

## The Consortium's Heir by Benjamin

### Chapter 186

That was why he needed to ensure his safety at all times. Everything else had to come

after this. At the same time, he wanted to resolve this mess as quickly as possible.

Therefore, he had to ensure his safety while being quick. His brain was already

operating at peak capacity, but he still couldn't devise a good plan. Soon, however, he

would realize that he'd overestimated his opponent.

It was only expected. No ordinary person would imagine that their opponent was

wealthy, powerful, yet obnoxious and arrogant.

Things happened while he was still sleeping. He was resting when he heard the sound

of several footsteps approaching. A voice rang out amidst the footsteps, and it belonged

to Donny. "You might be wealthy, but the detention center isn't a place where you can

come and go as you please. It's a right that's been granted to us by the federation."

Then, Darius heard laughter. It came from someone who sounded young and probably

wealthy, judging from the words he uttered next. "The fact that you can say that just

shows that you've yet to see the power that money can bring. We've given the federal

government an ample amount, so I'm giving you one last chance to disappear from my

sight. Otherwise, I'll ensure your fate is worse than everyone locked up here."

Donny stopped walking. He looked in the direction of Darius' room, feeling worried, but

he didn't say anything else. Instead, he pulled his phone out and sent him a text.

Darius felt the phone vibrate underneath his pillow, so he quickly pulled it out and saw

Donny's message. It read, "I'm sorry that I couldn't stop him."

He put the phone back underneath the pillow. He'd heard the whole

conversation, and he didn't think Donny had done anything wrong, nor did he need to apologize. So, he sat up in bed and crossed his legs, starting to meditate. There was something in his stomach that warmed him, and it made him feel comfortable. More importantly, many people were approaching. They were no match for him, he continued to meditate to prepare himself for an easy victory. He'd just gotten in the zone when he heard laughter ring out nearby. It made him feel very uncomfortable, and he slowly opened his eyes. Then, he saw a young man with blond hair. His appearance was ordinary, and the only thing that stood out was his thick lips.

"What's your name?" Darius looked at him calmly, and this angered the young man. He glared at Darius. "Is that the attitude you're going to take with me?" Darius frowned and nodded. "If you can answer me, please do. If not, I'll just find out using my own methods." He stood up, keeping his eyes on the young man. "I've already made things clear. If you can't understand me, I suggest you go to the hospital to check your brain."

This only made the young man angrier. "I'm Hank Gillette, and I've never been this insulted in my life! You're the first person to do so, so I'm going to show you the power of the Gillette family's wealth. Even if you get on your knees and beg me for mercy, I won't let you off the hook!" He turned to glare at the official standing next to him. "Open the door, you useless piece of trash!"

Darius glanced at the official. It was the one that he didn't beat up earlier, and Darius had reason to believe that he was the one who'd brought Hank here. He turned back to Hank and said, "I didn't expect you to come all the way here to see me. You even brought

along so many useless people. They should've been left in the trash where they belong, yet you're bringing them with you everywhere you go as if they're precious treasures, even expecting them to protect you." He laughed mockingly. Hank had never been subject to such treatment before, and he was so angry that he felt like he couldn't breathe. He glared at Darius, his eyes becoming bloodshot. Unfortunately for him, Darius acted like he didn't see any of this, making Hank's blood boil.

He growled, "Get him and pin him to the floor! I want to step on his face and show him what a huge mistake he's making right now!" Darius' gaze turned frosty at his words, and the temperature in the room started to drop because of his ice-cold rage. Hank couldn't help but shudder from the cold, as did the people with him. Everyone wondered what was happening, but none suspected that it had anything to do with Darius' fury.

Hank wanted to ask what was going on, but he was stunned by the person who'd suddenly appeared before him. He didn't hear anyone's footsteps, nor did he hear Darius speak, which explained his astonishment. However, Darius obviously didn't intend to give him much time to be confused. He'd already wrapped a hand around Hank's neck and tightened his grip.

Darius started to speak slowly, and his words made Hank feel like his heart would stop beating immediately. "Hank, you're just not the type to learn from your mistakes. You've done countless things to harm or take many people's lives, whether directly or indirectly, yet you've never been punished because of the Gillette family's wealth. "You first started becoming interested in the opposite gender when you were thirteen, and you killed your classmate and her father because of your curiosity. Back then, the

Gillette family couldn't persuade the official in charge of that case to change his verdict because of his strong sense of justice, so your father had another one of your classmates take the fall. He's still in jail to this day. "On the other hand, you got a rush out of doing that and soon broke the law again."

Hank now looked ghostly. He hadn't expected Darius to know about these things, and he looked at him, wanting to say something. However, he couldn't make a sound because of the hand tightening around his throat. He could only try his best to break free by kicking and flailing. The bodyguards he'd brought with him were stunned by how things had played out and they realised they had to do something.

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They whipped their weapons out and aimed them at Darius. Unfortunately for them, he was an awakened martial artist. Before they even moved, he already knew what they would do. So, he dropped to the floor, still maintaining his grip on Hank's neck, bringing him down with him. Darius quickly moved toward the bodyguards, forcing Hank to move with him. Darius could sense that Hank was running out of oxygen. It wasn't the result he wanted, but he was fine with it either way. On the other hand. Hank knew what Darius was up to now. He wanted to tell his bodyguards to stop, but he couldn't. When they came to a stop, his eyesight was blurry. However, he could still see that his bodyguards were already down. Only then did he realize that he couldn't even begin comprehending Darius' true abilities. The fact that Darius could do this showed how powerful and wealthy the force behind him was. It was definitely leaps and bounds ahead of the Gillette family. It wasn't a secret, and almost everyone else was aware of this. He found out too late, and Darius no

longer had the patience to give him another chance.  
There was still one thing Darius didn't understand—why did Hank suddenly do this to him when they hadn't even interacted before this? So, he said, "You'd better give me an appropriate reason to explain all these things you've done to me."  
Hank was terrified, but he still couldn't stop himself from holding his head up high. "The whole world knows that you spent the night with my woman, and it's humiliating me! Isn't it obvious that I'd be mad?"  
Darius looked at him disdainfully. "Firstly, she's not your woman. Secondly, what will you do about it even if she is?" After that, he flung Hank away and watched as he struggled to get up. He put his hands into his pockets again, his gaze turned contemptuous. "If that's all you've got, I suggest you get on your knees and beg me for forgiveness. I'll consider pretending as if nothing's happened. Otherwise, I guarantee that the whole Gillette family will have to pay the price."  
Hank raised his head, his eyes filled with hatred. It made everyone scared, except for Darius, who didn't even bat an eye. "I suppose you've made your choice. If so, I'll head to Almiron City as quickly as possible. I'm already looking forward to it." After that, he strolled out of the room at a leisurely pace. Everyone else was left feeling shocked by his calm reaction.  
Erin was already waiting for him when he walked out of the building. When she saw him, she quickly got out of the car. She circled to the back seat to open the door for him, only getting into the driver's seat after he was in the car. She didn't raise her voice, but her rage was apparent as she said, "Mr. Reid, they've crossed the line this time. They had absolutely no reason to treat you like that, and I'll make sure they pay for this! After all,

we've invested in them."

Darius raised an eyebrow. This was news to him, and it was surprising." Why didn't I

know about that?" he asked.

Erin's eyes widened. "Sir, you're the one who signed the documents back then. I was

also surprised because I didn't think investing in such an authority was the right move,

especially after you promised your grandfather you'd earn such a huge sum."

Darius leaned back, looking grim. "When did you see this document? Who was the one

who prepared it? I can guarantee I've never seen such a document before, let alone sign

it."

Erin paled. She turned to look at him, saying tremulously, "Sir, I received that document

around the time of the establishment of West Atlantics International, and it was sent to

my email from yours. I didn't doubt it because your email account was always highly

encrypted, and your digital signature was on it. I even verified it!"

As she spoke, she pulled over the car, stopped by the roadside, and reached into her

bag to pull her laptop out. She located the document in less than two minutes and then

handed her laptop to Darius with both hands.

He frowned and scrutinized the document seriously. Then, his face became void of all

emotion. He was neither angry nor nervous, making Erin's heart race. She lowered her

head and said in a small voice, "Mr. Reid, I wasn't meticulous enough in my checking. I

should've done a final confirmation with you upon receiving this document. At the very

least, I should've called you to check, but I didn't. I didn't do any of these things."

Darius tapped a finger against the seat, still expressionless. Just as Erin felt like she was

going to suffocate, he said, "This has nothing to do with you. They've probably had their

eye on us since West Atlantics

International was established.

I'm curious to know who they are, though. Back then, we were nobodies and didn't have

any money. We shouldn't have been on anyone's radar.

I have reason to believe that I caught their attention because I'm from the Reid family,

but you know very well that I've taken measures to keep that knowledge private."

The two of them started thinking about the things that had happened in the past. Without

them realizing it, a few black cars circled them.

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By the time Darius realized they'd been circled, the men had already gotten out of the

cars, and Hank was in the lead. He had to be held up by people on both sides to stand.

There was dried blood on his face, and his eyes were red with fury.

This was Erin's second time encountering something like this, and she wasn't as

nervous as the first time. Her breathing sped up, but she quickly calmed down. She

turned to look at Darius. "Mr. Reid, what should we do now?"

Darius pressed his fingers to his temple. Hank was the stupidest guy he'd ever met and

was a waste of space. So, when he put down his hand and opened his eyes, all one

could see was his frosty gaze.

Erin knew the frostiness wasn't directed at her, but she still shuddered. When Darius

spoke, it made her tremble even more. He paused and looked at her but quickly averted

his gaze. "You only need to do two things right now. Firstly, inform the university that I'll

be gone for a month. Secondly, get me a ticket to Almiron City."

Erin started to frown when he said he would be away for a month. She didn't think it was

wise, but she had no right to object. She nodded and pulled her phone out.

The people outside the car saw her actions and thought she was calling for backup.

They couldn't just stand by and watch that happen, so they reached out to

open the car door. Unfortunately, they failed. Erin let out a yelp at their actions and dropped her phone.

Darius could see how nervous she was, so he stretched and opened the door. At the same time, he said, "Don't worry. They won't be able to open the doors or come in here.

Even if they manage to do that, they won't be able to harm you." After that, he got out of the car without letting her say anything.

She took a deep breath and bent down to pick her phone up when she heard the door shut. She started making the calls.

Darius stretched his neck and arms outside the car before he looked at Hank. He said

disdainfully, "This is the second time something like this has happened to me in recent

times. I didn't bother keeping things under wraps, so you should've already found out

what happened."

Hank widened his eyes. "What are you talking about?"

In comparison, Darius didn't allow his surprise to show. He looked as calm as usual, but

he was secretly shocked by how useless Hank was. As the heir to one of the largest

corporations in the country, he hadn't even bothered to do his research before acting.

Then again, this was a good thing for Darius.

He put his hands in his pockets and looked at Hank again. "The last person to do this to

me is already dead. I'm sure that's not the result you want, but if you continue like this, I

don't mind helping you attain your wish."

Hank gulped and tried to look Darius in the eye. The hatred in his gaze was blatant, but

he couldn't help trembling. Darius knew Hank was scared because of what he'd just

said, but he didn't seem to believe him. So, he decided to stick to his original plan.

He sighed and pulled his sleeve up to reveal his watch. He glanced at it and



said, "I'm on a tight schedule, so maybe I'll just give you an idea of who I am right now. We'll soon see each other again in Almiron City. We might even catch the same flight." Hank's fear dissipated at his words. He put his hands on his hips and threw his head back in laughter. "Are you threatening me? You have no idea how average you look! I can't bring myself to believe that you can actually do anything to me. Also, your words have just confirmed my suspicion that you're lying. If you can really show your face in Almiron City, I'll sweep everything that happened today under the rug." Darius' gaze was contemptuous. "I always knew that you weren't too bright, but I never expected you to be this dumb. There's no guarantee that you'll be able to return to Almiron City unscathed, but you're already thinking about what you will do once you get back." He decided not to waste any more time on such an idiot. He raised his hands and tried to summon the warm energy he'd felt in his abdomen. He sensed a bolt of power being released through his palm, and his gut told him that was the energy. Sure enough, he was right. The people standing opposite him were quickly sent flying by the burst of energy. They were lifted off the ground and hurtled away, finally landing on the ground without so much as a sound. Darius looked at his palms. He'd expected the energy to be powerful, but he didn't know that it would allow him to send someone standing two yards away flying without even taking a single step. Based on his estimations, those people had been flung about ten yards back and were now lying on their backs. They looked half-dead. This wasn't the result he wanted. He didn't want to injure them that badly, but it didn't really matter to him. However, he felt that he probably had to refine his energy. It was the only way he could become a more powerful version of himself.

Hank gaped at him. He didn't expect Darius to be this powerful; he couldn't accept it. In his mind, he and Darius were probably equal regarding their wealth or any other aspect. Even in the detention center, he'd only thought that Darius was slightly stronger than him and that his bodyguards couldn't fight back because he'd been in Darius' hands. It had never occurred to him that things had turned out the way they had because of how powerful Darius really was.

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Hank was already starting to regret it, but no one was left to protect him except for two bodyguards. So, he grabbed them by the wrists and pushed them forward. 'You two, beat him up! You're only allowed to stop when he's on the ground, or I'll hold you two responsible for this! And if you don't buy me enough time to escape, I'll...' He didn't get to finish his sentence and stood there, mouth agape and eyes wide. Darius had suddenly appeared before him, and he was terrified. As far as he knew, no normal human could move at such a speed. Now, however, he was proven wrong. A scene he'd never even imagined had happened before his very eyes. This was beyond his understanding, and he was fearful. He turned to look at Darius, lips trembling. He stammered out, "W-what are you doing?" Obviously, he was terrified, but Darius didn't intend to let him off the hook. The two bodyguards were dumbstruck. Darius was like a gust of wind. He'd disappeared before their very eyes and reappeared behind them. They felt like they were dreaming, but the screams that Hank was letting out were definitely real. They returned to their senses and whipped around to see a repeat of what had happened at the hospital-Darius had wrapped a hand around Hank's neck, and Hank

was starting to suffocate again. He couldn't take it and flailed around, shouting, "Darius, you're a martial artist!"

Darius didn't expect him to know about this. He frowned and said, "I was going to let you go so that you could make it back to Almiron City alive, but it looks like that's not a part of your plan."

Hank's brain was already fogging up because of the lack of oxygen, and after Darius spoke, he could feel his oxygen supply depleting faster than before. And this time, the pain coming from his neck was more intense. He opened his eyes to glare daggers at Darius, but he was so scared that he started to cry instead.

Darius couldn't stand his tears and started to frown. He was about to reprimand Hank when he felt a gust of wind coming from behind him. It made him lose his balance, and he knew it wasn't a normal gust of wind. It had come from another martial artist.

However, he still didn't let go of Hank. On the contrary, he kept a hand around his neck and turned around as quickly as possible.

Unfortunately, his plan failed. The gust of wind didn't land on Hank. Instead, it billowed past them and slammed onto the ground, turning the tar into pebbles.

Darius stood with one hand behind his back while maintaining his grip on Hank's neck.

He could sense that this was out of the other martial artist's expectations, which meant that he was hesitating. The other martial artist didn't know what to do next, and this told Darius that he was there to protect Hank. Everything he'd done was to save Hank from harm.

As Darius thought about how he would converse with the other martial artist, the latter spoke. 'You're powerful, but if we were to get into a fight, we'd both be gravely injured. You won't benefit from this.'

Darius didn't move. He was still holding onto Hank's neck. The martial artist had been practicing martial arts for many years, and he couldn't stand it when people ignored him like this. It'd been a long time since he'd last experienced this, so he made an appearance. And with it came a stronger gust of wind. Darius still managed to dodge it. After all, he was an awakened martial artist who was more powerful than most other martial artists. However, he was infuriated by the martial artist's actions. He looked at a hole that the wind had torn on his clothes and the reddening skin underneath it, and his gaze turned frosty. When he looked up, Hank suddenly felt like he wouldn't make it past this day. All of his arrogance disappeared, and all that was left was terror. He opened his mouth to beg for mercy, but before he could say anything, he heard the crisp sound of a bone breaking and knew it was his. His head drooped, and that was the end of him. Darius threw him onto the ground, exercised his arm a little, and took his jacket off to wipe his hand. Then, he threw the jacket onto the ground, looking disgusted. He took a deep breath and said, "This isn't the result I wanted, but I changed my mind when you showed up." Silence descended upon them. The martial artist had come here to protect Hank, but he didn't expect his presence to lead to his death instead. He didn't know how to explain this to the Gillette family, although he didn't need to. He walked out from behind the car and stood before Darius with his hands behind his back. 'You should know that your actions will seriously damage my reputation and make me lose a lot of business, which will lead to me being unable to earn money. That's going to make me really mad.' Darius laughed. 'You're not as badass as you think, so your threat means nothing to me.' He looked at the martial artist, his eyes obviously

belying his desire to spar with him. He'd been training every day for some time but hadn't shown much improvement. He'd tried to measure the improvement he'd made recently, but it was nothing compared to the improvement he'd shown during that fight with the martial artist in black. He'd been searching for another martial artist to fight but to no avail. Now that there was one before him, he didn't want to let the opportunity slip, even if the martial artist wasn't a willing participant. So, he reached out and controlled the energy, making it shoot out from his palms.

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This was Darius' first time actually harnessing this energy and trying to make it reach someone's exact location. Naturally, he failed, and the energy landed on the car next to the martial artist, making it explode. Once again, the car was blown to smithereens. There was a flash of panic in the martial artist's eyes, but it quickly disappeared. His gaze turned disdainful as he looked at Darius. 'Your energy's powerful, but the fact that you can't control it means it's basically useless to you.' As he spoke, his body seemed to waver. Darius sensed the martial artist appearing before him, but something weird happened in the process-he could clearly see every single action the martial artist made, including how he came over. Another thing that surprised him was that everything around him seemed to happen in slow motion when the energy flowed through him. This accidental discovery was a good one, and it made him smile uncontrollably. The martial artist thought he was mocking him and scowled. Soon, however, he pushed

this thought out of his mind because he sensed Darius attacking him again. He'd thrown a huge portion of his power behind it this time. He believed this to be the remainder of his strength. If it wasn't... that was a scary thought. Then, he found that he didn't have the chance to verify this because there was no way he could stop Darius' attack from causing him harm. He spat out a mouthful of blood. Darius put his hands behind his back after his attack, not expecting this to happen. He'd only used a small portion of his power, but it had already sent the martial artist flying. He shook his head and sighed. "I thought you were powerful, but it seems that we were both mistaken about your true capabilities. You're nothing special, really." It had been years since the martial artist had last received such feedback. However, he couldn't deny it, and his face turned blotchy with embarrassment. He got to his feet, not saying a word as he looked at Darius. Then, he turned and ran. He was already moving as quickly as possible, but he was still no match for Darius. The moment he started to move, Darius had already caught him and knew what he was going to do. So, Darius moved just as the martial artist did. He ran to block the martial artist, stopping him from going elsewhere. The martial artist skidded to a stop when he saw Darius standing in his way. Of course, it wasn't as if he had a choice. He squatted and pressed his head to his knees, saying tremulously, "I've lost, and I want to leave now." "Do you think you have a choice here?" Darius asked coldly. The martial artist trembled, unable to accept this. He looked at Darius and said, "If you're willing to let me go, I'll owe you one. You can bring up any condition you have,

and I'll do everything to satisfy you."

Darius sneered and slowly stretched out his arms. The moment he moved, the martial

artist felt uneasy. He knew that he was no match for Darius, and Darius' actions signaled

his impending doom.

He wanted to flee, but he wasn't capable of that and could only watch as Darius' hands

approached him. In a last-ditch effort, he reached out to block the attack. To his surprise,

he found that he'd succeeded.

He looked up at Darius in confusion.

"Why are you doing this?"

Darius didn't answer him, merely speeding up his actions. The martial artist felt like

countless Dariuses had appeared before him, and his hands were constantly moving.

He'd been practicing martial arts for many years now, and Darius was the fastest person

he'd ever seen. He was terrified, and it was because of this terror that he kept trying to

flee.

Darius wouldn't allow him to, of course. He wanted to use this battle to improve his skills.

Halfway through the battle, he heard the martial artist's phone ring, as did the martial

artist. Unfortunately for him, the call distracted him, and he could not dodge an attack

that he would've managed to dodge any other time.

This was out of Darius' expectations as well, and his attack landed on the martial artist's

chest. The blow wasn't one that an unprotected heart could handle, and it exploded.

Darius had not hoped for this to happen, and he felt frustrated.

He looked at the martial artist, who now lay on the ground with his eyes wide with

surprise.

He sighed and shook his head, then leaned down to pick up the martial artist's phone to

see who was on the line. Who was this person who'd ruined his plans?

When he saw the number on the screen and saw that it was calling from

Almiron City, he

could guess who it was.

The moment he answered the phone, the person on the other end of the line bellowed,

“What’s happened to my son, you useless piece of trash?”

Darius had never heard this voice before, but he already knew who it belonged to.

“Wilson Gillette, I think we’ll see each other soon.”

After that, he hung up without waiting for a response. Then, he put the phone into his

pocket.

There were many bodyguards lying on the ground, but under the circumstances, they all

chose to do the same thing-play dead.

As Darius walked past them, he could sense their breathing speed up, but he didn’t say

anything. They weren’t all innocent, but without Hank around, they wouldn’t likely

continue to do evil deeds.

There was no need to get rid of them. Anyway, he didn’t have the time for that.

When he got to the car, Erin had already hurriedly opened the door. He got into the

passenger seat and massaged his arm to make the blood flow and reduce the fatigue

from his earlier activities.