

A Twist Of Fate: Heir To The World's Wealthiest Man Chapter 16

Chapter 16 Is He Pretending To Be Rich

"What? I'm here to pick up my car. Does it have anything to do with you?" Garry tilted his head to the side to look at the man, making sure it wasn't someone he knew.

"Boy, are you sure you are in the right place? Do you have any idea how high-end this car show is? How dare you? pick up a car here dressed up like that? Are you out of your mind?" !!

The middle-aged man crossed his arms over his chest and sneered at Garry. Then he turned to the salesman who was smiling rather awkwardly next to him. "Is there something wrong with your car show? How could you allow just about anybody to come in? What if someone comes in to make trouble?" "Yes, yes, you are right. This is all our fault." The salesman next to him smiled apologetically. "Sir, let's move forward with this car. The driving experience of this car is definitely great." "Wait, I want you to kick him out first." The middle-aged man's face was both cold and arrogant at the same time. He said, "I like the look of this car. But I have my reservations about being in the same car show as this troublemaker."

As a lowly salesman, he had no power to turn customers away so he had no other choice but to ask the manager for help. Garry looked on at this scene with a cold expression on his face and did not bother to offer up any explanation.

"Sir, you're here to pick up a car?" The manager gave Garry a look of disbelief. What the middle-aged man said made sense. It wasn't realistic for a person who was dressed in cheap clothes to come and pick up a car. Aitana, who was still an intern, was feeling a little anxious. She had just been hired and believed in the industry principle 'the customer is always right.' She took the initiative to deal with Garry directly, hoping to smooth things over quickly. "No, manager. Let me show this customer around some more so that he could get a better look." Although Garry knew that Aitana had stepped in at this time out of the goodness of her heart, this was totally

unnecessary. "I've already told you. I'm here to pick up my car." Garry pulled out his ID card from his pocket and said, "Please check my ID."

The manager and Aitana were standing there stunned, feeling this situation was getting out of hand. "Please hurry. I don't want to be around such a snobbish man for any longer than I have to," Garry said sarcastically as he glanced over at the middle-aged man who was watching things unfold. "Watch what you're saying! Who is being snobbish?" The middle-aged man was angry. He pointed his finger at Garry's nose and was about to charge at him, but the salesman next to him stopped him before he could do that. The loud voice of the middle-aged man gradually drew a crowd. They came to watch the show either intentionally or unintentionally.

"Calm down, sir. Please calm yourself down." The manager had seen all kinds of people in his career so he quickly made the arrangements. "Aitana, go and verify this young man's information and see if there is any mistake." **

"Ah, yes, sir." Aitana took Garry's ID card and rushed to confirm the information.

The middle-aged man wasn't going to let Garry get away with this. He once more pointed his finger at his nose and screamed, "Let's see how you'll act once it's revealed that you're nothing but a fake! If they find out your confirmation doesn't exist, I want to see just how shameless you are if you decide to still stay around."

While avoiding eye contact with the man, Garry turned his attention to the sports car behind him and said in a casual voice, "When I was a child, I heard that dogs that would bark would have no bite to them. While I was growing up, I heard another explanation. That is, they will get angry easily but actually they are incapable of doing anything. If it is confirmed that I am going to pick up a car today, how could you still have the face to stay here at the car show?"

"You're here looking for trouble, aren't you?" "Who is here looking for trouble? I think you're the one who knows best, right?" With his hands stuffed in his pockets, Garry spoke in a slow and deliberate way. "Everything's alright. Since I'm such a generous guy, I won't lower myself to the same level as you." Not long after, Aitana rushed back. In addition to his ID card in her hand, she also carried with her a piece of paper. "Sir! Sir, your ID is confirmed. Your car is here. Please follow me to check out your car." The manager, who was about to stop the fight, was stunned. This ordinary young man actually came here to pick up a car? The manager was concerned that Aitana might have only said that because she was feeling sorry for the young man so he quickly asked, "Aitana! Are you absolutely certain?" "Yes! This gentleman's car is really at our shop!" Because Aitana had run here in a hurry, she was panting as she spoke.

The middle-aged man snickered. "I never expected your shop to be a second-hand car dealership! He's here at the car show to pick up a car? Is he pretending to be rich to attract girls? Believe me, I have seen a lot of tricks of poor guys over the years!"