

# Rise Of The Disrespected Trillionaire Heir Novel

## TWENTY SEVEN – BREWING SCANDAL

### TRENT CARMICHAEL'S OFFICE

"Miss Emilia. It is an honour to have you here."

Emilia Gregory looked around, fear and suspicion rife in her mind as Trent Carmichael ushered her warmly into his office.

She didn't know why, but she did not trust this man. She did not trust any rich man aside from her boss. Period.

"So, what will you have? We have juice, champagne..."

"Nothing for me, thank you. Uh...why am I here again?"

Mr. Carmichael's eyes gleamed maliciously. After Luke all but made him kiss his feet at his own bank yesterday, he'd had sleepless nights, thinking of his revenge.

Trent knew that the George family harboured a secret. His first degree in Psychology made it easy to read into their stiff postures and worried glances and come to the conclusion that something was wrong.

Something was going down...something big. And he wanted to know it all, who knows, maybe his revenge would stem from whatever big secret mission the George's wanted to accomplish with twenty million dollars.

So what did he do? He kept his ears on the ground and went in search of the most talkative member of the George

family's staff. Let's just say his search did not prove abortive.

He found Emilia, who was twelve stone overweight and had a terrible penchant for gossip. She was a new staff member, just recently employed to work as a cleaner, and he hoped she proved to be a good ally.

Mr. Carmichael sank into the chair opposite her and twiddled his thumbs.

"I am most definitely not a man who loves to beat around the bush, so I'll go straight to the point. Casper!" He called.

"Yes, sir!"

His most trusted staff appeared with a small, black canvas bag in tow.

"You can put it there." Mr. Carmichael said, gesturing to the intricately carved stool between them.

Casper dropped the bag, bowed slightly and vacated the room. Mr Carmichael refocused his attention on Emilia who's eyes gleamed brighter by the second. This was going to be too easy.

"In that bag is fifty thousand pounds."

A strangled gasp escaped her lips and her eyes widened in shock. She did nothing to hide the greed that shined there as well.

"Now, all that money will be yours, in exchange for a tiny

piece of information. Are you ready to cooperate, Emilia?"

She dropped her fat hands.

"What do you want? Why me?"

Mr. Carmichael shrugged.

"Why I chose you is inconsequential. Just know that I will not reveal the source of my information when you divulge it to me, and you will be walking away fifty thousand pounds richer.

She swallowed audibly. It was disgusting to watch but there was nothing he could do until he got what he wanted.

"What do you want?"

Mr. Carmichael smiled and pushed to the edge of his seat.

"Do you have any idea if there's some sort of...problem or issue going on in your boss's family at the moment?"

Her eyes widened in shock.

"You need information on my boss?" Then she quickly rose to her feet. "I'm sorry but I will not be able to help you. I have to go..."

Forever a businessman, and partly because he was desperate, Carmichael did something he hated doing the most. Negotiation.

"Fine. I'll double it. One hundred thousand pounds."

Emilia froze on her way to the door. She turned slowly, pound bills literally shining in her brown eyes.

"Just what kind of information do you need?"

"The kind that would make the Carmichaels need twenty million dollars urgently."

She walked back slowly into the room and took her seat.

"I don't know what you're talking about." From the way she hesitated before saying that sentence, Mr. Carmichael knew that she knew exactly what he was talking about...or she must've heard something.

"Don't play dumb with me, Emilia. You know something. I know you do."

After a moment of silence, a small smile tilted her lips.

"Make it two hundred thousand pounds and just maybe, I might have something for you."

Anger shot through his veins, but Trent managed to control himself. When she noticed his harsh expression, she shrugged.

"If his Lordship eventually finds out that I am responsible for leaking this information, what do you think will happen to me? It's two hundred thousand pounds or nothing."

He had to give her credit. The bitch was good.



"Fine. Two hundred thousand pounds. Tell me what I need to know."

She smiled and after Casper brought the rest of the money, leaned back in her seat and began;

"I don't know much, but from the little eavesdropping I did, it's about a kidnapping."

Carmichael was intrigued. He'd heard nothing about a kidnapping. Meaning the George's were trying hard to keep it a secret.

"Tell me more."

"From my findings, it appears that one Miss Washington, she's from a prestigious family and the young Lordship's friend, was kidnapped a few days ago. The kidnapers are asking for twenty million dollars."

Thirty minutes later, Emilia left the office two hundred pounds richer and Mr. Carmichael's brain spun from the information he just received as he tried to formulate a devious plan.

But first...he had to confirm if the Washingtons knew their only daughter was missing.

If they didn't, then this was his chance to get his revenge.

It was going to be London's greatest scandal.

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BACK AT THE MUSUEM...

For a moment, time froze.

"If you move an inch, all your heads will be blown off. Got it?"

The deputy signalled to the other officers to drop their weapons. Luke's heart pounded wildly as he held a trembling Nina tighter in his arms.

"What the hell is your problem?" He asked in a sudden burst of rage. "We gave your boss all the money he asked for. Why are you still coming after us?"

The intruders turned their attention to him and one of them cocked a gun in his direction.

Seeing the horrible turn of events, the deputy decided it was time for him to step in.

"Now, gentlemen. There's no cause for outrage. Let's remain calm so we do not end up doing something we might regret."

"Nina needs to get to the hospital, deputy." Luke said through gritted teeth. "I'm not sure how long she'll be able to hold on after all the drugs they pumped into her."

The bigger of the two intruders walked over to Luke, his icy blue eyes gleaming from within his mask. The air was heavy and pasty with tension as he pressed the barrel of his gun against Luke's forehead.

"You're a talker, aren't you? You have a lot to say."



Luke clenched his fingers in a bid to control his anger.

"Look. Your boss asked us for money and we delivered. I see no reason why you should be holding us here. The lady you kidnapped isn't doing very well and I need to get her to the hospital."

"Oh, and he's still talking." For a split second, Luke's heart dropped in terror when the man's eyes tightened with determination.

"Say goodbye now."

Then he pulled the trigger and Luke's entire body exploded into a pool of blood.