

The Consortium's Heir by Benjamin_Jnr Chapter 11

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Just like that, the weekend passed in the blink of an eye and it was Sunday evening. Darius checked his schedule and confirmed that while he did not have classes on Monday, he would need to resume classes on Tuesday. This meant that he could no longer stay at the Reid mansion, and that his time here was over.

Over the weekend, apart from receiving the black card and two new super cars, Darius grandfather James Reid also gave him a new phone. The phone was the latest phone produced from the leading technology company Nix Inc. The phone was black in colour and also had the stylish 'R' written on the back in gold colour which proved that the phone was also customized.

Also, apart from the 10 billion dollars in the black card, his grandfather had transferred an additional \$5,000,000,000 to his regular bank account, which meant he now had a total of \$15B on his person.

His chaotic weekend was finally over and he would be leaving the mansion now. He went from being dumped by the girl he dated for less than a month to becoming the head of the Reid Consortium. He also met his grandfather and heard vital news about his birth parents. All in all, it was a good weekend.

After a brief farewell, which James shed some tears, Bruce offered to drop him at his dorm in the university, but Darius declined. He had checked the comments about school after getting a new phone and knew that he was now the subject of ridicule. David had even promised to make his life hell for him when he returned.

He knew that Bruce idea of dropping him off was driving him to school in a Rolls-Royce car that was probably three times the amount of the most expensive car on their campus. It would only bring unwanted attention to him and perhaps the ire of the whole student body. What he needed to do was to stay away from prying eyes until the rumors died down. That way he could slowly reveal his wealth without placing much attention on himself.

After bidding his final farewell to his family, he turned and left the mansion. Bruce and James kept watching Darius until he was no longer visible in their line of sight. James sighed before turning back and started walking towards the entrance to the mansion, with Bruce following closely. They had done their job and finally found the heir to the Reid Consortium. Everything was up to Darius now.

Darius boarded a cab that took him back to his dormitory. He had to constantly look at the phone in his hand to remind himself that he was no longer a poor peasant but a rich man. Darius smiled. He was no longer going to live a pitiful life anymore.

The cab stopped him outside his dormitory. As it was a Sunday evening the dormitory was slightly deserted. It was normal, as during this time of the day the rich people in his campus were taking the girls out on dinner dates or the couples were doing their thing. Darius sighed. If it were before he found out his true identity he would also be among the people taking their girlfriends for dinner dates with the miserable amount of money he had.

Darius got to his dorm room thinking about it and opened the door. However, he was greeted by several bro hugs which broke him out of his reverie.

“Darius!” Rudd exclaimed, giving Darius a very tight hug. He had missed Darius and worried everyday about him.

“Rudd.” Darius responded lightly. However he was glad that his friends missed him.

Greg and Marcus also gave Darius friendly and warm bro hugs before separating from him. They too had missed their dorm mate and friend.

They had been really worried when he left them at the police station after his abrupt break up with Sarah and went AWOL for two days, but after seeing him now, they were now relaxed and their hearts were at ease.

“I’m sure you haven’t eaten since.” Rudd said. He walked to the table in the dorm and brought out a wrapped baggage then handed it to Darius.

“That is your favorite meal I got from TFC.” Rudd said, smiling widely.

Darius remembered TFC, which was short for ‘Tasty Fried Chicken.’ It was a top food company that was ranked 67th globally. Darius could barely afford a single meal there before and would have to save up his money from part time work for months before he could afford his favorite meal there, as it cost \$200. As a result, he only treated himself to TFC meals when he had achieved something noteworthy, and felt the need to congratulate himself or times like this when Rudd or his dorm mates bought it and gave it to him.

However that was then. He remembered seeing TFC on the list of companies under the Reid Consortium with yearly revenue of around \$90B, which meant he was indirectly the owner of TFC now. He could now afford the most expensive meal at TFC without any problem.

Darius smiled and collected the meal from Rudd’s outstretched hands. He was eternally grateful that he had like these three who did not care about his background and poverty.

He thought about telling them about his identity as the head of the Reid Consortium, but ultimately decided against it. There was little chance that they'd believe him anyway. It was best to keep things under wraps for now.

The rest of the night was spent in a fun manner. The four boys laughed and joked around as Darius ate; and after he was done eating, they set up video games which they took turn playing. After playing video games late into the night, they were finally tired and decided to call it a night.

Darius climbed onto his dorm bed and stared at the white ceiling. However, his thoughts were occupied with various things. Now that he was rich, he figured out that it was time for him to change his outfit. After all, he had received 10 billion dollars from his grandfather just for that purpose. He couldn't keep on wearing rags in campus anymore. If he wanted to change his status as a pauper he needed to stop behaving like one.

After concluding his schedule for the next day, Darius drifted to sleep peacefully.