

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

## Chapter 2

### Chapter 2 His Surprise Birthday Present

"I will give you a taste of just how powerful I am!"

Larson reached out his hand and took an item straight out of the drawer of Garry's desk after he said that.

The item he took was a delicate and lovely white porcelain doll. The doll portrayed a lifelike little girl in the middle of picking flowers.

Though the style was a little old-fashioned, the surface of the doll was still shiny and new. From the looks of it, it was obvious that the owner had taken great care of it.

"No!"

Garry's eyes filled with rage and his heart was in his mouth out of apprehension.

This white porcelain doll had been a gift from Shelly back when they had been close during their childhood.

To a degree, it represented all of Garry's childhood memories and emotions.

"Hahaha..."

Larson was very smug seeing how anxious Garry looked. He laughed as he threw the white porcelain doll directly to the floor.

Upon reflex, Garry lunged forward and caught the white porcelain doll in his hands. But as he was doing so, he fell heavily to the floor, making a huge noise.

Severe pain radiated throughout Garry's body, but when he saw that the white porcelain doll was unharmed, relief surged in his heart.

Larson was a little taken aback by Garry's sudden action and instinctively stepped back. When he finally recovered, he looked a little embarrassed and annoyed.

"You're really such a bumpkin. Why do you see such a worthless thing as treasure? Bah!"

Seeing Garry lying there on the floor, Larson sneered and lifted a foot to give Garry a hard kick.

After that, he made his way out of the dorm room.

Garry lifted his head and studied Larson's retreating back stubbornly, his eyes filled with anger and grievance, but he couldn't do anything to Larson who was stronger than him.

With staggering steps, he walked out of the dormitory and left the school buildings behind him.

"Money! What I need is money! More money! Why is it so hard to live an ordinary life without money?"

As he was walking on the busy street, he gripped the white porcelain doll tightly in his hands and felt very aggrieved and confused. He had no idea what he had done wrong. Why was Larson treating him so vicio

usly?

"Just because I don't come from a rich family?"

At this very moment, his phone rang. It was his father.

Garry took out his phone from his pocket. It was an old phone and not a smart one.

"Hi, Dad. What's up?" Garry tried his best to suppress his emotions and act normally in front of his father.

"Son, today just so happens to be your 18th birthday. I will head to Lingate right now and meet with you on campus in person. I have prepared a gift for you. It will be sure to surprise you!"

This time around, his father's voice was filled with joy and vitality, vastly different from his usual tone weighed down by life.

After pausing for a few seconds, Garry finally decided to not say anything about his money woes. He said instead, "Dad, I'm an adult now. I don't need to celebrate my birthday.

It's best if you keep the money and buy yourself some tonics. It's hard on your and mom's health for the two of you to be working in another city. Please take care of yourselves."

"You're such a devoted son! I know now it is not a waste for me to love you. Well, I have to go now."

Then his father disconnected the call.

At this time, a scream could be heard from the passers-by on the street.

“Look, I can’t believe my eyes! It’s a Rolls-Royce!”

“Wow, you’re right!”

“The cheapest model of this brand would have cost millions of dollars. He is certainly a really rich man.”

Garry looked over in time to see a car slowly driving over. Gradually, he could make out an elegant shape with a dazzling little golden goddess on the hood of the car.

Next to it, an entourage of cars drove around it as if they were escorting their king.

“It must be good to have money.”

Right then, Garry thought to himself, ‘If my family has money, will Shelly and Larson treat me differently?’

Just as Garry was feeling lackluster, the Rolls-Royce all of a sudden came to a stop right in front of him. The door opened and out came a figure he did not expect at all.

“Hop in.”

A middle-aged man with a dignified face donning an elegant suit waved him inside.

Garry stared at the middle-aged man with surprise and disbelief in his eyes.

“Dad? Is that really you?”