

The Consortium's Heir by Benjamin Chapter 221

Chapter 221

Her eyes widened, and she looked confused. However, she only allowed herself to stay

like this for a second before regaining her composure. She grabbed her things and hurried off the plane. She had to catch up with Darius.

When Kate saw them moving, she got ready to get off the plane as well. Before she could do so, someone appeared before her. It was a man with blond hair and plain features. She knew who he was-Darius' bodyguard, the surgeon.

The captain practically worshipped him and treated Darius nicely because of him. So,

she told herself to be nice to him.

She forced out a smile and said, "You're Edward, right? May I know why you're stopping

me from getting off the plane?"

Edward looked at her seriously. "Because I'm a bodyguard. I can tell that you want to get

close to Mr. Reid, and that's not something that I can allow."

Kate resisted the urge to roll her eyes. She was starting to dislike Edward already, but

she couldn't show it. As she pondered this, Edward said, "Mr. Reid will be in Almiron City

for a long time. I don't think you need to express your thoughts right now. Also, if my

memory serves me right, the Anderson Group is very influential here. I suppose it's

something for you to think about."

He stretched his neck, then continued, "I think I've overstepped my boundary as a bodyguard, so this is the end of our conversation. I hope that you won't show up before

Mr. Reid for the time being. Also, I hope that you'll learn proper communication before

the next time we meet.

Otherwise, I'll exercise my right and duty as a bodyguard."

Without waiting for Kate's reaction, he turned and left. Kate remained rooted to the spot,

only returning to her senses once Edward was out of her sight. She shrieked angrily,

"Edward, you're just a bodyguard! You have no right to speak to me like that!" It

was too

late, though. Neither Darius nor Edward heard her.

At this moment, the four of them had already gotten into the car Erin had prepared.

Edward was in the driver's seat, Bridget was in the passenger seat, and Darius and

Erin

were in the back.

Erin turned to Darius and said, "Mr. Reid, you didn't have anything concrete

planned for

this trip before we came here, so I've prepared a simple itinerary for you to go through.

You'll have to let me know what other plans you have."

Darius nodded and said, "Okay."

Erin handed him her laptop. He quickly scrolled through the itinerary and said,

'This is

fine. I don't have anything else to add."

Erin nodded and put the laptop away. "Per the schedule, we should be heading to our

hotel now. It's a five-star hotel, the best one that Almiron City offers. It's called

Umbrite

Hotel. It has the best restaurant in the city and provides various cuisines. It also has a

splendid view."

Darius looked at her approvingly. This was exactly what he needed. The Reid

Consortium hadn't invested much in Almiron City because it wasn't that well-developed,

and he now needed to get more people interested in this place.

He was shocked by its size despite knowing that it wasn't well-developed. It had only

taken them twenty minutes to get from the airport to the hotel.

The hotel's entrance was framed by a gilded door to show its lavishness. The security

guards and valet stood at attention, but Darius' car didn't pique their interest. None of

them stepped forward to offer to park the car.

This upset Darius, and he turned to look at the car. It cost half a million, which

Erin had

gotten in Almiron City. He could understand that the car was too cheap to make them

spring into action, but he couldn't accept the fact that their attitude was affecting their

work performance.

Erin's heart started to race at the displeasure on Darius' face. She knew that he was starting to feel dissatisfied with the hotel, so she quickly got out of the car. "Mr.

Reid, this

is the best hotel that I could find in Almiron City. If you're unhappy with it or with the car,

I'll immediately arrange for you to stay elsewhere. Please, don't allow this to affect your

mood."

Darius looked at her, surprised. "I don't mean that. I think these employees don't have

the right frame of mind. Their lackadaisical attitude has

resulted in Edward being unable to park the car in the correct spot because he doesn't

know a thing about this place."

Realization dawned on Erin. She walked over to the employees and said, "I don't think

that you people should be standing around here like this. You should be helping to park

the car. Also, none of you came to welcome us. This is a disgrace to your hotel's service

standards."

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Her anger didn't bring about the results she wanted. On the contrary, the security guards burst into laughter. One of them said, "I think you need to get this straight-you

have no right to make any demands of us because your employer's only driving a car

that's worth half a million.

In fact, you don't even have the right to come up to us and talk to us. If not for that pretty

face, you would already be flat on your back."

Their eyes trailed over Erin's body lasciviously. To their surprise, this didn't even make

her flinch. The security guard who'd spoken wasn't happy with this, so he raised his

voice and said to the guard opposite him, "Look, I was right. This woman's not the proper

type-why would she be getting out from the back seat if she were that guy's

secretary?

Unless, of course, she was giving him some extra special service.”

His meaning was relatively covert, but everyone present still understood what he was

getting at. They turned to look at Erin with pointed gazes, but she was still unaffected.

She stood there and curled her lips, then said haughtily, “I’ve already recorded everything you’ve said, and I think both of you are going to be out of jobs soon.”

Based on past experience, these people would start feeling scared once she said that.

To her surprise, things didn’t turn out like that. The security guards stood there with their

heads held high, and they looked at her mockingly. “If I were you, I wouldn’t have said

something like that. You’re just putting yourself in danger.”

Erin narrowed her eyes. “If that’s a threat, I’m sorry to say that you’ve failed. My chairman won’t give up on me.”

The security guards shared a look, then threw their heads back in laughter. Erin merely

watched them silently. When they were finally done laughing, they looked at her again.

The one that hadn’t spoken much looked at the other and said,

“Lyon, I think it’s time for you to show this beautiful woman what reality is like.

She thinks

that she’s worthy of her chairman paying the price to protect her. In truth, she means

nothing to him. Perhaps he doesn’t even know what her name is!”

Lyon nodded. “You’re right, Viktor. I’ll show them who’s boss.” He walked down the

steps, eyes trained on Darius. Erin’s hands balled into fists by her side, and she got ready to give him a punch once he stopped in front of her.

Unexpectedly, he walked right past her and headed toward Darius. She narrowed her

eyes and looked at him worriedly, saying, “Mr. Reid...”

Before she could say anything else, Darius held a hand up to stop her. She twisted her

hands worriedly, but she didn’t make a sound.

Darius stretched his neck and looked at Lyon. “You’re Lyon, right?”

His deep voice carried emotions that Lyon couldn’t discern, making him uncomfortable.

So, when he spoke, he didn't sound as arrogant as before. "I -I think that you probably don't know what that pretty little lady is called, so it's likely that she means nothing to you."

Darius looked at him calmly. "I think you can just be straight."

When Lyon saw that Darius wasn't offended, he widened his eyes, looking excited. He

raised his voice and said, "If that's the case, I'll take it to mean that you're someone who

doesn't like beating around the bush. I hope that my words will make you come to a

realization. This woman's attitude wasn't very pleasant when speaking to us earlier, and

if you leave her out here with us while you enjoy your stay in the hotel, we can just end

this debacle. You'll still be an honored guest at our five-star hotel, and no one will know

that you can only afford to drive a car worth half a million."

He held his head up high to show how confident he was. He believed that no one would

be able to resist this offer, but he was surprised by what happened next. Darius didn't

avert his gaze. Instead, he lifted a hand and balled it into a fist.

Lyon subconsciously took a step back, then said warily, "I hope you're not holding up

your fist because of me and that it won't land on me. Otherwise, I'll make you regret it."

Darius didn't answer him. Instead, he said coldly, "I want to know what would've happened to the pretty little lady you were referring to if I'd done as you said."

Lyon smiled, but it only made him look immoral. "Nothing much. She would've continued

doing what she already does, but for a different person. Then again, I don't think it matters to women like her who they serve. Don't think I'm pulling your leg. I've seen one

too many..." Suddenly, he let out a cry of pain.

Darius slowly lowered his hand. He looked at Lyon, who was crouched on the ground,

then stepped over him. His eyes were trained on Viktor, but his words were

directed at
Edward as he said, "I'm sure you know how to deal with such people."

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Chapter 223

“Don’t worry, Mr. Reid. I’ll settle this.”
Darius nodded, then closed his eyes and fell silent.
Viktor was terrified. He cried, “Darius, let me go this once, please! I didn’t do
anything-I
didn’t even speak to the woman! I merely agreed with what Lyon said.”
Lyon’s eyes bulged. He spat on the ground and growled, “If you had the least bit of
shame, you wouldn’t have said that. When we came across situations like this in
the
past, it’s not like you didn’t get anything out of them. Now that the shit has hit the
fan,
you’re pushing all the blame on me so that this dude will vent his anger on me. I’m

not

going to take this lying down, and you'll pay the price for what you've done!"

His tone was resolute and firm. It made Viktor's face turn ghostly pale.

Darius' gaze traveled between the two of them. Then, he narrowed his eyes, seemingly

having understood something. He took a deep breath before putting his hands behind

his back and walking into the hotel.

Edward followed him while dragging Lyon along by the collar. Lyon didn't seem fazed,

though. "Hey, brat. I bet you're not from here. If you were, you wouldn't be treating me

like this. Do you know why? Because my uncle's Wilson Gillette, the founder of Gillette

Group!" He said this confidently, even trying his best to hold his head high.

Darius stopped and turned to look at him. "So, your name's Lyon Gillette?"

Lyon looked proud. "Yes, that's right. I suppose that means you're not as ignorant as you

look. So, you should get on your knees, apologize, and beg me to forgive you. Say that

you'll do anything to make it up to me, or I'll do whatever I can to make your life a living

hell. You don't want to end up as a pile of bones frozen by the roadside, do you?"

Darius sized him up. His hat was crooked because of the punch Darius had given him

earlier, but he still looked unbelievably pleased with himself. This reminded Darius of the

first time he'd gone out looking for a job when he was fourteen.

It was a cold winter's day, and it was still snowing. The orphanage didn't have many

funds, so all he had on was a thin short-sleeved T-shirt under a long-sleeved shirt he'd

scavenged from the trash, 1

For convenience's sake, they weren't allowed to leave the orphanage unless it was to go

to school. So, this was Darius' first time leaving the orphanage alone. He could still

remember how scared he'd been back then.

Then, he found a restaurant and asked the owner in the smallest voice possible whether

he needed someone to wash the dishes. There was nothing else he could do aside from this. Before being recognized as the heir to the Reid Consortium, Darius had been on the receiving end of all sorts of harsh treatment. The restaurant's owner was no different.

He was a bully whose life was filled with bitterness. To this day, Darius could remember the menacing gaze that had traveled over his body. He couldn't help but tremble under it.

The owner didn't say anything for the longest time, and Darius felt like he would freeze to

death. So, he forced out, "Sir, I've never worked before, but I grew up in an orphanage.

I'm used to doing these chores, and I'm sure I can do a good job."

At his words, the owner had exaggeratedly pretended to vomit. Then, he turned to the

chef who was standing next to him and said mockingly, "You're a great employee, so I

won't cause trouble for you by hiring someone that's obviously no better than a thief. I

wouldn't want him to steal our food, would I?"

The chef smiled as well, but he still headed into the kitchen to get some food for Darius.

Darius was grateful for this, but he felt humiliated. So, he shook his head. "Thank you,

but I'm not here to beg for food. The orphanage provides food for us. I just want to find a

job to earn my tuition."

The chef dropped his smile. The owner reached out to take the food from him, then threw it at a stray dog who was digging around for food. After that, he said harshly, "If I

were you, I would've fucked off long ago. As you said, you're here for the money. There

might not be any money in my kitchen, but there's plenty of food, and that's worth something. Now, get the fuck away from here." He then shoved Darius so hard that he

fell to the ground.

Back in the present, Darius looked at the scars on his palm. He took a deep breath, suddenly finding that Lyon's expression was eerily similar to that of the restaurant

owner's. He didn't enjoy being reminded of these things, so he narrowed his eyes and

looked at Lyon contemptuously.

This was Lyon's first time being on the receiving end of such a gaze, and it made him

angry. He refused to take it lying down, so he started struggling, wanting to escape Edward's grip. Unfortunately for him, all he managed to do was give himself a headache.

He had no choice but to stop.

He turned his head with difficulty, his gaze landing on Edward. "Hey, brat. You'd better let

me go this instant, or I guarantee you and your gang will leave this hotel in coffins."

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Edward looked into his eyes and found that Lyon meant what he said. He believed that

he had the ability to turn his words into reality. So, he narrowed his eyes. He could not

understand this, but he didn't say anything. He merely looked at Darius.

Only when Darius nodded did he turn his cold gaze onto Lyon. Before anyone realized

what was going on, he flicked his wrist and snapped Lyon's bone, making him let out an

anguished cry.

Darius stretched his neck and looked at Viktor. "I know that everything that's happened

today will make your life difficult. If you need me to break your arm as well, I'll be glad to

be of service."

The blood drained from Viktor's face. He had yet to recover from his last bout of terror,

so he remained rooted to the spot, trembling uncontrollably. His jaw went slack, but he

didn't say a word.

When Darius saw him like this, he chuckled and said mockingly, "This guy's essentially

the same as Lyon. In fact, he's worse. At the very least, Lyon has the guts to own up to

the things he's done, and it's easy to see that he has no concept of right and wrong.

This
guy, however, knows very well that what he's doing is wrong, but he continues to
do it
anyway."

Viktor could sense the menace in Darius' gaze and tried his best to move. He
dropped to
his knees and repeatedly kowtowed with his forehead landing on the ground with
loud
thuds. "Please, let me go." His voice was shaky, but he didn't stop talking. "Even
if you
don't, Lyon's family won't. You don't need to dirty your hands dealing with
someone like
me. It'll just alert the authorities, and you'll be punished."

He looked sincere-as if he didn't want them to get into trouble. Darius didn't
believe him
for a second. Instead of saying anything, he walked into the hotel. Except for the
receptionist, the employees had all gone into hiding because of the ruckus outside.
He

walked over to the front desk and put Erin's phone on the counter.
When he looked at the receptionist, he saw her trembling all over. He sighed and
said,

"There's no need to be afraid of me. I'm not here to rob you. In fact, I assure you
that we

booked rooms here through proper procedures, and now we're here to check in.

The
only thing your emotions prove is that you're not a very professional receptionist."

He
looked her in the eye.

The receptionist's eyes were big and bright, and she had long lashes. Her blond
hair, fair

skin, white teeth, and red lips made her look like a perfect Barbie doll. However,
when

she heard Darius' words, she became an angry rag doll.

"Sir, I don't think you can just peg me as unprofessional! There's no one in this
world

who can smile at someone who had his bodyguard break someone's arm as if
nothing

was wrong. I'm a human, not a robot. It's impossible for me to put on a friendly
smile to

greet you."

She spoke quickly, and the displeasure in her eyes was obvious. This amused Darius because her displeasure suddenly gave way to fear at the end of her sentence. She took two steps back, then bowed at him and said loudly, “Sir, I got ahead of myself! I realize my mistake now, so please don’t treat me like you treated Lyon. It’s not something I can handle! Also, I just started here. If you can forgive me, I’ll...”

She chattered on, but Darius had already focused his attention on Erin. She’d changed her clothes in the car, perhaps because Lyon had managed to lay a hand on her without her noticing. She was now wearing a black pencil skirt, and it showed off her hourglass figure. Darius gave her an appreciative look and said, “You look great in this skirt.”

Erin lowered her head shyly, exposing her slender neck to his eyes. He suddenly realized what was happening, so he stopped talking and turned back to the receptionist.

“This ends here. Check us in now, or I’m really going to lodge a complaint against you.”

The receptionist straightened up immediately and hurried over to the computer, her fingers flying over the keyboard. Thirty seconds later, she placed four key cards before Darius.

“Sir, these are the four suites that you’ve reserved.”

Darius raised an eyebrow. “How many rooms do the suites have? How many people can one suite accommodate?”

The receptionist’s eyes swept over him and his entourage, and she immediately knew what he wanted to know. She said, “The normal suites only have two rooms with a bed each, so they can’t accommodate four people. However, if you want to stay in the same room, I’d suggest taking the presidential suite. It’s more than enough to accommodate

four people, and each person will have their own space.”
Darius looked at her approvingly, then put the four key cards on the counter.

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four people, and each person will have their own space."

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"Now, I want you to change these four rooms into a presidential suite."

The receptionist bowed at Darius politely again before reaching out to take the key cards. Before she could, an unpleasant voice rang out.

"If my memory serves me right, anyone who wants to upgrade from a normal suite to the

presidential suite has to fork out an additional thousand dollars. Since you're upgrading from four normal suites, you'll need to pay four thousand dollars. I doubt you'll be able to afford it, judging by the rags you're wearing."

No one would be happy to suddenly be criticized or insulted by a random passerby. Darius narrowed his eyes and turned to look at the person who'd spoken. However, a hand caught him by the arm.

He subconsciously looked at it and followed it upward to see that it belonged to the receptionist. He exhaled and said, "I don't think we're well acquainted enough for you to be doing this. It's not very appropriate."

The receptionist's face turned crimson. She let go of him and bowed again, saying apologetically, "I'm sorry, sir. I acted without thinking. You may not know who this woman is, so allow me to introduce you. She's our lobby manager and a stellar employee. She's also a member of the Gillette family."

The woman cut her off here. "I don't think that's information that you have the right to reveal! I'm going to take note of this and deal with you later."

Her voice wasn't easily discernible as masculine or feminine, and if one didn't look at her, it was easy to mistake her for a young man. So, Darius didn't bother hiding his surprise.

And it was this surprise that truly made the woman's blood boil. She bellowed, "Your gaze is extremely rude. Guards, drag this pauper out of here right now! If you don't deal with him immediately, I guarantee you'll regret being born." Then, she turned to look at the receptionist.

"As for you, pack up your things and leave right now."

The receptionist's eyes widened, and she raised her voice without even realizing it. "Firstly, I want to say that's an unreasonable decision. Secondly, you don't have the right to fire me at all! You're not a senior executive in this hotel. You're just a lobby manager. Also, you're not a shareholder!"

She was loud enough that everyone heard her clearly, and Darius could even hear their

gasps. His interest was piqued, and he said to her, “If you’re really asked to leave this hotel, you can consider joining my company. It’s newly established, so we need talents like yourself.”

Without a word, Erin stepped forward and put her laptop on the front desk’s counter. Her fingers flew across the keyboard. Darius raised an eyebrow at her actions. He’d never seen her like this before. After a moment’s thought, he understood what she was doing.

Then, he saw her smile. She pushed the laptop over to him and said, “This is all the information we have on the receptionist. Indeed, she’s well-suited to join West Atlantics

Int’l. If she does join us, she’ll definitely be a good addition.”

Darius raised an eyebrow. It was hard for him to believe that he’d stumbled upon yet

another talent. After all, they were a rare breed. Coming across Erin was already surprising enough. If this receptionist was another talent, there was no doubt in his mind

that West Atlantics Int’l would be able to achieve its goal in no time.

As he thought about this, he walked to the front desk to look at the laptop. Then, he glanced at the receptionist and said, “Alicia Rodríguez, a finance major who completed

her degree and postgraduate studies with flying colors. For some reason, all the interviews you attended after graduating went badly, and you failed to find a job in finance. Then, someone accused you of cheating on the entrance exam to join a government body, and it was decided that you would never get a job there. This hasn’t

been verified, though.”

As Darius continued looking through the information, he found that Alicia seemed to give

up on her life after this. She didn’t put in any effort to change her situation.

Instead, she’d

gone around working odd jobs.

He looked at her. “So, that was the story of your life. I want to know now whether you

have anything to say about it.”

In truth, Darius hadn’t read aloud all the information they had. All the accusations of

Alicia cheating on the entrance exam had originated from the same IP address. In other words, this issue could be easily resolved if one had the wealth and power to do so. Unfortunately, Alicia was nothing but an ordinary student. She didn't have the means to turn her life around, which was why she'd kept silent. She took a deep breath, not expecting the things she'd long buried to suddenly be unearthed. She looked at Darius with her eyes wide, and she trembled as she said, "Don't believe what they say. I'm innocent, and I did nothing of the sort. Trust me!" Her gaze was pleading as she looked at him. After the cheating incident, no one believed her when she claimed to be innocent, not even her parents. Now, however, a complete stranger seemed to be telling her that they were wrong.

The Consortium's Heir by Benjamin Chapter 225

Chapter 225

"Now, I want you to change these four rooms into a presidential suite."

The receptionist bowed at Darius politely again before reaching out to take the key cards. Before she could, an unpleasant voice rang out.

"If my memory serves me right, anyone who wants to upgrade from a normal suite to the presidential suite has to fork out an additional thousand dollars. Since you're upgrading from four normal suites, you'll need to pay four thousand dollars. I doubt you'll be able to afford it, judging by the rags you're wearing."

No one would be happy to suddenly be criticized or insulted by a random passerby. Darius narrowed his eyes and turned to look at the person who'd spoken. However, a hand caught him by the arm.

He subconsciously looked at it and followed it upward to see that it belonged to the receptionist. He exhaled and said, "I don't think we're well acquainted enough for you to be doing this. It's not very appropriate."

The receptionist's face turned crimson. She let go of him and bowed again, saying apologetically, "I'm sorry, sir. I acted without thinking. You may not know who this woman is, so allow me to introduce you. She's our lobby manager and a stellar employee."

She's
also a member of the Gillette family.”
The woman cut her off here. “I don't think that's information that you have the
right to
reveal! I'm going to take note of this and deal with you later.”
Her voice wasn't easily discernible as masculine or feminine, and if one didn't
look at her,
it was easy to mistake her for a young man. So, Darius didn't bother hiding his
surprise.
And it was this surprise that truly made the woman's blood boil.
She bellowed, “Your gaze is extremely rude. Guards, drag this pauper out of here
right
now! If you don't deal with him immediately, I guarantee you'll regret being
born.” Then,
she turned to look at the receptionist.
“As for you, pack up your things and leave right now.”
The receptionist's eyes widened, and she raised her voice without even realizing it.
“Firstly, I want to say that's an unreasonable decision.
Secondly, you don't have the right to fire me at all! You're not a senior executive
in this
hotel. You're just a lobby manager. Also, you're not a shareholder!”
She was loud enough that everyone heard her clearly, and Darius could even hear
their
gasps. His interest was piqued, and he said to her, “If you're really asked to leave
this
hotel, you can consider joining my company. It's newly established, so we need
talents
like yourself.”
Without a word, Erin stepped forward and put her laptop on the front desk's
counter. Her
fingers flew across the keyboard. Darius raised an eyebrow at her actions. He'd
never
seen her like this before. After a moment's thought, he understood what she was
doing.
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Unfortunately, Alicia was nothing but an ordinary student. She didn't have the means to

turn her life around, which was why she'd kept silent.

She took a deep breath, not expecting the things she'd long buried to suddenly be unearthed. She looked at Darius with her eyes wide, and she trembled as she said,

"Don't believe what they say. I'm innocent, and I did nothing of the sort. Trust me!"

Her gaze was pleading as she looked at him. After the cheating incident, no one believed her when she claimed to be innocent, not even her parents.

Now, however, a complete stranger seemed to be telling her that they were wrong.

Chapter 226

To her, Darius was basically her lifebuoy. He was the only thing she could hold on to as

she drowned.

When Darius saw this, he wanted to help her relax. He nodded and smiled, saying, “I

think that anyone with the money and power to go up against the Gillette family wouldn’t

think of this as an issue. The reason you couldn’t resolve this before was that you had

neither. Now, with me around, you have both. I need someone to help me take care of

some things in Almiron City. So, this is the time for you to shine. I’ll give you a chance to

prove yourself by resolving the issue that we’re facing now.”

Alicia’s eyes widened again. She never would’ve expected to come across such an opportunity. Her eyes reddened, and she nodded vigorously. “I’ll definitely prove that you

made the right decision by trusting me, regardless of my age.”

She wiped her tears away, then strode toward the entrance. She wanted to make things

clear to the security guards, but she was surprised by the fact that there were none around. The sudden emptiness scared her a little because she had never seen the hotel’s entrance so deserted.

It made her nervous. This situation was different from what she was used to, making her

anxious. So, she turned to look at Darius, her gaze one of confusion. He knew how she

felt, but he didn’t say anything, merely sticking his hands in his pockets.

Alicia took a deep breath. She knew that this was Darius’ test for her. She had to calm

down and think of a way to deal with this. If she failed this, she would lose the chance to

work alongside a rich and powerful man like Darius, and she would have to continue

living her miserable life. The moment this thought formed in her mind, she pushed it

away.

If she were to fail this test, she wouldn’t even be able to continue living her miserable life

because she’d just offended the lobby manager big time. If Darius didn’t hire her, the

lobby manager would find ways to tie her down to the hotel while forcing her to

take on
all sorts of debt. She could already see it happening.
She exhaled and strode into the courtyard. Then, she sucked in a deep breath again
and
shouted as loudly as possible, “Where are all the security guards? If you don’t
appear
before me immediately, I promise that all of you will be fired, regardless of who
your
uncles are!”
Though she didn’t name any names, everyone knew who she was referring to.
They
watched her with interest, sticking their heads out to see what she was up to. Alicia
could
sense the gazes on her. She took a deep breath, put her hands behind her back, and
turned to face the entrance. This would help to hide the fact that she was so
nervous she
was trembling.
No one answered her. She sucked in another breath and said, “I’m going to count
to
three. If you appear before I’m done, I can forget about you ignoring me before
this. And
if you don’t, I’m sorry to say that you’ll have to bear the consequences of my
anger.”
After she said this, someone finally staggered out of one of the cars parked in the
courtyard. It was Lyon, but he looked worlds apart from how he usually did.
Certain parts
of his face were normal, but the other parts were purple with bruises. The left side
of his
face was swollen, and he couldn’t open his right eye. This was probably thanks to
Edward.
Alicia didn’t expect to see him like this. She took a step back in surprise.
Lyon looked up at her. He thought he sounded bold and confident, but the blood on
him
and the pain coming from his body made him weaker than usual. He said, “You’d
better
be polite when speaking to me, or I’ll show you what it’s like when I’m mad! Of
course,
I’m sure you know how the other people before today ended up. You can take
them as
reference points. I guarantee you’ll be a hundred times worse than them.”

Alicia's breathing sped up at his words. Her voice wasn't as loud as before, but she sounded more resolute. "If I were you, I wouldn't threaten someone looking like that. You have no right to!" She emphasized the last few words. Everyone could discern the meaning behind her words, and it pissed Lyon off even more. Alicia relaxed her stance, and her breathing slowed down. She was already in the zone. She held her head up high and said, "You're no better than a stray dog now, so you should keep your head down and do what a security guard's supposed to. Perhaps I'll consider giving you some food to tide you over." The lobby manager was already seated on one of the sofas. She watched the debacle without making a sound. However, it was obvious that this was nothing more than a minor interruption to her day. She wasn't bothered by it at all. Soon, she would know how wrong she was. She got to her feet and stuck her hands in her pockets while looking at Darius. "If I were you, I wouldn't be doing this. You don't understand a thing about our hotel or me, so you don't know what you're dealing with. I've seen many people like you in the past, and none of them had good endings." The look in her eyes told Darius that she was confident he would be no better. He turned to look at her disdainfully, then said, "I could say the same to you."

