

# A Twist Of Fate: Heir To The World's Wealthiest Man Chapter 10

## Chapter 10 An Encounter

"I... I drugged her, but it's just common knockout drops. She will be as good as new after she has rested," Bartley answered quickly and gritted his teeth in pain. Garry didn't know the effects of this kind of drug. He suppressed his anger and asked in a calm voice, "Will that affect her health in the future?" "Not at all."

Garry glanced at Bartley for a few seconds, then he diverted his attention to Stone and said authoritatively, "Drag them out and beat them mercilessly. Give them the lesson of their lives!"

With a wide grin on his face, Stone nodded his head and clenched his fists hard as he ignored Bartley's frantic cries for mercy.

Shelly was still in the coma. Garry shook his head dejectedly and went out to find a nearby hotel to settle Shelly in. Still staring at her motionless figure, Garry let out a heavy sigh. He still couldn't comprehend how they had grown apart from each other. During their childhood, they had been inseparable. However, he couldn't say the same about the cold relationship they had now.

"You really worry me." Garry sighed again and reached for the note on the table in the suite. After thinking for a moment, he decided to leave his alternate account on Facebook Messenger.

He had his reasons for leaving the unknown alternate account on the note.

He wanted his identity as the heir of the rich family to remain a secret for a while. Due to his poor background for so many years, Garry knew very well people's persistence, malice, and greed for money in society. : It was quite certain that money could never buy true friendship but only trigger the greed in other people.

"I'm sorry, Shelly. I don't want to lie to you, but I also don't want to disrupt the peace I'm enjoying in my life at the moment."

Garry felt uneasy in his heart. Taking in a deep breath, he finally regained his composure. Taking out his mobile phone, he tapped on the map application. He discovered that the restaurant Allard had mentioned was not far from where he was at the moment, so he chose to go there on foot.

The restaurant was gorgeous and exquisite. It was well known in the local business circle. At the main entrance of the restaurant, Garry could make out two familiar faces. They were Larson and Celia. "So, these guys still have the kind of money it takes to dine in such a place? Larson's family has already gone bankrupt, but his habit of living a life of luxury cannot be curbed overnight. I feel really sad for his father." Garry shook his head and tried to turn his face away. He wanted to avoid them, but he had no choice but to face nem. After all, he still needed to go upstairs to find Allard. "Celia, I'm telling you, if you didn't come, you would have been regretful. Without an appointment, even I almost have

no chance of getting into this place.”

Compared to their past relationship, Larson was much more cordial with Celia now. Perhaps he knew his family had gone bankrupt, so he wanted to please his girlfriend more in case she would leave him.

However, facing Larson’s enthusiasm, Celia was a little perfunctory towards Larson.

Larson felt saddened by this. However, just as he was about to walk up the flight of stairs in front of the restaurant, he noticed Garry standing behind him.

“Garry! I can’t believe this. You almost scared me to death!” His sudden cry startled Celia...

Garry knew that Allard was still waiting for him upstairs, so he had no time to engage in a conversation with Larson.

“Come in quickly if you want. Don’t block the way!” Larson sneered and said, “Even if I’m blocking the way, it has nothing to do with you. Isn’t that correct? Do you even know if you’re welcome here? Garry, as your roommate, I’d advise you not to think that you’re rich, just because you won a small award. A person like you should consider other cheap options available! Know your place!” Celia also frowned and shot Garry a dirty look. “Garry! Don’t come here to make a fool of yourself. Larson told me that this is a very expensive restaurant that needs customers to make a reservation. Do you have a reservation? Oh, pardon my manners. I should wonder if you even know what it means to make a reservation. Just scurry along and order cheap takeout. You don’t need to make any reservation for it.” Garry’s impatience only flared as he stared at them with indignation. “You even have a sense of superiority just because you are having a simple meal in this restaurant?” “Don’t you dare!” Celia’s eyes blazed with fury as she faced Garry, with the intention of chiding him for his words. “Celia, we don’t need to argue with this kind of person.” With a disdainful look on his face, Larson pulled Celia away, but in fact, he was secretly happy. When his relationship with Celia wavered, they had a common enemy that could make them get closer to each other. ‘Garry really came at the right time!’ He felt rather excited by this opportunity. Larson took out his phone and tapped on it. He showed it to the waitress at the door and said, “My name is Larson Foster. I have a reservation.” “Okay, please give me a moment.” The waitress was polite. She lowered her head and checked the reservation number as if she didn’t see the previous farce at all. “I’m sorry, sir. Your reservation is for a table the day after tomorrow.” The waitress smiled politely and returned Larson’s phone to him.