

The Consortium's Heir by Benjamin_Jnr Chapter 148

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The dinner invitation was to be held at IUV Xenon Hotels in two days time, so there was no rush for the both of them to attend it.

Darius had to admit that Maxwell Finn had a shrewd look to things. The reason was that Darius had just been discharged from the hospital, so it would be completely counterproductive to invite him to on the day of his discharge.

His decision to invite them two days later was a thoughtful one, and even though Darius was heavily biased against the Finn Conglomerate, this at least scored them some brownie points in preparation for the upcoming dinner.

The two days passed quickly without any major events happening, and it was now the night for the dinner. Darius who was now in tip top shape put in more effort in his dressing than usual. Usually on occasions like these, he would dress casually, but this time he wanted to strike an impression on Maxwell Finn, and come out as overbearing. No matter what trump card Maxwell Finn had that he thought he could use to escape vengeance from the Reid Consortium, he needed to make sure that he was on the backseat on the negotiations from the very start. As such, he was dressed in a black tuxedo that brought out his charm, with his hair neatly styled. He still wore the wristwatch Bruce got for him, as the wristwatch had a sentimental value attached to it.

When he was done dressing, he completely shed his image of a naïve son of a wealthy consortium, and came off as a top head of the said consortium. There was this imperial aura surrounding him, and even his grandfather was taken aback at the aura he gave.

Speaking of his grandfather, he was also dressed exquisitely and domineeringly in a black three piece suit, a hat and an intricately designed cane. With a pair of round glasses to top it off, he completely nailed the mafia head look.

Coupled with the fact that he had been the head of a financial group way longer than Darius was, his aura was even more suffocating and overbearing.

Darius couldn't help but let out a helpless sigh at that. Maxwell Finn was definitely in for a long night.

"Let's go." Darius grandfather said, and with that he walked past the hallway displayed with different artistic exhibitions, with Darius following closely behind. This time around, rather than James Reid favorite white Rolls-Royce, a stunning black Maybach was parked neatly, with Bruce waiting for their arrival in the luxury car. Darius gave a small smile as acknowledgement to Bruce as he and his grandfather got inside the vehicle,

and Bruce returned Darius greetings with a smile of his own, before driving out of the Reid Mansion; his destination IUV Xenon Hotels.

The ride to IUV Xenon Hotels, the only 10 star hotel owned by the Finn Conglomerate themselves was pleasant and uneventful. Darius and his grandfather engaged in light

conversations along the way, ranging from how Darius' standalone company; West Atlantics Int'l was faring to how he was adapting to his responsibilities as the heir to the Reid Consortium.

Before the conversation between them could take a more serious tone, Bruce arrived at IUV Xenon Hotels.

The hotel really lived up to its expectations as a 10 star hotel. This was expected, as it was one of the forefront ventures the Finn conglomerate had paid a lot of attention to. Everything in the hotel was of the best quality, so it was no wonder as to how it maintained its status as a 10 star hotel.

It was said to rake in a whooping sum of over 100 million dollars monthly in pure profits alone, which was an annual profit of 1.2 billion dollars yearly. It was an astronomical sum, even for Darius. As they made their way to the private room where the meeting would be held, both Darius and his grandfather were impressed at the high level of management that had gone into managing the hotel. It wasn't everyday they saw a hotel of this caliber. After walking more than three minutes, the two of them finally arrived at the location for the dinner invitation. There was already an expensively dressed waiter waiting for their appearance at the door, hence the moment he saw them, he bowed deeply and opened the door for them, before guiding them to their seats.

The room they were having the dinner was spacious and lavishly designed, and it was obvious that Maxwell Finn wanted to impress them before the dinner even started.

There was a table in the center of the room, and on the table were many exquisite and delectable looking dishes Darius presumed to be made by a first class chef. However, the most eye catching thing on the table wasn't the meal, but a man in his early fifties that was seated composedly beside the table. He had black hair with some grey patches that was slicked back, and he was dressed in a brown three piece suit, and a limited edition Rolex wristwatch adorned his wrist.

Like Darius and his grandfather, he had also decided to look his best. After all, this was a very important meeting for him and the Finn conglomerate.

Of course, this man was none other than Michael Finn's father and the current head of the Finn Conglomerate; Maxwell Finn.

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Darius had a stoic expression on his face as he stared at the man seated beside the table filled with delicacies, and although he couldn't look at his grandfather's expression now, he could guess that he had the same stoic expression. Maxwell Finn was relatively handsome, and although he was old now, Darius could tell that he was a playboy in his younger days, and it wasn't hard to tell where Michael Finn got his impressive looks from.

Yet, while there were some similarities between the father and son, there were surely some differences between them.

For one, Maxwell did not have the brutal and cunning impression his son had, and he looked somewhat gentle; but that made Darius a bit wary. After all, he knew one of the most basic rules in a meeting like this was never to judge a book by its cover. Although Maxwell Finn might look harmless right now, he could be more cunning and brutal than his son. They had the same blood after all.

Maxwell Finn stood up as a sign of respect and welcomed both Darius and his grandfather to the table.

"Welcome, Mr. James, Mr. Darius." Maxwell greeted in a voice that portrayed humility as Darius and his grandfather settled into their seats.

"It's a pleasure to meet the famed business mogul; James Reid of the Reid Consortium." Maxwell stated as he settled down into his own seat.

"The pleasure is all mine." James Reid replied calmly.

"The same goes for you as well, Darius Reid." Maxwell said in the same humble tone, staring right at Darius as he spoke. However, there was an indescribable glint in his eyes as he stared at Darius.

"Me?" Darius asked skeptically, his tone betraying his confusion.

"Yes you. I've been following your exploits and I must say you've done a great job as the chairman of Nix Inc. and other subsidiary companies." Maxwell praised.

"Ah. I see. Thank you." Darius responded in a tone that lacked conviction. Maxwell merely smiled at Darius' lackluster response and said nothing else. "Please have your meal. I had the very best chefs in this hotel prepare the meals. I'm sure they would be to your liking." Maxwell suggested happily as he shifted some of the food on the table closer to them.

Darius frowned slightly and stole a peek at his grandfather. He was skeptical about eating the meal Maxwell prepared for them, but seeing his grandfather eating with gusto; he let out a sigh and also delved into his meal.

Maxwell let out a small smile, and followed suit. Soon enough, only the sound of them eating could be heard in the large room.

The meal was concluded in silence, and by the time they were done eating, fifteen minutes had already elapsed.

Maxwell clapped his hands twice and the expensively dressed waiter who showed Darius and his grandfather to their seats appeared and cleared the table, before leaving just as silently as he came. "That was a pleasant meal." Darius' grandfather said, breaking the fifteen minute long silence.

"I'm glad." Maxwell replied with a smile on his face.

"Good. Now let's move on to the main reason we're gathered here." Darius' grandfather said without warning, and the atmosphere in the room suddenly became extremely tense.

"What is your purpose for inviting us here?" James Reid asked in an extremely cold voice. There was no longer any amicable atmosphere to the meeting, and it was now time to come out with guns blazing. Maxwell Finn had a complex expression on his face. He had thought that after the pleasant meal, he would take charge of the conversation and ease into the reason he invited them out, but he seemed he had underestimated Darius' grandfather. With just a single compliment, he had seized control of the conversation, and he was now on the back foot. This development had inevitably made things more difficult than he expected.

"I'm not here to beat around the bush, Mr. Maxwell." James Reid said in an icy tone.

"Tell me why I shouldn't take action against the Finn Conglomerate after your son tried to take my grandson's life."

"If you can't give me a good reason not to, then I guarantee you that I will crush the entirety of the Finn conglomerate in just two days!" James Reid threatened furiously, and Maxwell felt chills run down his spine.

James Reid was just too overbearing! "M—Mr. James, please calm down." Maxwell pleaded; his composure no longer present.

There was no doubt in the business circle that James Reid was a man of his word, and was someone that could not be offended at any cost.

He could tell that James Reid was being truthful with his threat, and Maxwell knew that it would be cost even less than two days for the Reid Consortium to crush them; hence he needed to pacify them no matter the costs.

“Please calm down Mr. James. I know the gravity of the crime my son committed, which is why I have decided to make amends for them.” Maxwell said, recomposing himself.

“I will give this hotel to Darius right here as a token of my apology.” Maxwell said calmly.

“Are you mocking me?” Darius narrowed his eyes and asked in a tone as cold as ice. If looks could kill, Maxwell would surely be six feet under.

What a joke! He was nearly killed by Michael. Did Maxwell think that a measly 10 star hotel was

enough to mitigate the damages caused to his life? The Reid consortium didn't have shortage of 10 star hotels. This token of apology was nothing more than a sham in his eyes.

Michael seemed to have anticipated Darius' response, so he replied in a calm tone. “I wouldn't dare mock you. It is truly just a token of my apology.” Maxwell responded wryly.

Even James Reid grandson was overbearing, and clearly cut from the same coat as his grandfather.

«The Finn Conglomerate has nothing to do with the attack on your grandson; and it is solely my fault as a parent that I let Michael develop in the direction he went.” Maxwell started; his tone bitter.

“It is obvious that the Finn conglomerate is no match for your financial group, so we wouldn't dare resist, especially when we are in the wrong.” “As a result, we have taken a drastic action and decided to cut Michael off from the family tree.” Maxwell said resolutely.

“As from now on, Michael Finn is no longer a member of the Finn family, and hereby has no shares in the Finn conglomerate!”