

A Twist Of Fate: Heir To The World's Wealthiest Man Chapter 36

Chapter 36 Buy Her A Gift

"I'm nostalgic about them." Garry explained that the outfit he was wearing was presented to him by one of his dear friends a few years ago. He described that person as one of his few true friends.

"It's good to be nostalgic,"

Elin said with a sigh. She had met far too many rich people who were overly extravagant and had abandoned the old for the new. She couldn't help but like Garry more for his sensibilities. She then added with a sweet smile, "Then let's continue with our shopping. As a man, you need to have a lot of exquisite designer clothes in your wardrobe."

So, Elin helped Garry choose fashionable suits from the top trending brands like Armani, Burberry and Tom Ford. Garry happily paid for the rest of the merchandise himself. Had he asked Elin to pay for it, he would really be a gigolo like Celia had said about him.

After several hours of shopping, Garry felt a little tired, so he said with a long face, "That's enough, right? We have purchased enough clothes to last me a lifetime."

He raised his hands full of shopping bags, indicating that he couldn't hold any more. "Well, I'll let you off the hook this time," said Elin, pointing at the hairdressing salon in front of her. "But we still have one last stop to make today."

As soon as they entered the door of the hairdressing salon, a beautiful woman greeted them warmly. She smiled and said, "Miss Watson, you're really a rare guest. The walls of my salon have not seen you in a long time."

Elin pulled Garry forward and said, "This time, it's him who needs a haircut, not me. Let me introduce my friend to you. This is Garry Smith." After saying that, she addressed Garry and said, "This beautiful woman is Lisa Weed. She is the manager of this Northern Wood Hairdressing Shop. This lovely lady is highly qualified and has a wealth of experience in the hairdressing industry. She studied at the Yamano Hairdressing School in Japan and the Vidal Sassoon Hairdressing Academy in Britain. Her hairdressing skills are extraordinary!" "Hello, Mr. Smith! What kind of hairstyle do you want?" Lisa asked enthusiastically.

She knew in her heart that since this person was a friend of the classy Elin, then he must be a distinguished, affluent person and more importantly, a potential client.

"Whatever you advise. I trust that since Elin recommended you, I must be in good hands," Garry said light-heartedly.

"Then I won't disappoint you, Mr. Smith,"

said Lisa confidently. Then she turned to Elin and said, "Miss Watson, we have launched an ancient hair care set recently. Would you like to try it?" "Sure!"

Since Elin had nothing else to do while Garry was having his haircut, she followed the female assistant and went off to try the new product. Half an hour later, Lisa asked with a proud smile, "Mr. Smith, are you satisfied with your new look?" Garry looked at himself in the mirror in disbelief. He had just changed his hairstyle and yet he looked like a different

person altogether. He was anxious to watch the reaction of his family, friends and classmates when they saw the new look he was sporting

Elin also praised his new image, which made him feel very confident. Lisa's work credentials were indeed superior to others. There was no doubting her skills. Garry immediately added her on Facebook Messenger and decided that Lisa would become his new hair stylist.

It would take some time for Elin to complete her hair care set routine, so Garry put the newly bought shopping bags in the stylist's room and relaxed leisurely around. Then he informed Elin that he would step out for a walk. It was Garry's first visit to this place. Previously, it was too expensive a place to shop. Now things were different. He was a confident man so he wanted to check out the place thoroughly. Phoenix City Square boasted six floors of the most superb products in the city. On the first floor, one could shop for clothing of famous local brand names, gold and sterling silver jewelry, women's and children's wear and other fine miscellaneous merchandise. The second and third floors sold popular international brands. If one desired international gourmet food, one could go to the fourth floor. And the fifth floor housed supermarkets and a small cinema. It was located in the prime location of the town and the hinterland of business development. It was the largest, most exclusive shopping center in the city, with an average flow of almost a million per day. All the well-known brands like Chanel, Vacheron Constantin, Burberry and National Gold could be found here. Garry took the escalator to the third floor. He looked around and saw countless luxury shops with high-end decoration. The prices of the items inside secretly surprised him. As Garry passed by the Hermes store, he suddenly remembered that Elin had done so much for him in one night. Earlier, she had helped him in Fragrant July Cafe, then she took him to buy new clothes and finally she took him to have a stylish haircut. She had treated him with sincerity and extreme consideration. He thought that it would be nice to repay her kindness. "I should get her a really nice gift that will cement our friendship for a lifetime." With this thought in mind, Garry stepped into Hermes.

A Twist Of Fate: Heir To The World's Wealthiest Man Chapter 37

Chapter 37 Being Looked Down Upon

As soon as Garry went inside the shop, a saleswoman came up to him. Even though he was wearing cheap clothes, she had a smile on her face as she politely bowed and said, "Nice to meet you, sir. I'm Frieda Murray. Is there anything you'd like to buy?"

Garry nodded in response. He didn't want to make it seem too obvious, but he had a good impression of her. People often liked to flatter the rich and look down upon the poor nowadays, so meeting a person that showed a good attitude to other impoverished people was rare. "I actually want to buy a bag for my friend," Garry replied as he looked around the

shop. He felt slightly overwhelmed by the variety of bags that were displayed on the shelves.

He had little to no knowledge about bags, and being in a shop that was filled to the brim with it didn't help his anxiety. He didn't even know where to start finding a suitable bag for Elin.

"I see. I hope you don't mind me asking, but how tall is your friend and how old is she? Does she have a specific style whenever she dresses up?" Frieda asked with a smile. "I can help you choose a suitable bag for your friend if you tell me some details about her." "Well, she's..." Garry trailed off as he tried to recall some details about Elin. "She's about twenty-five years old this year, and she's about five feet and six inches tall. She's a capable woman and is a lover of culture. She has diverse tastes in clothing too, so I can't say what her style is for sure." "I think I have an idea what she might like," Frieda retorted as her eyes lit up.

"Please follow me."

With that, she took Garry to a counter and introduced some bags to him.

"What do you think of this one? This Birkin Platinum Bag is classy and rare. It's made from high-quality leather. Our professional craftsmen abroad made this."

Frieda paused for a moment to carefully pick up the bag to let Garry have a closer look. "The color is gray, and it has a gold buckle to match. It's about 30 centimeters long, so I think this is suitable for your friend, especially since the style isn't too intricate. She can pair this bag with all kinds of clothes, and she doesn't have to worry about changing her style."

As soon as Garry had a closer look at the gray bag, his eyes lit up in amusement. He noticed that the bag was made up of high-quality materials, and the color wasn't too showy. It looked like a piece of art under the light, and that made him satisfied.

"I'll take this bag," he said with a grin. He didn't bother asking about the price since he wasn't in dire need of money. His confidence was also the reason why he made a decision right away. Frieda's eyes widened, but her shock quickly turned into pure happiness. She was just a newcomer, so she didn't expect that she would be able to persuade a customer to buy one of their bags so soon. She wouldn't have to worry about becoming a regular worker anymore. "Alright, sir," she nodded.

When Frieda was about to guide Garry to the cashier to pay the bill, they suddenly heard a shrill voice saying, "Stop right there! What the hell are you doing, Frieda? Put that bag down!"

At that moment, a woman rushed towards them. She looked mature, well-dressed, and also seemed like a saleswoman-just like Frieda.

She walked to the counter and grabbed the bag from Frieda's hand to inspect it. When she noticed that nothing was wrong with the bag, she glared at Frieda and shouted, "Do you even know how hard it is to get a platinum bag? I had a very hard time and pulled a lot of strings to get one. You're just an intern here. You have no right to touch this."

The woman scoffed and tilted her head to the side. "What are you doing here anyway? Did you clean the warehouse yet?"

Frieda pursed her lips. She knew who the woman was. She was the senior employee of the

shop-Hortensia Astley.

After Frieda became an employee, Hortensia always made things hard for her. She would ask her to sweep the floor, clean the warehouse, and do all kinds of chores. She didn't give her any chances to serve or help the customers in any way. The end of the month was getting near, but Frieda still hadn't made progress in her sales performance, so she became a little anxious. When Hortensia went out of the shop, she took that opportunity to help Garry choose a bag for his friend. However, she didn't expect Hortensia to come back so soon. "Ms. Astley, this gentleman decided to buy this bag. I was just helping him out," Frieda whispered in Hortensia's ear as she held her hand,

"He'll buy this bag?" Hortensia asked. Frieda nodded in response.

Hortensia clenched her jaw and glared at Garry. "Are you out of your mind? That man's attire isn't even worth more than one hundred dollars! Do you really think he can afford the bag?" "P-Please don't say that, Ms. Astley. We can't just judge a customer based on what they're wearing," Frieda nervously replied. She couldn't understand how Hortensia could treat a customer this way. Hortensia rolled her eyes in annoyance and impatiently pushed Frieda away. Then, she glanced back at Garry and frowned. "We don't welcome people like you in our shop. Get out of here!"

A Twist Of Fate: Heir To The World's Wealthiest Man Chapter 38

Chapter 38 Make Her Lose The Job

"I'm going to give you one more chance to speak up," Garry coldly stated as he narrowed his eyes at Hortensia. Hortensia burst into laughter. After a few moments, she glared back at Garry: "Are you really going to make me answer the same thing over and over again? Why can't you take a goddamn hint?" She sneered and added, "If you didn't know yet, this is the Hermes shop. A poor loser like you has no right to come here in the first place! Now, get out, or I'll call the security guards!" Garry scoffed. He couldn't believe that a mere salesperson could be so arrogant and conceited. 'Since you're so proud of this shop, I'll give you a favor and make you lose this job once and for all,' Garry thought as he put a hand inside his pocket. Then, he took out his phone and dialed Allard's number. "Hello, Mr. Smith. What can I do for you?" Allard asked in a calm, steady tone. "I want to be Hermes' dealer in this city," Garry told him. "All of Hermes' products are directly sold by its main office, so no dealers or agents are involved," Allard respectfully replied. "But that's not a problem. I can deal a blow to Hermes' domestic branch and get a hold of their shares instead."

Garry's eyes widened. He knew doing that would be a petty move, and even though he disliked Hortensia, he didn't want to take things too far.

"Actually..." he trailed off. "Can I report someone I want to be blacklisted by a certain industry?" "Yes, of course. That doesn't pose a problem at all," Allard confidently answered. He didn't bother asking for anything more after that. "Great!" Garry exclaimed with a smirk. Then, he told Allard the shop's address, as well as Hortensia's name. When Allard wrote

everything down according to the information Garry told him, he said, "Please wait a moment, Mr. Smith. The boss of the shop will be there soon." Garry raised an eyebrow. "Do you know who's in charge of this shop?" "No, I don't know him, but the Phoenix City Square belongs to the Smith family, so it should be easy to make the boss act." "Alright, thanks for your help, Allard," Garry said before he hung up and subconsciously gulped. He couldn't believe his family was in charge of running the reputable Phoenix City Square.

He put his phone back inside his pocket and looked over to Hortensia once again. She was scowling at him, but he knew her tough act wouldn't last too long. "I'm guessing you aren't convinced?" Hortensia mocked. She crossed her arms as soon as she saw Garry put his phone back in his pocket. "You really are a loser. This isn't the countryside, moron! It doesn't matter how many people you call over, whatever you're trying to do is pointless!" She thought Garry wanted to call people over to stir up trouble, but the Phoenix City Square was well-guarded, and the security guards here were experienced. The gangs outside the area wouldn't dare to cause any trouble because of the tight security.

"I just called the security guards," Hortensia continued. "If I were you, I'd run along now. I'm sure you wouldn't want to get beaten up by them considering how much of a loser you already are."

Garry didn't say anything. He simply glared at her.

"Sir, I'm so sorry for this," Frieda said as she walked up to him. "But you should really leave now. The boss here isn't easy to handle."

"Don't worry. You're not at fault here. There's no need for you to apologize either," Garry replied, dismissively waving his hand. Frieda was sincere to him, so he had a good impression of her.

Hortensia was carefully tidying up the platinum bag by then, but when she saw how Frieda interacted with Garry, she gripped the bag in irritation and shouted, "Frieda, you idiot! Tell that loser to get out of here right now!"

Her gaze shifted to the door where she saw her boss come inside the shop alongside two security guards.

"Looks like it's too late," she added with a smirk. "You're going to be thrown out, loser."

However, what their boss did next wasn't what Hortensia expected to happen. Her eyes widened when she saw the boss bow down to Garry. "Mr. Smith, I'm sorry if our staff were the cause of your bad shopping experience. It seems like we didn't do a good job training our saleswomen," the boss apologetically said.

Garry nonchalantly shrugged. "I assume you already know what to do?"

A Twist Of Fate: Heir To The World's Wealthiest Man Chapter 39

Chapter 39 You Are Fired

"Yes, I know," the boss of the Hermes shop said respectfully to Garry. Then, she walked up to Hortensia. Her face was cold and the tone of her voice gave away her disgust. "Hortensia,

you are fired. Go to the finance department and get your final salary. You will never be allowed into any Hermes store again."

"Boss, I don't understand. This can't be true, is it?"

Hortensia was stunned by this new development. It seemed like a dream to her. Perhaps, she had heard her boss wrong.

"Get out now!"

The boss had totally lost her patience. The idiot in front of her almost offended the big shot of the Smith Group. 'Damn it!

She motioned to the security guards. "Throw her out of this building."

The security guards wasted no time. They grabbed Hortensia's hands and were about to drag her out.

"No! Wait... No! Please! Boss please!"

Hortensia struggled against the vice-like grip of the guards, her voice filled with anxiety. When she was working in the Hermes shop, she had dealings with rich people every day. The luxurious bags worth thousands of dollars that she touched every day made her very happy. She had a dreamlike feeling that she had also been part of the upper class, but now she was going to lose this job forever? Hortensia shouted at Garry, "Sir, sir, please. I'm sorry! Give me just one more chance!" "I have given you that chance already," Garry said in a flat voice. Hortensia was jolted by his response. So, when he said he was going to give her one more chance to speak up, he was giving her the last chance to correct her mistake. "No please! I just..." Hortensia was just about to utter another word when the security guards yanked her out of the shop. "Sir, is this bag you wanted to have just now?" the boss asked, walking towards Garry with the Birkin Platinum Bag in her grip. "I'm sorry. I'll give this bag to you." "Do I look like I lack the money?" Garry shook his head and instructed Frieda to take the bank card and pay the bill.

"Then..."

The boss watched with keen interest. She noticed that Garry had a special attitude towards Frieda. She cleared her throat and said, "Frieda, you did a good job in serving customers. You deserve to be a saleswoman of Hermes. From now on, you will be the manager of the shop." "Wow. Why me? Do you think I can do it?" Frieda slowly returned the card to Garry, still stunned by the news that she had just received.

She wasn't even a regular worker yet, but she had already risen through three ranks since she started her internship. Now, she was about to become the manager?

Garry smiled at Frieda and said gently, "You're a good woman and a very good shopping guide. You're professional and dedicated. You deserve this position."

Not waiting to hear whatever she had to say, he turned around and hurried downstairs with the packed Birkin

Platinum Bag.

"Frieda, always do a good job. I think highly of you!" The boss called to Frieda and trotted after Garry in a bid to catch up with him.

Being in the presence of such a big shot was a rare opportunity. Even if she couldn't flatter

him, at least she had to make acquaintance with him. Looking at the receding figure of Garry, Frieda couldn't help but feel a little stunned. She didn't understand how she could be promoted to the position of manager abruptly. Besides, when she went out to work, what she met was just mocking words and malice. When last had she heard such heartwarming words? At that very moment, Frieda's phone rang and she picked it up and checked the screen. It was her cousin. She quickly tapped on the answer button. "Hello, Celia..." "Frieda, help! This is urgent! You have to help me!" Celia had always been leading a life of ahead-of-time consumption, and she always owed a lot of money on her credit card. Most of the time, when it was due, Larson always helped her pay it back. Now that they had broken up, Celia found that she couldn't pay the credit card bill of last month, so she decided to call Frieda to borrow some money. "I'm guessing your credit card has maxed out again?" Frieda asked calmly. She knew her cousin quite well. "Yes, I can't pay it back. The bank is going to blacklist me. I need your help," Celia muttered in a frustrated voice. "How about your boyfriend?" Frieda asked calmly. "Quit talking about it. I already broke up with him! He was just a good-for-nothing loser." Just thinking about Larson made Celia fume with rage. "Okay, how much do you intend to borrow?" Frieda sighed. She had always been thrifty and had a lot of savings. In addition, she had just sold a luxurious bag and got a promotion, so she was feeling very generous.

"Frieda, are you rich?" Celia asked.

Still smiling, Frieda proceeded to narrate everything that had happened to Celia. "Wow, he was so nice!" Celia was surprised. She couldn't help imagining the scene. Since the person in charge of the Hermes shop in the city respected the man, then he had to be an important personality.

A Twist Of Fate: Heir To The World's Wealthiest Man Chapter 40

Chapter 40 Add Him On Facebook Messenger

"Frieda," Celia called out sweetly, attempting to ingratiate herself with her. "Do you have his phone number? Is it possible that you introduce him to me?" She had already broken up with Larson, and she thought it was the perfect time to find another rich boyfriend from a wealthy family.

"Well, um..." Frieda felt conflicted.

While Garry was leaving a moment ago, she added him on Facebook Messenger. Her excuse for it was that she wished to offer him after sales services. It made her wonder if giving Celia his contact

information would be appropriate. "Give it to me, Frieda," said Celia. "If I hook up with him, I'll definitely treat you better." Still, Frieda hesitated to give the number to her. 'Who wouldn't like a rich gentleman?' She, herself, was fantasizing about having an affair with Garry.

"No. If I give you his contact information, you'll just end up harassing him," said Frieda.

"Haha! After I send him some photos of me and a few voice messages, I'm sure he'll be the one harassing me by then!"

Celia retorted, confident that she'd succeed.

"Give me his contact information, Frieda. I'm your cousin."

Upon hearing that, Frieda's heart softened. She believed that she was just a boring woman, and thought that Celia knew how to flirt with men better. Celia was her cousin, after all.

Thus, she had to agree. "Fine. By the way, how much money are you going to borrow from me, Celia? I'll transfer it to your account now."

"Just five thousand," answered Celia. "Please be more careful with the money this time, okay, Celia?" Frieda was reluctant to do it, but she still transferred the money to Celia's bank account, and told her the rich man's Facebook Messenger account. "Got it," replied Celia. She then received the link to the guy's Facebook Messenger account, which she clicked to take a look. "KT? Is that his name? Jeez, these rich guys have such weird taste." Despite her complaint, Celia still sent a friend request. Meanwhile, after sending the enthusiastic boss of the Hermes shop away, Garry went back to the hairdresser's room, waiting for Elin to finish having her hair done. At this time, he received a friend request on Facebook Messenger. Upon clicking the profile picture of the other party, he found that it was Celia. This took him by surprise. 'Only a handful of people know my alternate account. How did Celia find out?' It was then that he noticed on Celia's profile page that she was Frieda's cousin. 'What a weird coincidence. The world is indeed small.'

Garry chuckled to himself, interested in what Celia would try to do. Thus, he accepted the friend request.

Not long after, Celia sent him a message. "Hi! I heard that you helped Frieda out. Thank you."

Garry sent her a smile emoji.

"Frieda and I are really close. Since you helped her, that means you've also helped me," replied Celia.

She knew what a man's nature was, so she didn't beat around the bush. She sent him a picture of her in a sexy outfit, revealing her slim waist, slender legs, and tempting cleavage. Her intention was to bewitch this rich guy. "I want to invite you to dinner tomorrow. Thanks for helping Frieda out," she added.

Garry grinned. 'If Celia finds out that the rich man she's trying so hard to seduce is actually me, the person she

looks down upon, I'm sure she'll freak out!'

"What are you laughing at?"

At this time, Elin happened to come up. Upon hearing Elin's voice, Garry responded to Celia perfunctorily, "I'm a bit busy. I'll talk to you later." Having said that, he ignored her and put his phone away. It was then that he turned his gaze towards Elin, and his eyes lit up in an instant. Her hair was cascading down her back. This hairstyle accentuated her charms, making her look even fairer. Moreover, her snow-white skin made her appear as though she was a goddess that had descended from the heavens. "Elin, you're... gorgeous!" Garry

couldn't resist the urge to compliment her. Elin chuckled at his remark and pouted. "You're a silver-tongued man, Garry. You're very good at pleasing others."