

# A Twist Of Fate: Heir To The World's Wealthiest Man Chapter 11

## Chapter 11 They Were Scheming Against Garry

"What? How could this be possible?" Larson's face immediately reddened as if he was suffering from a great grievance. Out of the corner of her eye, Celia stole a glance at Garry. When no one was looking, she pinched Larson's arm hard, feeling embarrassed. "Ow..." Larson clenched his teeth to endure the pain. "Maybe I remembered wrong. Then do you have a table available for us if we go in now?" The waitress responded in a polite voice, "All the seats in the hall are full. If you want to dine at the restaurant now, you need to add three thousand and seven hundred dollars to your bill in order to book a luxury private room." The expression on Larson's face froze momentarily. He had enough money for a private room, but it was not worth it in the end.

"Forget about it. It'll be the same if I come the day after tomorrow." He inhaled deeply a few times and was about to leave.

Garry shrugged nonchalantly. Now it was his turn. "My name is Garry Smith. I made a reservation under this name." At the mention of his name, the waitress smiled and bowed to greet him respectfully. "Mr. Garry Smith, please follow me." At the doorway, Larson was already holding Celia in his arms, getting ready to leave. When he overheard this, he right away shouted, "That is not possible! Didn't you say the restaurant is full just now? You fed me lies on purpose!" Garry turned his head and saw that another waitress was heading over to stop Larson. A mocking smile played across his face. 'He's really making a fool of himself.' Allard greeted Garry at the doorway of the private room. "Mr. Smith, allow me to introduce everyone to you. This is Mr. Hilliard Harvey, the person in charge of Wildesage Wine Inc." A middle-aged man with a smile on his face shook Garry's hand eagerly and said, "Mr. Garry Smith, now that I've met you, I can see that you're a very imposing and outstanding man. You might just actually be the greatest man of your generation." Garry nodded his head, showing no emotion. He did not say anything for a while, appearing a little cold and standoffish. But this kind of indifference only made Garry seem even more unfathomable and worthy of awe in the eyes of the directors. At the same time, Allard continued to dutifully introduce the people in the room to him one by one, even though Garry forgot their faces as soon as he met them. "Allard." Garry cut short the introductions and motioned for Allard to come closer so that he could speak to him. "Have someone look into Shelly's situation with the loan sharks." "Yes, of course, Mr. Smith." Allard agreed to it right away. Since the matter was not confidential, he believed that he would be able to find out the answer soon.

"Come on, let me make a toast to you, Mr. Smith." A man with a wide smile on his face got up, held a small glass of wine in the air, and tried to brighten the mood of the private room. Garry furrowed his brows and said, "I don't drink."

The man who proposed the toast did not look embarrassed at all. He continued to laugh self-deprecatingly with his glass of wine still outstretched. "Okay, I guess it's good that you

don't drink. Young people should not drink too much after all. I'll feel honored even if you just take a sip of your soda. Well, I'll drink my glass of wine and you can drink whatever you like." "Yes, yes. We are so lucky to have met Mr. Garry Smith today, aren't we?"

"Yes, Mr. Smith. We are so honored to have this meal with you today. If others find out, they will be sure to envy us." With his ears being filled with flattery, Garry just grinned quietly and gulped down a mouthful of his ice soda. 'This is so cool!' Upstairs, everyone was having a great time toasting and talking, but downstairs, Larson and Celia were still holding a grudge. They whispered into each other's ears, trying to come up with ways to make Garry pay. In front of the restaurant, while Larson and Celia were arguing with that waitress, they found out that Garry was going to a luxury private room. "Damn it! That guy must've won a lot of money. It looks like it could actually be more than just eight thousand dollars!" Larson felt that he understood Garry very well. "Then what should we do next? Are you really going to let him get away with this?" Though Celia was just asking this, her tone was full of malicious incitement at the same time. Staring at the brightly lit restaurant and thinking about his hunger, Larson got angry all over again and blamed everything on Garry. "How could that be possible?", Without saying another word, Celia waited for Larson to come up with a plan.