

# A Twist Of Fate: Heir To The World's Wealthiest Man Chapter 20

## Chapter 20 Apology

The girl squatting beside the car door raised her head, revealing a pair of slightly red and swollen eyes. It was indeed Leyla. "... " Leyla started, wiping her tears and forcing a smile. "Nothing. I scratched someone's side mirror by accident. I'm here waiting for the car's owner." The corners of Garry's mouth twitched. He glanced at his car. There was indeed a big scuff on the left side mirror, and there was a small gap at its base. 'Well, that's just my luck,' Garry thought to himself, sighing. Leyla didn't come from a rich family. It would be difficult for her to pay for the car's damage even if she picked up a part-time job. "Don't worry about it, Leyla. Besides, the car's owner didn't even park right. He or she is partly responsible," Garry said, feeling a little embarrassed to be secretly scolding himself. "That person didn't even leave a phone number in the car. That's just thoughtless." "You can't say that. I'm in the wrong. I have to take responsibility. Even though it was an accident, I have to own up to my mistake. I'm not one to run away from consequences. I'm fine. If you have something else to do, go on ahead. You don't have to stay for me," Leyla said seriously, looking determined to make things right. 'Well, even if I want to go, I can't because that'll mean admitting that I'm the owner of the damaged car,' Garry thought to himself as he put on a wry smile.

"You know what, I'm not really that busy. I'll wait for the car's owner here with you," Garry said and put down his

big shopping bag. He leaned against the door and squatted beside Leyla.

"What? No, no. You go. I can wait here by myself," Leyla declined, waving her hand. "It's okay. I have nothing to do anyway. When the owner shows up, I will talk to him. As classmates, we should help each other," Garry beamed. He appreciated Leyla very much. They had been on good terms. What was more, Leyla had even defended him in front of their other classmates last time. There was no way that he would let her wait here alone. The two of them sat there for a few moments of awkward silence until Leyla decided to start a conversation.

"Hey, Garry, what if the owner of the car is a fierce middle-aged man?" she asked with genuine concern.

Garry secretly rolled his eyes. He was still so young, but his classmate pictured him as a middle-aged mean man.

"Don't worry. I'll take care of him, whatever his temperament is," Garry answered, picked up a nearby branch, and tossed it up in the air and caught it repeatedly to cure his boredom.

"Okay," Leyla said and then fell silent again. The two of them chatted casually until darkness fell and the lights came on. Since the owner of the car didn't show up, Leyla felt disappointed. She had intended to apologize and pay compensation "Well, we've waited long enough. I think the owner's not coming. He must live nearby or something. We can't stay here. How about we leave a note and let him contact us?" Garry suggested, refusing to

waste any more time. Leyla hesitated for a while but eventually chose to follow his advice. She took out a piece of paper and a pen from her bag, wrote down her phone number and her sincere apologies, and stuck the paper under one of the car's windshield wipers. "There we go. Let's go. I really don't think you have anything to worry about, Leyla. People who own luxury cars like the one you scratched generally don't care about small damages. They can get it fixed easily. The most they will ask of you is an apology," Garry assured Leyla as he stamped his feet to wake up his legs that had fallen asleep for sitting too long. "You know, I know a nearby barbecue place with delicious food at a cheap price. What do you say we grab something to eat there? My treat," he added. Australian lobster was a better choice for Garry.

But he decided not to take Leyla to a fancy restaurant. He was afraid that he wouldn't be able to explain to her how he could afford such an expensive dinner. ! Besides, the roadside food stands weren't that bad. At least Leyla wouldn't be suspicious. Leyla raised her eyebrows and teased, "Your treat? Wow. You must be hiding a fortune in your pocket." "I have no fortune. I have just enough to buy you and myself some food."

Garry grinned and scratched his head. He didn't want to let Leyla know how much money he had' because he didn't want things to be tense and awkward between them. If Leyla thought that he was just another ordinary guy, she would be at ease with him. "All right then. Let's go." Leyla giggled, and then Garry took her to the barbecue place. Garry ordered a lot of food that he had always wanted to try. Roast lamb kebabs, roast squid, roast beef, and baked crabs... The food stand offered a wide variety of grilled meat, poultry, and seafood, and everything looked heavenly. Both Garry and Leyla enjoyed their meal and forgot their previous worries. After Garry finished all the kebabs on the table, he downed an entire cup of soda, burped loudly, and then rubbed his full belly. "That's a nice dinner," he said. Garry was about to stand up and go to the counter to pay the bill. But all of a sudden, his phone vibrated. He looked down and found that he had a new message in Facebook Messenger.

It was from Larson, and it instantly spoiled the lovely night he was having with Leyla. Larson's message read, "Buddy, what happened in the bar last time was a misunderstanding. I was drunk, and I acted like a lunatic. How about this? I will organize a get-together tomorrow night. Let's have dinner and drinks together. I'd like to apologize to you in person. What do you think?" Larson? He would apologize to Garry?