

# When Life Takes a Turn – Chapter 0113

Faye went to hold Zayn's arm. "Moses, I'm really married. He is my husband."

The muscles in Zayn's body went taut with excitement. Having been married for so long, this was the first time Faye took the initiative to hold his arm in front of anyone else! It felt... amazing!

Moses finally believed it. He took a long glance at Zayn before his smile returned. He diverted the topic, asking Fred, "What's the situation? The car got scratched?"

Fred was quick to answer, "Duh! It's all Faye's husband's fault. His driving skills suck b\*lls and he scraped my BMW! But he says that I ran into him—hmph! Please, I'm being reasonable here since we're old friends. If this were someone else, one phone call from me and I'd have a dozen men charging over!"

Faye frowned and was about to speak when Moses eyed her in a way that conveyed to her that he would take care of it.

"We're all old friends. No need to make it awkward for everyone. I don't think you guys need to fight over who's right or wrong either. Fred, the scratch on your BMW won't cost too much to repair at 48. I'll personally give you 800 dollars as compensation. We'll consider this over and done with."

Eight hundred dollars! The number astonished the nearby spectators. Moses was being so generous! Furthermore, the tiny scratch on Fred's car would cost 600 dollars to fix at most...

Fred grinned widely and nodded. "Sure, sure. I'll let this slide just for you, Moses. Eight hundred dollars... I'm taking a loss here."

Moses smiled and opened his bag to pull out a thick wad of cash. He counted the notes and passed it to Fred. "Check if the amount's right."

It was pretty normal for people to transfer money through whatever apps they had on their smartphones nowadays, but that was not what Moses did. He carried cash with him. A large transaction would emphasize how rich he was.

As expected, the thick stack of cash he brandished from his bag was actually just a few thousand dollars, but it elicited gasps around him.

“Haha, what do you mean check? I trust you, class rep.” Fred accepted Moses’ money, his smirk splitting his face in half. That was what he said, but he still thumbed through the cash carefully thrice.

Faye grumbled, “Moses, why are you paying him? This was an accident. We can call the police and leave it to them. We’ll go through the proper procedure and sort this all out.”

Ignoring Zayn’s presence, Moses turned to Faye and replied affectionately, “Fifi, we’re good friends. Are you going to be a stranger to me? That would be upsetting. Besides, it’s just 800 dollars. That’s no more than what I spend on a meal. It’s fine.”

The extravagance laced in Moses’ tone made the eyes of plenty of women around him sparkle.

Faye shied away from his stare, feeling heat creep up her cheeks.

Moses then pulled out another 600 dollars and handed it to Faye as compensation for the scratch on her car. Of course, Faye was reluctant to take it and insisted on returning it.

Moses feigned annoyance and chided, “Fifi, I’ll get upset if you keep this up. I organized tonight’s reunion. It’s my mistake for overlooking the arrangements for everyone’s parking. I should take responsibility for your losses.”

His words immediately won over the crowd, and even Faye had a better impression of him.

Nevertheless, she was still reluctant to accept the compensation. It was then when Zayn came over and took the 600 dollars out of Moses' grip, saying with a chuckle, "Haha, since the class rep has said so, we should just go along with it, no?"

Everyone was taken aback, not expecting Zayn to accept Moses' money so shamelessly. They turned scornful, and Faye's expression soured instantly as she glared at Zayn.

Catching Faye's minute movements, the corners of Moses' lips formed a gloating smirk. It seemed that Faye's husband was not much of a threat, so that would make things easier.

Faye was married and had brought her husband, but this was a class reunion, opportunities to get people drunk were abundant. Faye would still be his after he knocked her husband out...