

# Rise Of The Disrespected Trillionaire Heir Novel

TEN – THE BULLIED'S VICTORY

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Luke finally made it to class and took his seat. All around him, students whispered in hushed voices about the debacle that just went down at the parking lot. The video of Luke's assault on David and the intervention of his body guards had already swept through the entire school's social media platforms like wildfire.

Right now, Luke was the number one trending topic in the school, and strangely, he felt good about it. Some students even stopped over and gave him a friendly pat on the back.

The lecturer finally appeared and the class resumed. Twenty minutes into the lecture, an armed security guard walked into the room.

The entire class went silent as they watched him communicate with the lecturer in low tones for a few brief seconds.

"Luke Bradford." The guard called, turning to the class. "Does any student go by that name here?"

Surprised, Luke slowly raised his hand.

"Yes, sir?"

"The Dean requests your presence in his office right away."

The class erupted in a flurry of low murmurs. The Dean hardly ever interrupted a lecture to summon a student. The last time something similar to this happened, three students were expelled for almost setting fire to the chemistry

laboratory.

Luke followed the guard out of the class slowly, his heart thumping with anxiety.

“Did I do anything wrong?” He inquired.

The guard didn’t even pause.

“It is not my place to tell you that, young man. Wait until you meet the Dean.”

Within minutes, the arrived at the Dean’s luxuriously furnished office. Luke knocked lightly before entering.

“Sir? Luke Bradford here.”

The Dean looked up from the sheaf of papers on his desk.

“Come in.”

Luke marched straight to his table,

“Sir, you asked to see me?”

“Of course.” The older men replied coldly. “Luke Bradford, some students have levelled a very serious accusation against you.”

Luke’s eyes narrowed in confusion.

“What accusations, sir?”

Luke heard movements behind him just as the Dean said,

“Do you recognize this young man?”

He turned quickly to find David and another middle aged man whom he recognized as the school’s manager. David’s

lip where Luke had punched him earlier was still slightly red and swollen. They both stared at him with menacing expressions.

It finally dawned on Luke that the happenings of the parking lot had found their way to the Dean's ears.

"I asked you a question, Luke Bradford."

Luke's gaze returned to the Dean.

"Yes, sir. I recognize him."

"Good. Is it true that you're responsible for the state of his face?"

This was gradually beginning to feel like a set up.

"Sir, there's a..."

"Answer the question!"

Luke lowered his head in defeat.

"Yes. I'm responsible." He mumbled.

"Now, David, repeat exactly what you said to me earlier."

David cleared his throat.

"Sir, Luke Bradford here has been a menace in this school since this year began..."

Luke froze at the obvious lies falling from his enemy's lips.

"That's not true!"

"Luke Bradford, stay silent until you are given the permission to speak. Understood?"

He lowered his head once more.

"Yes, sir."

"Go on, David."

David shot Luke a mocking glare before going on with his tale of lies.

"...from harassing the girls to bullying the younger guys on campus, everyone knows Luke as a menace. Just a few hours ago, I was at the parking lot with my fiancée, minding my own business when this wretched brute decided to confront me. I tried to avoid him but he ended up trying to hurt Fiona. He is obviously still angry that she spurned him and agreed to marry me instead.

I had to step in otherwise, Fiona would've been in the hospital by now. I know she would'nt survive being hit like that."

Luke's blood boiled as he listened to David spew lies upon lies against him. He clenched and unclenched his fists, aching to give the coward another deadly punch on the face.

"All we're asking," David's uncle begins, "is that this young man be completely expelled from this institution."

Luke's heart dropped. He turned and gave the school's manager an incredulous stare.

All the Dean did was nod in continuous agreement.

"...because if we continue to harbour him here, we may be raising a criminal to the best of my knowledge. We have no idea if he displays such uncouth behaviour outside. All I'm

saying is that I do not want any nuisance or scandal tied to the Bridgeville university name. It could be dangerous for our growth.”

“Sir, you cannot possibly believe what these people are saying. It’s all lies! I have never done any of these things. Please, believe me.”

The Dean looked at the sincerity on Luke’s face and shook his head slowly. He knew that David’s uncle was not asking him to expel Luke...rather, he was ordering him.

His hands were tied because Bridgeville University mostly survived on the generosity of David’s wealthy family and their annual donations.

Refusing to agree to David’s request could amount to deadly consequences for him and for the school.

“Sir, please. David is the bully here, I’m innocent.” Luke tried to plead with him.

The Dean did not completely believe that Luke was as horrible as David and his uncle painted him, but he had no hand in the matter.

“I’m sorry, Mr Bradford, but from the accusations levelled against you, coupled with the eye witness accounts, you can no longer continue here.”

Luke’s eyes widened in horror as he literally watched his dreams crash before his very eyes. Behind him, David and his uncle looked on with an air of smugness.

“Sir, please...”

"Luke, kindly leave my office right now. Go to the hostel and pack your things. You have just ten minutes to remain here. Your name is already on the school's black book as I speak.

Please, leave now."

Luke turned away, utterly dejected. He trudged slowly to the door, sadness and frustration almost weighing him down.

"That's what you get for messing with me." David snarled as Luke walked past him.

He stepped out of the Dean's office and paused for a few minutes, tears pricking his eyes. What was he going to tell Mum and Dad? His life was over.

Then suddenly, a thought struck him.

He reached into his pocket and retrieved his cellphone, quickly dialling a familiar number. The person answered on the first ring.

"Hello, Your Lordship. Anything the matter?"

"Rashford..." Luke told his butler everything that had just transpired in the Dean's office, his voice trembling with fear.

"Do not go anywhere, your Lordship. I will place a few calls to the appropriate personnel involved and all of this will be sorted out. Please give me five minutes."

The confidence in his butler's voice calmed most of Luke's fears. He leaned against the wall and shut his eyes, trying to organize the distorted fog in his brain.

Exactly five minutes later, he heard footsteps and his eyes

snapped open.

"Luke? Luke Bradford?"

Luke stared in surprise as the university's head master bowed slightly before him.

"Y-yes. That's me." He stuttered.

"I sincerely apologise for any inconveniences the Dean had caused you, your lordship. Please know that such nonsense will never happen again."

Again, Luke could only stare in shock. The headmaster rarely got involved in cases involving student affairs unless a top student or child of a rich dignitary was involved.

"Rashford called you?" He asked

"Yes, your lordship." The headmaster confirmed. "I just received his call and came here as soon as I could. I apologise again for the slight delay. Please, come with me."

The Headmaster pushed open the door to the Dean's office and stepped in like he owned the place. Luke followed closely behind him.

"Mr Reginald?" The headmaster said, anger evident in his tone.

The Dean rose from his chair in respect.

"Headmaster, what a pleasant..."

The latter raised a hand, cutting off whatever the Dean was about to say.

"Do you know this young man?" He asked, pointing at Luke.

“Yes, of course I do. I am drafting his letter of expulsion as I speak.”

“Give the letter to me.” The headmaster seethed.

The Dean looked confused.

“But sir...”

“I said, give the letter to me!”

The Dean picked up the paper in front of him and handed it to the headmaster who proceeded to tear it into bits and pieces.

Everyone in the room looked on in part horror, part fascination as the papers went fluttering down like confetti.

“What made you think you have the power to expel Luke Bradford from this university? Do you know who this young man is? How dare you?! Do you realise that you could lose your job because of this single act?”

Fear crept into the Dean’s eyes and he lowered his head.

“Please accept my apologies, sir. I did not realise Luke Bradford’s importance before.”

“I am extremely disappointed in you and your office today, Reginald. Extremely disappointed. Apologize to his lordship right now.”

David and his uncle exchanged shocked glances at the title. How the hell did wretched Luke Bradford become “his lordship?”

The Dean bowed in Luke’s direction.

"Please forgive me, your lordship. I am sincerely sorry for troubling you. Please..."

"Why are you apologising to this low born?" David cut in, his face contorted in savage rage. "Don't you realise who I am and what I am capable of? If you do not go on with my order, my family's donations to this school hereby stands cancelled."

The headmaster laughed.

"It is quite obvious that you do not realize who you are talking to. Just in case you think I am none the wiser, I have received video evidence of your constant bullying of Luke Bradford and I must say, the entire school is ashamed of you."

David's face turned beet red with anger. He tried to argue but his uncle stepped in.

"Headmaster, please, we can discuss this..."

"I will not be discussing anything with either of you. You are older and you should've known better than to encourage your nephew's attitude. I am shocked and disgusted at your behavior."

"Sir, I can explain..."

The Headmaster's face flashed with annoyance.

"Save your explanations, Arthur! I have decided that disciplinary actions will be taken against both of you. Onwards, David Humsworth is no longer recognized as a student of this university."

David's mouth fell open in shock.

"But Luke..."

"It is His Lordship to you, young man. We have received countless complaints of your bullying against others. I am sorry but you can no longer continue here."

He turned to David's uncle.

"And you, Arthur. For encouraging your nephew's horrible attitude and falsely accusing a prestigious student of this university, you can no longer work here. You're fired. Your position will be assigned to someone worthy of it."

David and his uncle looked on helplessly as the headmaster turned to Luke.

"I'm sorry once again for whatever inconveniences this may have caused you, your Lordship. Please come with me. We will discuss this situation better in my office."

Luke did not bother sparing David and Arthur's shocked faces a glance.

His vengeance had only just begun. Soon, everyone who ever looked down on him will bow at his feet.

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