compared to that, the degradation he endured with the Carters for the past four years was nothing.

Mr. Young hastily said, “Young master, how could I have the audacity to humiliate you? You’re the head of the Larsons now! Young master, I assume that you don’t know about this yet. Your grandfather passed away last month and left his entire fortune to you before he died!”

Zayn leaped up abruptly. “What? What did you say? Grandpa left everything to...That’s impossible! That’s absolutely impossible! Wasn’t Grandpa in a vegetative state? How could he leave his fortune to me? Moreover, didn’t all of you insist that it was me who poisoned him?”

He recalled the time someone framed him all those years ago. The scene where he was savagely beaten before being kicked out of the Larsons mercilessly flashed before his eyes. He would never forget the abasement for the rest of his life.

“Two months ago, your grandfather suddenly regained consciousness and told everyone that it wasn’t your fault. He proved your innocence. Young master, come home. Your grandfather transferred 70 percent of the family fund to you before his passing. The Larsons need you now!”

Tears trickled down Zayn’s cheeks. He had lost count of how many years he had carried a name lower than an animal’s, and now, the injustice was finally undone! The only one he was concerned about in the Larsons was his grand father. Now that he had passed away, he had no connection with that family anymore. Four years ago, the Larsons treated him terribly, so why would he be bothered by their condition now?

“Mr. Young, don’t need to persuade me anymore. I won’t be coming back to the Larsons. I’ll pay a visit to Grandpa’s grave soon.” Zayn hung up the phone without the slightest hesitation and then hastily took out his exclusive VVIP card. There was no money stored in the card anymore, but it was a symbol of his status.

There were less than ten of these cards in the entire country. Every card came with its own exclusive VVIP channel with a 24-hours hotline service.

He dialed the hotline. "Please help me check how much money is in my account, quick!"

"Alright, please hold on, Mr. Larson." A sweet voice answered on the other end. After a while, the voice replied, "Hello, Mr. Larson. The balance in your account is exceedingly high. It's beyond the limits of my authority to check for you. You may head to our bank for inquiry and I will welcome you personally. If you're tired, we have a huge bed here for you to rest as well..."

The sweet voice was teasingly flirtatious.

The balance in the account was so high that she did not have the authority to check!

Zayn was stunned. He hung up the call and burst out laughing. He had been poor for such a long time, so it was finally his turn to walk with his head held high!

"Hah-hah-hah!"

He laughed loudly. Coincidentally, Faye, Ruby, and the others happened to be walking out of the building. Seeing him laughing aloud there, Ruby immediately approached him and gave him a kick to his buttocks.

She scolded, "I'm going to kick you to death, you ungrateful piece of sh*t! You're despicable!, Zayn. Your wife is going to sleep with someone else, but you're still here laughing?"

The kick was such a surprise to Zayn that he crashed into the utility pole. His nose was swollen from the impact and he was in so much pain that tears were streaming down his face. He hastily explained, "Mom, you've misunderstood. I wasn't laughing about Fifi..."

He had just turned around when Ruby delivered another slap to his face while shouting at him fiercely, "Shut up! We've caught you red handed, yet you're still trying to deny it? Zayn, you swine!"

Ruby wanted to slap Zayn again but she was stopped by Faye. "Mom, forget it. Let him laugh as much as he wants. We're getting divorced soon anyhow."

Upon hearing that, Zayn's body abruptly shivered. He wanted to explain himself, but he saw the disappointment and disgust in Faye's eyes. He felt as if his heart was being stabbed with needles.

"Fifi, I really wasn't..."

Faye interrupted him and said coldly, "That's enough, Zayn. Don't take away my last ounce of respect for you!"

Upon saying that, she left instantly without giving Zayn the opportunity to tell the whole truth.

Ruby glared at him ferociously before she got into the car after Faye.

Zayn's heart contorted painfully. He and Faye had been married for so long. He lived as if he was a feckless man to conceal his identity so the Larsons would not exterminate him once and for all. His actions had led to Faye having to endure so much unfairness and criticism. There was nothing he could do in the past, but now that he was rich, he would certainly give Faye a good life!

"Fifi, wait for me. I won't disappoint you again." Zayn clenched his fists while his eyes burned with determination!

Next, he wanted to head to the bank personally to check how much money he had in his account.

Riding his ragged electric scooter, he rushed over in a nervous state. It was swaying and shaking as if it would break apart at any moment. The scooter's battery ran out of power halfway through the journey,

so he had to force it to run with his legs. It was an especially amusing scene that drew the taunts of the passing crowd.

Zayn did not mind any of it. He wanted to check the balance in his bank account soon and then withdraw three million dollars to help Faye get out of her horrid predicament. He would never watch helplessly as Faye was being tarnished!

“Yikes. Isn’t that the toyboy king of Waltz City? What? Is your luxury Segway out of juice? Would you like to borrow two dollars from me so you can recharge it at the closest convenience store?”

Zayn had just brought the scooter to a halt when he heard a peculiar voice coming from behind him. A man dressed head to toe in branded clothing was mocking him.

Zayn was in a bad mood as soon as he saw this man. He was Faye’s classmate, Ethan Capel, and he had also been a rival for her affections. The reason Faye’s attitude toward Zayn was so bad over the past four years was largely related to Ethan.

“Yikes, Capel. So this is the king of toyboys that you mentioned, huh? He is just as useless as expected. He rides an electric scooter. I think it costs 200 to 300 dollars at most which is less than I spend on a meal, hah-hah!”

“Two to 300 dollars? You think too much of him. Why don’t you check out the clothes he’s wearing? They add up to less than 15 dollars in total. Do you think he looks like a man who can afford an electric scooter?”

“You don’t know the whole story. He’s such a useless bum that he could never afford this scooter and that is why he’s known as the king of toy boys. His wife bought the electric scooter and gave it to him. Without that, he’d have to walk, hah-hah-hah!”

Ethan and the other two men similarly dressed in suits and leather shoes mocked him. One of them made his way over and kicked Zayn’s scooter hard enough that it almost made Zayn topple over. They

laughed arrogantly upon seeing Zayn make a fool of himself.

Zayn was well aware that a man like Ethan would only feed off any attention he gave, so he ignored him and walked into the lobby of the bank in long strides. He was a billionaire now, so there was no need for him to waste time dealing with a punk like Ethan.