

The Consortium's Heir by Benjamin_Jnr Chapter 36

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Chapter 36

Chapter 36

"Do not worry about the price Mr. Reid. We wouldn't dare demand a payment from you." Elle said politely with a smile on her face.

Darius looked at her with confusion in his gaze.

"What do you mean by that Manager Elle?" Darius asked in a confused tone. Elle looked back at Darius when she heard his question. Did he really want to pay for the apartment?

Mr. Bruce had informed her strictly to cater to all the needs of the guest. Surely that included the payment for the apartment. Why was Darius then asking for the price of the apartment?

Unknowingly to Elle, Mr. Bruce hadn't informed Darius about the Reid Consortium owning 95 % of the shares of Dragon Estate, so Darius behavior was perfectly logical. After all there was no sane person who would inspect an apartment he liked and would not ask for the price.

"I like the apartment and would like to know the price for the apartment so that I can pay for it. Why would you give such an expensive apartment for free?" Darius asked.

Darius thought her response to be absurd. He thought that Mr. Bruce had only recommended him to the place because he would like the apartment, and he was able to tell the manager to meet with him because they might have some business dealings with each other. He didn't

expect it to be more than that.

When Elle saw Darius' confused response, she instantly knew what was going on. She knew that Mr. Bruce was someone high up in the secret but very powerful Reid family, and the fact that this handsome young guest also bore the Reid name gave away his identity as a member of the Reid family too.

She guessed that Mr. Bruce had not informed him about the Reid ownership of the Dragon Estate and this residence, which was why he was demanding to pay.

She decided to answer his question and allow him to make the payments in order not to anger him. However the moment he made the payments, she would send the money

back to Mr. Bruce. Like she mentioned earlier, she didn't dare demand payments from a Reid, especially after they had done to help her. "Pardon me Mr. Reid. It was a blunder on my part. I will definitely not give this apartment out for free." Elle answered after she had thought it through.

Darius nodded in satisfaction.

"That is reassuring. How much for this apartment then?" Darius asked again. "That would be 750 million dollars Mr. Reid." Elle answered in a very professional tone. Darius whipped his head towards her at a frightening speed. "750 million dollars?!" Darius yelled.

"Yes Mr. Reid." Elle answered professionally.

Darius creased his eyebrows and asked in a low tone. "Why is it so expensive?"

"As you have seen Mr. Reid, this apartment has everything you need in an apartment. We've also made sure that everything in the apartment is made from the most quality materials in the market, with several facilities being state of the art."

"Frankly speaking Mr. Reid, the apartment alone is valued at 600 million dollars, but we have to add the lawyer's fees as well as the fees for several legal documents. Also, several maintenances need to be done on the facilities in the apartment before it is ready for use. As all the facilities are the best and made from the most quality materials, their maintenance fees wouldn't certainly be cheap."

"Don't worry Mr. Reid. I am one hundred percent sure that you will be very satisfied with the changes when we are done with the maintenances." Elle said in a confident tone.

Darius had a complicated expression on his face. Even though he was immensely wealthy he had never spent more than 5 million dollars before. How could he suddenly move from spending 5 million dollars to 750 million dollars at a go?!

Darius sighed. He had to admit that the apartment was certainly worth the price. He was in love with everything he saw in the apartment.

He let out an audible sigh. He was certainly rich enough to pay for the apartment at once. As the head of the Reid Consortium, he should get used to spending such astronomical sum. After all that was the reason his grandfather had given him over fifteen billion dollars wasn't it?

"Alright, I'll make the payment." Darius said.

He brought out his stylish phone and asked for the account he was expected to pay the amount to, which Elle gave to him professionally.

After typing away on his phone for a minute, a ping echoed in the room they both stood.

Elle brought out her phone and checked the notification she received.

<your account xxx has just been credited with 750 million dollars>

Elle removed her gaze from her phone and smiled at Darius before speaking.

“I have received the payment Mr. Reid. I’ll call the workers to get the work as soon as possible.” Elle said.

“However, you’ll have to be patient Mr. Reid. The maintenance and modifications will take quite some time to be completed. When everything is done, you shall receive the keys and the receipt to the apartment.” Elle continued.

“How long will the maintenance take to be completed?” Darius asked. Now that he had paid for the apartment, he wanted to move in as soon as possible.

“It should take up to two days but I’ll get the workers to get it done in a day, which means your apartment will be ready the day after tomorrow.” Elle answered.

Darius nodded. He had finally gotten a suitable apartment of his liking.

He checked the time on his phone and saw that it was already past 8 pm. He had spent his whole day at Dragon Estate. It was time for him to go back to the Sky Golden Hotel. He was very hungry and tired after spending his whole day here.

He said his goodbyes to Elle and exited the residence quickly. As no public vehicles were allowed inside the Dragon Estate, Darius had to walk to the gates where the security guards were stationed.

As he walked, he desperately wished for his cars to arrive quickly. He was already tired of using the cabs or always walking to his destination whenever he wanted to go somewhere.

When he got to the gates, the older security guard was the one who opened the gates for him. Darius thanked him sincerely before exiting the gates.

When he got outside the gates, he quickly boarded a cab back to the hotel. After an uneventful ride, he finally got to the hotel.

He responded to the receptionist greeting with a light nod and asked for his dinner to be brought straight to the room he booked and took the elevator to the booked room.

By the time he came out of the bathroom after taking his shower and draped in nothing but a bathrobe, there was a knock on the door, indicating that his food had arrived.

Without changing his bathrobe, Darius walked to the door and opened it.

“Here’s your meal sir.” The waitress said. However when she brought her gaze to Darius her face heated up and her cheeks turned red.

“Thank you.” Darius said, dragging the table with his meal into the room before closing the door.

The waitress stood motionless outside the door even after Darius had closed it. Her cheeks began to heat up as she recalled Darius’ extremely attractive face, his exposed muscular chest, and his magnificently developed abdominal muscles that appeared to have been carved and sculpted by a Greek god.

She let out a small shriek as several inappropriate thoughts flashed through her mind. She slapped herself lightly on her already red cheeks before making her way to the hotel kitchen. She still had several people waiting for to deliver their food to them.

He was extremely famished so maybe that was why his dinner seemed tastier than it usually was. As such, he finished his meal in less than five minutes.

The fatigue from the day’s events finally caught up with him after he had had his fill. He made his way to the bed in the middle of the room and laid down on it. A few seconds after he closed his eyes, Darius fell asleep.

The Consortium’s Heir by Benjamin_Jnr Chapter 37

The Consortium’s Heir by Benjamin_Jnr

Chapter 37

Chapter 37 Two days had passed since Darius visited the Dragon Estate in search of a new apartment. Elle had kept to her words so it took only one day for the maintenance in the apartment to be completed.

When Darius moved in to the apartment, it was completely different from how it was during his last visit. Everything had been repainted and redesigned to suit his taste, showing that the members of the maintenance team were no amateurs. As a matter of fact, it would be more accurate to say that they were the best of the best.

Darius’ exit from the dormitory did raise suspicion among the other members of the male dormitory, as his exit was too sudden for them to process.

There was several rumors as to why Darius, a well known church rat in the dormitory suddenly moved out from the dormitory. Some people said that he had gotten a new job which paid very well, which was why he was able to afford leaving the dormitory.

When they thought about it that way, they reasoned that his decision was perfectly logical. If he had indeed gotten a good source of income, it was understandable that he moved out from the dormitory. They remembered that he had also gotten some very decent clothes recently. In that case it was surely the money he got from the said job that he used to purchase the clothes.

There were also several speculations about his departure, but alas they were just rumors as Darius kept mute about the reason for leaving the dormitory.

[Dragon Estate: Darius apartment]

Darius came out of the shower after taking his bath with a huge smile on his face. He was happy today for two reasons.

The first reason was that Bruce had called him earlier this morning to inform him that he would be coming over to his apartment to deliver his two cars. Darius was obviously happy when he heard the news. He was already fed up with using the public transport vehicles. Not only were they time consuming but they were also slower than private owned vehicles. He needed his own cars. It would save him a lot of trouble whenever he needed to go somewhere.

The second reason he was happy was because today was Saturday, a weekend, therefore he didn't have any classes to attend to today. After being incredibly busy the past few days, he decided that he needed a well deserved rest. He would just stay at his new home and relax.

Just as he finished putting on some casual clothes, his phone which he kept on the bedside

table rang

He walked over to the bedside table and picked up his phone. When he saw that the caller was Bruce he answered the phone call before placing the phone against his ear.

"Your cars are ready now Young Master Reid." Bruce said the moment Darius answered the phone call.

"Alright I'll be there in a minute." Darius replied before disconnecting the call. As he left his apartment he was incredibly excited. After a whole week of waiting he was finally going to receive his cars. He walked down the hallways and into the gold plated elevator excitedly. Once he got the lobby he spared a fleeting glance at the counter.

This time around it was a young male who was the receptionist. Maureen had been fired and another person was put in her place. Darius sighed. Although he was annoyed by Maureen's rude behavior, her dismissal was necessary. As a front desk agent, she should have been more polite to him. She had probably treated other guests that way.

He only hoped that she had learnt her lesson and would do better at her new place of work.

Darius nodded lightly to the male receptionist as a sign of greeting before making his way outside the lobby. However when he stepped outside the lobby, he was rendered speechless by the sight he saw.

Several Rolls–Royce cars were parked neatly just outside the Dragon Lord’s Imperial Residence. Darius counted the Rolls–Royce cars parked outside and saw that they were six in number!

That wasn’t all. In between the Rolls–Royce cars were his two sports cars, his Bugatti and his Lamborghini!

When Darius saw the impressive lineup of cars and his two cars he instantly knew that Bruce was the one behind the extravagant display of wealth. The question was why Bruce thought it necessary to bring several luxurious cars just to deliver two cars to his residence. As expected, when people saw the impressive lineup of cars they naturally started discussing about it.

“Who are they here for?”

“I don’t know but it’s got to be someone very important.”

“Aren’t those cars from the famous Rolls–Royce Phantom Solid Gold series?! I just looked it up now on the internet!”

“What?! You’re right!” “I heard that the starting price for those cars is 10 million dollars, and those are clearly customized so it will definitely cost more!” “And they’re not just one of them but six!”

“They also came with two very expensive sports cars too!”

“The owner must surely be some bigshot! There’s no doubt about that!”

Darius who was right behind the duo discussing about the cars had a complicated expression on his face. He looked around and saw that several people were already beginning to gather around the cars now.

It should be noted that everyone who was a resident of Dragon Estate was someone high up in the societal class, so they had seen their fair share of such display of wealth. However, the case

this time was very different.

The eight cars parked outside the entrance to the Dragon Lord's Imperial Residence were very expensive cars that not just anyone could purchase. Not only were the cars expensive, they also gave off an imposing aura.

It was no surprise that they hung around to see who the cars came to pick.

When Darius noticed the crowd forming, he decided to turn away from it. He didn't want to be the focus of attention right now. He decided to return to his house and call Bruce, asking him why he had made such a big deal about delivering his two cars. However a loud voice echoed in the surroundings before Darius could even move a short distance from his current position. "Young Master Reid! I have arrived with your cars!" Everyone immediately stopped talking and looked at the direction Darius stood. Darius' eyebrows twitched when he heard his name. Bruce's yell had completely ruined his plan of staying lowkey and avoiding attention. He sighed. Left with no choice, he turned back to where Bruce stood with Rolls-Royce and started walking towards him.

The Consortium's Heir by Benjamin_Jnr Chapter 38

The Consortium's Heir by Benjamin_Jnr
Chapter 38

Chapter 38 "Young Master Reid, your cars are finally here." Bruce said in a very proud tone. As a matter of fact he was indeed very proud that he had finally delivered the cars to the young master. He had put a lot of effort to make sure that only the best materials were used to customize the cars. He was very sure that Darius would love it.

Darius, on the other hand, did not enjoy the situation in the least. He could feel various stares the onlookers gave him as he walked towards Bruce. He, however, ignored them. Even though he didn't like the attention Bruce's convoy brought, he decided to go with the flow. After all now that Bruce had already placed so much attention on him, there was nothing he could do but to accept it.

"Young Master Re—" Bruce started but was interrupted abruptly by Darius.

"Enough of your greetings, Bruce. I simply requested that you deliver my cars to me. Is this extravagant display really necessary?" Darius inquired in an annoyed tone. When Bruce heard Darius' question, he sighed.

"Of course not Young Master Reid. If it were up to me I would have delivered your cars quietly, but unfortunately that was not the case."

Darius had a confused expression on his face.

"What do you mean by that?" He asked.

“It was not my decision to bring these cars with me. Rather, it was the decision of your grandfather, young master Reid.” Bruce answered.

Darius let out an audible exhale. So this display was not Bruce’s decision but his grandfather’s instead.

“Alright. Can you tell them to leave now?” Darius asked. Since it was his grandfather’s decision there was nothing he could do about it. Besides he had received his cars already. There was absolutely no need for them anymore.

“Certainly, Young Master.” Bruce responded with a light bow. He then clapped his hands together. Immediately he did the doors to the Rolls–Royce cars opened and several men dressed in black suits came out from cars before walking briskly to Bruce.

Bruce whispered something inaudibly to one of the men in suits. The man in the suits had a conflicted expression on his face, but it was only for a brief moment before he nodded his head in agreement to Bruce’s words.

The man made a signal to his colleagues dressed in black suits before making his way into his Rolls–Royce. His colleagues followed suit and entered their respective Rolls–Royce cars. Few seconds later, the Rolls–Royce cars pulled out from the entrance and drove away, leaving just Darius two sport cars. “Where are the keys?” Darius asked.

Bruce put his hand inside the pockets of his immaculate suit and produced two keys. He handed one of the keys to Darius. Darius collected the keys Bruce handed him and walked towards his two cars. He was thankful for the part time jobs he usually did. It was because of them that he could drive very skillfully. He even had a driver’s license because of it.

A few of his part–time jobs required driving as a necessary skill, such as being a taxi driver or delivering goods.

He exhaled a sigh. Without those jobs, he would not be able to drive and would have been forced to attend driving school, which would have been very difficult for him.

He opened the doors and got in his Bugatti. He started his car and drove away from the entrance to his apartment’s underground garage, leaving the stunned crowd behind.

Few minutes later, he arrived at the special parking lot reserved for him in the underground garage. It was easily accessible as he had an elevator in his apartment that led directly to the special parking lot reserved for him.

An engine sound echoed in the garage a few seconds after he stepped out of his Bugatti. He turned toward the engine noise and watched as his second car parked neatly beside his Bugatti.

Before speaking, Bruce stepped out of the Lamborghini and handed over the keys to Darius.

“So, young master, what do you think about the cars?” Bruce inquired.

When Bruce asked him the question, Darius realized he hadn't taken a close look at the cars. He was in a hurry to leave the entrance because of the crowd, so he didn't pay much attention to the cars.

He immediately turned to study his cars in details, focusing his attention on his Bugatti. At first glance, nothing seemed to have changed from when he first chose them, but after closer inspection, he noticed that a few changes had been made to his Bugatti.

His Bugatti's engine had been upgraded, and the interior had been customized to his preferences. The Bugatti was still black, but his plate number had been changed from the usual numbers to just 'REID.'

The Bugatti received few changes, but his Lamborghini received extensive modifications. It, too, similar to the Bugatti had its color repainted from yellow to pitch black, with various red stripes on the rims of the wheels and on specific points of the body. Its license plate was also changed to 'REID.'

“So, young master, what do you think about the cars?” Bruce inquired again.

“It is really great. I like the changes.” Darius answered, tearing his gaze away from the sport cars and turning to face Bruce.

“I appreciate your help Bruce. Thank you.” Darius said in a sincere tone.

“It's nothing Young Master. It's my job to attend to your every need.” Bruce replied, bowing his head lightly.

“Hm.” Darius hummed in a low tone.

“Well then, is there anything else you need young master?” Bruce asked.

Darius thought about it before shaking his head in reply.

“No. None at the moment.” He had already got his apartment, his cars, and new outfits. All he wanted to do now was rest. He had lectures on Monday so he needed to make good use of the weekends and rest properly.

Bruce bowed again when he heard Darius reply. He then turned to leave but stopped a second later as a sudden thought flashed through his mind.

“Young Master Reid, do not forget to visit the companies your grandfather told you about.” Bruce said.

When Darius heard Bruce’s reminder, he let out a low groan. For a long time, his grandfather had been reminding him of his responsibilities as the Reid’s consortium heir. He decided to take a week off next week to comply with his grandfather’s wishes.

He said goodbye to Bruce and began walking towards the elevator to his apartment when his phone rang.

The Consortium’s Heir by Benjamin_Jnr Chapter 39

The Consortium’s Heir by Benjamin_Jnr

Chapter 39

Chapter 39 Darius took out his phone from his pocket and looked at the caller ID as he walked towards the elevator. He saw he didn’t know the caller from the ID and decided to ignore the call. He disconnected the phone call and went up to his apartment,

He went to his lounge in the apartment and sat down to relax with a glass of very expensive wine he took out from the deluxe wine cellar in his apartment,

He poured the wine into a glass cup and took a sip from it. He let out a contented sigh as the exquisite taste of the wine hit his taste buds.

Idle, he brought out his phone and decided to go through his unread messages. He had been very busy the previous days so he hadn’t had much time to check his messages. When he checked his messaging app, he saw that he had a lot of messages.

He quickly checked the messages, but was disappointed when he read the contents of the messages.

Majority of the messages were from his dorm mates who were asking him if he had truly gotten a high paying job and was now living alone or if he was just putting up pretenses. Darius scoffed when he read the messages. He couldn’t be bothered with what they thought about him. He was no longer on their level anyway. Besides most of them were just asking to know if he had truly gotten a high paying job as if he truly did then they wouldn’t have anyone to look down on or make them feel better about themselves.

However, it wasn’t just such messages that he received. There were also several messages from his roommates asking about his well being.

Rudd: [Hi Darius. How have you been now? Where did you go all these while?!]

Greg: (Hey Darius! How have you been man? We all miss you! Rudd misses you the most. Marcus too! Tell us how you doing man!]

Marcus: [Darius! You better treat us to a meal someday soon!]

Darius smiled heartily when he saw the messages. He truly missed his friends. Now that he thought about it he had only gone on outings with them on few occasions. He made a mental note to go out with them soon.

He replied their messages happily with a smile on his face. When he was done, he checked the message that he got from Alice.

Alice: (Hi. I just wanted to know if you have decided on a day for our date yet.)

Darius read the message with a blank expression. If he were honest with himself he still thought it too early to go on a date with Alice. Even though he had gotten a new apartment and his cars, he still had to visit his companies.

However, putting off the date with Alice was not a good idea. It had already been a few days since he promised to inform her of the date. It was almost as if he was avoiding her. He texted Alice his response, sighing.

Darius: [I'm sorry for not replying earlier. I have been very busy with a lot of things. Once I'm done I'll definitely inform you of the date.]

Darius had just sent out the text message when a notification for another message popped up on his phone screen.

Unknown: [Hi. I called earlier but you didn't answer my calls so I decided to text you.]

Darius clicked the message and was redirected to the main chat. His message history with the person was empty which meant that Darius had never come in contact with the person before.

Darius: [Hi. Have we met before?]

A few seconds passed before Darius got a response.

Unknown: [Yes we have. You saved my life.]

When Darius read the reply he had a confused expression on his face.

Save someone's life? When did he ever do such a thing?

All his life he had been poor. It had barely been a month since he discovered his wealth. He still had a lot of things to do, so when did he ever go about saving people's life? He barely had time for himself!

Darius: [I'm sorry but could you tell me how I did so?]

Another few seconds passed before Darius got a response.

Unknown: [We met at the Armani store where you saved me by paying a sum of one million dollars for a random stranger you just met.]

The moment Darius read the message the events of that came crashing down his mind. He had indeed helped a lady he met at the Armani store when he went to purchase his shoes. However it was too much to say he saved her life by just that single gesture.

He sighed. If he remembered correctly the lady's name was Helen, and he had actually given her his contact. Darius: [Are you Helen?] Another few seconds passed, and it was considerably longer than the previous waits before he got a reply.

Helen: (Yes I'm Helen. I'm very glad you remembered my name. It means so much to me.)

Darius smiled lightly

Darius: [It's nothing. Is there a reason you texted me?]

Helen: (It's nothing serious. It's just that I didn't get your name the last time we met. I hope, it's not too much to ask for your name?! Darius paused. Indeed he hadn't actually given her his name. He was in a bit of a hurry the day they met so he didn't give her his name.

Darius: [Of course not. You can call me Darius.]

Helen: (Thank you very much Darius. I greatly appreciate your help the other day. If there's anything you want me to help you with don't hesitate to ask me. I'll make sure to help you with the best of my capabilities.)

Darius smiled lightly again. He could tell how sincere Helen was being from the messages alone. She was truly grateful to him for his help.

Unfortunately, Darius was aware that Helen couldn't do much for him because she was at least as poor as he was a month prior. He knew she was just being kind, and it would be impolite for him to ignore it, so he texted his response.

Darius: (Alright. I'll call you if I ever need your help.)

There was no response from Helen, and her name turned gray from green, signifying that she had gone offline. Darius was just about to go offline as well when another notification flashed across his screen.

The Consortium's Heir by Benjamin_Jnr Chapter 40

The Consortium's Heir by Benjamin_Jnr

Chapter 40

Chapter 40 Andrew: (Darius Reid? You're joking right? What can that poor and miserable person donate to charity for God's sake?) Darius frowned as he read the message. He was alone at the time, sipping wine and going about his business. Why was his name being brought up again?

Curious, he clicked on the message notification and was redirected to his department main chat. There, he scrolled up and read the previous messages to see why his name was being mentioned.

After five minutes, he had read all the previous messages and was caught up with the latest message in the main chat. Darius had a cold expression on his face after he read through the messages. As usual, he was being looked down on by his classmates.

His classmates had been discussing the upcoming charity gala in the main chat. Most of them had already picked their outfits and who they were attending the gala with. It was understandable. Although Darius didn't like and enjoy the previous charity galas he attended, that didn't do anything to remove the prestige the charity gala held. It wasn't just wealthy students who attended the charity gala. Several influential figures in the society also attended the charity galas. The buzz surrounding this year charity gala was even more insane. Three of the top universities in the districts were co-hosting the charity gala this time which meant that the gala this time would surely be better and livelier than it was last year. It was during the discussions that his name was brought up. Someone had asked if Darius would be attending the charity gala. Darius didn't know whether the person was asking out of curiosity or was asking just to mock him, but from the responses the person got, Darius guessed that the person did it to mock him. Trey: [Darius attending the gala? Please let's say something reasonable and believable.] Rey: [I mean, he is someone who couldn't even donate \$200 to charity at the last gala. What is he hoping to achieve by attending the gala this time?] Victor: [He better not come. This is not just the regular charity gala. Both Lockwood and Evergreen universities are also taking part in this gala. If he attends the gala he'll be nothing but a disgrace and an embarrassment to Kingston University.]

Darius scoffed when he read their messages. The expression on his face was extremely cold.

Although he knew he wasn't very popular among his classmates he didn't expect them to talk ill of him openly in the main chat. At first he swore that he wasn't going to attend the charity gala, but after seeing their messages he started thinking otherwise.

Why was he even afraid of them finding out his identity in the first place? Why did he even want to hide his identity as a rich heir from them?

Now that he thought about it his choice was indeed a silly one. He was the head of the Reid consortium, a very affluent conglomerate. What could his classmates do to even hurt him?

Wasn't the main reason they were looking down on him because of his poverty? It was even

the reason Sarah left him for David, because David was significantly richer than him.

Darius was still thinking about this when his phone pinged loudly, signifying another message in the main chat.

Clinton: (The venue for the charity gala has just been confirmed!)

Trey: (Really?!) Clinton: [Yes! It's on the official website now!]

Rey: (Well tell us the venue for the gala then!)

Clinton: [Of course! It's the Sky Golden Hotel!]

Immediately Clinton mentioned the location for the gala the main chat exploded. Almost every classmate of Darius who was online started texting madly in the group chat, blowing the main chat up.

Classmate 1: [The Sky Golden Hotel?!] Classmate 2: [Are you serious?!] Classmate 3: (You're not joking right?!) Their reactions were perfectly understandable. The Sky Golden Hotel was the best hotel in the surrounding districts. Not anyone could enter it because of the expensive price required to enter it.

Now that the charity gala was being hosted in the same Sky Golden Hotel, it meant that they now had the opportunity to visit the best hotel in the district.

Classmate 4: (Wow! It is true! The venue is really the Sky Golden Hotel!)

Classmate 5: (The three universities are really going all out this time huh?)

Classmate 6: [It's good for us either way. We get to visit the best hotel in the district.]

Darius smiled coldly when he saw their messages. The Sky Golden Hotel? Wasn't he a gold member there, the highest rank for a member in the Hotel? He wondered what they would think when they found out that he was actually a gold rank member in the hotel.

He made up his mind. He was going to attend the gala this time. He was going to show them that he was no longer a poor and miserable person. He wouldn't allow himself to be looked down on anymore.

He was going to show them a new Darius Reid.

Making up his mind, he sent a message to the main chat. Darius: [Hello. I know some of you are wondering if I'll be attending this year's charity gala. The answer is yes. I will be attending this year's charity gala.]

There was a brief moment of silence as everyone was taken aback by Darius' message. When they recovered from their shock, the chat exploded once more.

Classmate 1: (Darius is attending the gala?)

Rey: (Why won't he? He's so poor so he will definitely not miss the opportunity to visit the Sky Golden Hotel.) 1

Trey: [I mean how shameless could one be? There's nothing to say here. He's just going to make a fool of himself like the last time.]

There were a few more slanderous messages, but Darius ignored them. They could mock him all they wanted. It didn't make a difference. He would be having the last laugh anyways. Darius took another sip of his wine from the glass cup. He was looking forward to this year charity gala.