The Consortium's Heir by Benjamin_Jnr Chapter 5

Darius walked without aim for over an hour. After such a long walk, he was tired. The fatigue from the fight, the break up with Sarah, and his detention at the police station finally caught up with him.

He looked around his surroundings and saw that he was now at an empty park. The moon shone brightly on the park, creating a peaceful and serene atmosphere. Darius checked the time and saw it was past twelve o'clock in the morning. He sat down on a bench and closed his eyes.

The day's events started running through his mind and a myriad of emotions ran through his heart. Darius had never actually regretted being poor in his life, but he regretted being poor today. How cool would it be if he had an abundance of wealth? If it were so, no one would be able to look down on him anymore. He wouldn't lose Sarah to someone like David. Besides if he was very rich, beautiful women would be the least of his problems.

He sighed. It was just wishful thinking. He wasn't special neither did he have an abundance of wealth. He was just Darius Reid, a poor university student.

Darius sat there in silence, staring at the silver moon and numerous stars scattered across the sky. He was still star gazing when his phone rang.

Due to the fight he had with David, his phone screen had cracked in various places, so he couldn't get a clear look at the caller ID. After contemplating for a while, he decided to ignore it. It might have been his dorm mates who were worried about him and decided to call him.

After a few rings, the call ended. Darius was about to go back to star gazing when his phone rang again. He ignored the call again, and went back to what he was doing. However, the caller was persistent. After the fourteenth call, Darius finally picked up.

"Hello? Do you have any idea what time it is now? Don't you know how to take a hint?" Darius spoke angrily into the phone. He didn't care who the caller was. His dorm mates weren't so desperate to keep calling someone who ignored their calls fourteen times!

"Hello, is this Darius Reid?" The caller asked in an authoritative tone, ignoring the annoyed tone Darius voice displayed.

"Yes this is Darius Reid and I swear to God if you don't have a good reason for calling me persistently at this time of the night I'm going to find you and beat you up!" Darius yelled, transferring all the anger he had accumulated some hours back to the caller.

"Pardon my impudence Young Master Reid. I apologize." The caller replied. His voice was now respectful which confused Darius.

"Young Master Reid?" Darius asked, utterly confused.

"Yes young master Reid. Please pardon my impudence. I have a lot to tell you which I cannot do over the phone. Would you kindly tell me your location? I'll arrive there shortly to pick you up." The caller said.

Darius kept mute. Suspicion was written all over his face. He had no idea who the caller was so how did he expect him to reveal his location just like that? What if he was a kidnapper who was looking to kidnap him?

Darius suddenly laughed at himself. Kidnapper? As if. He was as poor as a church rat. Kidnappers usually did their research. They would never waste their time on someone as poor and miserable as him.

He let out a sigh before deciding to give the caller his location. He had nothing to lose anyway. If the callers were really kidnappers then when they arrived he was sure that they would let him be. He didn't have a single penny on him anyway.

"Alright young master Reid. I'll be there as soon as I can. Please don't go anywhere." The caller said before disconnecting the call.

Darius looked at his phone before sighing. He was ruling out the idea of it being a kidnapper and actually being a prank. After all, what kind of kidnapper would call their victim 'young master Reid?'

Darius closed his eyes and rested his head against the bench, enjoying the cool breeze blowing against his skin. He sighed again. It didn't matter if it was a prank or not. When he got his mind back in the right direction again, he would leave the park and go back to his dorm. While he might be poor, he wasn't homeless, and he certainly did not want to be mistaken as one.

40 minutes after the phone call, Darius heard the sound of car moving. He opened his eyes and his mouth dropped down in shock. It was expected, as he never expected to see something like this.

A white and gold car came to a stop a few feet away from where Darius sat on the bench. Although Darius was poor, it didn't mean he could not tell an expensive car from a glance. After all, he attended Kingston University, a top university that had a lot of rich kids attending it.

The door opened and a man stepped down from the car. The man looked to be in his late 40s and was dressed very luxuriously. His white three piece suit had layers of expensive jewelry littered around it, and they sparkled in the night. His hair was black, but there were already traces of white in it. However, it was neatly styled.

Darius looked at the man in confusion. He wondered what a big shot like him was doing here. Every step the man took screamed opulence and Darius found himself sweating profusely.

What if this man was David Lesley father who had come to take revenge on his son's behalf? It made sense if he thought about it like that. After all, no rich and wealthy man would like a peasant like him manhandling and beating their own sons.

When the man came closer to Darius, Darius quickly knelt down and placed his head on the ground.

"Forgive me Mr. Lesley! I was at fault. It was all my fault. Please forgive me." Darius begged. If it were before he was taken to the police station, Darius would never have begged no matter what. However, someone like him who was unable to pay $5,000 to bail himself could not afford to offend someone as wealthy as Mr. Lesley. He really needed to graduate, otherwise all his efforts would be for naught.

"Mr. Lesley?" The man said, sounding confused. However when he saw Darius kneeling down; he knelt down without minding his expensive and clean suit and helped Darius up to his feet.

"Young Master Reid, are you trying to get me killed?" The man asked; his voice agitated and fearful.

Darius looked at the man in shock.

"Young Master Reid?"

The man nodded, and Darius could make out faint tears gathering at the corners of his eyes.

"That's right. I've finally found you, young master Reid."