

The Consortium's Heir by Benjamin_Jnr Chapter 14

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Everyone waited to see the light scanner on the machine turn green, signaling that Darius had indeed paid for the outfits. However, that was not what happened. The machine's light turned red, which meant only one thing.

'His transaction was declined.'

Sarah and David all burst into laughter when they heard the beep sound after the machine turned red. It turned out that they were right. Darius was just posing as a rich person after all. He only came here to waste their time. They were right. Darius could never afford to buy clothes worth \$610,000. They were really delusional to believe for a split moment that he could afford it.

Dana, the sales lady who helped Darius choose the outfits was very sad and disappointed. She had thought that with the confidence that Darius showed when he offered to pay for the outfits that he really had the means to pay. It seemed that it was all a lie after all.

Several people who had gathered to watch the drama unfold started gossiping loudly.

"Wow can you believe that? He actually chose several outfits worth \$610,000 when he couldn't even pay for it."

"Right? I've never seen someone so shameless before in my life."

"Doesn't he feel any remorse? He's literally here to toy with the staff here."

"Why was he even allowed to enter here in the first place? Didn't the security see how he was dressed? They should focus more on things like this."

Sarah and David gloated as they heard the derogatory remarks directed at Darius. Sarah felt indescribably glad at the drama unfolding before her. She was very happy to see Darius being slandered continuously by various people.

Meanwhile, Darius was having the shock of his life. He clearly knew that there was 10 billion dollars in that card, as his grandfather would never lie to him, so why wasn't he able to pay for the outfits?

Darius looked around and noticed the people were making derogatory statements about him. He sighed. He thought about paying for the outfits by transferring the money with his phone, but decided against it. From what he could see, the people here were hell

bent on slandering him. They would never believe that he had the capabilities to pay for the outfit.

Sarah, having had enough laughter about Darius situation spoke up again. This time there was a huge smile on her face.

“See? I told you that he’s very poor. He’s nothing but a pretender. Pay for clothes worth \$610,000? As if! He’s just here to toy with you. It’ll be in your best interest to send him out now; otherwise some of those outfits might really go missing.”

The sales lady had already changed her view of Darius. She thought he was a genuine customer, but it turned out that he was just here to waste their time. As someone who led him around the store, she naturally felt the angriest at Darius.

“Sir, it would be in your best interest to leave. You’re unable to pay for these outfits so I’ll return them back.” Dana said.

Darius was unwilling to accept this. He understood where Dana was coming from. Who wouldn’t be angry if someone came to their store and selected a lot of goods but wasn’t able to pay for them? At least Darius knew that he would be angry if he were Dana.

“Please wait. Scan the card again. I’m telling you that I can afford it.” Darius pleaded. He didn’t want his intentions to be misinterpreted by Dana.

“Oh please. It’s obvious that that is a fake card that has no single penny in it. Don’t let him waste your time anymore.” Sarah chimed in, enjoying this moment greatly.

Darius ignored Sarah and talked to Dana to scan the card again. However, Dana was having none of it.

“Sir, please leave the store. If you keep on disrupting our business hours, I will have no choice but to call the security personnel.” Dana said firmly. She was beginning to get disgusted by Darius level of shamelessness.

Darius was about to reply when a loud voice echoed in the store and a tall man appeared.

“What is going on here?” The man asked in an authoritative tone.

Immediately everyone turned to look at the man. The man was neatly dressed in one of Louis Vuitton rare suits that cost over \$70,000 which showed the man was no ordinary person. He looked to be in his late thirties and was fairly good looking. He walked slowly again until he got to where the people had gathered before speaking again.

“I asked a question. What is going on here?” The man repeated his question, glancing at the staff present.

“Manager Gary!” Dana and the other staff present yelled while bowing deeply.

The person present was none other than the manager of the Louis Vuitton store. He rarely made appearances, unless there were important personnel present, so his presence here was shocking to everyone present. However, he had heard the commotion from his office and decided to come down to take a look at the problem.

“Good day Mr. Gary. I’m David Lesley, son of Jack Lesley.” David said, introducing himself to the manager. He knew that the manager of this store was also a big shot, as this wasn’t the only store he managed, so he wanted to get on his good side.

The manager responded lightly to David’s greeting and then spoke again.

“Don’t you all have mouths? I asked what is going on here?!” The manager shouted.

“It’s nothing much Mr. Gary.” David started. “This peasant here came in here claiming to buy clothes worth \$610,000. Meanwhile he cannot even afford a meal of \$100.”

Gary frowned when he heard David’s narration. There was someone who was really bold enough to pull such a stunt at this store when he was around?

He shifted his gaze to Darius and stared at him in an intimidating manner.

“Is this true, young man?” he asked domineeringly. If this young man really came here and pulled such a stunt he would make sure that he was never going to walk out of this store properly again.

However, Darius was unfazed when he saw the manager’s intimidating stare. He just handed out the black card that his grandfather gave him and said.

“I think there’s something wrong with your machine.” Darius stated boldly. While he pleaded with Dana, he would not allow an outsider to look down on him, no matter who the person was.

“Oh?” The manager muttered; his brow furrowed. However, his eyes widened in surprise after he grabbed the black card from Darius and examined it intently.