

Rise Of The Disrespected Trillionaire Heir Novel

SEVENTEEN – LIES AND DECEIT

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Luke paced from one end of the room to the other, unable to sit still after learning the truth about the building collapse. His grandfather and Rashford both watched him keenly, but he was like a ticking bomb so one really wanted to disrupt his ranting until he calmed down.

"How dare he? That's wicked and evil on another dimension. Those children could've died. Mrs. Agnes could've died. Why on earth are the Humsworth family so evil?"

Having had enough of Luke's rage, his grandfather spoke up.

"Luke, we understand how you feel. I'm angry too. But you have to take a seat so we can think about this rationally."

After one more round of pacing, Luke collapsed into one of the swivel chairs, still seething.

"What do you want to do about the situation, Your lordship?" Rashford inquired.

Luke took a deep breath.

"I want them to pay every single dime that will be used to rebuild the orphanage building. After that, I will drag the Humsworth name through the mud for trying to murder innocent people. They're a famous London family. I want their image totally ruined. I want them punished for this."

His grandfather nodded.

"I know a lawyer who can draw up a petition against them and have it served within twenty four hours."

"That's great, grandpa. Thank you."

Over the next few minutes, Luke listened as his grandfather called the attorney and explained the case to him.

"So, will you be able to do it? Oh, that's great. Thank you."

He hung up and turned his attention to them once more.

"Great news. My lawyer has agreed to take up the case. By this time tomorrow, the petition against them will already be in court."

Luke was not really pacified. The only way he could be the least bit satisfied was when Wilhelm Humsworth was behind bars...or when he paid through his nose for the destruction he caused.

THE NEXT DAY – THE HUMSWORTHS HOUSEHOLD

"Letter for you, sir." The maid curtsied lightly before stepping into Wilhelm Humsworth's large, luxuriously decorated office.

The big office boasted of the latest brand of home theatre, floor to ceiling windows with an amazing view, and hand made Italian draperies.

Wilhelm looked up and beckoned on the girl to come in.

"Drop it there and get out."

Head lowered, the girl scurried into the office and dropped the letter on the glass desk, then she practically fled from the room.

The Humsworth mansion was situated in one of the most affluent neighbourhoods in London. It was no news that its head, Wilhelm Humsworth, was a discriminatory, self-praising bigot.

All the servants tread through the mansion with fear because a single misdemeanour could get them sacked without pay.

It was also rumoured that Wilhelm had passed on his horrible lifestyle to his first son, David Humsworth. The young man might grow up to be even worse than his father.

Wilhelm picked up the letter and flicked an absent minded glance at the title. He froze in shock when he finally comprehended the printed words, then read them all over again to ensure that he wasn't seeing things.

He tore open the letter and his eyes flew over the pages, his shock heightening with every passing second. When he finally got to the end, he threw the letter to the table in anger and picked up his phone.

"Hello, David? Come to my office immediately. It's urgent."

"Yes, dad."

Five minutes later, David sauntered into his father's office. He took one look at Wilhelm's face and frowned.

"Dad? What's wrong?"

"Have a seat, young man."

David took his seat, his brows creasing in confusion. His father passed the documents across to him and ordered him to read it.

After scanning through the documents for a few minutes, David looked at his father with shock.

"What the hell is this, dad?"

"Do you remember the orphanage I told you about? The one that collapsed?"

"Sure. I thought you took care of the low class bastard who was responsible for it. I also thought you destroyed the evidence. What's with the petition?"

"I thought so, too. Until this arrived."

David clenched his fingers into fists.

"Who the hell is behind this? What's the plan to crush them to the ground?"

Wilhelm's eyes gleamed with contempt.

"That document states that we have three weeks to pay fifty million dollars as damages for the collapse of the orphanage, after which we will be made to face the wrath of

the law.

The thing is, you're right. I had hidden all evidence that linked us to the collapse. So who the fuck went digging?"

David shrugged. His blood was boiling now. No one who messed with their family went scot free. No one.

"Do you know this person?" He asked.

His father shrugged.

"His name is written there. You can see for yourself."

David's eyes narrowed as he went through the petition documents once more. When he got to the bottom line, he froze, his fingers trembling with disbelief.

"Luke Bradford." He whispered.

"Exactly." Wilhelm got to his feet and paced to the window. "It would've been acceptable if we were being petitioned by the government or some respectable citizen, but being threatened by that low class scoundrel is an insult to my name and the image of this family, David. A big insult."

David sat completely frozen in his chair, trying to wrap his head around what he'd just read. Shock and anger fought for dominance within him. He could not believe Luke's audacity.

"That low class, wretched pauper. How dare he?!"

"Turns out, he grew up at that stupid orphanage. I don't care what anyone says. I'm not paying fifty million dollars for a

couple of lousy kids and a building that would have collapsed anyways. Never.”

“First, the bastard went after my girl, then he got me thrown out of school like an animal, now he’s after our business. That fucker is going down, dad. He’s going down. What’s the plan?”

“It says there that if we do not agree with the terms of the petition, we’ve been invited to state our reasons at a public press conference which will be held tomorrow. I see the fool is really intent on dragging the Humsworth name through mud, but he has no idea who he’s messing with. I will turn the tables so fast, he won’t know what hit him.”

An evil smile curved David’s lips. He knew his father always had something deliciously wicked up his sleeves. The old man never failed him.

Wilhelm walked back to his seat and leaned forward.

“Come closer, sin. Here’s the plan...”

LUKE

Luke could not believe that Wilhelm Humsworth had rejected his petition, choosing instead to attend a press conference that might likely shame him before the entire London society.

He didn’t know why, but he smelt a rat. Something wasn’t right. The Humsworth family were known for being fishy and

corny. Luke had to be prepared for whatever they were going to bring.

"Ready to go, sir?" His driver asked.

"Yes, sure."

Pretty soon, they are zooming to the venue of the press conference. Luke's attorney had chosen to meet him at the venue. Rashford was also going to be there.

When they arrived at the venue, Luke was stunned by the number of reporters crawling over the place. His lawyer had agreed to keep things low key by inviting a few radio and TV stations, but Luke saw about fifty different reporters, taking pictures and running all over the place with wireless microphones.

When his driver alighted and came around to open his door, camera lights flashed as members of the press took endless pictures.

"Mr. Luke, is it true that you sued the famous Humsworth family for an outrageous fifty million dollars?"

"Mr. Bradford, do you have the legal standing to challenge such a well to do family?"

"Mr Luke, don't you think you're being too unfair?"

Luke was beginning to understand what the Humsworth family had done here, and the realisation only made him angrier.

They tried to outsmart Luke by leaking the petition to the press so he would look bad.

The nincompoops.

Everyone knew and loved the Humsworths. What people did not realise was that they were a family of snakes.

Luke ignored the questions and made his way into the hall which was crowded with more press and even more questions.

"Hey, Mr Luke Bradford?"

He looked up and came face to face with a dark haired guy who was clutching a clipboard.

"Yes. That's me."

"Okay. Your seat is over there."

Luke followed his outstretched hand to the stage, his stomach tightening in knots when he saw that Wilhelm and David Humsworth were already seated.

The Humsworths gave Luke dirty glares as he walked up and took a seat on the other end of the stage, far away from their toxicity.

Ten minutes later, the conference was ready to begin.

"Ladies and gentlemen of the press, please remain organised and silent as the conference is starting right now." Clipboard guy said.

The entire hall instantly fell silent.

“Mr Humsworth. You have the floor.”

Wilhelm mounted the podium and cleared his throat before speaking.

“You all are gathered here today because Luke Bradford brought a claim of attempted murder against my family.”

Shocked whispers swept through the crowd.

“You see, the Humsworth family is known far and wide. My construction company is a reputable one and has won many awards. Not once have we been accused of any misdemeanours, talk more of attempted murder, and I’m certain every single one of you present here knows that.”

The crowd responded in affirmation.

“Now, you will find it shocking to know that just yesterday, I received a petition from the young man over there, stating that my company was responsible for the collapse of an orphanage, and I had to pay fifty million dollars in damages.”

Meanwhile, Luke’s gaze roved over the crowd but he could not find his attorney anywhere. Where was he? He was supposed to be here about an hour ago.

Wilhelm was not finished.

“Now, my stand is this. My company is not in any way responsible for the collapse of the orphanage. I even took it upon myself to conduct a personal investigation using my

expertise, and I discovered that the collapse was in fact as a result of a default in construction of the orphanage building.”

Luke stared at Wilhelm Humsworth in shock as the old man persistently spewed lies to the public. If he hadn’t watched the footage which showed the real reasons behind the collapse, he would have believed him. The geezer was that good.

“I hereby boldly conclude that this petition is a petty attempt by a wretched man to rip a wealthy family of fifty million dollars, and also drag the Humsworth family name through the mud.”

Luke’s fingers clenched into fists and anger burned through his veins. It was a fucking miracle that he was able to sit quietly and listen to Wilhelm’s lies.

“You see, Luke Bradford has enough reasons to hate us. First of all, his fiancée fell in love with my son because she felt that Luke was not good enough for her.”

Luke froze in shock. Seriously, how low could this old man stoop to cover his crimes.

“Just a few days ago, out of anger and jealousy, he accused my son of a grievous offence which he hadn’t committed and my poor, innocent son ended up being kicked out of Bridgeville University.”

Luke was almost ready to explode now.

“According to my son, Luke has been showcasing some suspicious level of wealth lately. First, he went from being dirt poor to driving a Tesla. Next, he gifted the same orphanage that he’s accusing my company of destroying with a brand new mansion worth millions of dollars.

My submission there is that Luke Bradford is a fraud. His job is to liaise with a greedy attorney and rope wealthy families like mine into paying millions for offences they have never committed. Luke has no evidence whatsoever to prove that my company is responsible for the collapse of the building, therefore all his claims are fake and far-fetched.

Like I said before, he is only making useless claims. So, ladies and gentlemen, I hereby summon our guest, Luke Bradford, to the stage to convince the whole of London that one of its most respected families could commit such an atrocious act.

Luke, the floor is yours.”