

# A Twist Of Fate: Heir To The World's Wealthiest Man Chapter 12

## Chapter 12 Pay The Bill

"How about this? Call your best friends and ask them to head to the bar to have fun. Someone will treat us to it."

A plan had already taken shape in Larson's mind.

"But what about you?" Celia asked. "Never mind about that. I know Garry quite well. I know the perfect way to deal with him. However, you can take a few more friends to the Flower Bar. I'll play a nasty trick on him tonight!" Celia could almost guess what Larson planned to do, so she kept mute. She simply nodded and began sending a series of text messages to some of her close friends. Garry didn't dally at the restaurant for long. After all, he was not interested in having dinner with those men. He quickly excused himself and left.

As soon as he descended down the stairs leading to the restaurant, he could make out Larson and Celia standing under the street lamp. "Hey, why are you still here?" Garry asked with his eyebrows raised suspiciously. Larson licked his lips and walked slowly in Garry's direction. "Garry, I have had some time to reflect and I think I'm ready to apologize for my past actions. We are classmates, and we need each other. There is no need for us to fight unnecessarily. Now that I have had a change of heart, I'm sorry about all I did and said before. I hope you can forgive me." a Startled by this new development, Garry stood at the bottom of the stairs and stared at him with a bewildered expression on his face. He still felt reluctant to believe Larson. But when he thought about how his father had made the Foster family go bankrupt because of what Larson had done to him, he felt a little sympathetic towards them. He and Larson were not mortal enemies, and there was nothing that couldn't be put aside if his apologies were genuine.

As a man, there had to always be a room of magnanimity. Besides, he already had his revenge.

"Hey, we are men. There is no need to say such condescending words." Garry walked over to Larson and patted his shoulder with a smile. "You are right. We are classmates. I have forgiven you."

Larson couldn't help laughing. It seemed that he was relieved after being forgiven. He hurriedly said, "We are friends. Let's go to the bar and have a drink to celebrate. We don't need to talk too much. Let's drink to our hearts' content! Let's make merry to our rekindled friendship!"

Celia also smiled and added, "I just called a taxi. Let's head out." Garry soon noticed the taxi parked at the other side of the road. He simply nodded and followed them.

Soon, they arrived at the Flower Bar.

As soon as Garry glanced at the flickering neon lights, he felt a deep sense of uneasiness settle upon him. It was not known if the wine in the Flower Bar was good or not, but all the residents and students around knew that the consumption of it was expensive. Larson held Garry's hand as they made their way into the confines of the bar. The bar's deafening music

and the smell of alcohol in the air seemed to drag people into another world. "Celia, why are you guys late?" Suddenly, a hand reached out from a nearby booth and pulled Celia into it. The voice was soon mixed up with the music.

"Ha-ha, I'm sorry for turning up late." Larson forced Garry to sit down and said, "Come on, let me introduce some girls to you." Although Larson said so, Celia's friends were already aware that Garry, who was sitting opposite them, would be the one who would pay for the bill tonight. They didn't even as much as look at him. They just urged Celia to drink and ignored Garry.

They were only out to rip Garry off that night. Garry sneered. He could recognize a few of them and he was also aware that they all had boyfriends.

Was there any need for introductions? It was obvious that they wanted to trick him. – As expected, they left Garry out in the cold and went ahead to order all kinds of fresh fruits and expensive bottles

of wine. When they played any table game, they didn't bother to invite Garry to participate and went on ignoring him. Garry just stared at them coldly. There was no fun in playing this way. Since they didn't want him to feel accepted, he was determined not to make them happy. Garry leaned against the sofa and motioned to the waiter. "What can I do for you, sir?" "I'd like to pay the bill now please," said Garry, raising his head.

Under the dim light, the waiter quickly calculated the cost of the foods and drinks on the table and wrote something on the notebook. "It's a total of four thousand and two hundred dollars, sir."

The Flower Bar was famous for its expensive taste. Now, it had turned out to be true. Everyone in the booth craned their necks to look at Garry, waiting for him to falter or look embarrassed due to the cost.