

# When Life Takes a Turn – Chapter 0066

Faye fell into silence. There was nothing in Yvonne's words she could rebuke or refute, even if her heart was open. So, in the end, she could only answer, "I don't really know..."

Yvonne was in one of her worst moods, she could even consider it as abysmal.

She had expected Zayn and Faye's marriage to be undone by the increasing fractures in their relationship because it would mean there would be a window of opportunity open for her. Alas, as it turned out, Zayn simply capitalized on his identity as the chairman of Violet Vision Media Corp to bring himself closer to Faye. Worst of all, Faye was head over heels for him too!

Yvonne had no idea why Zayn refused to come forward with his real identity to Faye, but she knew it did not change the fact that this piece of news boded ill.

"Fifi, do you really not know who the chairman of Violet Vision really is?" Yvonne asked tentatively.

Faye shook her head. "No, of course not. I've only met him twice, and both times, he was wearing a mask, but I kinda feel that he might conceal some feelings for me."

As she explained it, Faye lowered her voice into a bashful hush, her head angling downward to hide the shades of crimson on her cheeks.

Yvonne watched her reaction and cursed in her head, 'Slut.'

At the very least, she managed to confirm Faye's ignorance of who the mysterious chairman was, which would benefit Yvonne herself. The opportunity made her think, and after some internal musing, she settled on a plan that began with her snickering. "Come on, he's the bigshot of Violet Vision Media Corp. He's basically a billionaire, at the very least. Why would he fall for you? Think about it for a second. A bigshot like that has no limits to the type of women this world has to offer on a platter. There's also the fact that he's the boss of a large entertainment company with a slew of beautiful female celebrities at his command. God knows if he's been sleeping with all of them behind closed doors."

The implications that Yvonne raised disturbed Faye quite a fair bit, but she retorted, “I feel like that isn’t the case.”

“And what you feel should be real because...?” Yvonne snapped in contempt. “Face it. It’s just a one-sided infatuation from you. It’s not even hard to come to this conclusion if you were to think with your head rather than with your heart. Men are just animals enslaved by their banal, carnal desires. How many rich men have you seen remain loyal once they get some money? The chairman’s rich beyond comparison, Fifi. He could literally summon a bevy of women to swarm toward him. Every single one of those poster boys for fidelity all have got one thing in common: they aren’t rich. In fact, let’s take Zayn Larson as an example. If he had the means, I bet he’ll be out there partying and sleeping with women.”

“Zayn wouldn’t be like that,” Faye commented with a frown.

Yvonne was quite the whiz at confabulating. “Why wouldn’t he? Remember a few days ago when I visited you at your house? Zayn’s eyes were booked onto me the whole time I was there, and he was so terribly eager to talk to me. He even came over to flirt with me. I simply hid what he had been doing from you, you know.”

Yvonne watched the storm pooling around Faye’s face, and she felt as though she could dance in delight. Her attempt at instigation went so well; she had to admit that she was simply amazing.

“That disgusting waste of space!” Faye cursed under her breath, her face twisted in pure abhorrence. She continued, “But I still feel that the chairman, whoever he is, cannot be as you’ve claimed. He could have owned me that night, you know. So, why did he let me go?”

“You really are hopelessly clueless about what men think. You’re just like Za—look, a lady’s man like the chairman must have played with a throng of women from all walks of life that low—level kinks and gratifications no longer excite him. Now, he’s looking for something fresh to control him emotionally. It was all just a ploy to get you to like him, don’t you see? He was just waiting for that moment when you’ve finally fallen in love with him. Then he will kick you to the curb and watch how his rejection is tormenting you.”

Faye’s face turned pale. “Do you really think that’s gonna happen?”

Yvonne suppressed her dark delight at how well things were going her way and answered, “Do I have a reason to lie to you?”

She paused for a few minutes and spoke again, this time in a gentler tone suggesting goodwill and concern, “Fifi, we are best friends. I’m only trying to do the best for you. I’d never deign to hurt you. The chairman knows you’re a married woman, yet he continues to get close to you despite that. Nothing can serve as a bigger red flag than that if you ask me. The fact that you like him must have been part of his diabolical scheme all along.

“So, to avoid any tragedy in the future, I really think you should fortify the boundary between you and the chairman. Turn away and go the next time you see him. As for Zayn...He’s far from any good man you can trust anyway. Divorce him as soon as you can!”

Meanwhile, Zayn had been waiting for Faye to call him since he left Fireflies, but there was not a squeak. He was just about to call her when he saw Yvonne, who appeared to be hurrying into the club.

He put down his phone and drew out a long sigh.

It looked like he had yet to scrape the surface of Faye’s heart, let alone live within it. Despite the gravity of the incident, the woman had shown that she would rather seek help from Yvonne than from him. That was how much of a failure he was as a husband.