

The Consortium's Heir by Benjamin

Chapter 161

Generous Hospitality ##James had a gentle look on his face as he extended both arms

welcomingly. "I hope God blesses you with better things, young man."

Rudd never dreamed that he could enter the Reid residence's front doors.

After all, the

Reids were rich beyond belief-to the point where someone like Rudd was unworthy of

even mentioning their name. Now, alongside entering the residence, Rudd even got to

experience such generous hospitality.

The excitement caused his chest to tighten, leaving him breathless again.

Seeing that,

James put down his arms and chuckled. "I suppose my presence might make things

slightly awkward, so I'll be on my way now."

He then promptly turned on his heel to leave with his walking cane in hand.

Rudd's jaw stayed agape for the longest time. Never in a million years did he imagine

tycoons like the Reid family behaving kindly toward those with less wealth.

Once Darius and Rudd were the only ones left in the hallway, the latter spoke up in a

meek tone. "Man, I'm so nervous! I once asked a random person about the Reid

Consortium, and would you believe it? People say that your family name holds many

assets-enough to make you gods!"

"You're exaggerating. That's not true at all." Darius chuckled while shaking his head.

Before Rudd could rebuke him, the phone in Darius' pocket rang. Hence, he kept quiet,

waiting as his friend answered the call. He eventually turned to look at the many photos

and the famous painting on the hallway's walls.

Rudd had seen that painting before. His grandfather wanted to purchase it during an

auction. However, the painting's starting price alone had already exceeded the combined

net worth of his entire family. Because of that, Rudd's family could only give up on acquiring the painting. Little did Rudd know the painting his grandfather wanted to store in their basement privately would appear in the Reid residence's hallway. He could not help thinking, "Damn. I wonder what the art pieces stored in the Reid family's private collections would look like. Not only that, but how much are they worth?" Knowing his best friend now lived in a well-off environment, Rudd no longer felt worried for him. Meanwhile, Darius answered the phone and heard Erin's voice on the other end of the line. "Dearest Mr. Reid, your participation is essential for our upcoming task to succeed." It was crystal clear to Darius that his temporary vacation had ended at that point. Weariness weighed down his voice as he asked, "What is it about?" Erin detected Darius' unwillingness but chose to ignore it. "Many contracts and files are awaiting your signatures at the hospital. We also can't complete the procedures for collaboration projects without you. Most importantly, the other chairpeople of the hospital want to schedule a meeting with you as soon as possible." "Okay." Darius nodded. "I'll head over now." Rudd happened to hear that and immediately walked over. "Then I'll see myself out too. But um, can I hitch a ride with you?" "Of course," said Darius, who cocked a brow before pivoting on his heel. "Hey, Rudd. Try to keep up." Moments later, they arrived before a fleet of luxury vehicles worth a minimum of twenty million dollars. Rudd's eyes widened again. "Do all these cars belong to you?" The amazement in the former's tone made Darius laugh. "Yes. Would you like to choose which car we'll leave in?" Rudd was quick to decide – He chose a modified Lincoln with fancy interior

lighting. It sparked a daydream of having many gorgeous models in miniskirts seated alongside him as he drove. On top of that, he pictured everyone holding tall glasses filled with glistening red wine. Because that scene seemed perfect, he felt disappointed once he realized it was just a daydream. Rudd pouted as he took in the impressive but empty car. Darius quickly understood the reason behind that expression. It was only natural as he and Rudd had lived in the same dormitory for many years. Thus, he chuckled heartily. "This isn't a stretch Lincoln limousine, so your fantasy will be unlikely to happen anytime soon." Not expecting his friend to guess his thoughts, Rudd stiffened. His cheeks turned bright pink in seconds. Darius did not pay Rudd's reaction too much heed. Instead, he floored the accelerator, driving onto the road at lightning speed. Despite this, his driving was steady and allowed for a smooth ride. Rudd's lips rounded while he exclaimed, "Damn! This car is incredible! Why did I never realize a Lincoln could be this great?" "Because Erin had this car custom-made on my behalf. It's different from other Lincolns," answered a smirking Darius. Only then did Rudd nod in realization. "Oh! So, it's just because my car isn't as good." The two arrived at their destination-Serene Hospital. Darius opened the car door, but Rudd spoke before the former could step out. "Go ahead with your work. I'll be on my way then. See you at school!" Darius' gaze settled on Rudd's cheery smile at that moment. Darius was initially worried that Rudd would drown in heartbreak after getting tricked by his ex-girlfriend. That was why Darius brought him along, Currently, Rudd's grin seemed more sincere and relaxed

than his previous pursed smiles. Darius did not ask him to stay. He exited his car and

saw many people standing at the hospital's main entrance, waiting to welcome him.

Standing at the forefront were Erin and Emily.

Once the two confirmed Darius was approaching them, they rushed to his side faster

than anyone else to greet him. "Sir, welcome to Serene Hospital, where we gladly

provide a lifetime of healthcare service to all individuals."

Darius was pleased to hear such words of welcome. He nodded and announced to

everyone, "I hope every staff member here will firmly stand by the hospital's one belief –

to ensure that all healed and recovered patients never return."

Those words were spoken with such force that everyone heard them, including those on

the road outside the hospital.

All gazes shifted toward Darius at once, but everyone only saw his back as Darius had

already entered the hospital upon finishing his announcement.

Erin followed behind him. Before she could greet her boss, whom she had not seen in a

long time, he spoke. "Erin, my friend is outside and needs a ride." Mere seconds passed

as Erin whipped out her phone, made arrangements, then put it back into her pocket.

After confirming Rudd had secured a ride, Darius focused all his attention on the path

ahead. He asked, "Where's the director?"

"Director Lewis is en route to a social event." Erin hurriedly clarified on behalf of the new

hospital director, Lewis Russell, "Work has been challenging for Director Bench as he

just started his post as director here, and he has no blood relations supporting him..."

Darius nodded. "I'll back him. Also, you're free to assign such tasks based on your own

judgment. There's no need to get my approval." Erin's face lit up with a bright smile upon

hearing that.

Chapter 162

Erin had not expected this to happen. Darius offered to support Lewis, which would

undoubtedly boost the latter's career. Those benefits would continue even if Lewis

decided to leave Serene Hospital someday.

Darius arrived at the office that Erin had set up for him. He noticed the gold plaque on

the door, shining brilliantly, and exuding an aura of boundless wealth.

He reached out to grab the doorknob, but once he made contact, the plaque fell. The

crisp clanging that followed made him freeze. Looking down, Darius instantly noticed a

silvery, metallic hue on the back of the plaque. A smile curved on his face as he

commented, "It seems that there's a thief in the hospital." Only then did his gaze meet

Erin's.

The latter held her breath ever since the plaque fell. She never imagined this would

happen.

Erin lowered her head and interlaced her fingers against her abdomen while formally

apologizing, "M-My apologies, Mr. Reid! It's my fault for not assigning tighter security."

"It's all right." Darius waved her off and continued, "I'm sure you'll catch that thief. Every

muscle in Erin's body stiffened at those words. She could not comprehend the inner

workings of Darius' mind, but she knew she had to execute his every command. Hence,

she nodded. "Mr. Reid. I know what to do. I promise I'll do everything I can."

Darius

noded, indicating his approval before advancing into the office.

Since there were only a few contracts to sign in the hospital, Darius completed his work

in no time. He stood up, looked at Erin, and asked, "Where are the hospital's members

of the board?"

Erin put away her phone and reported, "Sir, they're currently at a seven-star hotel named

Murray Hotel. It's not far from our hospital." "I've never heard of that place." A puzzled look appeared on Darius' face. "You're correct," Erin chimed in while nodding. "This hotel became popular quite recently. It didn't exist before."

"Let's drop by," Darius said with a nod.

"I don't like having such formal occasions at a public space." Darius spoke from the backseat of the car, not a trace of warmth in his tone. It made Erin clutch the steering wheel tighter. She had never pictured herself making two mistakes in a row on the same day. That was something she could not accept. Lowering her head, Erin stated, "I understand my work today has produced undesirable results. Rest assured. I'll come up with a suitable punishment for myself."

That was not what Darius had in mind. Moments passed as his brain blanked, processing his shock. It took some time before he responded, "What you just said is not the result I desire."

Again, several seconds passed before he continued, "What I want is for you to be more attentive to details."

Erin knew now was the best time to end the tense conversation. Hence, she pursed her lips shut.

Having settled that matter, Darius closed his eyes. He mused, "No matter how much rest one gets, those working in corporate jobs will always feel it's not enough. Even I get only a maximum of five minutes to rest."

Sometime later, Erin's brows wrinkled into a concerned frown as she watched Darius through the rearview mirror. She knew Darius had rushed over after a tiresome flight. Sadly, she had no choice at that moment-she needed to wake him up. Despite Erin's attempt at speaking softly to cushion the blow, Darius' heart pounded with eard his name being called.

His brows knitted as he opened his eyes. Although an impatient look took over his face,
he did not actually feel that way. Darius' tone remained impassive like always as he said,
"Let's head in."

Erin had not noticed his shock or grumpy expression. She was busy calming her racing
heart after hearing Darius' deep, husky voice when he woke up.
This was a foreign feeling for Erin. It froze her to the spot, causing all her bodily functions
to falter. She stayed that way until Darius noticed her. Darius found it perplexing and
thought, "Erin would never think of inappropriate things during work. Even if it's
unavoidable, I won't accept this behavior from her."
Thus, he spoke quicker than usual. "Erin, I think-perhaps you need a break."
Erin's cheeks turned as red as beets as she shook her head. "T-That's unnecessary. I
was just
She faltered, not knowing what to say next. In all these years, she had never once lied to
her boss. Today was her only exception. In hopes of brushing things off, she lowered her
gaze, allowing herself to speak in her usual tone. "I was thinking about something else."
"But my full attention has returned to the present." With that, she advanced toward the
hotel, walking ahead of Darius. That was something she had never done before. Walking
behind her, Darius was even more bewildered by her abnormal behavior. Nevertheless,
he chose not to pry as he wanted to respect her privacy. When Erin arrived at the private
room, her mind had already moved on from the events earlier. She stood outside the
door with a composed countenance.
Darius, too, no longer dwelled on the matter and entered the room straightaway.
Inside, six people sat around a table without any food served.
When the group noticed Darius entering their private room, they exchanged shocked

looks. It was hard for them to grasp how a young man like him could be so powerful.

After all, Serene Hospital had become Darius' overnight.

Darius did not bother reacting to their baffled expressions,

Seeing that, the group did not say a word either. However, when Darius was about to

take his seat, one of the six suddenly called out, "Waiter, bring out the food.",

Darius uttered, "You have now met me. I may be another member like your, however, my

shares in Serene Hospital far outweigh all of yours combined."

Darius then turned to stride out of the room.

The meeting did not go as he had planned. Little did he know that worse things would

soon occur. A man in a chef's hat suddenly came over.

Darius was quick to recognize him.

It was evident the man knew Darius too.

Seeing that, Darius shoved his hands into his pockets and kept his feet glued to the spot.

Chapter 163

"Darius. Long time no see. I hear you've recently become rich," George sneered. Darius'

brows furrowed, forming a wrinkle on his once flawless face.

"George Jennings? I never thought I'd see you here," he replied with his hands still in his

pockets. Darius was unperturbed, as though nothing had happened.

Contrarily, sheer hatred exuded from a scowling George.

"I assumed you'd always work for your previous boss. It seems you're not as much of an

asset to him as I thought," Darius continued, unbothered by George's nasty expression.

A scoff came from George just then. "I left that job. My current boss made the right

decision in hiring me."

"Yeah, yeah. I'll be taking my leave now." Darius still could not care less. He doesn't

want to argue with him.

He wanted to leave but could not as George, who held a tray full of food, blocked his

path.

A storm brewed in Darius' eyes. His rage was so intense that anyone watching would get goosebumps.

"I'm very foul-tempered, especially toward those I disagreed with in the past." Darius

kept the same posture throughout the confrontation and added, "So, consider this your last chance to move."

George did not take his words to heart. His face scrunched into a leer as he snapped, "I

don't know how you got in here, but you're pretty unlucky to have bumped into me. I'll

have security kick you out!"

He whipped out his pager after saying that. Excitement flashed on his face while his

body trembled, eager to humiliate Darius. Unfortunately, he had forgotten about the

expensive dish on his tray. It tumbled onto the ground. Even if George surrendered all

his assets and wealth, it would not make up for how much the dish cost. Not to mention,

he had also broken the expensive plate that came with the dish.

A crisp shattering soon rang out. Darius glanced at George's pallid face, sneering, "Oh?

Are you afraid now?" That sparked a rage in George, his cheeks reddening in an instant.

He gawked at Darius with a face full of panic while musing, "Damn it. If only no one were

around. That way, I can pretend not to know anything and shove the blame onto any

random waiter today. But Darius is here! He looked at the plate, and he knows what

happened!"

George panicked. He had no clue how to get himself out of the sticky situation. However,

he knew he was in big trouble unless he could resolve matters before his manager found

out.

All of a sudden, his eyes lit up. "That's a brilliant plan! I must be a genius!" he confidently

thought. George then looked at Darius from top to bottom and bellowed, his

voice

increasing by the minute, "Darius! You entered this private room without permission! You

violated our hotel's

rules! That alone was a huge misstep, but now, you did something worse!"

Darius

smirked. "From the look of things, you intend to blame me for breaking that plate and

dropping the dish, huh?"

George tensed up, surprised that his expression had revealed his scheme before he

could say it. Then again, he knew there was only one solution now that Darius had

discovered his plan make it a reality.

"Yeah, that's what I was planning. What of it?" George looked at Darius with repulsion

and arrogance swirling in his eyes. He then raised his chin while taunting,

"Everyone

knows you snuck in. Therefore, nobody would ever question my word. Let's see if others

believe you, a disgusting rat that came here unauthorized and ruined this dish, or

whether they'll believe me, the waiter that caught you?"

Darius did not react to the former's taunting. All he did was nod calmly while saying, "If

that's the case, I'd like to see your manager and have a chat with him too."

That caused George's eyes to widen.

He refused to believe that Darius could remain calm now that the manager was involved.

Narrowing his eyes, George felt like he had overlooked something. It took a long while

before he realized what it was-Darius' clothes. Darius wanted to speak when he saw

George's eyeing his clothes, but the latter's roaring laughter interrupted him.

"Do you think you're some bigshot just because you're wearing fake designer clothes?

Have you forgotten who you really are? How dare you even ask to see my manager!"

Darius slid his hands into his pocket as he previously did.

Meanwhile, Erin had not moved one bit. She frowned, feeling confused and angry at the

situation.

George flashed a haughty look at Darius as if he knew what the latter thought. He

ridiculed,” Do you think I’ll turn around and give you a chance to escape?

Still, Darius ignored him. His focus was on the man in a black suit

approaching George

from behind. He could tell that man was none other than the hotel’s manager.

Once

Darius saw the manager’s face, he cocked a brow, flashing an even more unimpressed

look than when he bumped into George earlier. Never did he think he would encounter

both of them here.

The manager was Alvin Kenyon.

Alvin was the part-time manager at Darius’ former workplace. He was a fat, bald old man

with some wealth who often used his money to sleep with women. That was also the

motivation behind his many illegal deeds. However, because Alvin was rich, he would

bribe others into accepting punishment on his behalf.

Darius clenched his jaw as he recalled the past. Back then, Alvin tried to strip a girl

against her will. She had just started college and decided to work at their company.

Because Alvin had the upper hand, he shifted the blame onto Darius, causing the latter

to get fired.

Darius was not in a position to pet angry or protest at the time, but now, the tables had

turned

Thus, he spoke up before Alvin could make a move. “It’s been a while, Mr. Kenyon.”

Alvin never thought he would see Darius again in a similar situation. His smirk curved so

much that it made his eyes narrow menacingly. “Long time no see. How’s life?

Have you

gone from being a lowly employee to a beggar? What a pity. Beggars are strictly

prohibited from entering our hotel’s premises.”

Chapter 164

Alvin then reached for the pager attached to his belt.

“If you call for security now, I’ll make sure you lose your job, Mr. Kenyon,”

Darius

casually remarked, not taking the matter seriously even now.

That was utterly unacceptable in Alvin’s eyes.

His cheeks burned with rage as he snapped, “Darius, you could’ve gotten prosecuted if I

hadn’t let you off the hook! How dare you ignore how kind I was to you in the past? Not

only that, but you’re threatening me now? Oh, how I regret showing you mercy back

then!” Darius snorted before drilling his gaze into Alvin. “It seems you haven’t realized

how stupid you are now.”

That only fueled the fire burning in Alvin’s chest. While glaring daggers at Darius, he

snarled, “You’ll get what’s coming for acting this way!” “It seems your vision has

worsened after joining this place.” Darius scrunched his face, sneering while intentionally

brushing dust off his clothes so Alvin could get a better look at them.

Alvin noticed the expensive outfit but became even more disdainful. “So what if you stole

some rich guy’s clothes? A shiny new outfit can’t disguise the truth. You’re poor and

always have been. Besides, affluent people don’t brag about their clothes, so your

actions only amplify your poverty.”

Darius gnashed his teeth upon hearing those words.

He could not care less about Alvin’s opinions, but that did not mean he was patient

enough to put up with the latter’s yapping. His attention shifted toward Erin.

“This hotel

has just started operating, so they’re unlikely to have sufficient capital flow. I doubt their

position within the market is stable either.”

A victorious grin spread across Erin’s face right then. She knew Darius was finally

making his move against the two idiotic men that dared to challenge him. She paced

over to his side.

While doing so, she passed by Alvin and felt chills down her spine as if a predator was

watching her. Frightened, she spun on her heel. Erin's features darkened once she

realized Alvin was ogling her.

Darius noticed Alvin's predatory gaze and immediately stood in front of Erin, blocking her

from Alvin's sight.

That further enraged Alvin. He balled his fists. Although he spoke in a lowered tone,

everyone could hear his threat. "Darius, it's the second time this has happened. I

promise you, if you don't depart the premises at once, you'll spend the rest of your life

regretting your actions

now."

Ever since Darius stepped in, all Erin could see was his back. Still, she had never

witnessed a man, regardless of his wealth, insult a more affluent man to defend a

woman's honor. She felt such things only occurred in romance novels. Yet, it was

happening to her now.

Overwhelming emotions filled Erin's heart in that instant. She was so moved by Darius'

actions that tears welled in her eyes. However, all that vanished when she heard Alvin

threatening to make Darius pay.

That was not something Erin would ever allow. She came out from behind Darius,

stepping forward while shooting a frosty look at Alvin. "I hope you understand that by

uttering those words, this hotel is already in danger of being shut down."

Alvin's creepy smile faltered at that moment.

He then burst out in roaring laughter. "I've never heard such a ridiculous thing in my life!

You guys have quite an interesting imagination. Although, I do have to admit I'm

intrigued to know what's going on in your heads."

His amused smirk suddenly vanished as he bared his teeth and continued, "Of

course, I
can offer you two an alternative if you've realized your mistakes and wish to
leave now."

Darius saw how Alvin's gaze lingered on Erin's body. He could tell the latter
had ulterior
motives toward Erin, so he stepped forward, wanting to interfere.
Alas, things did not go according to his plan. Erin interrupted, "What's the
price you
expect me to pay for us to leave this place safely?"

Darius' gaze grew murderously cold, but he did not say a word. On the other
hand, Alvin
flashed a smug grin. "Simple. You won't need to pay any price. All you have to
do is have
sex with me for a night, and I'll pretend none of this ever happened."

Erin had expected that. Even so, she could not help but fume at his
shameless request.

This time, Darius did not allow her to speak; He protectively stood before her
once more.

At that point, Erin did not plan to step forward again. She decided it was better
to let a
man deal with the situation. Although she was Darius' secretary and should
have
defended him, that was not what she wanted to do.

It was because she now had feelings for Darius and secretly wished to be
protected by
him.

Her cheeks reddened like beets at that thought.

Meanwhile, Alvin cockily assumed Erin was eager to have sex with him, but
she did not
because Darius stood in her way. Annoyed, Alvin glowered at Darius. "You'd
best get out
of the way! I'm leaving with that pretty lady behind you now. If you stop me, I'll
make you
pay for the plate you broke and press charges against you for sneaking into
this private
room! I just got here, so I don't wish to make a scene. That's why I'm giving
you this last
chance. You don't have to pay for the expensive plate or get in trouble if you
move."

Darius' frown grew stormier at the man shouting before him. Eventually, he
snapped,

“I’ve wasted too much time on a worthless scumbag like you. You’ll soon pay dearly for your actions.”

“I’ve already heard that empty threat from you multiple times,” said a smug Alvin, who

simultaneously thought, “If Darius is capable of punishing me, he would’ve done it by

now!” He went on, “Darius, you’re just a poor little beggar who previously slaved away

under my supervision for a living. What makes you think I’ll believe your current wealth is

real? You must be lying to yourself.”

It was then that a shrill voice sounded from afar. “Who did this? Which one of you pissed

off someone we can’t afford to cross? Once I find you, I’m going to make you pay!” As

soon as Erin heard that voice, her body straightened, and prominent anticipation filled

her eyes. “Mr. Reid,” she began to explain. “My ears tell me this person is Jeremiah

Locke, the person in charge of this hotel. It seems the actions taken by West Atlantics

Int’l have paid off.”

Chapter 165

Darius agreed with that statement, so he nodded while locking gazes with Erin. “You’re

correct. This Jeremiah Locke guy seems efficient in monitoring his hotel’s affairs. Even I

think he deserves a bonus for reacting so quickly.”

Erin smiled but kept mum.

Meanwhile, Jeremiah, who had yelled earlier, was nearing Darius. The latter made use

of his advanced hearing to track Jeremiah’s footsteps. Once he determined Jeremiah

was within his attack range, he dashed ahead and kicked Alvin.

Alvin did not expect Darius to do that. Then again, Alvin couldn’t defend himself even if

he anticipated the kick. Thus, he flew a distance away, landing on the ground next to

Jeremiah with a blow.

Jeremiah roared, alarmed at the sudden appearance of something near his feet. He then kicked Alvin out of instinct. Not a squeak came from Alvin, who blacked out immediately after. The only thing proving he was still alive was his subtle breaths. A smirk formed on Darius' face when he heard the commotion behind him, indicating his mood had improved. Before Jeremiah could discern what had happened, he saw a tall and handsome but visibly younger man appear before him. Jeremiah's eyes narrowed. Although he refused to admit it, he knew the person in front of him was a big shot. That seemed especially true when he saw Darius' clothes, which cost roughly his annual income. Thinking that sent a quiver down his spine. "To have so much wealth at a young age... I doubt that it's because this young man is capable. It must be because he's being backed by his affluent family. Ugh, I can't stand people like that!" Jeremiah thought. Having thought that, he knelt without hesitation and cast a pleading look at Darius. "Sir, I understand our hotel has hired some dissatisfactory employees. If you agree, I apologize sincerely and am willing to pay for the broken item and dish." Darius grinned. "The incident has gone on for a while, yet only two senior staff members have come over. I'm beginning to question if your seven-star rating is real." Jeremiah instantly understood the meaning behind Darius' words. The latter wanted to acquire Murray Hotel. If Darius could not get the hotel, he intended to make its sevenstar rating disappear. That way, the hotel would no longer be worth anything. It also meant Jeremiah's lifetime effort in starting this business would go to waste. At that thought, Jeremiah felt all his strength leave his body. He could not keep himself upright anymore. It was like his body was barely hanging on by a thread. Jeremiah slumped on

the ground, the cogs in his head turning for a solution to keep his wealth to himself.

Moments passed before a light bulb went off in his head. He thought, "I know I'm

insignificant to my higher-ups, and Murray Hotel's wealth isn't worth anything to him, but

calling in the big guns is my last option now. I can't show a hint of fear on my face. I can't

let anyone know my plan."

Determined, Jeremiah shot to his feet and spoke confidently with both hands on his

waist." I'm warning you! I may be a benevolent person, but my superior isn't. He's a

powerful man and will surely make you regret this!"

Darius rolled his eyes.

That left Jeremiah breathless with anger, but he forced himself to stand his ground.

"I'm curious," said an emotionless Darius, "Who would make you the person in charge of this hotel?"

Jeremiah choked. He now looked at Darius with sheer rage but still answered smugly,

"Dream Investment Group."

Darius' hands had been in his pockets all this while. The same blank look settled on his

face. However, he secretly scoffed in his heart. Hearing the words "Dream Investment

Group" blew a fuse in him. However, he was also upset that he could not do much

against the company as the owner was vicious.

Silence ensued as Darius pondered his next move. He seethed in his heart, "Why? Why

must I always tolerate that company's unreasonable behavior? I can't stand it!"

He shut his eyes, took a deep breath, and mentally decided, "I'm going to make Dream

Investment Group regret everything they did to me. Because if I let things slide like

always, they'll continue to appear and cause trouble in my life. It happened back then,

and it'll undoubtedly happen again. Well, no more. I won't give in anymore!"

“I know of that company. I had to face off against their chairman multiple times in the past,” said Darius, who had opened his eyes and approached Jeremiah by then. Moments of silence passed before he resumed, “Before you start raging at me again, there’s something we should discuss. I don’t think you know who I am, do you? Then again, you were so busy worrying about the hotel. I doubt you had time to get a subordinate to investigate my background.” Jeremiah paled upon hearing those words. Darius flashed an arrogant grin before he continued. “So, I will graciously introduce myself. I’m Darius Reid, the chairman of West Atlantics Int’l.” All the color drained from Jeremiah’s already pallid face. However, it was not because Darius was a member of the Reid family, as Jeremiah was not someone rich enough to know about the elites in society. Instead, the latter was shocked that Darius owned West Atlantics Int’l. Jeremiah had previously done a lot of research when he looked for companies to invest in his hotel. Thus, he knew about the animosity between Dream Investment Group and West Atlantics Int’l, including the companies’ feuding chairpersons. Fear engulfed Jeremiah right then. He was intelligent and knew West Atlantics Int’l was a new company. Considering that, and how its chairman dared to challenge the more established, influential Dream Investment Group made one thing clear: West Atlantics Int’l was a terrifying force to be reckoned with. Now that the company’s chairman, Darius, stood before Jeremiah, the latter knew he had made a grave mistake. It was when Jeremiah was brainstorming an apology that his phone suddenly rang. He paled again upon seeing his secretary’s name on the caller ID.

“Crap. I completely forgot about the issue my hotel is facing! Plus, it slipped my mind that

this Darius guy is someone who can turn me into a beggar overnight!”

Jeremiah

exclaimed inwardly.

Before he could get on his knees to beg again, Darius spoke up. “I’m very disappointed

that you hired Alvin Kenyon and George Jennings. Therefore, I’ve decided to take legal

action. Your hotel is now prohibited from changing its juridical person.”

Jeremiah sighed

in relief. Seeing that, Darius chuckled and elaborated, “That position is mine and mine

alone. I disapprove of using such sly tricks, but you left me with no choice. All you did

was apologize without even bothering to know what actually happened. You didn’t even

punish those at fault. I think I need to teach you something.”