# When Life Takes a Turn – Chapter 0082

Zayn got to sleep in their bedroom again. This was news worth being happy about. Although he still slept on the floor instead of on the same bed with Faye, he was more than satisfied.

The room was silent late night into the night. Hearing Faye's soft breathing, Zayn slept soundly.

Faye went back to work in the office the next morning as George reinstated her status in the board of directors last night, returning her shares that he had taken away as well.

As for Zayn, he went to work at Violet Vision too.

Gordon had helped him last night. For whatever it was worth, Zayn had to thank him, so he went to him directly after work. When Zayn had called him, the gangster was drinking in a bar and was delightfully surprised to answer his call. He thought it was brazen to have Zayn come for him and insisted on going to Zayn instead, but the latter rejected.

Half an hour later, Zayn arrived at RUSH. It was pretty huge and had a tasteful interior. It was buzzing and teeming with people. Their bar girls were incredibly beautiful in their own right too.

Before Zayn went to the bar, he changed into his regular choice of clothing and went back to his usual low-profile appearance. According to Gordon on the phone, he had booked a deluxe room at RUSH. When Zayn arrived and was about to enter, he was stopped by two brawny men outside at the door.

"Hey, you must be at the wrong place, pal. Scram!" shooed one of them coldly.

Zayn answered faintly, "I'm here for Gordon Hayes."

Another brawn scoffed, "Who are you? How dare you address our boss by his full name? Do you want a taste of death?"

Zayn frowned, affronted. Did Gordon not tell his lackeys that he was coming?

Not wanting to be petty with the underlings, he responded, "I'm Zayn Larson. Tell Gordon Hayes this and he'll come to me personally."

The men exchanged a look before both of them broke out in laughter like they just heard a joke. "Do I need to clean my ears? Did this loser just tell me that the Boss will welcome him personally? Fools are everywhere. We sure have a lot of them this year."

"P*ss off right now. You should ask around about who our boss is. Do you think a loser like you is worthy of seeing him?"

The two muscular men rolled up their sleeves to intimidate Zayn. If he was not out of sight by the count of three, they were going to teach him a lesson.

Zayn sighed. "Looks like there's a reason why Hayes is having fun inside while you guys are here as watchdogs. You're too stupid. You don't even have tact."

Infuriated, the beefy men rubbed their palms together and cursed, "Do you want to die, you loser? How dare you call us watchdogs? Stick around and find out if we'll snap your head off!"

"You've p*ssed me off. Get down on your knees and apologize to me. Otherwise, trust me when I say I'll break your legs!"

Both men circled Zayn as they spoke. They were hunky and tall at six feet and were akin to wild bears. Some passersby in the hallway were attracted by the commotion and were now gloating as they watched Zayn.

The door to the room opened just then and out walked Gordon who was flushed from being intoxicated. He was holding his phone, about to call Zayn, when he spotted him to his delight. Before he could say anything, the two brawny men spoke like they were flashing their merit, "Boss, you came out just in time. This loser's actually looking for you and calling you by your full name. How brazen is that!? We took him down though."

Gordon was stunned, his mind unable to catch up with the situation.

Zayn looked at him with a meaningful smile, but tingles only ran down Gordon's head and the color drained from his face.