

## The Consortium's Heir by Benjamin\_Jnr Chapter 6

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"Are you sure you don't have the wrong person?" Darius asked in a skeptical tone. He was completely puzzled as to why a wealthy person would act so respectful and call him 'Young Master Reid'.

"Of course not, Young Master Reid." The man answered with a tone of certainty. He had searched for a long time and finally found the young master here. There was no way he could mistake him for another person.

Darius looked at the man again. At first he had thought the phone call was a kidnapping case, and later chalked it off to a prank. However, it seemed that he was far from the truth. There was really a wealthy man who was calling him young master Reid.

"Please come with me, young master Reid. My master has been waiting to meet you for a long time now."

Darius looked at the middle aged man again. Everything was happening so fast for him. It hadn't been even a day yet since his break up with Sarah and now someone he had never seen was here claiming that an unknown master wanted to see him.

Darius sighed before nodding his head.

"Alright, take me to see this master of yours." Darius said.

"Of course young master Reid!" The man said, bowing deeply to Darius. Darius paid the man no heed however. He was curious to know who the master was and why he had sent someone to meet him.

The man led Darius to the expensive looking car. A man dressed in a black suit hurriedly rushed out from the car and opened the passenger seat for the duo.

Darius didn't know much about cars, but from the symbol on the car he could tell that the car was a Rolls-Royce car. He knew that Rolls-Royce cars of this model were very expensive, even more than David Lesley's Porsche. He wondered what the identity of the master was. After all, anyone who could afford such a car was definitely a big shot.

The duo entered the car, and the man in the suit closed the doors before rushing to the driver's seat. In a few seconds, the car zoomed off.

The ride was silent as neither side spoke to each other. The middle aged man who identified himself as Bruce asked Darius some questions but ultimately decided to keep quiet when Darius refused to answer majority of the questions.

After 4 hours, the car finally came to stop in front of a majestic gate. Darius found himself wowed at the demeanor of the gate itself. He had never seen something so luxurious and majestic as this. The towering gate seemed to be made of pure gold, as they gave out a brilliant gold shine. There was the name 'REID' written in beautiful style on the gate.

Darius found himself smitten by the opulence of the gate itself. He wondered what was beyond the imperial gates.

After a series of very advanced security checks, the Rolls-Royce made its way past the gates. At this point, Darius found himself at a complete loss for words. He was unable to form a coherent sentence, and was completely tongue tied.

What lay beyond the luxurious gates was a mansion that seemed straight out of a movie. The whole mansion screamed opulence. There were gardens with rare and beautiful flowers. Some flowers even shone brightly under the moonlight!

There was a beautiful fountain in the middle of the mansion, and a beautiful sculpture lay atop the fountain. The water sprouting from the fountain was sparkling under the moonlight, and Darius found his self mesmerized.

Darius was too lost in his shock to notice that Bruce had signaled the driver to slow down. The Rolls-Royce drove slowly around the whole mansion, giving Darius a clear view at everything he wanted to see.

Finally, the Rolls-Royce stopped at the entrance to the doors of the mansion. The driver came down and opened the doors for the duo, before getting back into the car and driving off. Darius stared at the Rolls-Royce longingly. Bruce noticed this and tapped on his shoulder.

"Don't worry Young Master Reid. That car is not worthy of your attention."

Darius nodded and kept mute but was grumbling in his heart. Was this how the rich thought and behaved?

'Not worthy of my attention? Hell it's still a dream that I am actually at a place as luxurious as this!'

Bruce didn't see anything wrong with Darius response and smiled. He bowed his head before gesturing his arm forward, like a butler will do to their master.

"This way, young master Reid."

Darius nodded and started walking past the luxurious hallway with Bruce following closely. Unlike before, when he was in the Rolls-Royce, he didn't gawk at the luxurious hallways and abstract paintings hung on the wall. He was way too nervous to do so.

As someone who had been poor for as long as he could remember, this was something he could never imagine.

Although Darius was very nervous, he still occasionally paid attention to the paintings on the wall. He was soon attracted to a picture on the wall.

The image depicted two adults in their late twenties who looked strikingly similar to Darius. Darius didn't know why, but looking at their photo filled him with a deep sense of loss. He stared at the photo for about a minute before averting his sight and continuing his walk down the luxurious hallway.

They walked for a few more minutes, passing several paintings and luxury items before coming to stop in front of a door.

Bruce stepped forward and knocked twice on the door. There was a brief silence before a tired voice replied to the knocks.

"Come in."

Bruce stepped backwards and bowed again.

"After you, young master Reid."

Darius however paid little attention to Bruce behavior. His heart was beating very rapidly as he stood there. He didn't need to be a genius to know that the person behind that door was the master Bruce kept talking about; the master that sent Bruce to find him and bring him all the way here.

Darius took a deep breath and exhaled loudly before steeling his resolve. He opened the door and stepped inside the room. It was time to meet that master.