

The Consortium's Heir by Benjamin Chapter 236

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He looked at Darius confidently as if this was all part of his plan.

Darius narrowed his eyes.

"Honestly, you're wrong."

His original plan was to deliver a devastating blow to the Gillette Group and reduce its

net worth exponentially, but it seemed that this wouldn't work out.

Darius raised an eyebrow, then turned to look at Erin.

"He hurt you earlier. Are you willing to let him off the hook?"

Wilson narrowed his eyes at Darius' words. He felt deeply uneasy, but he didn't dare say

anything.

In fact, he didn't even dare look at Darius, afraid that he would accidentally reveal his

true emotions.

He sucked in a breath, thinking that this was his first time feeling so frustrated.

He swore to himself that if Darius didn't end him right here and now, he would definitely

find a chance to get revenge in the future. He'd make Darius disappear off the face of this

world.

As soon as he thought about this, he sensed Darius' gaze change. He raised his head and stared directly into Darius' eyes, but he didn't see anything different.

This only made him feel even more confused, and he gulped.

He was about to say something when Erin shook her head.

"No, it's fine. Thank you, Mr. Reid. You've already taught him a lesson earlier, and I doubt

he'll have the nerve to do something similar in the future."

Darius raised an eyebrow. He knew Erin was only trying to appease him, but he didn't

know why she was letting the matter go.

Erin wasn't mad that he hadn't given her a response. She tugged on his sleeve and said

in a small voice, "Sir, I think you should ask Miss Chamberlain what she thinks. Her

expression's already shifted a few times now. Also, the Chamberlain Group's the one

that's suffered the most at the hands of Gillette Group, and not..."

Only then did Darius notice Pearl watching him with a painful look. He didn't understand

it, so he walked over to her with a frown.

However, when he stood before her, she merely forced out a smile and said, "That woman's beautiful."

She was expressionless as she said this.

This made Darius' frown deepen.

He didn't want to continue on this topic, so he cleared his throat before saying, "The

Gillette Group's done a lot of things to the Chamberlain Group, and both Wilson and

Hank have tried to harm you. If there's anything you want to do to them, you can let me

know. I'll do my best to help you."

His tone was as calm as if he was talking about the weather.

Pearl forced out a slightly bitter smile and tried to comfort herself by telling herself that

things had worked out well—Darius would never be hers alone, and no matter how competent a rival Erin was, at least she would never beat her in terms of age! With this

thought in mind, Pearl nodded and placed a hand on Darius' arm.

"I'm fine with anything, and I'll go with whatever you have in mind. I'll be happy as long as you are."

Darius raised an eyebrow. He didn't expect to hear this, and he'd be lying if he were to

say that he was completely unmoved by her words. So, he let out a soft sigh and patted

her on the shoulder, his tone gentler than usual as he said, "What did you come here for?"

Pearl suddenly slapped herself on the forehead, the sound attracting everyone's attention.

A proper smile curved her lips.

"When I came to look for you, I met some nice officials. They told me that your company

in Almiron City ran into some problems, so they were going to come and tell you about

it. They didn't look like they held high positions, though, so I don't think it's anything

important.”

She looked innocent, but Darius had already narrowed his eyes.

Based on his experience and current situation, the authorities wouldn't bother tipping him off.

This meant that these people were actually coming for him.

His expression became frosty, and the temperature around him dropped.

Pearl shuddered and linked her arm with his before asking in a small voice, “Are you

mad? Did I do the wrong thing by bringing them here? Or are you worried about your company?”

The more she spoke, the smaller her voice became because she knew she'd done something to upset him.

When he saw her like this, Darius sighed and rubbed her on the head.

“Now, now. This doesn't have anything to do with you, actually. Also, shouldn't you be on

campus? I doubt you managed to get any time off.”

Pearl's jaw dropped, and she looked at him disapprovingly.

“How could I possibly wait around while you resolved this? You only went up against the

Gillette Group because of me! Also, this is Almiron City. I grew up here, and the Chamberlain Group's roots are here. I can protect you better by being here with you.”

The loyalty in her gaze was obvious.

It made Darius raise an eyebrow, but his voice was cold as he said, “If so, you can stay.

Where are the officials that you mentioned?”

Pearl was unaware that she'd already made Darius mad.

She smiled brightly, accentuating her beauty, immediately turning her into the center of attention.

However, it seemed that she wasn't aware of this.

She looked at Darius seriously, hoping he would finally make room for her in his heart.

Soon, she knew that it was impossible.

Darius' attention had already shifted to the officials she'd mentioned.

Their presence was out of his expectation, and he wanted answers.

Unfortunately, Pearl couldn't provide them for him because even she didn't know

why
they'd left without her after getting out of the car.

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The car was still parked in its spot. As Pearl deliberated over what to do, something seemed to happen in the courtyard. Darius opened his eyes, and what he saw rendered him speechless.

Four men appeared before him-three of them were burly and tattooed, and the remaining one's eyes kept darting around. Who knew what was going on in his mind? Darius narrowed his eyes. He didn't really want to have anything to do with them, but there didn't seem to be any reason for him to turn them down. He rolled his shoulders, then sighed and looked at them.

"Bring on whatever questions you have."

To his surprise, the official in the lead merely looked up at the sky before pulling out an order for arrest. This wasn't something Darius expected, so he narrowed his eyes even

more. The women paled, unable to utter a word. Of course, this didn't bother him. He merely looked at the officials and nodded seriously. "You guys don't have to look so

wary. I won't do anything to you; And I trust that you guys are good employees." His tone didn't go down well with the officials. He walked over to them and was pushed

into the car. The official in the lead said with a frown,

"Don't be so obnoxious, Darius. I spoke to my colleagues at the airport, and they didn't

arrest you because they had yet to get any evidence. Now, however, we already have

what we need. You're the only suspect that fits the bill."

"Cut the crap. Since you're already here, let's go somewhere where we can talk! Don't let

your plane tickets go to waste."

When they reached their destination, he stretched his neck and walked toward the building with his hands in his pockets. The officials frowned when they saw him like this.

One of them spat out, "Darius, you think too highly of yourself!"

Darius looked at him with a trace of mockery. "Who do you think you are? How dare you speak to me!"

The official's eyes widened. He jumped and pointed a finger at his badge. Darius didn't

even bother to respond. After walking into the conference room, Darius slammed the

door shut, then turned around and leaned against the table with his arms crossed. There was no time to waste, and he didn't give the officials any chance to speak.

"Since

you guys came here with an order for arrest, you must already have enough evidence.

But based on what I've seen so far, I don't think that's the case. Otherwise, you wouldn't

be playing nice."

The officials didn't expect Darius to already see through them. He narrowed his eyes and

looked at Darius warily, but at the same time, he looked excited. Darius rubbed his arms

with a frown, then said with disgust, "Stop looking at me like that, or I'll gouge your eyes

out!" After that, he chuckled. "Actually, no. Go ahead and give it a try."

The three burly men slammed their hands on the table and shot to their feet, their muscles making their uniforms burst at the seams. They glared at him. Darius rubbed his

temples, thinking they did not need to give him such death glares. It wouldn't have any

effect on him, anyway.

He dusted off his hands, then shook his head at the official in the lead and clicked his

tongue. Before the official could say anything, the person standing behind him got mad.

He raised a fist and swung it at Darius, saying, "My name's Miguel."

Darius didn't expect him to introduce himself, but he didn't have time to ponder this as

Miguel's fist came hurtling his way. He frowned and swiftly dodged the blow.

Before

anyone realized what was going on, he had already shifted to stand behind the official

and grip his neck tightly.

The official paled instantly. He knew Darius was powerful, but this was out of his expectations. He'd moved at the speed of light! The official's breathing sped up because

he knew that no one would be able to stop Darius if he really wanted to kill him.

He

couldn't help but tremble, but he didn't say anything, merely deliberating his next move.

Darius thought the official would interrogate him after bringing him here, but not a single

question was asked. All the official had done was ponder. He stretched and said, "I'm

going to leave if you guys continue like this.

Take all the time you need to think things through and remember to let me know when

you're done." Then, he turned to leave.

The three burly men appeared before him, and he sighed. "You three don't look like the

brightest. If I were you, I'd sit this out and wait for someone to predict the outcome. I may

not be able to see my own fate, but I can see yours."

Standing next to them, Miguel's eyes widened. "R-really? Can you tell me what's going

to happen, then? You seem to predict the future quite accurately."

Darius yawned and smirked. "If you keep harassing me, I guarantee I'll make the first move."

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Miguel felt Darius' hand wrap around his neck, and it wasn't a nice feeling. He became

especially angry when he heard what Darius said. He struggled to take a deep breath,

his eyes bulging.

It wasn't easy to do so because of Darius' grip, but he managed to force out, "Darius,

you've made a mistake. As long as you admit to your wrongdoings or pay a fee, no one

will come after you anymore. But if you harm me, it'll only worsen your crimes. You won't

be able to bear the consequences!"

'Thanks for the advice, dude. But if I were you, I'd think about this-you were the one to

attack me out of nowhere, yet you're telling me to think about the consequences."

Miguel paled and widened his eyes in shock. "You're about to get locked up

at the
detention center! How dare you speak to me like that!"

Darius looked at him, his face is void of emotion. His tone was mocking, though, as he
said, "I wouldn't be saying things like that if I were you. After all, you have no idea how
rich I am."

Miguel stared at him. Despite his breathing difficulties, he still forced out a laugh. "I know
that, as a young man, you want people to acknowledge you, but pretending to be rich
isn't going to help you achieve that. On the contrary, it will only make things awkward for
you."

Darius didn't expect him to say that. He raised an eyebrow, then said, "What would you
do if you were in my shoes?"

This made Miguel falter. He hadn't thought about this. He opened his mouth a few times,
but he ended up not saying a thing.

Then, the skinnier guy who'd been standing behind the three burly men finally showed
his face. He stood before Darius with his hands in his pockets, looking like nothing could
faze him. However, his gaze was sharp.

Darius looked at him, a trace of surprise flashing in his eyes. The skinny official looked
slightly below 5'5" when standing with the burly men, but now that he was closer to
Darius, it turned out they were almost the same height.

Darius glanced at Miguel, whom he was still holding by the neck. His feet were still
dangling about an inch from the ground, so Darius flung him aside. Miguel was sent
flying. Judging from the time it had taken for him to land on the ground, he'd probably
been thrown about a hundred feet away!

This made Miguel's eyes widen. Pain shot through his body as he staggered to his feet,
and when he stumbled over to Darius, he said, "You're truly powerful."

Darius didn't think his sudden friendliness was something he liked. He frowned and asked, "Do you have something to say?" Miguel's smile faltered, then he scratched his head and shook it. "No, I don't. I'm just surprised. I never expected you to be able to catch me, let alone send me flying. In the past, if anyone were to send me flying like that, I'd be able to land on my feet, but I didn't manage to do so this time despite flying a hundred feet away. You're the first person to make me land on my back." Darius couldn't bring himself to trust a guy who'd attacked him upon their first meeting. Obviously, Miguel sensed this and said, "Hey, why don't you trust me?" Darius said, "I do. I already told you that, didn't I?" Miguel didn't believe him, but he said, "Yeah, yeah, whatever." Then, he heard Darius say, "If I were you, I wouldn't be sitting here. You'd be better off getting yourself checked rather than trying to convince me of anything. Do you think I want to sit here and waste time like this?" Miguel wasn't the sharpest knife in the drawer, so he said bluntly, "No, it's okay. I know my body, and I know I'm perfectly fine. Also, I'm curious to know how you became as powerful as you are now." Darius didn't say anything because he didn't know the answer either. He crossed his arms and leaned against the door, the atmosphere cooling around him. When everyone started to shudder, he raised an eyebrow, knowing that he'd achieved his goal. Now, he only had three problems to take care of. He took a step forward and looked at Paula, who'd shown up with the rest of the gang. "Any problems here?" 1 Paula felt lost. She'd run into these officials at the airport, so she hadn't had time to ask

them what was happening. She turned to look at them, questioning them with her eyes.

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