

FIVE – A TRILLIONAIRE

Luke collapsed into his seat, his mind buzzing with a billion different thoughts.

If anyone had told him that he would one day be kidnapped and later proclaimed heir to an empire worth trillions of dollars, he would have laughed them in the face.

“I’m not so sure about this.” He rasped.

The old man smiled.

“I understand that this is a lot for you to take in, but I assure you that accepting your position will be the best decision you have ever taken in your life.”

Luke shook his head and attempted to change the subject.

“So you said my parents died in an accident. Was it really an accident? Being an heir to so much money, some people might have been after them, right?”

The old man heaved a sad sigh.

“I’m afraid you’re right, my son. You see, the George name is one of the most important and powerful names in the world which was why I ordered that we would remain anonymous. I did not want any links or trails that would associate us with our wealth...but your father began to get out of control.”

Luke shifted to the edge of his seat, intrigued.

“You see, your father was a very ambitious man. He worked so hard and quadrupled our earnings in the process, but he didn’t like the fact that he could not openly take credit for his hard work.

He was my only son and he was brilliant and innovative. Sadly, his thirst for fame led to his death and that of his wife, Amelia.”

The old man put on his glasses and went to a bookshelf embedded into the west wall. He pushed a button and the shelf opened automatically, revealing an array of neatly arranged black files.

He retrieved one of the files and returned to the table where Luke was patiently waiting.

“Your father started making himself known to the world when you were just a year and two months old. He began to publicly sign contracts and attend functions with the George name.

As expected, the internet went crazy when he first made an appearance . Everyone was enraptured by the handsome young man with a beautiful wife and kid, who also doubled as the richest man in the country.

It was going better than I expected until the death threats started coming in. Your father,

received countless messages from unknown numbers, threatening to kill off his family.

The day before they were killed, he had received a strange message that he would travel to New York city but wouldn't return.

George, being the hardheaded mule that he was, ignored the text and still drove that night."

At this point, Luke wasn't sure if he was still proud of his biological father or if he wanted to kill him himself all over again.

"That night, their sports car was run over by a truck. Your father died instantly, but your mother's body has not been found until this day."

Luke did not realize he was crying until he felt hot tears roll down his cheeks.

"Further investigations confirmed that the scene was not an accident. The truck driver died as well, but no traces of alcohol were found in his bloodstream. The brakes on the car and the truck were also perfectly fine. That, coupled with other evidence led the coroner to declare the case as a murder case."

Hot, fiery anger burned through Luke's veins.

Someone had killed his parents. Someone had paid off that suicide truck driver.

"I'll get them." He said through gritted teeth. "I will make sure the people who killed my

parents are brought to their knees before me, and I will not rest until that happens.”

The old looked at him thoughtfully, pride evident in his gaze.

“Of course. But you have to be careful. It’s dangerous out there for people like us.”

People like us. It still sounded so surreal. Luke couldn’t believe it.

“In the meantime, I thought you would love to see just how much of the world is in your pocket. Come closer.”

Out of sheer curiosity, Luke scooted his seat closer to the desk as the old man flipped open the file before him. When he got to a certain page, he handed the file over to Luke.

Luke read through the certificates of ownership, his mind finding it difficult to comprehend all the zeroes in front of him.

“As you can see there, we make about fifty billion dollars monthly only by trading in the stock market.

The Diamond Crest Empire single handedly owns the Windsdale Automobile company, a company responsible for the manufacture of half the luxurious car brands in the city. This investment alone grosses almost nine hundred billion dollars yearly.

Our Diamond mine located in strategic spots in the city as well as Africa distributes diamonds to top fashion brands around the world, with an annual profit of three hundred billion dollars...”

“Stop.” Luke cut in, his head spinning. “I think I’ve heard enough for now.”

The old man heaved a sigh.

“If you agree to assume your position, you will have billions at your fingertips daily. All your unborn generations will never even have to work. That is how wealthy you are, my young lordship.”

Luke shook his head.

“Can I think about this?”

The old man stared at him for a bit, his eyes filled with understanding.

“Of course you can. In the meantime, you should have this.”

He reached for the blue envelope by his left and came away with a black, plastic Diamond card.

Luke took the card with shaky fingers and stared down at it, confused. The card was black with gold linings on the side. Besides from the image of a tiny, shiny Diamond in the middle, it was quite plain, yet looked undoubtedly expensive.

“What is this?”

“That’s a Diamond card. This card gives you unlimited access to an account containing five hundred billion dollars to use as you so desire.”

Luke gasped in shock,

“Five hundred billion dollars?”

“Exactly. Now, come. I know you have a class by ten this morning. It’s almost nine thirty already. You have to go, but first...”

The old man led Luke past the gleaming hallways with millions worth of artistry, through a private, card-operated elevator and into the most luxurious garage he had ever seen.

“Woah...”

Luke turned around in a slow circle, taking in the arrays of gleaming, expensive cars. The garage looked like a fucking showroom.

The old man took in Luke’s awed expression, his cheeks almost hurting from all the smiling he’d been doing since the young man woke up this morning.

“As owners of an automobile company, we get the first shipment of whatever our manufacturers produce before it is released into the market.”

“I see that.” Luke said as he took in various luxurious brands like Spenza, Tee ray, Factum and the Tesla, the god of all cars.

“Okay then. Pick one.”

Like paused, his eyes snapping to the man in front of him.

“Excuse me?”

“You heard me. Pick any car of your choice for your commute today. They all belong to you, of course, but you will only have access to them once you agree to accept your position as heir.”

Luke wasn't sure he had heard right.

“All these c-cars are mine?” He stuttered.

“Of course, your lordship.” The old man said. “Make your choice. You're almost late.”

Luke wandered through the huge garage, touching each car until he arrived at the black, sleek, gleaming Tesla.

“Is that the one?”

Luke nodded, his eyes creasing in a wide smile.

“Yes. I would like this one, please.”

The old man bowed slightly.

“Then it is all yours until whenever you get tired of it.”

Like did not believe he would ever get tired of driving a Tesla, but he kept his mouth shut.

“Rashford!” The old man called.

“Yes, sir?” Rashford answered, appearing through a door on the left.

“Are the guards ready?”

Rashford bowed.

“Just as you requested, sir.”

“Good. Send them in.”

Rashford disappeared once more and after a few seconds, five heavily built men dressed entirely in black filed out from that very same door. Luke took in their serious expressions and the guns tucked into their belts. This will be fun.

“My Lordship, meet your security guards.”

Luke almost choked on his own spit.

“What?”

“These men will shadow you wherever you go until you decide to return to the mansion.

They are solely for your protection.” The old man quipped.

“But I don’t need guards. I’m a nobody.”

The old man shook his head.

“What would it take to convince you that you are currently the richest and most powerful young person in the world, Luke George?”

Without waiting for an answer, he turned around and made for the elevators from whence they had come.

“Think about it and give me feedback in three days. Anything longer than that, and I will be hiring the best private investigator in the country to come after you.

Three days, Luke. Good bye.”

Then he climbed into the elevators and disappeared.

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