

# Rise Of The Disrespected Trillionaire Heir Novel

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Nina hadn't seen Luke for the past five days and she was extremely worried.

Of course she'd heard about the building collapse from TV and they had spoken about it, but that was almost two days ago. She was becoming increasingly worried with each passing day.

She stepped into her kitchen to fix herself a cup of coffee and realised the trash needed to be emptied. She readied the garbage bag and proceeded to the downstairs trash can to empty it.

The sound of her phone ringing startled her. She looked down and realised it was nearly nine PM. It was not safe to be outside this late. The caller ID read "Luke," and her heartbeat hitched with excitement.

"Hey, Luke"

"Nina. How are you?"

"Good. Good. How are you?"

She pressed the phone against her ear as she listened to Luke talk about the developments on the case.

"The Humsworths are very horrible people. Serves them right." She chipped in.

She arrived at the trash can and was about to dump the trash when she felt a prickling sensation on her skin. She whipped around immediately, looking into the shadows to make sure there was no one there. As a result, she lost track of what Luke was saying.

"Hello? Nina? Are you still there?"

"Y-yes. I'm still here."

She wrestled with the lid of the can with trembling fingers. The fine hairs on the back of her neck rose when she heard something skitter across the brick floors.

"Whose there?" She asked, her voice shaky with nerves.

She heard footsteps in the shadows and her stomach iced over with fear.

"Nina? Are you okay? What's wrong?"

Nina remained silent and plastered against the trash can, listening for any other sounds of movement. However, it was silent as a tomb. Nothing moved. There wasn't a single sound.

Her heart pounded heavily against her ribcage as she struggled to catch her breath.

"N-nothing. It's nothing. I thought I heard something out there."

"Where are you?" Luke stressed.

Nina gulped.

"Um...downstairs. I wanted to take out my trash."

"It's too late for a lady to be up and about alone, Nina. Please go inside."

She did not wait to be told twice. She scurried inside her apartment and double locked the door. Fear still thrummed through her bloodstream as she replayed the horrible scene.

Was she just hearing things or had there really been someone out there?

"So, what are your plans for tonight?" Luke asked, distracting her from her dark thoughts.

"My girls and I actually planned a night out so I'll be leaving for the club soon."

"What club? Just for safety purposes, of course."

Nina laughed, his words warming her heart.

"The Downtown club. You know, the one close to campus."

"Oh. Okay then. I'll talk to you later. Have fun."

Nina dropped the phone with trembling fingers. She ran to her windows to check if she could see anything happening below, but everywhere was dark as hell.

"You're just imagining things." She assured herself.

She went about preparing for her night out. Thirty minutes

later, she stood back and stared at her reflection in the floor-to-ceiling mirrors. Her hair was tied in a high ponytail that brought out the shape of her face and the smoothness of her skin.

Her make up was light but smoky, giving the right amount of bad girl and nerdy girl vibe. She was dressed in a sleeveless crop top, a short leather skirt and thigh high boots.

Ten minutes later, she heard the honk of her friend Kayla's car.

"I'm coming, I'm coming!" She said to the empty room.

She made the rounds around her apartment, making sure the windows and back doors were locked. Then she hurried out of the building and into her friend's car.

"Girllll, you look hot!" Kayla and Lacy chirped.

"Thanks, babies."

"So, are you guys ready to burn the downtown club to the ground?"

"Yasssss!!!" Came collective shouts from the girls.

"Let's go then!"

The car skidded off the driveway and zoomed for the club, loud music leaking from all its pores.

But just within the shadows of Nina's building, a man dressed in all black spoke into a small cellphone.

"Sir, the target is moving. I repeat, the target is on the move."

A voice came over the cellphone.

"Do we have men stationed at her destination?"

"Yes, sir. The Downtown club, just opposite Bridgeville University. Our men got there immediately I received the intel."

What Nina did not know is that while she was away at school, listening devices were planted in her apartment.

"Good job. Good. Like I said before, I want this to be a clean getaway. No one gets hurt, and no shots should be fired. Wait for an opportunity to present itself then swoop and get the girl. Oh, and make sure you get the right girl or all your lives are over. Am I clear?"

"Crystal clear, boss."

Then the line goes dead.

Nina might be going for a night of enjoyment, but it's about to end very horribly for her... that is if Luke and his grandfather refuse to cooperate.

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Nina was drunk. Dead drunk, but she still managed to take the last two shots.

"Oh, it seems like we have a winner!"

Everyone erupted into cheers and hoots as Kayla and Lacy

held her up in a victory dance. Right now, she could barely move. She didn't want to, but her friends had convinced her to partake in a shot drinking competition.

The boy she just defeated got up and left the bar, embarrassed that he was beaten by a girl. Everyone booed at him as he stepped out.

Nina's head ached and the room spun. She collapsed on the barstool and held her hand between her hands.

"Uh, girls?" She murmured, "I don't feel so good."

Kayla and Lacy bent over her, their faces creased with worry.

"How are you feeling?"

"Like I'm going to puke my guts all over the place."

"Oh, shit. We need to get you outside then." Lacy said.

Kayla grabbed Nina and lifted her to a standing position while Lacy inquired about a back door exit.

"Hey. The barman said there's an exit to an alleyway down that way." She pointed down the room.

"Okay, I'll take her." Kayla offered. "You stay here and make sure no one breathes in the direction of our drinks."

"Will do, Kay."

Kayla accompanied Nina to the back door and they both stepped into the dark alleyway.

"Why is it so dark around here?" Nina slurred.

"Honestly. I'm starting to get freaked out. Come on, let's just do our business and leave."

"Goddd, my head hurts."

Kayla helped Nina over to the wall opposite and held her hair out of her eyes.

"Come on, I need you to puke most of the alcohol so you don't end up doing it inside. It'll help clear your head a bit."

Nina leaned against the wall, her stomach heaving. When she couldn't hold it in anymore, she puked the first round of alcohol, splattering it all over the wall and floors.

Kayla leaned away, unable to bear the smell. Just as she was about to pat Nina's back, she heard muffled sounds in the far end of the dark alley and froze.

Sensing the change in her friend's attitude, Nina asked.

"Kay? What's wrong."

"Shh. Listen."

Both girls kept silent and listened closely. Sure enough, footsteps were coming towards them in the dark.

Panic sliced through them like a knife.

"Wh-who's there? Who's there?" Nina asked, trying to be brave. Kayla, on the other hand, was already tugging her towards the door.

"Come on, Nina. We have to go."

Just as they were about to leave, they heard the cock of a pistol.

"Move one more inch and I'll blow your heads clean off." A deep voice came from behind them.

Nina's legs trembled and her heartbeat doubled with panic.

"P-please, don't hurt us. We were just leaving."

They heard several other footsteps and within minutes, they were surrounded on all sides.

"Don't make a peep. If you scream, we'll kill you before anyone even tries to rescue you."

Nina gulped in fear while a trembling Kayla held on tight to her arm.

"What do you want? Please just tell us what you want and let us go. Please."

"You." The deep baritone came again. "We want you."

It all happened in a blur. One minute, both girls were pressed against the wall and the next, the men pounced on them and tried to bundle their struggling bodies to the car.

Kayla and Nina fought and screamed so vigorously, the men had to subdue them with sulphur. They pressed the chemical laden handkerchiefs tightly against their noses, forcing them to breathe it in or risk suffocation.



Within seconds, the chemical took effect and the girls were knocked out cold. The kidnapers bundled them into the car and zoomed off to their secret location.

Their leader dialed a private number.

“Hello, sir. The job is done.”