

The Consortium's Heir by Benjamin

Chapter 166

Jeremiah wanted to die at that moment. He knew Darius intended to make him pay until all his wealth was gone. Hopelessness clouded his eyes as he looked at Darius. "Must

you be so cruel? You caused trouble for this hotel! Even if Dream Investment Group

doesn't take action against you, they'll make your life a living hell."

"I've already heard similar threats like this multiple times today. Yet, no one has made

good on their words so far," replied a sighing Darius with his hands in his pocket.

Jeremiah's face darkened.

He knew Darius' mind had been made, so there was no turning back. Thus, he got off

the ground, glowered at Darius, and spoke through gritted teeth. "I'll end my life if I lose

all my wealth. Should that happen, I'll make sure everyone knows you forced me to my

death! That will spark endless public hatred toward you!" With every word, he grew

complacent, his eyes lighting up with anticipation. He wanted to see the fear and regret

on Darius' face as the latter begged for forgiveness. Alas, that did not happen. Darius

remained emotionless, except for his frosty eyes that bore into Jeremiah.

That was the first time Jeremiah felt so frightened. It was as though his words earlier

caused him to now balance on a thin thread between life and death. He regretted

everything. However, it was far too late.

Darius kept his usual posture but parted his lips to declare, "That makes perfect sense,

and because I'm someone who loves helping others, I'll grant that death wish of yours."

He then turned to leave while adding, "Perhaps the matter might get resolved quicker

than I thought."

Both associated with Darius' former workplace, Alvin and Jenner gawked at Darius' retreating figure. However, neither of them said a word. Once Darius exited the hotel, Erin whipped out her phone and reported to him, "Mr. Reid, I believe we can begin our next move now." Darius shook his head. "Let's head back to the hospital." Erin's mind went blank at that, but her body quickly responded by walking to the car and opening the door. She then waited for Darius to get in before making her way to the driver's seat, settling in, and starting the engine. Only then did she speak. "Mr. Reid, why are we returning to the hospital? Also, you haven't had anything to eat yet." Darius' brows furrowed. "Call every chairperson when we get to the hospital. Tell them if they don't show up at the hospital's conference room within five minutes, I'll use my abilities to make their assets mine as punishment." Earlier at the hotel, Erin did not enter the private room, so she had no clue what had happened. That was why her eyes rounded in shock at Darius' words. Nevertheless, she nodded. "Don't worry. Mr. Reid. I'll do what I can to minimize the profits of the other chairpersons' companies. Additionally, I'll ensure they sacrifice more or take higher risks before their companies can accumulate more wealth." That answer satisfied Darius, who did not bother hiding his contentment. Seeing his improved mood through the rearview mirror instantly calmed Erin's pounding and anxious heart. They eventually arrived at the hospital's entrance. Erin parked the car before announcing with much more respect in her tone than before, "Mr. Reid, we've arrived." Darius nodded. "Inform those chairpersons of my hellish new rule!" Erin nodded. Darius kicked the conference room's door open when he entered. That way, he could ensure it was broken, which made it seem like he was livid. Although that was

not how
he truly felt, he wanted to put on a furious front.
Erin had a rough idea about his intentions, so she was not frightened by his actions.
Instead, she was eagerly looking forward to what he would do next.
Subsequently,
Darius sat on the chair and looked at his watch, thinking, "It's almost time."
Yet, no one showed up.
Only after Darius let out a long sigh and wanted to take action against all the absent
chairpersons did a man charge toward the space, panting heavily. The man soon stood
at the conference room's entrance. He took in the broken door, then noticed the many
empty chairs in the room before settling his gaze on Darius.
At that point, he flashed a respectful look and stated, "Sir, I was told you wanted every
chairperson to come over. I'm very sorry for making you wait this long."
Darius did not recognize the man. He lowered his wrist and began scrutinizing the man
from top to bottom. "I've never seen you before, not even at the hotel earlier."
The man then shot him a blank look. It took a while before things clicked in his mind, and
he nodded at Darius. "Indeed. I didn't go to the hotel with them because it wasn't right. I
felt it was disrespectful to you."
That response was different from what Darius had imagined. It not only piqued his
curiosity, but it also left a favorable impression on him.
"What's your name," he asked flatly. The man promptly answered that his name was
Adulayev. He was grateful he had not suffered the same fate as the broken door on the
ground. Relief and joy spread in his chest to know that Darius was not upset at him.
"You made the right choice." Darius nodded before announcing, "The five minutes are
up."
He had gotten up and was planning to leave the conference room. Anxiety coursed
through Adulayev right then.

“Although our new chairman seems young and is likely a student, I can sense a stifling.

ferocious aura emanating from him. Sometimes when he looks at me, it feels like his

eyes are lethal daggers piercing me.” Despite thinking that, Adulayev remained silent,

not daring to voice his opinions. He also lowered his head and kept his gaze lowered.

Meanwhile, Darius walked out as if nothing had even happened.

Adulayev did not know what Darius wanted to do, so he began pondering the latter’s

motivations.

His phone rang. After unlocking the screen, his eyes grew wider by the second until he

could not help but exclaim.

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"Those who snickered will be sent to prison, where they'll pay for all their previous wrongdoings. As for those who didn't snicker, I'll let you off the hook by only taking your assets as punishment," Darius declared.

All six members opposite him paled drastically.

Their legs wobbled like jelly as they lost all their willpower. Desperate, they wanted to

grovel at Darius' feet and plead for his forgiveness, but they did not do so.

Their pride stood in the way. They clung to the hope that Darius had likely made many enemies. They felt one of those enemies would try to take Darius down. An example was Murray Hotel's backer, Dream Investment Group, whom they figured could eventually get rid of Darius. Thus, they decided to wait for that to happen. Little did they know how wrong they were. Dream Investment Group would never do anything to Darius again as they knew they were no match for him. The company's boss had also lost a competent bodyguard while trying to assassinate Darius. Although a new bodyguard was now in the picture, the company would have to postpone their attacks. until said bodyguard returned to their side.

The member who stood in front spat foul words at Darius, cursing without the slightest clue that his life was in the latter's hands. Darius raised his arm to look at his watch, then lowered it again. "It seems none of you bothered to investigate my background before standing here and yelling at me. If you had done a little research, you'd realize you have no authority to speak now." The man was still processing those words but suddenly felt cold flashes on his face. Then, in the blink of an eye, he trembled uncontrollably. He dared not open his mouth anymore as he lay on the ground. Despite his silence, his eyes revealed how he felt at that instant.

Before Darius said a word, the man noticed the incoming official and let out hysterical yells. "Darius, how dare you mess with me? Don't you know doing so will put you in jail? You've already got the money and now, you're attacking someone less wealthy like me!" Darius' gaze lazily roamed over to the man. "Everything is already happening. I can go with this official and hand them your illegally obtained wealth. Or, I could add

a twist to
what you're accusing me of-||| beat you up and pay the police some money to
avoid jail
time. Alternatively, I can bribe the police into letting me beat you guys up."
The man's face became ashen.
He thought, "There's no denying the feasibility of Darius' words. Everything he
says
makes sense, which means the chances of my survival are zero to none.
Moreover, my
company doesn't have any funds for me to use as bail money! This is all
Darius' doing!"
He felt like a pair of invisible hands were suffocating him then. Even if it was
just his
imagination, he still could not breathe well.
He lay on the ground, relaxed his every muscle, and hoped he would
eventually stop
breathing. Thus he won't need to face a difficult life of debt and imprisonment.
It was clear that he would not have such a chance.
The official came over and cuffed his wrist before grabbing his collar and
lifting him off
the ground.
Choy te ng
The official, towering at six feet, nodded to Darius and expressed his gratitude
with a firm
voice. "I thank you greatly on behalf of every official. Without you, our measly
salary
would be nothing short of pitiful. We would never accumulate much in the way
of savings
either."
Darius kept a blank expression throughout the exchange.
He did not verbally express anything, but his faint smile seemed as though he
was
indeed responsible for the officials' increased salary. In reality, there was
more to the
situation.
"It's not a big deal. I was only doing my job as a civilian." Darius spoke humbly
and
sincerely.
However, that was far from the truth. Darius felt that investing in officials and
giving them
money would bring him many unexpected benefits. However, it meant he

could not rejoice over his current success. Darius had planned this earlier but did not expect things to come to fruition so quickly. He turned to face Erin, flashing her an approving smile. After all, none of his plans would work if it were not for her. Plus, she was incredibly efficient in making things happen. All that meant a great deal to Darius, who felt it was necessary to raise Erin's salary. The man refused to accept how things had turned out. His eyes widened with rage while he barked, "You can't do this! You, officials, should preserve the sanctity of the law. It's your job. How dare you ignore your responsibilities for money? I can sue you for this!" Darius shook hands with the tall before putting his hands back into his pockets. When he heard what the man said, he turned to the official with a grin. "I'm confident you guys can handle this better than me. So, I'll entrust you with this." The official was moved and believed every word Darius said. He nodded. "Rest assured, Mr. Reid. We have plenty of experience with dealing with such things. We'll provide ideal results in the shortest time possible to please you." Darius then pivoted to look at the other five members standing aside, their mouths dry with fear. "I've already said what I had to before offering you guys a chance, so I'm sure you've processed my words. by now," he remarked. "I don't know what your stances are in the matter, but I believe my message has sunk in. I hope you remember the consequences the next time you make a mistake." He paused for breath before continuing, "I can pay this official a lot of money for the chance to beat you guys up and make you pay a painful, immeasurable price. It'll only cost 50 thousand dollars to beat one of you up, so doing that to all of you will

cost 250

thousand dollars. That's cheaper than a single bowl at my family's residence." None of them spoke.

Shock overwhelmed their senses when they learned the extent of Darius' wealth. None

of them could afford to pay 50 thousand dollars for a mere bowl, so they clamped their lips shut, no longer daring to utter a word.

That brought on a sense of relief in Darius, who finally got a break from listening to their complaints.

He then turned, ready to head back to his office as he still had to deal with the anxious person hiding behind the filing cabinets.

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Darius turned around and opened his mouth to say something. Before he could, he

heard someone call out his name from behind. This surprised him because no one here knew who he was.

Yet, there was no denying what had happened. His curiosity was piqued.

He turned back to see a woman running toward him. She was getting closer.

Darius put his hands in his pockets. He didn't say anything.

As she approached him, he got a clear look at her face. However, her figure was what

caught his attention -especially her long legs encased in pantyhose.

Her chest heaved as she tried to catch her breath, and it was all everyone present could

see. She seemed to realize this and tried her best to slow her breathing.

Gradually, she

regained her composure. Only then did Darius' gaze move from her chest to her face.

He had to admit that she was a beauty, but it was still no match for her delectable figure.

He looked down and noticed her nervous expression. "Were you the one who called my name earlier?"

The woman nodded. "Yes, Mr. Reid. I never expected you to stop for me, and I'm

honored. This shows you are a gentle, humble, and successful man.”

Darius walked down the stairs. In the past twenty-two years of his life, he’d heard people refer to him as either a beggar or a rich man, but no one had ever called him a successful man. This was his first time feeling like his hard work was being recognized.

Erin had been standing behind Darius. At this moment, she suddenly noticed that his aura was different from usual. She had never seen him like this before. Her instinct told her that the woman was somewhat special to him.

She didn’t want to think of him falling for another woman, but it seemed like there was no avoiding it. Perhaps it was already happening. She’d always known that a man like Darius was a chick magnet. She definitely wasn’t the only one attracted to him. However, now that it was happening before her eyes, she couldn’t accept it.

“No, this is wrong!” Erin realized what was going through her mind and quickly tried to get rid of those thoughts. “It’s not right to think that way!”

Darius had no idea what was going on with her. His attention was entirely focused on the woman before him. She hadn’t said a word since approaching him.

He frowned and said, “I don’t have much time. If you want to say anything, you should be quick.”

The woman’s face was pale as she trained her eyes on him, showing her nervousness.

Darius sighed and started to turn away.

The woman knew this was her last chance and that she would lose it once his back was to her. She couldn’t allow that to happen.

“Mr. Reid, nice to meet you. My name’s Frederica Kuster, and I’m the manager of Fantasy Clouds Hotel, a six-star hotel not far from here.”

The last part of her sentence caught Darius’ attention. Though Frederica had yet to say anything else, he already had an idea of what she wanted—for him to use his money on

her hotel.

A satisfied smile started to form on his lips. "You're smart, and you have a way with

words." He pulled a

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wad of hundred-dollar bills from his wallet, making one's heart race.

However, it looked like he only thought of the bills as mere pieces of paper.

"I'm not

interested in your hotel, but I can offer you a job."

Frederica's body started trembling uncontrollably. She couldn't believe her ears—never

had she expected this to happen, not even in her wildest dreams! Yet, this was exactly

what had happened.

Despite her agitation and excitement, she couldn't help but worry. She didn't know what

Darius needed her for, and she wasn't capable of doing just anything. If she were to

make him lose any money because of her incompetence, Fantasy Clouds Hotel would

disappear along with it. This wasn't a consequence she could bear.

Therefore, she didn't allow herself to reach out for the money. Instead, she looked

horrified and said, "I don't know what you want me to do, so I can't accept your money."

Darius looked even more pleased. He nodded and said, "I need you to make Murray

Hotel end up in a situation where it's neither profiting nor losing money and unable to get

reliable suppliers. Keep this up till it loses its seven-star status.

"There's about 1.5 million here, and it's all yours. You can use it however you want.

There's no need to tell me your plans. All I want is for you to give me a satisfying result in

two months' time."

Darius sounded like he was talking about something as light as the weather. However,

everyone present felt like they'd suddenly gotten caught in a blizzard. He was so calm

that it was terrifying, and it wasn't a situation they could handle.

They silently turned away and left, not wanting to attract anyone's attention.

Darius saw this, but he didn't say anything. After all, it meant nothing to him. He knew very well that there was someone in the filing cabinet in his office that no one else knew about.

When Frederica saw that Darius was turning to leave, she quickly ran in front of him to

stop him. "Darius, I have something else to tell you."

He wasn't pleased to hear her addressing him by name, so he said bluntly, "You should

only address me as Mr. Reid and not by my name. That's not a name that you should be uttering."

Frederica paled. This wasn't the result she'd hoped to achieve, but it didn't seem like she had any alternatives.

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Darius didn't want to spare Frederica even a single look. He could see her excitement

and intentions, especially when her gaze was trained on him. He wanted to leave, and so he did.

He didn't expect her to appear before him and stop him from leaving. He sighed. "Is

there anything else you need from me, Miss Kuster?"

Frederica's face became nervous when she heard him address her so formally. She

started to tremble and sounded nervous as she said, "Mr. Reid, I want to buy you a meal

as thanks for sharing some of your wealth with me. I'm also grateful that you didn't ask

me to repay you in any way, not even with my body." She bowed her head.

Darius was unmoved. He knew what she meant, but he wasn't interested.

Therefore, he

said coldly, "I'm not going to eat with you, and I have my reasons. Firstly, I need you to

repay me—by achieving what I wanted you to. Secondly, as I said earlier, I don't have

much time."

When he was done saying what he wanted to, he didn't move. It wasn't

because he didn't want to- Frederica didn't seem to show any intention of budging. He sighed and started to look disappointed. "I honestly wanted to help you because you're a smart woman."

He was about to summon the security guards to do their jobs when Frederica spoke up.

"I'm sorry, and I didn't mean to make you mad. I really just wanted to thank you, but I'll

leave now that I know you're offended." After that, she fled.

Darius watched her leave, feeling satisfied. He put his hands behind his back and turned

to look at Erin." You haven't spoken for a long time. What are you thinking about?"

Erin had already regained her composure and was like her usual self. She smiled and

said, "Nothing. It just occurred to me that things have been going smoothly lately. While

you were speaking, Zack sent me a message saying that all of their highest-earning

assets have become ours."

"That really is good news." Darius smiled, and it was enough to show just how happy he

was. He started walking, and he soon arrived at his destination-his office. The situation

inside made him want to laugh, though.

The person that had been hiding in the cabinet was no longer there.

Suddenly, Darius

couldn't help. thinking about how lucky he was. If he'd turned up just a little later, he

definitely would've missed the opportunity to see who this woman was.

Yes, the person in the cabinet was a woman! She was trying to escape, but it was

obvious that she'd failed, even if she didn't know it yet.

Darius was worried that he'd scare her and make her fall out of the window if he were to

open the door, so he didn't. He stood at the entrance and turned to Erin, putting his

finger to his lips to signal for her to stay silent.

She didn't know what was going on, but she could guess. Her eyes lit up, and

she kept
her lips tightly pursed. She pulled her phone out and showed Darius the
screen showing
a staff member's phone number.
He shook his head and typed a message on his phone before showing it to
her.
"I don't want her to be scared or get injured. Have someone get ready to catch
her
downstairs so that nothing happens even if she slips and falls."
Erin gaped at his words. He seemed like a completely different person today!
The
person he was referring to was a woman! This was the second time on the
same day
that he'd gone against his principles for a woman. This worried her, but she
still did as
she was told.

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Darius could sense her negative emotions, but it wasn't his main concern
currently. He
wanted to know who was in his office, and the need was strong enough to
confuse him.
He didn't understand why this was happening, but he felt it was probably
similar to his
ability to sense danger.
He stood at the entrance, still as a statue, and tried to make his breathing as
light as
possible. He stayed like this until Erin returned with the news that she'd
carried out his
instructions perfectly.
Only then did Darius move. He stretched his arms and pushed the door open
as if
nothing had happened. Then, he spoke to Erin, pretending to be talking about
something
he wanted. "I need the hospital's recent financials and patient feedback." He
clearly
heard the woman's breathing speed up after he said this. This made him think
that she
was probably salivating for his wealth.
Erin knew that these documents were already on his desk. She was confused,
but she
finally understood when she saw his gaze travel between herself and the

cabinet. Trying to hide her laughter, she said, "As you wish, Mr. Reid. Everything's been prepared in time for your arrival. They're in the cabinet, and I'll get them right now." As she walked toward the filing cabinet, Darius heard the breathing of the woman outside the window race. A trace of a smile formed on his lips. Suddenly, something changed outside. The woman was getting closer to him, making his smile fade. A trace of iciness replaced it, and he started to get mad. However, the woman couldn't see this. When he heard the breathing coming from behind him, he smiled again. "Let me see. The filing cabinet seems different from the way I remember it." Erin's mind went blank, but as Darius' secretary, she had no choice but to keep the act up no matter what he wanted. So, an approving look crept onto her face, and she said, "You're right, Mr. Reid. I thought so as well." Darius' smile grew. "Erin, I think I know what the person who snuck into the filing cabinet looks like now. The woman was around 5'5" and weighed 110 pounds."