

A Twist Of Fate: Heir To The World's Wealthiest Man Chapter 21

Chapter 21 Take Her To His House To Have A Sleep

'Larson is a leopard. He can never change his spots! He wants me to play along with him? He's daydreaming!'

Garry sneered with those thoughts reeling through his mind.

Larson who had been waiting for Garry's reply on Facebook Messenger, only received a point-blank response. "No way!"

Larson's face became red with anger. "Darn it! This stupid brat has no respect for me at all." Celia, who was seated beside him frowned and asked, "What if he doesn't take the bait and walk into our trap?" Larson slipped his phone into his pocket. "Never mind. There will be another chance. I have many ways to make his life miserable!" Meanwhile, Garry was almost full and had no intention of eating anymore. He simply paid the bill.

"Oh dear, it's quite late already. The dormitory must be closed by now!" Leyla glanced at her phone anxiously.

Garry scratched his head. He had totally forgotten about the curfew on campus.

Could he take Leyla to a hotel for the night?

He suspected that Leyla would not agree to it. She had always been frugal and certainly would not concur with spending money on hotels or luxury motels. Leyla had a good figure. She had fair and thin legs, a slender waist with round and smooth shoulders, and a delicate and charming face that still looked beautiful without makeovers. She looked particularly beautiful with dimples that appeared when she smiled. The dimples were partly hidden and sometimes visible, which was very charming. "Well, the dormitory is certainly closed now." Garry glanced at his classmate and added with a feeling of awkwardness in his heart, "Now we don't have a place to go. Do you want to check in a hotel room with me?" "What? Seriously?" Leyla's fair face was flushed with embarrassment. She stared at Garry with a look of surprise in her eyes.

She said shyly, "How... do you suggest that I do that? Two humans of different genders.

How can you suggest that

we go to such a place?" Garry smiled at her. "What kind of place? Isn't a hotel just a place to rest?" "No... What I meant was that..."

Leyla was anxious. She only wanted to let Garry understand her point, but when she noticed the sparkle in his eyes, she understood everything. Tears filled her eyes. She bit her lower lip and said in a sweet voice, "You just bullied me!" "Hahaha..."

Garry laughed so hard when he heard those words. He felt happy and relaxed in front of Leyla and wanted to tease her.

"Well, I won't make fun of you again," Garry said. "My uncle has a house nearby. He went abroad recently. I take care of the house in his absence. We could stay there for the night." Actually, it was the house that Garry had just bought. It was a second-hand house, and the

furniture was ready made. He had asked the staff to clean it up beforehand.

"Really? Are you serious?" Leyla asked in surprise. "Wouldn't it be impolite?"

Garry chuckled softly. "No, it won't be. Uncle has a good relationship with me. It's a pretty big house with four bedrooms. We can choose any one except the master bedroom." "Okay then. It sounds good."

However, Leyla hesitated again and said, "I still think it's a little..."

Garry raised his eyebrows and said in a calm voice, "Leyla, if you still feel guilty, let's go to the hotel to have a rest. Don't worry. I won't do anything to you."

"But..."

Leyla hesitated. If a man and a woman went to a hotel together, even if they did nothing, the relationship between the two would be forever altered. Although Leyla had a blurred crush on Garry, she didn't want their relationship to go so fast. Right now, they were moving fast.

At the very least, they could start by holding hands with each other.

Leyla stole a glance at Garry's hand and blushed again. Then she whispered, "Well, let's go to your uncle's house."

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Chapter 22

Chapter 22 Sleepless Night

"Well, that's the right choice." Garry glanced at his car parked at the open parking lot. 'It's a pity I can't drive my car now. I can only leave it here tonight and drive to the repair shop tomorrow.' Garry took Leyla to a convenience store to buy some cheap toiletries and then hailed a taxi to a posh apartment complex. When they entered the apartment complex, the security guard greeted Garry with a polite smile.

"Good evening, Mr. Smith. Is that your girlfriend? She is so beautiful."

Hearing that, Leyla blushed again.

"No, she is my classmate. We are just friends,"

Garry explained as he smiled at Leyla.

"Didn't I tell you that my uncle and I share a good bond? I come here often that even the security guards know me."

"Oh, I see."

Leyla lowered her head, not daring to look at the security guard.

His false assumption of her being Garry's girlfriend made her heart flutter with joy, yet she was equally flustered.

"Hurry up."

Leyla grew more anxious when she saw Garry chatting with the security guard. She grabbed his hand and sprinted to the elevator. Her breathing returned to normal only when the doors of the elevator closed.

"The security guard is a nice person. And the elevator is quite classy." Sensing Garry's inquisitive gaze, Leyla turned her head sideways, pretending to be interested in the elevator all of a sudden. "Yes, it's a high-end apartment complex, after all," Garry said.

The warmth of Leyla's soft palm brought a smile to his face.

"I, too, want to buy a house in the city and ask my parents to live with me."

Leyla thought about her old apartment complex. It had no elevator, and they lived on the seventh floor.

Leyla's mother was ill. Ascending and descending the stairs took a toll on her body, and she had to rest for a while each time. Thinking about it depressed Leyla. "I'm sure you will,"

Garry comforted her.

"Really?"

Leyla turned her head and looked up at Garry. Her big, innocent eyes bore into his face. Garry stared at her as if trapped in her gaze.

He swallowed and licked his chapped lips. However, Leyla's soft pink lips were in contrast to his that seemed to invite him.

Leyla caught Garry's gaze trailing down from her eyes to her lips. A blush flamed her cheeks, and her legs grew weak. She blinked and almost closed her eyes in silent consent. Just then, the elevator came to a halt with a loud ding.

"Ah!"

The two snapped back to their senses and rushed out of the elevator.

After taking deep breaths, Garry opened the door of his apartment. The place looked breathtaking inside and was decorated with expensive furniture and showpieces. However, many uncomfortable thoughts crowded both their minds. They weren't in the mood to appreciate the look of the house.

"I... I will sleep in this room." Leyla hurriedly chose one room and closed the door as if escaping from an animal chasing her. "Good night." Garry smiled. Then, he went to the next room to sleep: Hearing the sound of the door closing, Leyla quietly opened the door of her room and whispered, "Good night." Then, she closed the door right away.

'What's my relationship with Garry now? Moreover, how much should I pay for damaging the car? I don't know if the owner of the car would accept my compensation in installments.' A thousand questions swarmed Leyla's mind. She couldn't sleep well that night. The next morning, as soon as Garry walked out of his bedroom, he saw Leyla looking at him with tired eyes rimmed with dark circles. "Didn't you sleep well last night?" he asked. "Well, I couldn't fall asleep. It took me a long time to get used to sleeping in this bed." Leyla didn't want to say anything more. How could she tell him that she had a dream last night about him and that Garry was the reason for her sleepless night?

A Twist Of Fate: Heir To The World's Wealthiest Man Chapter 23

Chapter 23 Part-time Worker

After having breakfast, Garry accompanied Leyla at the bus stop until a bus arrived.

Then, he hailed a taxi back to the shopping mall where he left his car.

Hiding his true identity turned out to be exhausting. Garry shook his head. "Alas, some people are problematic because they don't have money. But here I am, problematic because

I don't want others to know that I have money." The phone in his pocket rang, breaking his sentiments. "Mr. Smith, I have made an appointment with Miss Brooks to sign the contract at two o'clock in the afternoon. Can you come to the agency this morning? You still need to sign on some agreements," Allard said. "I almost forgot. Okay, I'll be there soon."

Garry patted his head, disappointed that he forgot such an important thing. Perhaps he had been too preoccupied with everything that happened yesterday.

Although today was the contract signing, of course, Garry wouldn't face Shelly. He just needed to sign a consignment agreement and let Allard manage the restaurant on behalf of him. In order to avoid being seen by Shelly, Garry went to the real estate agency a few hours earlier than scheduled.

In that way, he could leave before she arrived. Half an hour later, Garry pulled over at the parking lot of the real estate agency. He was greeted by Allard, who had been waiting for him. "Mr. Smith."

"Allard..."

There was no chance for Garry to finish his words, because of the familiar voice of a woman that came from behind him. "Garry, what are you doing here?" Garry spun around quickly, facing the confused Shelly. Deep inside, he was already panicking. 'I'm so screwed! My secret is going to be exposed. Didn't Allard say that she wouldn't be here until two o'clock in the afternoon? What's going on? Why is she here so early?' An idea suddenly came up to his mind. The panic on Garry's face disappeared and was replaced with a polite smile.

"Please wait for a moment, Mr. Hewitt. I have some private affairs to deal with." Garry deliberately said this sentence out loud. He widened his eyes at Allard, hinting him to cooperate. His voice was loud enough for Shelly to hear since she was standing just a few steps away from him.

For the time being, Garry wanted to keep his real identity a secret. This wasn't the right time to expose himself to Shelly

"Shelly, what are you doing here?" Garry played dumb. His face showed a twinge of shock and disapproval, a little too exaggerated to be true. "Are you going to sell your house? I'm afraid your father won't agree." Frowning, Shelly replied, "What? Of course not! I just... I'm just going to meet someone here. What about you? What are you doing here?"

With a fake apologetic smile on his face, Garry glanced at Allard, and then back at Shelly. "I'm a part-time worker in this real estate agency. I'm taking customer here to check on the houses. If I'm able to sell a house, I can get a high commission." Stunned, Shelly didn't know what to say. She glanced at the expressionless Allard behind Garry and nodded. It was such a relief for him that Shelly bought his excuse. "It's a brilliant idea to work part-time for a real estate agency. Also, it's a great way to make a reasonable profit on the side. Even if you don't make a sale, it gives you an opportunity to exercise your eloquence and persuasive powers."

"Yes, I think so, too," Garry agreed with an awkward smile.

Even though he was able to make Shelly believe his lie, Garry still didn't want to risk being caught. If he stayed there longer, he might spill the beans himself. Therefore, Garry said, "Shelly, I have to take the customer to the site. You..." "Go ahead with your work. I'm fine

here," said Shelly. After she found out that Garry was working hard, some strange emotions rose in her heart. Until they were outside the agency, Garry acted like a real part-timer who was guiding Allard. When they were far enough from the establishment, Allard asked, "Mr. Smith, don't you want Miss Brooks to know your identity?" Garry turned around and checked if the agency was still visible from where they were. "No. I want to keep it a secret from her for now," he said, wiping off the cold sweat on his forehead. All Garry wanted to do was help Shelly secretly. That was why when he saved her from the loan sharks, he left the alternate account for her to contact him. Who would have thought that things would become so complicated? "It's difficult to explain to you. You don't understand how we young people think," added Garry, feeling a headache coming on. Allard nodded in agreement and didn't ask anything more. Taking a deep breath, Garry continued, "Because of what happened today, Shelly might doubt if she sees you here again next time. I think you should hire someone else to go through the formalities. Don't show up here again." "I see, Mr. Smith. I'll find the right person to handle this matter before noon," answered Allard. Supposedly, everything should have been settled yesterday. But Shelly didn't manage to complete some identification procedures, so it was delayed until today. The reason why Shelly arrived three hours early was that she wanted to meet the buyer as soon as possible. Shelly had no idea that what she did almost exposed Garry's secret. Soon, Shelly met the person Allard hired to show up for the formalities. Needless to say, she was disappointed that

the real buyer wasn't present.

'What a waste,' she thought. It would have been wonderful if she could have a little chat with the person who took over her branch at a high price. Since she was in financial dire straits, her asking price was higher than the market value. But the buyer did not bargain or ask to negotiate. He just paid the full amount. Shelly was intrigued by this gesture and really wanted to meet this magnanimous person.

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Chapter 24 Help For No Reason

Shelly was even more surprised that the transaction finished too fast. Only three days passed since the branch provided a quote to the agency until the contract was officially signed and the entire transaction was completed today.

Three days!

Normally, it would take around ten to fifteen days to rent out a store within the same area. However, her restaurant there was sold for the full amount within three days.

It all seemed so surreal to her.

"It's like he's doing charity or something," Shelly murmured, knitting her brows.

'Is it possible that someone I know has been secretly helping me? But who could it be?'

Most of her business : partners were standing aside. In her honest opinion, not even her

relatives nor her friends could offer such a large sum of money in one transaction, let alone be so generous as to do good deeds without the need of being acknowledged by name.

'Maybe he's just helping me out for the sake of helping out?

That must be it! He's just a genuinely good person!'

It suddenly occurred to Shelly that someone she didn't know was helping her out. Then, she associated the mysterious buyer with someone called "KT", a guy who saved her a few days ago. 'The mysterious buyer acted the same way as that guy did!' she exclaimed inwardly. The more Shelly thought about it, the more she believed her guess was right. The excitement of unraveling this mystery made Shelly's cheeks look ruddy, making her appear all the more delicate and lovely.

It was then that she took out her smartphone and sent KT a message. "Mr. KT, may I ask if you're the one who helped me with the sale of a restaurant?" At this time, Garry was sitting at home, drinking cola leisurely. When he saw the message on his alternate account, he almost choked on his cola. Visibly weirded out by the message, he murmured to himself, "Oh, my God! Has Shelly read *The Adventures of Sherlock Holmes*?"

'What kind of thought process could make her assume that to be true without any evidence?' he wondered.

"No, I'm not." As soon as Garry typed those words on the chat box, he thought that something was wrong with them. He sounded like he was trying to hide something. 'If I say too much, I'm more likely to say something I don't want to.'

Thus, Garry decided to delete the message and just didn't reply. After waiting for a long time, Shelly didn't receive any messages from KT. "What could've happened? Was my assumption wrong?" Shelly held her phone, beginning to doubt herself. But soon, she thought of a reasonable explanation. "Oh, I get it! Mr. KT is trying to keep a low profile, so I'm pretty sure he doesn't want me to repay him with anything. It was reckless of me to ask him directly." Hurriedly, Shelly typed, "I'm so sorry! I was wrong. As thanks for saving my life at the bar last time, I'd like to meet you for coffee at six o'clock tonight in Fragrant July Cafe. Please don't refuse! No matter how late you'll get there, I'll wait for you."

When Garry read the words "no matter how late", he found it troublesome. He knew Shelly well. And since she had said she would wait for him, she would certainly do it. "You're making things difficult for me!" he groaned.

Without even thinking of how he would face Shelly, Garry picked up his car keys and left the house.

He couldn't let her keep waiting in the coffee shop all alone.

Garry wasn't very familiar on how to get to Fragrant July Cafe, so he had to use a navigation system to help him get there. This particular coffee shop was high-end, and for customers to be able to eat here, they must place a reservation. While Garry was driving to the coffee shop, Shelly sent him another message, expressing a cordial invitation and saying that she wasn't going to give up on waiting for him. The moment he checked his phone, he saw that it was already rush hour and a lot of people in the city were getting off work. Thus, he got stuck in a traffic jam. He thought that he might miss the appointment.

Soon, his phone screen lit up again. But this time, Leyla was the one who sent him a

message. Through Facebook Messenger, she told him that she was grateful for being allowed to stay overnight. She even said that she'd work part-time at the hotel to pay for the repairs. "She's just as stubborn as the other one." Garry shook his head and didn't give her a response.

There was nothing he could do to dissuade her, so he just hoped that she wouldn't go through all that trouble. As night fell, Garry's phone lit up from time to time. Shelly kept on messaging his alternate account. She told him that she was sincerely hoping that he would come out to see her. Garry felt that things were starting to be bothersome, and Shelly's unusually solemn demeanor was starting to agitate him.

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Chapter 25 Met With Elin Again

It was nearly seven in the evening when Garry arrived at Fragrant July Cafe.

And as soon as he stopped his Mercedes Benz GLS near the coffee shop, a familiar Maserati pulled over beside it.

"Garry?" someone uttered, sounding quite surprised.

For a moment, Garry was taken by surprise. "Miss Elin Watson?" he asked.

It turned out to be Elin, the beautiful woman who he helped get out of trouble at the Flower Bar recently.

"I thought you've forgotten about me already. I've been wanting to ask you out to thank you several times, but here you are, right in front of my shop. Well, come on in! Let's go have a drink."

The smile on her face was attractive, and her bright, beautiful eyes made her look all the more charming. It was rare to see someone as gorgeous as Elin. Garry stared at the coffee shop behind him, visibly astonished. "Your shop?" But before he could inquire any further, Elin had already pulled him into the coffee shop. "Miss Watson!" greeted the receptionist. Elin gave her a nod, and ordered, "Arrange a VIP room for this gentleman and put it on my tab. Bring us two large cappuccinos, two slices of vanilla cakes, and two croissants." "Miss Watson, thanks for the treat, but I'm actually here to deal with something else. I don't have much time," said

Garry.

"Oh? You don't even have the time to have a cup of coffee with me?" With a plaintive expression, Elin asked, "Have I offended you somehow? Why does it seem like you're avoiding me?"

The sight of her beautiful eyes rendered Garry unable to refuse. Just then, his phone rang. He answered the phone, excusing himself from Elin. "Garry? Where are you right now?" The sound of her sweet voice was familiar to him. After a moment of pondering, Garry remembered that it was Celia.

"Celia? What's up?" Garry was confused. Celia was one of his classmates. She was beautiful

and fair-skinned, but she was a gold digger. She hooked up with Larson not long after the first semester of their freshman year began. Aside from what happened in the bar that day, she hadn't had any contact with Garry. "Am I not allowed to call you when I've got nothing to do?" Celia spoke in a soft and gentle voice. Only when she was around Larson could Garry hear her speak this way. "Actually, that night, Larson deceived me and I did something bad to you. I've been meaning to invite you to dinner to apologize. Are you free right now?" she asked. Garry frowned at that. 'Is Celia really going to apologize just because of that? What a joke! Something must've happened. Both she and Larson are despicable!' he thought to himself. "Sorry, but I have a part-time job later. I'm working as a waiter," he replied. "A part-time job? What kind of job is it?" asked Celia. "I'll go with you!" "No, thanks," said Garry. "If you have spare time on your hands, you should spend it with your boyfriend. Did you know that his family went bankrupt recently?" he added.

"What?"

Celia sounded surprised, and her voice became shrill this time.

"Who went bankrupt?"

Just as she was about to ask more, she realized that Garry had already hung up on her.

"How dare you hang up on me?"

Celia was annoyed. She then turned around and asked, "Your family went bankrupt?" "No! It's just that my dad lost some money on a deal recently," Larson explained with a smile.

"Why would you believe that loser, Celia? When it comes to business, losing money is a risk that businessmen have to take. Sometimes it happens." Larson was smiling on the surface, but in reality, he was livid. He finally managed to persuade the people in his dorm room not to spread the news that his family went bankrupt, but he didn't expect that Garry would expose his family's situation.

If Celia were to find out that his family's business had gone bankrupt, she would leave him without hesitation. Larson didn't have much left, so he wasn't going to let her leave him. He had to hold onto her, even if he had to sell his family's properties or borrow money through usury.

"Damn it! That fucking loser!"

Celia believed his words, and thought that Garry was just trying to sow discord between them.

"Garry deserves to be poor for the rest of his life. He may have won the lottery, but he spent all of his money and now he has to work part-time. What a bum!"