

The Consortium's Heir by Benjamin

Chapter 156

The expression on Darius' face was showing the seriousness of his heart. The woman's face changed. She had lost control of her body when she saw the card.

She recognized this card!

Everyone had to recognize this card during pee–employment training!

So that they could serve the Reid family better.

She had fantasied about earning a chance to enter the Reid family, and then, she would

be Mrs. Reid.

But she couldn't believe that the man she had been waiting for for so long was insulted

to the point of anger by her.

She stood still, all stiff, with only her eyes, still able to move, looking at the card, and

began to think what she could do to salvage the situation now.

Darius, however, put the card in his pocket "Now, can I get in?"

The woman saw the expression on Darius' face and still found herself unable to accept

it.

With her eyes on Darius' back as he walked toward the casino doors, she suddenly

screamed, "Stop! You liar! I know who you are, and you can't go in!"

After saying that, she ran in front of Darius and opened her arms wide, blocking Darius'

path tightly.

Darius' eyes gradually lost their temperature, like the messenger of death.

"As you wish, I stopped." He tried to hold his manner.

"But are you sure you want to continue this? My patience is about to run out.

You better

apologize for what you just said and let me in"

When she heard this, she became even more convinced of her inner suspicions.

Both of her hands were on her waist, her arms were propped up, and her voice was loud

and sharp.

"I have made it very clear, you are a liar! An outright liar!"

"You're down and out, I can see it in your face! But now you're pretending to

be rich with
a fake Reid family card to make that lie seem more real!"
A hint of mockery appeared on her face, "You may not have a sensible
estimate of your
consequences. But I can tell you with my kind heart that you will be expelled
by the Reed
family, and there will be no place for you in the whole country then!"
Her face showed nothing but seriousness, and her heart was sure that her
guess was
correct.

Just as Darius was thinking about how he was going to call the manager out,
his phone
rang again.

Only then did he realize that he had just forgotten to answer his grandfather's
call.

Darius' face turned pale. This was not a good outcome!

As he tried to answer the phone while muttering, he heard the lady above start
talking
again.

"Now what? Trying you find someone who can get you out of here, liar?"

Darius did not answer.

The most important thing was to answer the phone now.

He picked up the phone and heard the loud voice of his own grandfather on
the other
side of the line.

James' voice was not angry. It was completely different from the past, and
there was
even a bit of laughter that Darius hadn't heard in the past.

"You know what caused your current predicament? My disobedient grandson."

Darius' reaction was the same as James had thought before, he remained
calm.

"Darius, you are still very young, and it is understandable that there are many
things you

do not know, so take the two bodyguards I gave you, they are excellent. They
could help
you in such a situation"

"Well, I'm going to go back to my rest." James hung up.

Darius heard the hang up inside and put the phone back in his pocket before
he started
looking around.

It was a shock to Darius that his grandfather could see himself now.

The woman, with a mocking display on her face, said "Do you hear what I said?"

Darius sighed and looked at his watch, "I've wasted a long time on you, I've never seen a woman as stupid as you."

"I will let you know who is stupid, now get him out!" the woman said.

Two securities showed up immediately and walked towards Darius. The woman turned

around. However, before she made a few steps, she heard the painful screams from the securities.

She quickly turned around and saw them lying on the ground. She couldn't believe her eyes.

Darius stepped over the securities and walked over to her, he took out his card

coldly, "Your presence has caused a lot of bad things happen to me today, I hope you can let me in now."

Darius finished the words, ignored her and walked towards the front door, "I want to see my friend."

A group of security guards gathered around him.

They looked at Darius and a tangle appeared in their eyes.

In fact, this kind of thing was so common that they chose to hold back, but this time was different from the past.

They had no way to determine if this man could really bring in revenue for the casino, or

if he was just a thief or a crook, or a poor man who no longer had any wealth, but still

thought of turning back through gambling.

Either way, it is something they can't see through.

Darius did not have the time and patience to wait for their decision; he had decided to

walk through the gate, even by force.

"You should know that I am not in a good mood. Forty minutes have passed since I

made the decision to save my friend, but I still haven't seen the person in charge of the casino."

When the female manager heard Darius' words, she knew what had happened. However, at this moment, her thoughts were upside down. She didn't want the person in front of her to be from the Reid family. Because, this means that the casino has indirectly offended the Reid family. The thoughts in her mind could fill the whole casino, but the female manager's face did not change, still smiling as before.

"Sir, I already know what you want, I will take you up as soon as possible." Darius' hands were in his pockets as he watched the female manager was on the phone. The female manager's words were still normal, but the voice on the other side of the phone was very arrogant.

"Look at what he's wearing, if it's under \$150,000, just beat the man out of there."

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The manager cautiously shot a sideways smirk at Darius before lowering her head. "My apologies, but I can't recognize the brand of his clothes as it doesn't seem well known. However, his clothes do look expensive."

Darius could tell the former's tone was full of mockery. That was when a confident voice said on the other end of the call, "If an article of clothing has no brand, it must be a custom piece. I doubt someone that capable would show up at our casino. Likewise, there's no way this poor little boy would ever be acquainted with someone so wealthy."

The situation seemed like a joke to Darius, who kept silent the entire time and kept his hands in his pockets. Even so, his frosty eyes sent chills down everyone's spines. Darius eventually reached out to knock on the table twice before retorting, "Aren't I supposed to grant your business more wealth through my patronage? Why did no one welcome me?"

Instead, you left me out here alone. Is this how your fancy casino treats its customers?"

Upon hearing his words, the person on the call flew into a rage and thundered, "Listen

here, you little punk! Our casino would never allow you, someone impersonating a

member of the Reid family, through our doors! As for your friend, you can only save him

after putting the five million dollars on this table."

Darius' hands returned to his pockets as his eyes narrowed. "What are you talking about?"

He did not believe the words of the person on the phone. After all, he knew Rudd had

excellent control over things, so it did not make sense that the latter would have such a

massive funding gap.

Darius' rage was growing at that point. Even so, he could not do anything since he had

yet to see Rudd in person. Thus, he flashed them a blank look while asking, "How did he

end up owing you this amount?"

Roaring laughter came from the phone right then. Even the manager was chuckling.

Meanwhile, Darius was the only one whose expression did not change.

Moments passed before the manager placed the handset back onto the telephone,

ending the call.

Only then did Darius raise his head to meet the manager's gaze.

The latter smirked. "You're already at our casino. Why else do you think your friend owes

us money?"

As Darius had expected, the other party's reason was the first thing he ruled out. He was

unfazed since he knew such an excuse was a lie-Rudd would never gamble. With that in

mind, his eyes narrowed to slits as he slammed the table. "If what you said is true, you

should accept my patronage, not refuse it!"

The manager acted against what she truly felt, chuckling at Darius. "Indeed.

Unfortunately, we don't believe you. We think you're lying and pretending to

be rich.

While speaking, her eyes pierced Darius like blades, revealing her disdain toward him.

“So that means you guys are after a life today, not money, huh?” Darius asked plainly

before raising three fingers. “I’ll give you till the count of three to reconsider.”

His declaration rang out. It was so loud that everyone within nine feet of the casino

entrance heard his words, causing the scene to plummet into silence.

Never had the manager witnessed this before. The utter stillness around them meant

she needed to handle the matter well. Otherwise, there was no way she could bear the

consequences. Thus, she looked over at Darius, her gaze hardening with determination.

“We run a casino. All we want is money.” —

Seconds of silence passed, and she added firmly, “The portion that is owed to us, of

course.” Darius nodded, “Time’s up. That’s the final count, and I’ve already been very

patient with

you.”

That was when the manager’s gaze settled onto Darius’ wrist, and her eyes instantly lit

up. She knew the watch on his wrist was a limited-edition piece. It was worth 50 million

dollars, and only ten existed worldwide. Those facts alone indicated Darius’ wealth and

status.

Panic overtook the manager’s senses at that instant. She began to fear the consequences of her actions earlier. After all, a man like Darius was not

someone she

could afford to cross.

Sadly, her behavior had utterly pissed off the young and handsome magnate before her.

Her phone then rang.

When the manager heard who was on the other end of the line, her every muscle

trembled with fear. Saliva pooled in her mouth, causing her to purse her lips and

frequently gulp. hoping to drain all the fluids. All she could do was stay on the

phone call.

The voice from the other end communicated clearly as before. "I've seen the man's

watch. Check his bank card now. If he has enough funds to gamble here, let him in and

get someone to keep him company all night. Should he refuse to let you check it, or if he

doesn't have enough funds, kick him out at once."

With that, the caller abruptly hung up.

Darius had overheard the entire exchange and spoke up before the manager could. "I

heard your superior's request, but I still have a question."

The manager began questioning the truth behind Darius' words after seeing how

cooperative he was. Still, she could not do anything about her doubts, so she maintained

her usual smile.

Contrarily, there was something more menacing in Darius' expression. "I'm curious. What

will happen after you verify my identity? What's the price you'll pay if I turn out to be who

I say I

am?"

By that point, the manager was dumbfounded. No one had ever spoken this rudely

toward her, much less threatened her. Regardless of how she felt, she knew there was

only one option, as all eyes were on her.

The manager looked up at Darius, certainty filling her gaze. "I'll remove your friend's debt

entirely on behalf of the casino. Also, I'll give you five million dollars' worth of betting

chips as a gift to use in the casino."

"I want five million in cash." Not a trace of hesitation came from Darius, whose hands

were

still in his pockets. "Your demands are going a little too far," said the manager, her face

contorting with rage. "I don't think I'm going out of line compared to my friend, who

managed to rack up a debt worth five million dollars at a casino, despite never

gambling in his life and having great discipline.” The manager noticed how much Darius was praising Rudd. Given the onlooking crowd that seemed to believe Darius, the manager had no choice but to nod. “I accept your demands.” Moments of silence passed. The manager became insecure, thinking her response did not have the frightening effect she wanted. Hence, she added, “Our casino has operated for a hundred years! We’ve never been wrong at evaluating others’ wealth!” Subsequently, she reached out to Darius. The fear she felt earlier vanished as she stated loudly, “Please hand me your bank card at once. I’m a very busy person.” The onlookers around them then snapped to their senses and realized where they were. A few of them even began discussing the matter at hand. “Does this guy even have a bank card to hand over?” “I think I saw him taking out a black toy card -” Darius’ piercing gaze suddenly snapped over to the last person that spoke. That made the person choke on his words. It was as though an invisible rope had tightened around his neck.

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The speaker dared not utter another word as he cautiously sat back in his seat. Darius no longer concerned himself with that man. After all, he knew the people gambling here were much poorer than him. Their combined assets would not even amount to a fraction of his wealth. There was no way Darius would waste his time on such people. Hence, he promptly placed his black bank card with the letter “R” onto the table. The manager’s brows furrowed. “I know many people worship Reid Consortium. Since you know of the Reid family, I’m sure you’re also aware of the family’s social

status. In having this bet against me, I hope you understand that a measly person like you cannot survive the wrath of our casino or the Reids.”

“Don’t forget what you’re saying to me now,” Darius responded, his voice devoid of emotion while he glanced at his watch.

Then, he placed his card onto the scanner.

A second passed before the machinery let out a beep of approval and flashed a green light.

Everyone around them cheered at once.

Only the female manager frowned, unable to rejoice in Darius’ success. She did not have the authority to grant him five million in cash as she had promised earlier. She only agreed to do it because she was sure Darius was poor. Little did she expect her judge of character to slip up Darius turned out to be rich beyond belief! Not to mention, his black card was authentic.

The manager’s knees became weak as all her strength left her body. She slumped onto the ground but had both hands supporting her to ensure she would not fall miserably.

Opposite her, Darius retraced his hands, tucking them into his pockets as he did before with his classic blank stare. “How will you fulfil your end of the bargain?”

“I-I’m so sorry, Mr. Reid! I-I don’t have the authority to hand over five million dollars to you. That was a reckless promise I made out of the selfish desire that you would fail.”

The manager trembled fervently, her gaze downcast as she dared not speak further.

In truth, the manager was an attractive woman. Almost every man at the scene felt pitiful for the manager, except Darius, who frowned. “You’re pretty even when you’re quivering.

However, your act of fear isn’t convincing enough.”

“If you’re unable to fulfill your promise, I’ll deal with this matter myself,” said the person in

charge of the casino. He stumbled upon the two's tense conversation after exiting the elevator. Immediately, he lowered his head and explained, "Dearest Mr. Reid, I apologize sincerely for everything. I had no idea Mr. Rudd was a good friend of yours. Otherwise, I wouldn't have allowed all this."

"You're too late. I've given you plenty of chances to intervene from the moment I stood at your casino's main entrance." Darius' gaze remained as frosty as ever. The chill in his eyes intensified when he noticed the bruises on Rudd's face. Then, he continued, "Your casino's actions have greatly upset me. Plus, I warned you before boarding the plane."

The face of the person in charge turned paled. Even his forehead became dotted with beads of sweat. He wiped it away, locked eyes with Darius, and desperately pleaded. "I'm so sorry. None of what happened was my intention. It was already too late when we received your warning."

Not a single thing changed on Darius' stormy face. The tension suffocated the person in charge, causing him to take deeper breaths. After pondering momentarily, he knelt. "I genuinely am sorry, Mr. Reid. I understand that I've made a lot of mistakes. What will it take for you to let us off the hook? I promise we'll comply with your every request."

"I've already made my demands clear:" Darius rolled his eyes. A dark greyish look of hopelessness shrouded the face of the person in charge. He no longer knew what to do as he thought, "That's five million dollars! It's the daily income of our casino. If I handed that money over to Mr. Reid, my boss might kill me!" Despite seeing the former's bleak look, Darius felt nothing.

"I've already given your casino too much of my time. I'll be taking my leave now." With that, Darius looked over at Rudd and said, "Let's get out of here. I'm sure

everything will
end once these guys pay the five million dollars to any company under Reid Consortium.”
Rudd had been watching everything unfold behind the surveillance screens. Thus, he
was in a daze and remained that way as he exited the casino alongside Darius.
Alas, the person in charge let out a skin-crawling screech right after they walked out the
entrance, “Security! Stop that man from leaving!
The eyes of the person in charge were bloodshot while he climbed up off the ground.
Desperation continued to ooze from him as he snarled, “That man is here alone, and
nobody recognizes him. Everyone knows that the young heir of the Reid family would
never go anywhere unattended! This guy must be an imposter!
He fully believed in the lies he spewed. Conviction flashed in his steely eyes.
“Act now if
you hear what I’m saying! I don’t want to hear any excuses! All I want is to see that guy’s
dead body!”
The group of security guards working in the casino froze with blank expressions. They
had heard about what happened earlier and disapproved of the person in charge’s
actions. Before them, the person in charge’s lips quivered erratically as though every bit
of logic in his brain had melted away.
While the person in charge had lost his mind, the security guards remained sane. The
only issue was that no matter who the guards chose to help, they would still suffer
severe consequences.
Seeing how no one was charging toward Darius, the person in charge could not help but
shrill, “Did you guys not hear me? Seize that Mr. Reid wannabe at once! I want him to
die a gruesome death!”
That only made the security guards stay in place even more. After seeing the indecisive

security guards. his accusatory tone louder than before. "There are many posers who can't endure the hardships that Mr. Reid has gone through! You're definitely an imposter! I'm going to tell the Reid family about this!" As he said that, his flustered expression turned into one of shock before he involuntarily fell face-down onto the ground with a loud plop. Darius was no longer interested in listening by then. All he wanted was to leave. It took everything in Rudd to slightly open his swollen eye. Nevertheless, he could see Darius' actions clearly. The latter had shrunk himself to speed up his movements. The two bodyguards arrived a little later. When they did, Darius pointed at the casino's main entrance and declared, "This casino wants me dead. As my bodyguards, I believe you two can produce good results. I want results that satisfy me and keep me safe at the very least."

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Their gazes met for a moment before Bridget joined Darius' side like always while Edward headed toward the casino. Darius trusted Edward's abilities, so he left for the airport. Bridget followed along with a slightly hesitant expression. "Sir, you can move around on foot later. You can use our family's own car." Darius stopped, then looked at his shocked friend, whose jaw had dropped despite only being able to see through a slightly opened swollen eye. Darius knew Rudd's exaggerated expression was only because the latter felt shocked. Still, seeing that pleased Darius. He reached out to give Rudd's shoulder a reassuring squeeze. "Don't be so surprised. I merely reunited with my family. It turns out that my grandfather is super wealthy, and so are my great-grandparents."

Those words did not ease Rudd's shock. Instead, he uttered a string of foul curses to display how taken aback he felt. It was only after the car screeched to a halt before them and grains of sand flew into Rudd's parted lips did he shut his mouth. Darius had already gotten into the car by then. Meanwhile, a stunning woman dressed in a black flight attendant uniform was opening the car door for Rudd, who thought, "I must be dead. There's no way I can ever dream of such an experience!" He had no idea how to react except obediently enter the car to sit by Darius' side. In doing so, he caught a whiff of the flight attendant's perfume, which sparked his memories of another woman. Darius watched as his friend's countenance shifted from blankness to instant sorrow. He could no longer suppress his curiosity, so he asked, "What exactly happened? You're not someone who would rack up a debt worth five million dollars." In response, Rudd explained that the reason was too sad for him to speak about. On the other hand, Edward punished the casino's staff, ensuring they suffered for their actions. Little did anyone know that an old man with a black beard, who reeked of vomit, was watching Darius' car leave from an obscure corner. Something was menacing about the darkness swirling in the man's eyes as he targeted Darius once he exited the casino. The man stroked his beard while desire gleaned in his eyes. He mused, "This young man seems powerful and has the scent of the mysterious potion on him. All I have to do is to catch him, so that I can live longer!" He took out a quill that looked ancient. Although, it would be more accurate to describe the quill as a bald rod since there were barely any barbs left on it. Next, he took out a piece

of toilet
paper with an unknown brown substance he had somehow picked up. The old
man
unfolded
the piece of toilet paper before scribbling an accurate portrait of Darius' face
onto it.
Darius was still unaware of the dangers on the road ahead. He glanced over
at Rudd,
who sat close to him, and said, "I understand what you mean, but I'm still very
alarmed
by the entire ordeal. I doubt gambling is the reason behind your debt, so I'll
need to ask
you again." Rudd knew his circumstances worried his friend a lot, so he did
not show a
hint of reluctance when saying, "I'll do my best to answer your questions
honestly."
Clearing his throat, Darius then began interrogating Rudd. "You mentioned
that your
previous girlfriend was an employee at this casino. She was responsible for
escorting
guests into private rooms."
Rudd bitterly nodded. "She never mentioned this, only that it was a part-time
gig."
A lengthy sigh came from Darius, who eventually continued, "So... she knew
she
couldn't hit her work quota for this month and tricked you into gambling
there?"
Despite feeling humiliated, Rudd could not do anything but nod, admitting the
truth.
That left Darius sighing more deeply than before. His arm extended to give a
comforting
pat on Rudd's shoulder.
Bitterness flashed on Rudd's face. He did not want that. Rudd always hoped
to appear
happy. Hence, his features warped as he fell somewhere between the two
emotions.
Seeing that tickled Darius' urge to chuckle, but he resisted. He flashed a look
of
seriousness and assured, "Don't worry. The matter has been resolved. As for
your exgirlfriend, if you ever need her body to get through a lonely night, I can
always have her

taken out of custody.”

Rudd’s features darkened at once. He had not been able to let go of his ex-girlfriend.

Otherwise, he would not have gotten tricked into gambling so easily. However, it was

also then that he realized the interior of the car they were in felt different from regular

vehicles.” This is animal fur!”

Darius covered his ears and shifted in his seat, indicating his discomfort toward his

friend’s scream.

Still, Rudd could not care less. All his attention was now on the car. It took a moment

before he finally realized how luxurious the car’s interior seemed. His low spirits

vanished right then. Discontent filled his gaze as he looked at Darius. “We’re good

friends, aren’t we? Why didn’t you tell the other guys and me that you were this wealthy?

Instead, you let us believe you got hired at a high-paying job.”

Darius’ lips curved upward, revealing his improved mood. He nodded. “I started off as a

penniless man who couldn’t even afford a meal. Overnight, I became the world’s

wealthiest person, and that shocked me to no end. I was worried you guys would feel

that way too.” “I suppose I can accept your concerns.” Rudd gradually lowered his head

in understanding. Following that, his eyes glimmered with hope at Darius, and he stated,

“You cost me the five million dollars I would’ve gotten back from the casino.

But, as my

best friend, I’ll forgive it if you buy me a couple of meals at someplace grand like the

restaurant in Sky Golden Hotel.”

Darius nodded with a genuine smile on his face.

Rudd was no longer upset. Instead, he was over the moon with joy. He had always

worried

about Darius but was relieved that the latter now had someone affluent backing him up.

The two men had a good laugh during the car ride. When they arrived at the airport, a man stood before their car. He was tall and wore a dashing black aviator suit. Darius opened the car door to ask, "Edward, how did things go?" "Sir, I did as you ordered and shut the casino down. That specific establishment will never show its face to the world again." Hearing that, Darius nodded with satisfaction. He walked around to the other side of the car to open the door when Bridget stopped him. She interjected, "Sir! Why would you waste your energy on such an insignificant thing? How can we, your loyal bodyguards, rest with ease tonight if we allow this?" Inside the car, Rudd's lips twitched. He reached out to open the door before stepping out and smiling at everyone outside. "I'm not the young heir of the Reid family, so I'm unqualified to enjoy your services. I do little things like opening the door myself." Not a word came from Darius as he knew Rudd's statement was correct to some extent

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Darius felt it was necessary to draw a clear line between his subordinates' service to their superiors and the latter's friends. He waited for Rudd to alight the car before turning around and extending his arms wide. "Come along. Let's give you a tour of my private jet." Once Rudd set foot on the airport grounds, he wondered if the plane they were boarding belonged to Darius' family. Now that Darius had confirmed that suspicion, Rudd's jaw fell agape as he muttered, "DDamn. It seems like you can afford plenty of luxuries now. Still, what shocks me more is that you still see me as your friend. You came to save me like you would've done back then." Seeing how touched his friend was, Darius blinked several times before

replying, "Duh.

We're best mates, after all."

He had ascended the private jet's steps by the time he finished speaking. He looked at

the door while motioning toward the jet's interior. "Hurry up. We've still got plenty of

things to do." Rudd immediately clambered aboard.

Although he anticipated that the jet would be fancy, he was still deeply in awe.

Witnessing the lavish aircraft in person made his heart race so much that he could barely

breathe.

"I had the same reaction when I first saw this jet earlier," remarked Darius, who could

relate to Rudd's wonder.

Rudd adjusted his expression, trying to brush things off. "I just assumed you bought this

jet with your newfound wealth. It makes more sense that it belongs to your family.

Although I'm still taken aback by everything, I'm growing numb. I'll be as cool as a

cucumber in no time."

Amused chuckles rumbled from Darius' throat just then. "I bet you won't even feel a thing

toward surprises like these in the future."

Moments passed as Rudd sat next to Darius with a look of doubt. "By the way, what do

your parents do for a living?"

Once Darius heard the word "parents," a frosty look shrouded his features.

Although his

grandfather did not reveal much, Darius had a rough idea about his parents' deaths after

experiencing everything up till now. There was more to the so-called accident that killed

his parents than met the eye. However, since his grandfather wanted to keep it secret,

he chose to drop the matter.

Rudd could tell Darius was drowning in unhappy thoughts as the latter's every pore

seemed to radiate a grim aura. He paused to think carefully before asking,

"Did I ask

about something I shouldn't have? Do your parents not treat you well?"

“No.” Darius shook his head. “I’ve never met them. They died when I got separated from my family. Grandpa says it was a severe car accident that claimed their lives. Though, I’m certain that if it weren’t for them, you and I would never have met.” By then, Darius had reigned in his emotions. His expression softened, which was a significant contrast from his earlier iciness. He continued, “But it’s all good now, I’ve found my last living family member. I swear I’ll hunt down the person who killed my parents and make them Pay!”

Now that Darius sounded like himself again, Rudd pursed his lips, putting on a determined and sincere look. “You’re right, and I’ll do everything I can to help you!” That was a pleasant surprise to Darius, who nodded and grinned. “Indeed. However, this is a dangerous task, so anyone involved will inevitably be in harm’s way. That’s why I won’t allow you, my best friend, to partake in it.” “If it weren’t for you today, I wouldn’t have walked out alive from that casino.” Rudd chuckled. “I’m pretty sure I would’ve lost a few body parts like a few fingers or a leg. Knowing my family, they’ll never let someone flawed inherit the family assets. Thus, I’ll likely get kicked out without a penny to my name.” He then locked eyes with Darius, the utmost sincerity swelling in his eyes as he added, “That’s why it’s fair that I do everything in my power to help you. Besides, we’re supposed to be best mates who can rely on each other.” A warm, tingly feeling engulfed Darius. He no longer rebuked Rudd, which Rudd took as a silent admission of defeat. Thus, Rudd let go of his worries and began taking in his grand surroundings. Ever since he entered the aircraft, his mind had gone blank in shock. He gawked at the jet’s interior

with his eyes rounded and jaw lowered like a child in a candy shop
Half an hour passed, and Rudd's mouth was still wide open with awe.
It was amusing to Darius, but he did not comment on it. Instead, he shut his eyes to get some rest.

"I've been so busy these few days that I haven't had any breaks. Naturally, it also means haven't cultivated my abilities one bit. That's not good." Just as Darius was deep in thought, Edward's voice rang through the in-flight announcement system. "Sir, we'll be landing shortly."

Darius nodded, then turned to say, "We'll land soon, Rudd. Put away everything, stow your tray table, and fasten your seatbelt. Behave yourself as you would in an economy plane."

Rudd nodded.

Silence then ensued as Darius did not react in any way.

Only after exiting the plane did Darius let out a long exhale. "Rudd, this is my grandpa's place."

He glanced at the massive lawn ahead without a hint of emotion. That was normal as he had already seen the same view many times. Contrarily, this was Rudd's first time seeing the place. He was so excited that he could not utter a word or breathe properly.

Suddenly, he plopped to his knees while clutching his stomach.

Concern instantly showed on Darius' face. He knew there were no medical resources

here since those were only available in a hospital. Hence, he dashed ahead, squatted,

and brought himself

within Rudd's line of sight. "What's wrong? I can call an ambulance."

As soon as Rudd heard the word "ambulance," he shot to his feet and fervently shook

his head. "T-There's no need! I was just shocked. Your grandpa's house is bigger than all

my family members' houses put together." The corner of Darius' lip twitched. "Quit being

shocked. You're the first to see this place, but I hope you can keep it a secret for my sake."

"Don't worry." Rudd nodded right away. "I'll keep it a secret. It's the least I can do as your best friend."

That was when Darius brought Rudd inside. However, to Darius' surprise, they bumped

into someone right after entering the front door. He exclaimed, "Grandpa?"

James was understanding and flashed a kind smile toward the two. "I heard you were

bringing a friend who just went through a tough time. I figured it was only appropriate

that I come out to meet him."

His words immediately relieved Darius of his nervousness.

James could sense his grandson was now more relaxed than before, so he chuckled

and said to Rudd, "Young man, you're my grandson's friend. That makes you an

esteemed guest of the Reid family. Anyway, my name is James, and I'm the previous

owner of the Reid Consortium."