

# Rise Of The Disrespected Trillionaire Heir Novel

ELEVEN – SWEET, SWEET VENGEANCE

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“Mr, Bradford, I sincerely apologise once again for the Dean’s behaviour. I assure you that no one will ever harass you like that again in this institution. Please, have a seat.”

Luke was still trying to wrap his head around the fact that he only had to make one call to have David Humsworth expelled from Bridgeville University. It was incredulous.

“Uh...are you actually not worried about the donations which the Humsworth family makes to the school? David is right, you know. If you expel him, the donations will stop coming.”

The headmaster leaned back in his seat with a knowing smile.

“I’m guessing you’re not aware of your status in this institution, your lordship.” <sup>1</sup>

Luke’s face creased with confusion.

“What do you mean?”

“You see, David’s family’s annual donation did help the school...to maintain our air conditioners. The money pumped in by the family who are the real owners of this school is what keeps Bridgeville University running everyday.”

That’s new.

“Oh.”

After a few seconds of silence, the headmaster dropped

another bombshell.

“Let me spell it out for you, your lordship. This school is owned by the George family of which you are a direct descendant and heir.”

Luke froze in his seat, unable to believe his ears.

“Wh-what? I thought Hanson Carmichael, Fiona’s grandfather, was one of the founding fathers.”

The headmaster got to his feet.

“You see, that is what your grandfather wants everyone to believe because of his desire to keep your family’s wealth anonymous.”

Luke was reeling from shock at this point.

“So you mean...”

“Yes, your Lordship. Bridgeville University belongs to the George family. Your family. It was established by your great grandfather, and for generations, your family has upheld its legacy.

You, your lordship, are Bridgeville Royalty.”

Luke shook his head in wonder.

“This is a lot to take in . Honestly.”

“You have to understand that you have unrestricted access to every and any part of this university. You are also covered by immunity, meaning you cannot be punished for any offence whatsoever on the grounds of this campus.”

“Wow.”

"I must apologise to you once again, your lordship. I had absolutely no idea until today that you were the lost heir. I have received varied reports of people bullying and mocking you all over campus, but I dragged my feet on the matter. I am sincerely sorry and very ashamed of my actions."

Luke waved his hands in a dismissive gesture.

"No, it's okay sir..."

"It is not okay, your lordship. Please give me a chance to make up for my mistakes. I will make sure everyone on campus knows who you are. No one would ever dream of crossing your path again."

"No, no, no. That will not be necessary, headmaster. I think I will follow in my grand dad's footsteps and remain anonymous after all."

The headmaster stared at him in shock. Why on earth would someone be so wealthy and want to hide it?

"If you say so, your lordship."

"I do. Can I leave now?"

"Yes, of course. Don't let me hold you up."

"Thank you, sir." They shook hands and Luke left his office.

The happenings of the past hour still felt so...surreal to him. This life of the wealthy will surely take some getting used to.

On a sudden thought, he flipped out his phone and dialled a number.

"Hey, Nina. What's up?" He asked when she answered the

call.

“Luke! Oh my god. I heard the security guard came back for you. Are you okay?” Her worried tone touched him greatly.

“Yeah. It was just a little misunderstanding. I’m fine.”

She heaved a sigh of relief.

“Does this little misunderstanding have anything to do with David Humsworth?”

Smart woman.

“Yes. A lot, actually.”

“The disgusting spunk.” She seethed.

Luke smiled to himself. Nina was cute when she lost her temper.

“You know what? I won’t be coming back to class today. I have somewhere important to go, but I’ll give you all the details about what happened earlier when I return.”

“Alright, Luke. Be careful and good luck.”

“Thanks, Nina. Bye now.”

Luke walked down to his Tesla and got into the backseat.

“Driver, take me to Hill Town Luxury Properties headquarters.”

“Right away, sir.”

The driver started the car and twenty minutes later, they arrived at the gleaming building which housed Luke’s former place of work.

Stepping out of the car and walking into the building, Luke was suddenly hit with nostalgia. The reception area still had the same blue themed decorations from two years ago. Nothing had changed from when he worked here.

The memories he had of this place were not good ones. Back then when he was poorer than the proverbial church rat and could barely afford one meal a day, it was constant taunting and bullying from his co-workers. Luke had fallen into depression countless times.

Now, he was back. Not as a handyman or construction worker, but as a customer...interested in purchasing a new house.

As he stepped in, everyone wondered about the identity of the gorgeous, expensively dressed stranger. The women who usually looked down on him stared at him with open interest.

He approached the receptionist, Hayley Abraham, one of his worst bullies then.

"Hello, sir." She smiled and got to her feet. "How may I be of service?"

Luke took off his dark shades and Hayley's mouth dropped open in shock.

"Luke? Luke Bradford?"

He gave a cold gaze.

"In the flesh, Hayley."

Within seconds, her expression changed from one of

respect to mockery.

“Hey, everyone, come take a look at who we have here.” She laughed. “Our Luke Bradford finally had the decency to borrow a good suit somewhere. Isn’t that great?”

His former co-workers all gathered to see what the fuss was all about. Most of them who recognized Luke outright laughed and taunted him.

“Hey, Luke. Did you finally find a place to sleep or are you completely homeless now?” This was coming from Brad, one of his former colleagues.

Everyone burst into fresh rounds of laughter at the obvious insult. Luke waited patiently for them to finish, a small smile playing on his lips.

When the room was finally silent, he spoke up.

“So, if you all are done exhibiting such disgusting and unprofessional behaviour, I would love to make a purchase.”

“We do not have any houses for sale below five dollars, Luke. Try the next company.” Brad joked again and they all laughed.

Luke was beginning to feel the stirrings of annoyance in his veins but he held his ground.

“What is the most expensive property up for sale within London?” He asked confidently.

“Excuse me?” Hayley interjected.

Luke turned to her.

"You heard me, miss forever-a-receptionist." Hayley's face reddened at Luke's biting remark.

"Okay, okay. You guys, let's humour him, shall we?" Brad stepped forward until he and Luke were standing face-to-face.

"Our most expensive property costs one hundred and ten million dollars. It's a mountain property, with a million dollar view. It has wrap-around balconies that give you a clear view of the city at night. Luxuriously gorgeous if you ask me. What do you say, Luke?"

They all stared at him, expecting him to turn away and leave the company in embarrassment. Rather the opposite, Luke didn't even flinch at the absurd amount. ①

"Alright, Brad. I'll be paying for it."

Brad's lips curled in a mocking smile.

"You don't want to see the house you're supposedly paying for, yet? We all know you won't be able to afford it, but you could at least see it just so you remember that you once had a dream that will never come true."

Choked giggles erupted from the crowd. Luke ignored them all and produced his black Diamond card. He stretched the card to Hayley.

"I'm paying for the house. Make it quick. I have better things to do than stand here and engage in meaningless banter with middle aged men."

Brad gasped at the insult.

"I am thirty five years old. That does not count as middle aged...yet."

While this argument was going on, Hayley ran the card and froze in shock. She looked up at the small gathering, surprise, fear and respect written all over her features.

"You guys. His card is legit. Luke Bradford just bought our most expensive property."

The smile on Brad's face disappeared immediately.

"You're kidding." He walked over to Hayley and snatched the card from her. "Perhaps you did not run the card properly."

Hayley rolled her eyes.

"I know how to do my job, Brad. You're the company's accounts manager. Check if the money is there."

Luke looked on with an air of smugness as Brad rushed over to his computer, his face pinched with annoyance.

After a few seconds of tapping away, he also went still.

"Holy shit, it's true."

Murmurs of shock and disbelief swept through the crowd.

Luke folded his arms and stared them down.

"I believe you all owe me an apology. Especially you Brad. You specifically will apologise to me with your head bowed, otherwise, you might not have a job by tomorrow."