

## **The Consortium's Heir #Chapter 261 – 270**

### **Read The Consortium's Heir Chapter 261**

The hostess' eyes reddened.

On the other hand, Darius narrowed his eyes. He felt the latter was quick-witted, or she would not have come up with such an excuse on the spot. His expression did not improve because of that.

Instead, his nose scrunched up as he kept his hands in his pockets.

"You aren't actually working hard, though. If you were, you would've investigated all the guests' backgrounds beforehand and targeted other people. Consider this—you arrived in appropriate clothing and successfully impersonated a hostess. Since you've researched so much about hostesses, it's unlikely for you not to look up information on the attendees tonight. Thus, I can go as far as to say you're causing me trouble now because you found out the Gillettes and I are on bad terms. That's what led you to act the way you did toward me."

Darius had keen eyesight; it was as though he could read every thought in the hostess' mind.

That was when Erin, who stood aside, nodded sternly.

"Indeed, Mr. Reid. This lady's name is Cerys Gillette, and she's hired many private investigators to look into the backgrounds of everyone attending tonight's banquet. She found out about us ten minutes before we received the Gillette family's invite, which means she knows everyone here like the back of her hand."

"So," Darius said while jutting his chin and sneering at Cerys, "You're well aware that you and I are the same—I didn't grow up in the Reid family either. On the contrary, I have had a difficult life since I was young. Yet, you said I had a blessed life because you knew no one here had ever heard of me. You were sure they weren't rich enough to run in the same circles as me or even know about my living

environment during childhood. Therefore, everything you said earlier was to garner others' pity for your own benefit."

Every word that came out of his mouth sounded crystal clear.

At that point, everyone in the yard had taken out their phones to search for Darius' profile.

Darius stayed in the same spot, his hands still resting in his pockets as he shrugged. His usual stoic countenance took over.

"I'd be utterly terrified now if I were you because you've depleted my patience. I'm sure your investigators have plenty of information on how I treat people who cross me. Likewise, I believe you've mentally and physically prepared yourself for what's to come."

Cerys' face paled just then.

Fear lodged at the back of her throat, obstructing her so much that she could not even let out a squeak. She was deathly afraid of the information she found on what happened to those who had upset Darius.

Among those that suffered from his wrath was Cerys' half-brother, Hank Gillette.

With that in mind, she stiffened, all words failing her.

Meanwhile, Darius' gaze swept past everyone at the scene.

Silence ensued for what felt like forever.

Cerys knew it was unwise to let things go on like that.

She inhaled deeply, feeling she needed to decide on a reaction at once.

Otherwise, Cerys would end up miserably, which was an undesirable outcome for her.

Ultimately, she decided to convince the guests she was telling the truth while painting Darius as the liar.

She opened her mouth, uttering each word quickly, "I'm shocked by your claims! If you're genuinely from the Reid family, you'd be driving a modified Bugatti instead of this unmodified one. Your current car isn't consistent with the image everyone associates with Darius Reid!"

Darius still had yet to remove his hands from his pockets. He stood in place and silently scrutinized Cerys, wondering how much more shameless she could get.

A victorious grin crept up Cerys' face when the former did not respond.

She mused, "Oh? I didn't think Darius would stay silent when facing my false accusations. Perhaps his silence is from his guilty conscience—maybe he really is a fraud!"

Feeling that was true, she raised her chin arrogantly at Darius as she informed everyone, "Moreover, he wouldn't be driving without a license plate if he were really from the Reid family! That family is renowned for having strict morals, so none of the Reids would ever violate the law. So what if he could only purchase a brand-new car last minute? He should have plenty of wealth and resources to buy a local license plate and drive legally on our city's streets!"

Cerys shot a haughty smirk at Darius.

Confidence oozed from her very being as she jutted her chin even more.

That took Darius aback. He had never encountered anyone who could tell a lie like it was the truth, as though they wholeheartedly believed it. He kept his hands in his pockets but curled his lips at her.

"What you just said is very contradictory. If the Reids are above breaking the law, then they wouldn't take advantage of their wealth to demand a license plate from the authorities on the spot. They would go through the entire registration process."

Erin stood behind Darius.

Since there were many people around them, she refrained from revealing her emotions, but guilt flooded her chest. She mentally yelled at herself, "It's my fault. Mr. Reid turned down my plan when we left the hotel, but I was so arrogant, thinking nothing could stand in the way of the Reid family's wealth. Still, I never imagined my actions would give others leverage against Darius!"

She wanted to defend Darius, but all words had failed her at that moment.

No matter what she tried to say, everything sounded wrong in her mind; it was not her place to speak up.

However, she could not hold her tongue at the next second when Cerys uttered something unacceptable.

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The novel The Consortium's Heir has been updated Chapter 261 with many unexpected details, removing many love knots for the male and female lead. In addition, the author Benjamin\_Jnr is very talented in making the situation extremely different. Let's follow the Chapter 261 of the The Consortium's Heir [HERE](#). Keywords are searched: Novel The Consortium's Heir Chapter 261 Novel The Consortium's Heir by Benjamin\_Jnr

"You claiming to be Darius seems far too suspicious," Cerys pointed out.

"Moreover, no one here knows you. People would surely recognize you if you were a tycoon—or, at the very least, they would've heard about you. What unnerves everyone here is how you're an enigma to everyone here."

Darius did not speak up to defend himself even then.

On the other hand, Cerys' lips curled triumphantly. She was confident that all the guests would believe her over Darius if she continued voicing her suspicions.

Hence, she announced at the top of her lungs, "You only showed up here because you wanted everyone to think you're wealthy! But is that the truth? No! Your actions and words from the moment you arrived can't prove that you're someone wealthy!"

Darius had been standing for a long time, so his legs started to ache.

After sighing deeply, he replied, "I'd very much like to know this—what are your motives for saying that about me?"

That surprised Cerys as she gulped anxiously, knowing she was too deep in her lies to back out. She replied sternly, "I think you stole that plateless car and drove it here to trick the guests. I bet you're trying to scam them into fake business deals so you can run off with their money!"

Absolute certainty filled her face when she spoke.

Even her eyes glimmered with not a trace of doubt. It was as though Cerys was fully convinced that she was telling the truth.

The entire thing seemed like a joke to Darius, who had never seen a person convince themselves into believing their lies.

Meanwhile, every guest and onlookers eyes narrowed in disbelief.

Still, they continued to look at Darius, and one of them yelled, "I think Miss Gillette's claims are true!"

"Yeah!"

Others collectively chimed in after hearing the former's words.

"I think so too! I bet Miss Gillette's telling the truth. Plus, this guy doesn't seem trustworthy, to begin with."

Darius did not remove his hands from his pockets, but he could no longer remain passive.

While straightening out his back, he questioned casually, "If that's the case, may I ask whether you'll let me into the event at all, Miss Gillette? Because I promise your relationship with the Gillette family will worsen if I'm to leave today."

Although there was no hostility in his voice, the hairs down Cerys' arms could not help standing straighter as she trembled. She gulped, knowing Darius' was not kidding.

Nevertheless, she refused to falter at that moment, so she gripped the table's edges with both hands to hold her ground, her veins popping from the pressure.

Cerys then glowered at Darius, saying through gritted teeth, "You've run a background check on me."

She assumed Darius would retreat upon hearing that.

To her dismay, Darius shrugged, nodded, then replied, "You sound so certain. You're right to be so because I just looked up your information before you."

Not a hint of color remained on Cerys' face anymore. Her chest hastily rose and fell as she could sense everyone's doubt toward her. She snarled in her heart, "No one would've looked at me like this in the past because I'm a Gillette. It didn't matter if what I said was outrageous—nobody would dare doubt me! Everyone had no choice but to take my word as the law! But that's evidently not the case anymore. It seems like all the people here are actively questioning me!"

Her breathing became shallow, growing quicker by the second. She had never been this humiliated before.

Cerys wanted to continue challenging Darius, but he had already lost his patience.

He took one step back, summoning, "Bridget!"

At that point, Bridget was having a great time watching the drama unfold, finding Darius incredible for refuting all of Cerys' claims with ease.

Regardless, when she heard her name, she instinctively stood straighter and responded, "Yes, sir!"

The onlookers and guests that initially stared at Cerys now looked over at Bridget.

Likewise, all the security guards at the scene felt nervous.

Whispers soon broke out in every corner, accumulating into one loud discussion over time.

Even so, no one could tell what everyone was saying since everyone's voices had jumbled up.

Darius could not care less, though.

He ordered loudly, "Tell this young lady whose side the Gillettes will take—hers or mine?"

Bridget beamed with utter excitement, stepping forward at once.

On the other hand, Cerys did not know what the two were doing but felt terrified, knowing she could not win against Darius.

Thus, she spun around on her heel to flee, but it was too late; before she could even take one step ahead, she felt someone striking from behind her.

She then lost her balance and fell, landing face-first into the dirt before she could even shut her mouth.

Cerys had never felt this much pain all through her life when her intelligent, scheming mother was still alive.

In that instant, her cries rang throughout the yard, spreading in the air faster than the speed of light.

Bridget retracted her leg, approached Cerys' side, and shrugged.

Venom filled her tone as she spat, "Worthless loser."

She then turned to look at Darius, asking, "What do I do next, Mr.Reid?"

Not a word came from Darius as he heard footsteps rushing out from the massive estate.

At the same time, he detected another person's footsteps approaching from the main street—they were Edward's.

Thus, Darius turned to look at the main entrance.

Bridget could not hear anything, but she knew someone or something was sure to arrive soon, so she returned to Darius' side at once.

Subsequently, she assumed an alert posture, perking up and folding both hands against her lower back.

It was because she could not discern whether the incoming person or object was harmless or a threat.

That was when Darius noticed her hardened look.

Update Chapter 262 of The Consortium's Heir

Announcement The Consortium's Heir has updated Chapter 262 with many amazing and unexpected details. In fluent writing, In simple but sincere text, sometimes the calm romance of the author Benjamin\_Jnr in Chapter 262 takes us to a new horizon. Let's read the Chapter 262 The Consortium's Heir series here. Search keys: The Consortium's Heir Chapter 262

A lighthearted chuckle came from Darius, who shook his head and said, "Don't worry. The person that's about to show up is Edward."

Only then did Bridget let out a relieved sigh and return her hands to her sides.

However, her brows soon twisted together as she asked, "Why did he get here so late? He drove behind our car, yet we've been standing here for some time, and he still hasn't shown up."

Darius shook his head before explaining with a smile, "I'm sure it's because he couldn't get a parking near the entrance like us since he's driving the damaged Bugatti from earlier."

Bridget raised her head slightly, then scrunched her nose and flashed a thin smile out of embarrassment.

"Apologies, Mr. Reid. I never thought he would get stopped from entering because of that."

Finding the topic uninteresting, Darius did not voice his opinions on the matter anymore. He was, instead, looking forward to the person that would soon come out of the villa.

That was when the person stayed at the front door without speaking or doing anything.

Even so, Darius did not care; he knew the other party would be the first to give in.

After all, the loser of today was the Gillette family, whose mortifying secret had gotten revealed to the guests.

Darius eventually dropped the thought as Edward arrived.



The latter glistened with joy, or rather, it was because a thick layer of sweat coated his face. His sweaty appearance indicated he had walked a long way to get here.

Both Bridget and Darius felt bad that Edward had gone through so much.

The former then looked at Edward and asked, "Why do you seem so happy? Did something happen?"

Edward pursed his lips while looking at Bridget, which gave the latter a sense of foreboding.

She immediately regretted asking that question, but Edward had already merrily answered, "You're famous, Bridget —everyone here knows you.

In fact, the other bodyguards around became alert when you arrived.

They informed their masters that you're a threatening person and urged their masters to leave at once."

His shoulders kept rising and falling as he guffawed.

Even his eyes lit up as he boasted, "Hah! I haven't seen anyone react with this much fear in many years! What amazes me more is all the bodyguards here know you, and they're as scared of you as the other bodyguards -in-training under the Reid family."

At that point, Darius' breathing quickened, and his eyes narrowed.

"Even if the two of you have much to chat about," he snapped, "I don't think now is the appropriate time to do so. We're free to chat as you please at the hotel after we settle what we came here to do."

An intense but inexplicable emotion radiated from his gaze as it swept past Bridget and Edward.

That ignited a change in the two at once; they hurriedly took a step in opposite directions, creating a larger space between them.

Darius kept silent after that, only glancing at the two briefly before turning the other way.

All the guests, staff, and onlookers witnessed that entire exchange.

Nonetheless, panic soon filled their faces when they felt the many security guards' breathing quicken.

Everyone immediately looked at the guards, who had the same expression as Bridget earlier; they wanted to speak like Bridget hoped to explain herself to Darius.

However, she refrained from doing so as it was not the right time, especially since Darius was now looking at the villa.

Thus, her features grew taut as she placed her hands behind her back, staring strictly at the villa's front door.

She felt whoever was coming out from there was unlikely a friend.

Yet, there was no activity from the door for a long while.

Darius placed both hands in his pockets, tilting his head slightly as he proclaimed, "Wilson Gillette, you've been standing there for a while. If you don't come out now, I'll assume you're in danger and shoot the door down to enter the villa. That said, I can't promise my marksmanship will be accurate, as I'm worried about your safety and might miss my shot."

Only then did the door open to reveal Wilson.

Although he seemed unbothered by the events, one could see the rage that consumed him from his narrowed and reddened eyes.

Like Darius, his hands were in his pockets while he spoke.

"You don't have an invite, so you're not allowed to enter. Please depart the premises at once, or else I might not hold back from taking action against you."

"What you're saying is hilarious."

Darius' smile broadened.

"Also, I never imagined the Gillette family to entertain such nonsense. I've always believed anyone who can start a massive and powerful family should have unyielding resolve like me."

That was when he pulled out his gun, aiming at the villa's second floor before pulling the trigger.

Immediately after, a person with a gun fell out the second-floor window, smashing the glass along the way.

Darius placed his gun back in the holster around his waist and met Wilson's gaze, declaring, "Your motives got revealed too early, and it's all thanks to that brilliant, newly adopted son of yours. His words gave me a heads up on what you've been planning."

Wilson grew pale.

It was not because Darius had figured out his plan but because the latter had subtly made so many movements that slipped his notice.

Wilson did not even realize Darius took out a gun, aimed, and shot someone until the latter put the gun away. That alone indicated Darius had remarkable martial arts skills.

"I don't recall any bad blood between us,"

Wilson calmly said, "As for the so-called plan of mine, the person you shot was a bodyguard tasked with patrolling the event.

The second floor is the best position for him to do so, as any dangerous accidents won't be able to escape his notice.

It seems you've misunderstood me entirely, but I can clarify and soothe any qualms you have toward me.

He kept an untroubled composure, and even his tone sounded neutral, as though he were speaking the truth.

That was when Darius shrugged.

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Darius did not care about whatever rhetoric Wilson brought up.

Thus, he did not respond to the latter's claims and turned to look at Cerys instead, stating, "This young lady is your daughter, and I've hurt her."

Only then did Wilson spare Cerys a glance.

Yet, what baffled everyone at the scene was his lack of emotion toward her.

All he did was nod and apathetically reply, "Indeed.

She's my badly behaved daughter, which is why I'm grateful you showed up and put her in place, Mr.Reid."

A scoff came from Darius as he thought, "Wilson's implying I purposely came to the banquet to punish his daughter."

He did not verbally express his opinion but kept both hands in his pockets and nodded.

"Yes, ve already punished your two misbehaving sons on your behalf, so I don't mind disciplining your daughter too.Though, I would never end their lives because I don't have any bad blood with you, Gillettes."

Wilson's eyes grew wide in that instant.

His heart rate spiked as he could tell there was more to Darius' words.

He then thundered, "What the hell have you done to Thomas?"

His voice boomed so loudly that it made everyone jolt and tremble.

Some people even looked directly into his eyes without much thought.

After silence hung in the air for a couple of minutes, everyone avoided looking at him.

Their hearts pounded with anxiety as they had just learned something the Gillette family did not want them to.

At that point, there was no guarantee that the Gillettes would do anything to threaten them.

Having worried about this outcome for the entire day, some guests wanted to leave.

One of them stepped forward to bow deeply at Wilson.

Subsequently, his face paled as he said through chattering teeth, "M-My apologies, M-Mr. Gillette. I don't think I-I can attend tonight's banquet anymore. My company just phoned and informed me of an issue with one of my projects. They need me back at the scene to resolve the issue now."

All color had drained from Wilson's face by then. He knew it was a lie but had no reason to decline the former's request, so he nodded.

"Okay. If you need any help, feel free to seek me out at once. I'll do my best to help you in my personal capacity."

The person left the venue in tears as Wilson's offer moved him.

At least, that was what Wilson thought.

Still, Wilson did not imagine that about a third of his guests would come up with various excuses to flee the scene after he allowed the person to leave.

No one dared step foot into the villa.

To make things worse, this was the first time something had gone wrong with a Gillette family banquet in decades.

Wilson could not accept such defeat, so he glowered at Darius, no longer having the appearance of a benevolent host.

"You caused this to happen and have now pissed me off. Let's hope you can bear the consequences of my wrath!"

He stared determinedly at Darius, thinking the latter would also be angry or take action.

It was only natural as the latter had always seemed rash throughout their previous encounters.

Much to his shock, Darius did not utter a word.

All Darius did was approach Cerys' side while keeping his gaze on Wilson.

He explained, "Someone has plotted against me and tricked me into attending tonight's banquet. The thing is—I'm unsure if you're behind it or if Dream Investment Group is to blame."

He seemed so collected that Wilson could not figure out what was on his mind.

Hence, Wilson kept mum, fearing he would say the wrong thing and accidentally let slip any secrets to Darius. He had plenty of research and witnessed enough incidents today to know that Darius was capable of getting information from others.

Meanwhile, Darius still had not said much but turned to look at Erin.

Since the two had worked together for some time, Erin understood what Darius meant from his gaze. So, she nodded and returned to the car.

Wilson pursed his lips but returned to a neutral expression soon after.

Despite that, he continued to scrutinize Erin with a smile.

"I'd like to know what you, as Darius' secretary, are going to do if not stand here with him."

Curiosity filled his eyes as he wanted to know whether Erin would tell the truth or lie.

Little did he expect her to ignore him. She did not even stop nor turn her head to spare him a glance.

Instead, she beelined into her car and sat in the backseat.

That was the first time anyone had disregarded Wilson.

Such humiliation felt foreign to him, causing his heart to beat faster with rage. He let out a quick sigh, mentally reminding himself, "I became a tycoon at a young age, and in the fifty years that followed, I've never felt this pissed!"

Enraged, he stared into Darius' eyes and snarled through gritted teeth, "You're challenging my authority? Hah! You'll have hell to pay for this!"

Wilson then took one step back, clapping once to summon the many men in black who were hidden in every corner of the yard, each holding guns.

A smug grin curled on Wilson's face as he said, "You must feel frightened now, huh? I bet you didn't see them earlier. Well, let me tell you this—no matter how much you beg, it's too late. I won't spare you."

He continued gloating at Darius while speaking, but his smile soon faded when the latter did not appear as frightened as he pictured.

Nothing had turned out as he had planned, and he refused to tolerate it.

Brows drawing close, he questioned, "Why aren't you afraid about what's happening now? About what's going to happen?"

Darius stood rooted to the spot with a curt smile.

"It seems your guests from earlier haven't told you about how their bodyguards were frightened."

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Confusion shrouded Wilson's face. He no longer needed to hide his emotions as he was now hell-bent on killing Darius.

Thus, he did not conceal his desire to know what the latter meant.

Yet, he also knew he would not believe it even if Darius had told him the truth, so he turned to look at his secretary.

The secretary was a gorgeous woman in a bodycon dress with a deep V-neckline.

Heels clicking, she approached Wilson's side and held a laptop with her manicured hands.

"Sir, I've just found out," she said in a voice as seductive as her appearance.

It felt intentional.

She pointed at Bridget while she continued, "Those bodyguards became nervous after this woman appeared. She's a skilled bodyguard and could've easily taken down everyone earlier."

Wilson's jaw dropped wide open. He felt it was impossible, so he examined his secretary with a look of suspicion.

Seeing that made the secretary sway her hips as she stepped closer to Wilson, reaching out to grab his hand.

"Why are you looking at me like that, Mr. Gillette? Don't you believe me?" Her eyes reddened, and she pouted at him.

Much to her surprise, not a single person at the scene paid her pitiful display any mind, except for Wilson.

Wilson remained emotionless but circled an arm around his secretary's shoulder, pulling her into his embrace.

While doing that, his hateful gaze remained on Darius.

"I know you're someone with endless wealth, Darius. But your wealth doesn't matter here in Almiron City. The people only know one affluent household, and that's the Gillette family!"

Shockingly, Darius did not seem bothered at all.

In fact, nothing changed about the latter's behavior, which only ticked Wilson off more.

The taste of bitter defeat and getting ignored became foreign to him after he shot to his wealthy status ten years ago—until Darius appeared.

Boiling rage and a determination to kill Darius exuded from Wilson's eyes that no longer remained stoic.



Wilson stood tall before snarling in a low, threatening tone, "Men, get a move on! I want him dead at once!"

The men in black then aimed their weapons at Darius, firing simultaneously as a series of bullets getting loaded filled the air.

Bridget was quick to vanish from where she stood.

Apart from Darius, no one else at the scene could see where she had gone.

All the others knew was that one-third of their guns mysteriously disappeared from their hands, and they had fallen on the ground within a breath's time.

Unlike them, Darius was an enlightened martial artist and could see Bridget's every action clearly, so he moved even faster than her while Wilson and the others were deep in thought.

Thus, after Bridget had tackled one-third of the men in black, she suddenly stopped and realized the others had also fallen to the ground.

Beside her was Darius, whose shirt and suit had become creased from the speedy fighting. Her widened eyes swept past everyone around her just then.

Edward looked as baffled as she did.

He wanted to help out earlier but did not expect Darius, their young master, to beat him to it.

Left without a chance to participate, Edward gawped with his mouth wide open at Darius.

He knew Darius was highly proficient in martial arts but never imagined the latter would surpass him by this much.

"Mr. Reid's fighting skills have grown significantly since we first met. The rate he's improving at is scary,"

Edward could not help himself from pondering, "If Mr. Reid never left the Reid family, I bet he would've become a mighty figure by now. No one alive could ever defeat him in battle."

He stood beside Darius with certainty brimming in his eyes, thinking, "I previously saw Mr. Reid as nothing more than a hardworking man with a

wealthy background and insanely good luck. Hence, I willingly served by his side to do his every bidding. I swore to serve only Darius as long as I remained in the Darius family. But now? I can't help but have much more respect for him."

Realizing his newfound sentiments, he placed a hand on his chest as though renewing his pledge to serve Darius.

Even his gaze intensified with profound seriousness.

Darius glanced at him briefly but soon shifted his attention toward Wilson as he strolled over to the latter.

Only after hearing Darius' incoming footsteps did Wilson snap to his senses.

He had never seen nor believed anyone could do what Bridget and Darius had done till now.

Nevertheless, the entire ordeal happened before his eyes, so it did not matter whether Wilson believed it.

He then locked eyes with Darius but could not stop himself from stammering, "D-Don't come over here!"

It took him a while to muster up the courage to break free from his frozen state and retreat backward.

Sadly, he continued to stumble back out of fear.

He tried to regain control over his legs, but they faltered, causing him to fall to the ground.

It was his first time being in such a humiliating situation, so his face grew pallid.

His eyes darted back and forth, scanning the place as he took deeper breaths.

The only saving grace at that moment was that no one was around to witness his fall.

Darius took in Wilson's every shift in reaction.

He stood with his back straightened, towering and looking down at the latter's face.

"I'm sure you now have much more patience for what I'm about to discuss with you."

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Wilson's eyes trembled so much that they were about to pop out of their sockets.

Facing off against Darius left him intensely frightened. His voice became hoarse as he asked, "W-What are you trying to accomplish? I never invited you to tonight's banquet—"

"That's enough!" Darius interrupted loudly.

"I've been more than patient with you. I can investigate how that invite appeared in my room and who delivered it to me. What I never expected was someone would use such immature tricks against me. Then again, perhaps you thought that making me show up with a fake invite to this banquet would embarrass me. Is that it?"

Wilson's eyes grew dim with fear. It shocked him to learn Darius did not care about getting humiliated.

Because of that, he never got to say the smug words he had prepared beforehand.

All he could do was quiver on the ground like frightened prey.

At that moment, Darius raised his chin while placing his foot on Wilson's shoulder.

"I sense another potent presence in this villa— it's from an enlightened martial artist."

That made Wilson pale. He could not deny the statement as it was the truth.

Yet, at the same time, he could not reveal any more information to Darius; the martial artist Darius mentioned made sure Wilson was powerless from the start.

Wilson was in his study one day when the martial artist snuck in and strangled him, ordering him to deliver an invite to Darius.

That was all the martial artist said—he wanted Darius to be at Wilson's banquet.

At the time, none of Wilson's bodyguards could get to the study on time, so Wilson had no choice but to agree.

Recalling that incident, Wilson suddenly noticed the similarities between the martial artist and Darius. His eyes became rounder and glossier as he asked, "What is your relationship with that person?"

He flipped from being on his back to kneeling and pressing his forehead into the ground. He cried, "I-I'm so sorry! I made a grave mistake, and I realize it now. You're both skilled fighters, but I have nothing to do with your feud—I never once thought about harming you! Of course, I never planned to attack him, either. However, he tracked me down and threatened to hurt me if I didn't do as he said. I couldn't let that happen!"

While speaking, he looked up with teary eyes at Darius.

Even so, Darius examined the former's eyes in detail and found no fear.

He placed his hands behind his back while scrunching up his nose, sneering, "You don't have to put on this act of pity before me. Before I arrived in Almiron City, I learned all about how you made the Gillette family name so successful. That only happened because you received financial backing from Dream Investment Group during your most challenging juncture. You then sought external financing by listing your company on the stock market. That's what led to the elite status of your family today. You've cooperated with Dream Investment Group for a long time, so the enlightened martial artist standing in your villa is also someone I'm very familiar with—because I was once his disciple. The people we've encountered thus far are all associated with the mysterious person behind Dream Investment Group. This mysterious figure always has a hand in Dream Investment's every investment project."

He had spoken calmly, but his every word took the people at the scene aback.

After all, he was revealing the Gillette family's top secrets.

One could even say that no one else, apart from Wilson, knew these secrets.

Yet, Darius had disclosed it all before strangers in that instant.

Wilson shut his eyes, sighing deeply on the ground as he knew his mission had failed; Dream Investment Group would not react kindly to his failure.

He recalled the scene at his study the other night when suddenly, an invisible force tightened around his neck, choking him on the spot.

Wilson parted his lips with all his might but could utter a word. His face turned red after he struggled to breathe for some time.

Darius kept his hands behind his back while standing before Wilson. He could even hear the latter's neck cracking from the invisible pressure.

On the other side, Wilson did not expect Dream Investment Group to punish him this cruelly for failing one minor task.

At that point, it was evident that the company had given up on their promise to him—they had decided not to avenge his son's death by murdering Darius.

Bitter resentment filled his eyes just then. He refused to give up, eyes darting left and right while he struggled to take off his watch.

Everyone saw it but did not comment on it as they did not know why he did that.

However, his reasons became clear when Wilson tossed his watch to Darius.

That was not what Darius expected.

The watch landed more than 30 feet away from Darius.

Once it did, Wilson shot a pleading look at the former, who stood unmoving.

Nevertheless, Darius could tell Wilson desperately wanted him to pick up the watch.

Grave silence enveloped the scene.

The man in a black robe that stood inside the villa could not believe what he had just witnessed, so he balled his fists more.

Wilson's face then became as pale as a sheet before the man.

Eventually, Wilson shut his eyes and let out one final exhale.

Despite that, a satisfied smile spread across his face, knowing he had done the best he could.

Likewise, Wilson knew Darius would pick up the watch that stored plenty of information on Dream Investment Group.

In it were also the plans he had to threaten his way out of Dream Investment Group's grasp but did not have the time to do.

Throughout Wilson's life, this was the project he had spent the most effort planning.

Wilson believed Darius would be moved by his efforts and put the watch's information to good use.

Hence, it did not matter which side won in the end; Wilson was satisfied that he had gotten this far.

He shut his eyes, feeling peaceful with how things had turned out, yet things did not go as he imagined.

Instead, the invisible force around his neck loosened gradually alongside the menacing laughter of the martial artist in the black robe.

It left Wilson sitting upright on the ground, but he kept his eyes tightly shut.

Read The Consortium's Heir - Chapter 266

Read Chapter 266 with many climactic and unique details. The series The Consortium's Heir one of the top-selling novels by Benjamin\_Jnr. Chapter content chapter Chapter 266 - The heroine seems to fall into the abyss of despair, heartache, empty-handed, But unexpectedly this happened a big event. So what was that event? Read The Consortium's Heir Chapter 266 for more details

Wilson dared not look at the man in the black robe because he could sense an unprecedented rage emanating from the latter.

Wilson was unsure whether he would still be breathing if he locked eyes with him.

However, the man obviously did not care about that, as he was now focusing on Darius instead.

In that instant, Darius sensed a powerful aura radiating from the man, which was more potent than the previous martial artist in the same black robe he had encountered.

He stood there and pondered for a while, unable to recall the name of the last martial artist.

He then met the man's eyes and instructed his subordinates behind him with a cautious tone.

"You three should get out of here as quickly as possible."

Erin remained rooted, unwilling to leave.

Even so, she got dragged away by Bridget and Edward, who each took one of her arms.

Although she wanted to resist, the two bodyguards' strengths far surpassed hers. She wriggled with all her might but to no avail; her wrists did not budge from the two's iron grip.

Bridget sensed the former's movement, so she turned her head to look at Erin while sighing.

"The more you thrash around, the longer it'll take us to leave, meaning Edward and I can't return to assist Mr. Reid anytime soon."

Only then did Erin stop resisting, albeit unwillingly.

Still, she stared into Bridget's eyes and suggested, "Why don't you return to Mr. Reid? Edward can get me away from here."

It sounded like a foolproof plan in Erin's mind.

Sadly, Bridget turned it down sternly.

"No. You don't understand our capabilities —Edward moves slower, so if not for me leading us away, you'd be wounded by both Mr. Reid's and that other martial artist's aura by now."

Edward rolled his eyes at Bridget's insulting words but still nodded.

"Yeah. Although Bridget could've phrased it more politely, she speaks the truth."

It was then that Bridget slowed down.

Edward turned to look behind him and realized the Gillette family's home was no longer within sight.

Frowning, he said, "I can take Erin from here. I'm sure it's safe enough at this point. You, however, should watch out —we both know that anyone who can fight against the overpowered Mr. Reid must be equally as strong as him."

Bridget waved dismissively before rushing back to Remnard Estate, her figure flashing into the distance like a shooting star.

Then, Edward continued to lead Erin away.

Erin could tell they were moving significantly slower than before because the wind did not feel harsh against her cheek anymore.

As much as she wanted to peek behind her, she dared not, knowing it would only slow them down.

Back at Remnard Estate, Darius and the man in the black robe stared each other down.

There was no movement from the man, yet his clothes swayed fervently as a massive gust of wind formed beside him.

Not only that, but the wind spiraled quickly, turning into a voracious tornado that shot Wilson into the air.

Darius only spared Wilson one glance before ripping his attention off the latter.



He shared the same sentiment as Wilson in that instant —that the latter couldn't survive a fall from that altitude.

After all, Wilson was a regular human being.

With that in mind, Darius tutted twice while shaking his head.

That made the man in the black robe adjust his mask to reveal his eyes.

Staring at Darius, he asked, "I'd like to know the reason behind your current expression.

Tell me, is it because you're sorry for Wilson's inevitable demise?"

"you talk too much."

Darius rolled his eyes, adding, "Much more than your acquaintance that I previously killed."

"Jabbar," the man said hoarsely but calmly.

Darius could detect simmering anger in the man's tone.

Still, he shrugged, flashing a carefree expression at the man as though he did not view the latter as a threat.

"Oh. So that's the name of the man I killed—Jabbar."

Hearing those words sparked a wildfire of rage in the man.

Nevertheless, the flames in his chest soon died as he was a martial artist and could regulate his emotions. He then said, "I've done some research on you—your existence in this world surprises me. You weren't an enlightened martial artist when Jabbar got sent to kill you. However, in the months that followed the incident, you practically skyrocketed into being a mature martial artist. It's a pity you were never my disciple. Then again, I'm excited to know a gifted person like you will soon perish in my hands."

Darius' patience thinned as he listened to the former's speech. He initially came here to deal with the Gillette family, but he did not wish for Wilson to die this way, as he felt the latter had already received enough punishment.

Besides, Darius still intended to claim all of the Gillette family's wealth as his own.

Thus, if Wilson were to die here, Darius could never accomplish his objective here in Almiron City.

After weighing his options, Darius charged straight at the man in the black robe.

Meanwhile, the man stood rooted to the ground while chuckling maliciously.

Sheer arrogance dripped from his voice as he commented, "You're very young and impatient; therefore, you're destined to fail!"

He was so confident that he could not dodge on time when Darius' fist neared his face.

All he could do was haphazardly reach out to block the incoming attack. He could not even mobilize the power within his body to warm himself.

Hence, when Darius' fist collided with his palm, he knew it was hopeless, even if he mustered all the power in his body.

The man had never witnessed martial arts skills as refined as Darius' \_ At that point, he knew he would fail today because he could not fight Darius head-on under such circumstances.

Even if he won by some miracle, he knew the fight would be demanding, and he would have to pay a very high price.

About The Consortium's Heir - Chapter 267

The Consortium's Heir is the best current series of the author Benjamin\_Jnr. With the below Chapter 267 content will make us lost in the world of love and hatred interchangeably, despite all the tricks to achieve the goal without any concern for the other half, and then regret. late. Please read chapter Chapter 267 and update the next chapters of this series at [novelebook.com](http://novelebook.com)

The cogs in the man's brain spun at lightning speed, and he made his decision in under a second; he quickly stepped back when Darius' fist came close to his face.

Darius did not foresee that, so he did not pursue the former out of caution.

Once his fist fully reached out, the man was already far away.

"You truly are formidable," the man said while looking down at Darius and standing atop the Remnard Estate's concrete fence. He then fled, vanishing into thin air.

Darius' figure flickered just then.

He wanted to chase after the man but was shocked that he could not detect the latter's aura in the air.

The man did not leave any traces, so it was like he was never there.

Because of that, Darius halted on the spot, no longer charging ahead.

Another reason he did not move was that he felt the tornado dissipate once the man left.

Thus, it left Wilson's body rapidly falling from almost 30 feet above the ground.

Darius did not know if Wilson had suffered any injuries after being held that high up, but all he needed was for the latter to remain alive. So, he launched himself into the air, where Wilson's body was approaching.

He reached his arms wide to catch Wilson before they landed together.

Darius' feet soon met the ground, but before he could stand still, he had already tossed Wilson aside.

The friction between his body and the coarse dirt made Wilson open his eyes and look at Darius.

However, he did not speak and only shifted his gaze upward at the sky.

Darius detected a sullen hopelessness oozing from the former's eyes.

He placed both hands in his pockets, lips curling upward.

"You look funny right now. Sadly, I don't have a mirror on hand. Otherwise, I'd show you how comical you look."

Only then did Wilson finally react. He turned to cast a bleak look at Darius while sternly stating, "You've won. Even if you decide not to act against me, my name will inevitably vanish from this city."

Wilson assumed others would not hold back their opinions when facing a person close to death.

Yet, little did he expect Darius to remain emotionless; not a change showed on Darius' blank face. It was as though the latter did not care about Wilson's death.

Knowing that caused Wilson's eyes to narrow as he lay on the ground, unable to decipher Darius' thoughts.

He eventually said, "I'm about to die, so you don't have to hide anything from me because there's nothing I can do to you now. Besides, you're a powerful being, so I can never defeat you even if I wasn't injured like I am now—hell, I can't do anything to you even at full health."

Darius picked at his ears while listening to the former.

Wilson's face darkened with rage as he felt like the object of Darius ceaseless taunting and humiliation, even though he was dying.

While gulping, doubt flickered in his eyes.

Having been through such an intense experience, Wilson finally snapped back to his senses, connecting the dots. His tone changed from desperation to curiosity as he asked, "Didn't you come to Almiron City to kill me?"

That was when Darius' hand returned to his pocket, and he nodded.

"It seems that your frightened self is pretty useful. At the very least, you're able to speak normally now."

Moments passed as Wilson examined Darius with wide eyes.

He wanted to speak but felt a chill crawling down his spine, snapping him out of his unrealistic thought.

Wilson knew it was unwise to anger Darius in that instant, as the latter could make him die miserably.

Hence, he sat with his legs crossed on the ground, his eyes downcast.

Silence filled the space after that, but Darius remained still.

Curious, Wilson lifted his head slowly to glimpse at Darius' face, hoping to guess the latter's emotions.

He then looked into a pair of eyes that seemed to grin yet simultaneously narrowed like daggers.

Seeing that made all his hairs stand straighter with terror, so his gaze quickly shot elsewhere.

He heard Darius' frosty laughter bursting like thunder, but it soon vanished as though he had hallucinated, adding to his fear.

Wilson shrunk to his knees, pressing his forehead on the ground as he quivered.

Even his gaze trembled.

It took a while before he pushed himself off the ground to look up at Darius.

"You haven't left after all this time,"

he uttered, "I bet you intend to do something with me, so go ahead—tell me. Perhaps you're unaware of this, but I'm very astute. I understand the tables have turned compared to before the banquet. Likewise, I know deep down that if I don't receive your protection, Dream Investment Group will make me quickly and painfully vanish from this world."

A bitter smile appeared on his face.

"I can't guarantee that my wealth will still belong to my descendants after my death. Likewise, there's no telling if my stellar reputation in life will change when I die. It's also possible that my riches will end up in the hands of my murderer, which I can't stand. Sadly, this is the cold, hard truth presented to me on a silver platter."

Darius looked at Wilson's face before flashing a smile as he realized something interesting; Wilson was telling the truth.

Sighing, Darius replied, "Your son wouldn't have died in my hands if he thought the same as you now."

What impressed Darius more was that Wilson did not appear aggrieved, nor did he bat an eyelash, when the former brought up killing the latter's son.

All of that showed Wilson had truly let go of their past quarrels

Update Chapter 268 of The Consortium's Heir by Benjamin\_Jnr

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Chapter 269

At that moment, Wilson only wanted to get Darius' protection.

Never in a million years did Darius think that would happen.

Hence, he grinned in amusement, saying, "What you've said has satisfied me, so I'm willing to help."

He cracked his neck while continuing, "Since you've already expressed your loyalty to me, I can straightforwardly tell you that I've come here to obtain the Gillette Group's shares. Wilson's eyes grew wide with disbelief at what he had heard. He stumbled onto his butt, forgetting he was about to stand up.

Moments of gloomy silence passed before he looked down, muttering, "Now that you've told me your plans, I doubt I can say no to them. Please give me a few minutes to digest this information. It's too painful for me to take in all at once. After all, I'm about to gift the riches I've worked hard to get all my life to someone else for free. I -I doubt anyone can peacefully agree to such a thing in am- moment's notice."

His voice tremored by the end of that sentence.

Nevertheless, his eyes brimmed with determination as he shot a pleading look at Darius.

The latter nodded, leaving to sit on a bench in the yard.

He kept quiet while doing so, but the silence and peace did not last as Cerys crawled out seconds later from hiding in a random corner.

Her entire body was covered in dirt, so much so that one could not see the true color of her skin.

Even so, her eyes remained clear with determination.

She parted her lips, shrilling louder than before, "You can't! Although you haven't publicly accepted me as your daughter, our DNA proves we're related! I am your daughter, which means I have the right to inherit your assets! Thus, I don't agree with you transferring the company's shares to Darius!"

She exerted a lot of force to speak loudly, causing the dark greenish veins on her neck to pop.

Darius was sure Cerys' heart was an equally repulsive color as her veins.

Nevertheless, he did not speak and merely watched from the bench as the two Gillette family members argued.

At the same time, he sipped from the coffee that he had asked Wilson's secretary to fetch him earlier.

When Cerys shot to her feet, Wilson's secretary had already stood by Darius' side, not intending to leave.

Darius could tell the secretary had stepped closer to him as the fragrance from her makeup and perfume overwhelmed him.

"What you're doing now is very annoying to me," he snarled while frowning.

He meant those words for Cerys, yet his eyes were on Wilson.

At that point, Wilson was well aware of who he served, so he had been watching Darius closely.

Once he heard what Darius said, panic filled his face, and he reached out to strike Cerys' cheek, causing her to fall. He then stood to shoot a pleading look at Darius.

"I know you're a generous man, Mr. Reid. All this while, I've challenged you and made many mistakes. My son did the same but died after going against you. However, I'm ready to accept your

conditions now."

Upon hearing the sudden monologue and seeing how nervous the former was, Darius arched a brow. He smiled, then tapped the coffee cup in his hands.

That made Wilson's blood rush with anxiety. He had no clue why Darius was smiling or what the latter's smile meant.

So, he stood unmoving, rubbing his hands together while stealing glances at Darius as he was too afraid to stare at the latter for too long.

Meanwhile, Cerys never thought she would get slapped, so she stiffened on the ground for the longest time. She thought she would never experience a life of violence anymore, but it appeared she was wrong. To make things worse, the one hitting her now was her biological father.

It ignited a flame of hatred in her eyes just then.

She reached out to grab a sharp stone that had fallen to the ground when the tornado vanished.

Once she held it, her body began to tremble with fear for what she was about to do.

Despite how she felt, it did not stop her from doing what she wanted; she opened her mouth and shrieked, letting out a war cry.

Cerys then charged off the ground with a speed only martial artists possessed.

She stood with her back straight and unyielding resolve in her eyes, looking nothing like someone who had encountered their worst fears.

Darius cocked a brow but did not speak.

That was when Wilson noticed something was off.



He turned to look at Cerys, eyes widening and pupils dilating, when he saw the sharp stone in her hands.

As it neared his head, he hurriedly squatted down.

Fortunately, his instinct saved him while Cerys stumbled ahead due to her increased speed, thinking Wilson would not react in time.

Ultimately, she tripped on Wilson, who squatted on the ground, and fell face forward. She also lost her grip on the stone during that process, so it landed in the dirt.

Cerys' actions pissed Wilson off even more than before.

All the while, Darius sat on the same bench without a trace of emotion on his face.

Wilson's breathing soon slowed to its regular rate, proving to Darius that the former was a cruel person.

It shocked Darius to witness such a sight because it felt like Wilson did not view Cerys as a daughter at all.

Read The Consortium's Heir Chapter 269

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Chapter 269 novel The Consortium's Heir

Chapter 270

If Darius had not done detailed research on the duo, he would have believed Cerys was Wilson's enemy from the latter's violence toward her.

Wilson could tell Darius was now seeing him in a negative light.

However, he refrained from speaking about Cerys and just stood there, watching Darius.

"Now that it's no longer noisy out here," he said, "We can discuss the conditions for me transferring the Gillette Group's shares to you."

Darius approvingly grinned as he scrutinized the former's stern expression.

That was the first time since Darius had arrived there that Wilson gave off the aura he should have had —the authoritative energy of being the Gillette Group's chairman.

Still, Darius sat there emotionlessly and quietly while sipping on his coffee.

Yet, as he lifted his cup, Wilson's secretary reached an arm out to him. She also spoke in a more honeyed tone than before.

"Mr. Reid, your coffee has gone cold. Why don't you hand it to me? I'll fetch a fresh, piping hot cup for you."

A stroke of joy appeared in the secretary's eyes as her hand came close to touching Darius'.

Unfortunately, what she hoped for did not happen, so her upturned lips soon grew tense. She had already pictured feeling the warmth of Darius' hand, but that heat drew further away when she was about to grab him.

The secretary stood frozen with her upper body bent over.

She did not know what to say or how to react to ease the awkward tension in the air.

It felt like her career had been challenged like never before.

While she pondered her next move, she noticed Darius' eyes on her.

In that instant, she immediately ceased brainstorming and flashed a warm smile at him, making herself appear innocent.

"Mr. Reid..."

That was when Darius put down his coffee cup and raised his hand to wave off the former.

"I hope you're aware that Wilson Gillette is the man who owns you, not me."

He had spoken neutrally, his tone devoid of emotion.

Because of this, his words came off as the truth rather than mere excuses.

The secretary grew pale at once. She straightened her back, took her eyes off him, and looked at the ground with pitifully red eyes.

As she did so, a soft whimper came from her lips.

Nevertheless, she did not move away.

Darius frowned.

His good mood was practically gone by then.

It made the air around them grow treacherously cold.

Even so, the secretary clenched her jaw and insisted on standing there, knowing she could not continue to work in the Gillette Group if she did not secure a spot by Darius' side.

That meant she could not enjoy the handsome salary offered by the Gillette Group anymore.

Likewise, her prosperous lifestyle would vanish once the Gillette Group's shares got transferred to Darius.

She thought long and hard at that moment, hoping Darius would take her under his wing.

It did not matter if she had to endure humiliation to get what she wanted.

Just as she was deep in thought, she suddenly felt a force tightening around her neck.

"My apologies for being late, Mr. Reid," Bridget's magnetic voice said from behind.

She simultaneously reached out to cover the secretary's mouth.

Then, she exerted some effort to lift the secretary off the ground, continuing, "I'll remove this woman from your side now and ensure she never appears before you again."

She did not move after that.

Instead, she focused on Darius, and only after he nodded did she take action.

Darius looked over at Wilson, whose eyes had grown stormy with rage.

The latter fixated on the secretary, that got taken far away the entire time.

At that point, Darius' patience had run out.

He cleared his throat twice before knocking his fist against the bench loudly.

"Mr. Gillette, I believe we should speed things up. After all, we've been stuck at this phase for quite some time now, so I can't guarantee I won't harm you if this continues."

That made Wilson's heart drop. His body straightened as he quickly locked eyes with Darius, his stern and focused look returning to his face.

"Sorry, my mind was elsewhere earlier. We can begin our discussion now."

The scene fell into silence again after he uttered those words.

He continued staring at Darius, noticing the latter was looking around with no intention of speaking; it was clear that Darius was allowing him to state his conditions.

He thought, "What a difficult position I'm in. Generally, whoever speaks the first in a business negotiation often is at a disadvantage."

A sigh slipped out of him as he shut his eyes, the space between his brows narrowing painfully.

Regardless, he pulled himself together and sincerely stated, "I can give all of the Gillette Group's shares to you, including those I previously transferred to my adopted son, Thomas. However, I have one condition—I hope you can guarantee my safety, and I hope to continue being an affluent person."

Darius knocked on the bench, then silently examined Wilson for the longest time.

His intense stare made Wilson quiver so much that his face darkened. He never imagined a young man could invoke such fear in him.

What angered him was that he could not shake off the terror in his heart.

He shut his eyes tautly as though he were in pain as he said, "Of course, the company's shares will undoubtedly be yours, regardless of whether or not you accept my condition."

Following that, he felt a wave of relief washing over his previously tense body.

He quickly opened his eyes and saw a satisfied grin on Darius' face.

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