

Rise Of The Disrespected Trillionaire Heir Novel

TWENTY SIX – BOMBS AND WEAPONS

Luke watched helplessly as the kidnapers drove away. Right there and then, he vowed to have his revenge. He slumped to the hard concrete floor, totally weak from all his wounds.

The officers gave it a full minute before they swooped in to help him.

"Call 911 immediately. I need an ambulance here ASAP. He's losing blood."

Luke tried to explain that he was fine and it was Nina he was worried about, but of course, they refused to listen. If anything happened to him, Lord George would have all their heads.

The ambulance finally arrived but he refused to get in.

"I'm telling you, I feel fine. It's just a few injuries. Nothing a bandage and some pain meds can't fix."

"I'm sorry, sir, but we need to take you back to the hospital and run a full scan. It appears you were hit pretty badly. There could be chances of a concussion or even internal bleeding." The EMT argued.

After much persuasion, Luke finally allowed himself to be driven to the hospital with the officers following closely behind as security in case the kidnapers decided to return.



Thirty minutes later, he was scanned and proclaimed free of any internal injuries. The doctors advised that he should be kept overnight and monitored, but Luke was not having any of it.

"Sir, please. This is for your own good." The deputy argued.

"I'm fine, deputy. See?" He flexed his bandaged arms. "My wounds have been taken care of."

When it was apparent that Luke would not be swayed. The detective finally gave in and allowed him to accompany them to the makeshift investigation room.

The computers were already set up and the men had gotten to work.

"Deputy. We're in."

"Good. Very good. Do you have a read on their location yet?"

"No, sir. All we can activate for now is the video coverage from the camera. The kidnappers have taken out the money and I think the camera must've fallen out because as you can see here, it's currently videoing the car's interior.

The tracker will take a bit more time to set up. One hour tops."

Luke paced for the entire hour it took for the tracker to be set up, praying fervently that Nina was okay.

"Sir, the trackers have been activated. We're currently

pinning their live location.”

Luke snapped out of his daze and hurried over to peer at the computer.

“Where are they?” He asked impatiently.

“Hold on...” the man navigated his mouse over what looked like a satellite and aerial view of a small town.

“Holy shit.” The tech guy suddenly whispered.

“What’s wrong Adam?” The deputy asked urgently.

Adam turned to them, his eyes wide.

“The kidnapers aren’t in London. They’re on a plane. Bound for Las Vegas.”

The chief of police advised that no actions should be taken until the hostage – Nina– was recovered. During the forty eight hours it took for Luke to get a call on her location, a SWAT team was introduced into the situation and they prepared fervently to launch an all out attack.

“I’m asking you to wait because we have absolutely no idea the kind of people we’re dealing with here. From every indication, they’re dangerous. A slight hint of attack could lead to the death of the hostage.

When we confirm the location of our hostage and have her in our custody, then the attack can be launched.”



Immediately the clock struck one AM, Luke received a text message from the scrambled number. It simply read;

"Pick up location; The British Museum. I hope you can find her. A warning: if you don't get there on time and if you don't find her on time, a little bomb might go off...and so will your little whore."

Luke stared at the deputy with a stunned expression.

"How can this be? Their location currently reads Las Vegas. It's been reading Las Vegas since that night. How can she be here in London?"

The deputy whispered,

"Unless..."

Luke's heart dropped as he caught on with the deputy's thinking.

"Fuck! Those bastards! Those stupid bastards!" His mind spiralled with venomous rage.

"They never took her with them on that plane. She was here all along. They left her behind to fucking rot while they flew to Las Vegas."

The deputy did not wait around. He went to rally the rescue team.

"Come on, come on, everyone! We've got a location. It's the British Museum, but we've got limited time. There's also the

possibility of explosives in the building and the hostage might not be in a very good condition. We have to move. Let's go!"

The rescue team wasted no time in gearing up for the mission. Within seconds, the sounds of squealing tires filled the air as a group of police vehicles raced to the museum.

Luke sat in one of those cars with the deputy, trying not to imagine everything Nina had been through. The kidnapers probably left her tied up there without food or water.

His pulse rocketed as they got closer and closer to the museum. He just hoped she was alive.

He just hoped she would forgive him for coming too late.

"Do you know how to use a gun?" The deputy asked suddenly.

"What? What for?"

"We cannot be too sure that some of the kidnapers did not stay back for a surprise attack. Better safe than sorry."

Oh. He was right.

"Yes, I know how to use a gun." Luke had taught himself how to use one when he'd been trying to survive on the streets of London a few years ago.

"Good."

The deputy shoved a small pistol into his hands. "Do not use

it unless you absolutely have to.”

They finally arrived at the museum. Luke pushed open his door and got down before the car even came to a stop.

Thankfully, the museum was closed for slight renovations so there were no civilians in sight.

Luke waited while the expert rescue team went before him.

“Spread out, guys.” The deputy ordered. “I want every nook and cranny of this museum searched. You all have a copy of the map. Team A will take the east wing and Team B will take the west wing. Keep me updated.”

“Yes, sir.” They all chorused.

“Now, move, move, move!”

Luke joined the deputy, his blood pumping wildly, as they began the search. The kidnapers had only given them one hour to find Nina. The bomb was ticking.

Thirty minutes later, they’d swept through more than half of the huge museum but still hadn’t come up with anything. From the look on the deputy’s face, he was already starting to give up.

“Do you think they played us?” Luke asked with apparent frustration.

“It’s too early to think that way. We’ve not covered the entire place yet.”



Luke was finally ready to snap.

"But we've been searching for more than thirty minutes now!" He yelled. "Where the hell did they hide her if it's not here? Damn!"

"Losing our temper will get us nowhere, Luke. You need to remain calm."

Luke shot to his feet and got in the deputy's face.

"Find Nina then. Fucking find her because it's your job. The longer we search, the closer that bomb gets to blowing up with all of us in here. Find her then, deputy."

The deputy struggled to rein in his temper,

"We will, sir..."

Suddenly, a rush of static came from the walkie-talkie attached to his belt.

"Incoming. Incoming. Sir, we've found something. West wing. You need to come see this immediately."

Luke and the deputy stared at each other with wide eyes for a second, their anger momentarily forgotten, then they both bound for the west wing.

It didn't take long to locate the men.

"Indigo. What did you find?"

The officer in question gestured at something on the floor

before him.

"Come take a look, sir."

They both hurried over and bent to investigate the officer's findings.

"Is that...?" Luke whispered.

"Yes." The deputy confirmed. "Yes, it is. Ashes from a cigarette stick. From the looks of it, it's still fresh."

Luke's heart lighted with hope.

"Someone was here. This means Nina should be around her somewhere."

"Spread out." The deputy ordered. Comb the entire wing immediately."

"Yes, sir." The officers did as they were ordered. When they still hadn't found anything ten minutes later, Luke resorted to the last and only remaining option.

It might never work, but he just had to try.

He cupped his hand around his mouth and yelled as loud as he could.

"Nina! Nina, can you hear me?!"

The officers laughed amongst themselves.

"What the hell does he think he's doing?"



Luke ignored them.

"Nina, it's Luke! I'm here to take you back home. Please give us a sign if you can hear me!"

For a moment, the entire room was silent. The officers had already started laughing once again when they heard a muffled sound coming from just above them.

Everyone froze.

"Shh." The deputy ordered. "Who else heard that?"

"I did." Luke said quickly. "Nina! If that is you please make another sound."

Everyone held their breaths. Five seconds later, another muffled sound came from above them.

All eyes shot to the ceiling.

"Sounds like someone's up there." The deputy whispered.

"How do we get up? There doesn't seem to be stairs of any kind."

The deputy wandered off and came back with a long rod moments later. While they all stared, he poked the rod at every inch of the ceiling until it appeared that he'd found something.

"Bingo."

"What did you find, sir?" Indigo asked urgently.

"This." The deputy shoved the rod into the ceiling and it broke through without any restraints, much to the shock of everyone present.

"My best guess? Just beyond this ceiling is a loft or attic of some kind. Someone broke through and covered it with a patch up. I need a ladder ASAP."

"Yes, sir." One of the younger officers departed and returned with a ladder a few minutes later.

Within seconds, they all climbed through and into the tiny, dusty attic.

"Looks like you were right, deputy." Luke commended.

The deputy shrugged.

"Everyone spread out and find that bomb. Luke and I will look for the hostage."

"Uh, sir...?" one of the junior officers called.

"Yes?" They all followed his outstretched hand to...

"Nina!" Luke exclaimed, running in her direction. His stomach clenched with dread as he took in the entire situation before him with one accessing sweep.

Nina was tied to a chair with strong, durable ropes. Her mouth was duct taped shut, her ankles and wrists were also tied up and from the looks of it, were already swollen from the pressure of the ropes.



"Nina. Are you okay? How are you feeling? Get these things off her!"

Some of the officers made quick work of getting her untied while the deputy carefully tried to remove the duct tape.

Luke's heart twisted in pain as she winced when the last of the tape fell off. Her hair hung in sweaty, dirty ropes over her face and her clothes were ripped and stained at odd places.

She fell into Luke's arms and he held her close, anger, relief and gratitude warring for domination within him.

"Nina. I'm so sorry." Luke whispered.

She buried her face in his neck and small, broken sobs shook her frame. She could barely speak. She was so happy that he finally found her.

"Sir, we've found the bomb and the timer says we have only five minutes before it goes off."

Luke's felt his heart drop.

The deputy hurried over to Indigo and retrieved the bomb.

"There should be some way we can detonate it."

Everyone came together to find ways to diffuse the bomb. Meanwhile, two men dressed in all black utilised that opportunity to sneak up on them.

Suddenly, they heard;



"Everyone drop your weapons. Immediately."