

## The Consortium's Heir by Benjamin\_Jnr Chapter 9

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Darius woke up after a long and refreshing sleep. He had taken a very long time to shower, admiring the luxurious and exquisite decorations in the bathroom, as well as the beautiful bathtub and full wall mirror. After taking his long shower, he draped a white bathrobe around his body and laid on the king sized bed. He was unable to appreciate the softness of the bed as he was very tired. He fell asleep almost seconds later, completely spent.

Darius got up from the bed and walked towards the window. He pulled the expensive black curtains and looked outside the window from his room. Luckily today was a Saturday so there were no lectures or classes being held at the university.

Darius looked at entirety of the Reid mansion from his window. He hadn't seen it well at night, but seeing it now reminded him of the wealth that his family had.

Darius recalled everything that had happened yesterday night. His whole world literally turned upside down. From being bailed for being unable to pay \$5,000 to owning several top companies and businesses in the world. It was unbelievable.

He was still looking at the mansion when there was a knock at his door.

"Come in."

The door opened and Bruce, his grandfather's butler came in. He had changed his suit from white to blue, but it still had one similarity. It was insanely expensive.

"Young Master Reid, my master wants to speak with you." Bruce said; his tone overly respectful.

Darius nodded.

"Alright give me a minute. Let me change my outfit to something appropriate. I'll meet with him in the study."

Bruce bowed lightly before exiting the room.

Darius changed from his bathrobe to his poor outfit before exiting the room. He had no other outfit, as he never expected to spend that he was the heir to the Reid Consortium.

He joined his grandfather who was already in the study and took his seat. He greeted his grandfather lightly to which his grandfather nodded his head.

“Like I told you yesterday, you are now the head of the Reid Consortium. I’m very proud that you were able to make it into Kingston University. Although it was not my best choice, it is still a top university.”

Darius nodded. He however wondered what his university had to do with their conversation.

“You need a certificate of graduation from Kingston University; otherwise people might look down on your capabilities as the head of the Reid Consortium. While they would never dare to say such, it is still better for you to get your certificate of graduation.”

“As I have transferred ownership of the Reid Consortium to you, you need to monitor the progress of those companies monthly. I’m sure it’ll be a lot for you to handle as you are still a student, so you’d need a personal assistant.”

“Normally, I would have employed one for you, but as the new head, you need to do such things by yourself. After all I would not always be there to give you a helping hand.”

Darius nodded. He saw sense in what his grandfather said. He could definitely not handle the intricate details of the Reid consortium and still be a top student.

What he needed was a capable and honest personal assistant who he could trust with such intricate details of the Reid consortium. The assistant would handle everything regarding the consortium and all he would need to do was go through the summary and sign some documents.

However, he could not just hand over such delicate job to anybody. He needed to find someone he could really trust, and although his grandfather didn’t tell him, he knew that such person in his life was his butler, Bruce.

“I understand, Grandfather.” Darius said.

His grandfather smiled. Now everything regarding the handover was complete. He could finally take his well deserved rest after 40 years.

His grandfather looked at the pitiful outfit his grandson was wearing and sighed. How could the new head of the Reid consortium be wearing such a pitiful outfit? It would be a disgrace if he was seen like this.

“Darius, how much do you have in your bank account?” His grandfather asked.

Darius shrunk slightly. He had no money in this account and even owed his dorm mates a sum of \$5,000.

His grandfather didn't need Darius to say anything else. He knew that his grandson had been living a poor man's life and didn't have money. He motioned for Bruce to come closer and whispered something in his ears. Bruce nodded in affirmation before hurrying out of the study.

Darius grandfather, James Reid, turned to his grandson and brought out his phone. He typed away on the phone for a few seconds before putting his phone down on the study table.

Darius looked at the phone with shock. There were only 10 of those models in the world, and the starting price for each one was \$100,000! What was even more shocking was the fact that the phone looked different from the usual model of that phone. The back of the phone was white and the letter 'R' was written stylishly on the back of the phone. Darius knew at once that it was a customized phone from that same model.

James Reid noticed his son staring at the phone with an intense gaze and smiled.

"By the way Darius, I heard that your phone is broken. I'll tell Bruce to get you a new one soonest." James said.

Before Darius could reply, the door opened and Bruce walked in. He walked straight to the mahogany desk and slid an item across the table to where Darius sat.

Darius took the item and saw that it was a stylish black card. He studied in detail and saw the same stylish 'R' in the centre of the card written in gold.

"Darius; that is a debit card made exclusively for the head of the Reid consortium. There is over 10 billion dollars in that card. Use it in any of the companies listed under the Reid consortium. That should be enough for you to change your outfit and get a good place for you to stay in school."

"10 billion dollars?!" Darius screamed.

"Yes." James answered. "You are the head of the Reid consortium now. That much money is nothing."

Darius shook his head. He was as poor as a church rat just a day ago. How could he suddenly have over 10 billion dollars in his account?!

"Also, I have transferred some pocket money to your regular bank account. You are the head of the Reid consortium. You should behave like one." James continued.

Darius kept mute. He still could not wrap his head around the amount of wealth he now controlled. He suddenly thought of Sarah and felt a sharp pain in his heart. She had left him for someone she felt was richer than him, but now he now owned several top companies and businesses in the world. Even the business that the Lesley family when

owned when compared to his wealth was like comparing a grain of sand to a vast desert.

He thought about going to Sarah and telling her that he was now rich and could buy her all the luxury items she wanted, but it was only for a fleeting second before he thought otherwise.

She didn't even date him for a month before dumping him for another person. It was obvious that she never loved him at all.

He had given his all for the relationship, but was ultimately rejected. He sighed. Some things were not just meant to be.