

# Rise Of The Disrespected Trillionaire Heir Novel

SIXTEEN – UNCOVERING THE TRUTH

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"Where are you taking me?" Mrs. Agnes asked with a smile on her lips.

"Be patient, Ma'm, we're almost there."

Luke had finally convinced the doctor to release Mrs Agnes from the hospital after showing proof that he'd hired an entire medical team to see to her care at the new orphanage mansion.

They were currently driving to the mansion. Thanks to Rashford, the children were already settled and were being taken care of by nannies appointed by Luke himself.

A few minutes later, they arrived at the mansion's gates and it opened automatically. Mrs. Agnes looked out her window in awe at the beautiful scenery. The mansion had a long driveway as the main building was tucked far inside the compound.

The lawns were lush and filled with healthy green grass, while the gardens overflowed with different colours and types of flowers.

"What is this place?" Mrs. Agnes asked when they pulled to a stop.

Luke got out and went around to pull open her door. He helped her into her wheelchair and wheeled her towards the entrance.

"It's a surprise, but I know you'll love it."

"Oh, I can't wait." She giggled.

Luke wheeled her into the entrance and knocked once on the glass door. The door was instantly opened by a young Hispanic lady with an apron around her waist. Upon seeing them, she smiled widely and opened the door wider.

"Mr Luke. Welcome. And I'm guessing this must be Mrs Agnes." She took both of Agnes's worn hands in hers. "It's a pleasure to finally meet you, ms. I've heard so many wonderful things about you."

Mrs. Agnes was shocked, but she hid it well. What exactly was going on?

"Come in, please. They're all waiting for you."

"Who's waiting for me?" She asked no one in particular.

They passed through the gleaming marble foyer and into the main house. Just as they were about to step into the sitting room, shouts of "SURPRISE!!!" rent the air.

Mrs. Agnes stared on, completely frozen in shock as all the children from the orphanage gathered around to give her a big hug. Tears sprang to her eyes and she began crying like a baby.

"Oh, it's so wonderful to see all of you again. How are you? Were you hurt? You all did so well, I'm proud of all of you."

Luke stood aside, looking over the reunion with a satisfied

expression.

When emotions finally calmed, Mrs Agnes read the banner above the door, "welcome to your new home."

She turned to Luke.

"Y-you got us a new place?" She stuttered.

"Yes. I know I can never repay you for all you did for me, but this is a good start. The orphanage owns this property now. The keys and property documents will be ready for whenever you wish to sign."

Mrs Agnes could not believe her ears. More tears poured down her cheeks. She had no idea how to show her gratitude.

"Thank you, Luke. Thank you so much. Bless you, my boy."

"It was nothing."

Just then, Luke received a phone call. He glanced at the caller ID and when he saw his grandfather's name across the screen, he quickly excused himself.

"Hello, grandpa."

"Luke. I heard what happened. How are you doing? What can I do to help?"

Luke shut his eyes, grateful that he finally had someone he could lean on.

"Can I come to your office? There's something we need to

discuss.”

“Sure, why not?”

Luke went in and bade goodbye to Mrs Agnes and the kids, promising to come back and pay them a visit soon.

Twenty five minutes later, he was seated before his grandfather, sipping from a glass of expensive cognac.

“So you’re telling me that the police think someone is responsible for this?”

“Yes, grandfather. What I need now is an excellent private investigator who will be able to uncover the person behind this.”

The older man nodded thoughtfully.

“I know a couple of good investigators, but the best in my books is Mac Pierce. He’ll get you the answers you need. I’ll speak to him.”

“Thank you. I really appreciate it.”

“Give me a sec.”

He picked up his phone and dialled a number. The person picked on the first ring.

“Hello, Pierce? George speaking.” Silence reigned for a few seconds. “Nice to hear from you, too. I would love for you to meet my grandson. He has a job for you.”

Another moment of silence,

"Yes. Tomorrow will be fine. Say around nine in the morning. Great. Thank you."

He hung up the phone and turned his attention to Luke.

"Pierce says that you have to send the details of the case to him via email. He'll get to work as soon as possible."

"Thanks a lot, grand dad. I'll do that."

The next day at precisely nine o' clock, Luke got a call from a strange number.

"Luke? Luke George?"

He paused in confusion.

Very few people knew him as Luke George. Who was this person?

"Who's speaking?" He asked, instead of answering the previous question.

"This is Mac Pierce, the private investigator."

Oh. Luke scrambled to a sitting position.

"Mr. Pierce. What a wonderful surprise."

"Indeed. Meet me at the site of the building collapse in the next ten minutes. I made some findings which I would love to share with you."

Then the phone went dead.

Luke's heart thudded with anticipation as he rushed through

his bathroom duties. It was high time he found out which bastard had tried to hurt the people dear to him.

Within the stipulated time, he arrived at the incident site. The sight of the broken building blocks sent a painful pang through his chest, but he ignored it. Soon. Soon he will uncover the truth.

He scanned his surroundings, looking for someone who resembled a private investigator. He was about to call Pierce when someone came up behind him.

"Luke George?"

Startled, he turned immediately and came face to face with a five foot man dressed in a beach shirt and shorts. Luke gave him a quick once over. Who the hell wore beachwear in this part of London? It was freezing.

"Mac Pierce?"

"Yes. Nice to meet you, your lordship."

Mac Pierce was actually a very young man, perhaps around Luke's age. He had wise looking gray eyes and a mop of blonde hair. He looked nothing like the usual private detectives.

"Come with me." He said abruptly and walked deeper into the building's ruins. "Immediately you sent me the details concerning the case, I decided to take a little walk down here and see things for myself."

Okay, Luke was impressed. He'd not expected Pierce to act

so quickly.

“Now, I found something really interesting.” He came to a pause before one of the iron beams that once kept the building up.

Now, they were bent and twisted at odd angles. ①

“What do you see?” Pierce asked him.

Luke stared at the iron beams more critically. After two minutes, he still couldn’t come up with anything otherworldly.

“Uh...what am I supposed to see?”

Pierce smiled.

“Now, if you look at the angle at which this beam is bent, you’d realise that a normal building collapse wouldn’t cause this.”

Luke stared at the beam more closely, realising that Pierce was right. The beams were twisted and bent at very odd angles, almost as if it had been wrecked with some kind of equipment.

“Whatever you’re thinking, you’re right. A normal collapse or human hands wouldn’t do this. These beams were the main support of the entire building. After investigations, I found out that a part of it had been protruding from the side of the building for months now and seriously needed to be fixed.

Based on my theories, I took pictures and went to work.

Through comparative analysis, I found out that the most likely machine to cause this kind of damage is a bulldozer.”

Okay, this was getting interesting.

“From my findings, the single beam which was protruding from the side of the orphanage building faces west. Now, what kind of establishment do we have west of this site?”

Luke looked up immediately, his eyes taking in the tall, four storey building with. “Elite Constructions” emblazoned across the title plate which was mounted on the building.

“A construction company.” Luke whispered.

“Exactly.” Pierce interjected. “And we both know that bulldozers are a very important equipment to any construction company. Now, of course it is plausible that the construction company might not be responsible for this, but I did my homework.

You see, Elites construction over there is currently undertaking the construction of one of their smaller buildings, just beside the orphanage. Bulldozers were used for this construction, of course.

From what little I could get from the CCTV camera across the street, one of the bulldozer’s drivers mishandled the blade and it ended up going over their half wall and connecting with the protruded beam.”

Luke was astonished.

“Now, you must understand that the building didn’t collapse

immediately, so the driver and workers ordinarily brushed it off as nothing. Unknown to them, the beam was severely twisted, and the force from the hit had broken off something deep within it which affected the second beam as well.

Two hours later, the building collapsed.”

“So it cannot be the owner’s fault then. He had no idea.”

Pierce smiled.

“Oh, he had an idea. I hunted and found one of the workers at a pub last night, bought him a couple of beers to loosen his tongue and he gave me some information in exchange.

Turns out, the driver was reported for his apparent insubordination and was later fired. Now, the owner of the construction company, being an expert in buildings and stuff, came over, inspected the damage and realised that the building might not survive the hit.”

Luke’s pulse hammered wildly against his throat.

“So, what did he do?”

“Instead of warning the director to get the children to safety, he was after the image of his company...so he tried to hide the evidence.”

Luke was appalled. Pure, venomous anger shot through his bloodstream. Suddenly, he felt murderous.

“He took out all the CCTV cameras, except the one I checked because they all believed it had a fault. He also

threatened the workers who were eyewitnesses with suspension if they breathed a word to anyone.

Mr Luke, a crime had been committed here, but it's up to you to decide on how you want to deal with the culprit."

Luke clenched his fingers into fists, trying to quell his mounting rage. Those innocent children had almost died because some bastard did not want to spoil his image.

"Who is he?" Luke asked through gritted teeth.

"Ah. It's funny that you'd ask. I thought you knew the family on a personal level."

Luke speared him a look, his patience gradually wearing thin.

"Who. Is. He, Pierce?"

Pierce took a deep breath.

"His name is Wilhelm Humsworth. Father of David Humsworth. I believe David is a student at your academy."

Luke froze.