

# Rise Of The Disrespected Trillionaire Heir Novel

TWELVE – ROMANTIC ENTANGLEMENTS

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Brad stared at Luke, his eyes burning with anger and embarrassment. How the hell did he make so much money within the space of two years?

Luke's gaze roved over his former colleagues.

"Do not waste my time. I have other things to attend to today."

They all lowered their gazes and mumbles of "I'm sorry" swept through the small crowd, giving Luke a sense of satisfaction.

"And you, Brad. I'm still waiting."

After a moment's hesitation, Brad trudged forward and stood before Luke. He flashed him an unrepentant glare before lowering his eyes to the ground in a mini bow.

"I sincerely apologize for my behavior. I was way out of line and I promise it will never happen again."

Luke didn't care if Brad actually meant his apology or not. All he cared about was the fact that his enemy had bowed before him. That alone was a victory.

Luke gave them one final look filled with disdain before walking out of the office, his gait confident and his head held high.

Next time they will think twice before ever underestimating him.

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The next morning...

Luke was sprawled on his bed, dreaming of fast cars and money trees when the sound of his ringtone jarred him awake. He reached sleepily for his phone and gave the caller ID a quick glance.

Nina.

All traces of sleep disappeared from his eyes immediately. He shot upright and immediately answered the call.

"Nina? What's up?"

"Luke! Oh, thank God. I've been trying to reach you for hours."

Her voice was thick, like she was close to tears. Luke's stomach tightened with anxiety.

"Are you alright? What happened?"

"No, I'm not fine, Luke. Mum and Dad have done it again."

Luke pressed the phone to his ear with one hand while he went about setting out his clothes with the other. If Nina was in trouble, he was going to her immediately.

"Calm down and tell me what happened. Are you hurt?"

Her heavy breaths filled the phone lines.

"No, I'm not hurt. Remember William? The guy I told you my parents want me to marry?"

A streak of jealousy shot through Luke at the thought of Nina belonging to someone else. He immediately

suppressed the feeling.

“Yes, I remember him.”

“Well, he’s here. He doesn’t want to leave me alone nor take no for an answer this time. What am I supposed to do?”

“Hold up, Nina. Rewind. What do you mean by he’s here?”

Nina hiccuped.

“He’s in my apartment. He came in early this morning and has refused to leave ever since. My parents gave him the go ahead to ask for my hand and he has refused to lease unless I say yes.”

Nina sank to the floor of her spotless bathroom. She had left William in the living room after concluding that she will never be able to convince him to leave on her own. She needed help, and strangely, the only person who came to mind was Luke.

“Has he touched you? Did he try anything?” Luke asked sharply.

“No. I lied to him that I have a boyfriend, hoping that would make him leave. He’s still here, Luke. You have to help me. They’re two of them. He came with a friend.”

Luke stepped into the bathroom and hastily put on the tap.

“Hold on, Nina. I’ll be there in a little bit. In the meantime, stay as far away from those guys as possible.”

“Okay. Please hurry.”

The line went dead and Luke threw his phone on the bed,

hurriedly stepping into the shower.

A slow burning anger simmered deep in his veins.

Nina's parents had no right to put her through all of this stress and harassment just to find a husband, and William should seriously learn how to accept rejection.

Within seconds, he dried up, picked up the keys to his Tesla and placed a call to his guards, asking them to stay on standby in case he needed backup.

Twenty minutes later, he was pulling into the gated estate which housed Nina's apartment building. The Hilton Estate was one of the most luxurious estates / hostel facilities situated inside campus. Only the rich could afford to pay the exorbitant amounts charged as rent yearly for the apartments.

Luke parked in the mini garage beside Nina's building. Before he even switched off the engine, Nina came flying out of the door, her eyes wide with relief.

Luke stepped out of the car and she wrapped her arms around him, giving him a tight, much needed hug.

"I'm so glad you're here." She whispered against his chest.

He breathed in the scent of her strawberry shampoo and hugged her snugly against him.

"I will always be here, Nina. No one will hurt you on my watch."

She leaned back and stared up at his handsome, chiseled face.

“There’s something I need to tell you.”

His brows drew together.

“Oh? What’s tha?”

Her eyes lowered in embarrassment.

“Uh...Um.... You see, I kinda told William and his friend that you’re my boyfriend.”

She held her breath, waiting for him to yell at her. Instead, his face broke into the most beautiful smile she had ever seen on a man.

“Really?”

Nina nodded.

He wrapped his arms around her shoulders and pulled her against his side as they walked into the house.

“I don’t mind. Feel free to tell people I’m your boyfriend anytime.”

They finally stepped into the luxuriously furnished house.

“Warning,” Nina whispered, William and his friends are big time snobs.”

Luke shrugged. He was used to the snobs and bullies. Nothing fazed him these days.

“Hey, Nina. Who’s your friend?” A dark haired, blue-eyed guy who was lounging on the biggest sofa in the room asked.

Luke’s gaze immediately swept through the room, taking in the guys. One was lean, blonde and extremely good looking,

the other was dark-haired and thickly muscled.

“Uh...William, Mozart, this is Luke.” She said, shifting closer to him. “He’s...” she took a deep breath. “He’s my boyfriend. Luke, meet my friends Mozart and William.”

The blonde guy’s face immediately twisted in anger at Nina’s confession. That must be the intending boyfriend, Luke guessed.

Luke let go of Nina and stepped fearlessly in front of them, holding out his hand for a handshake.

“I would say it is a pleasure to meet you, but my woman says you both have been troubling her.”

William got to his feet and grabbed Luke’s outstretched palm, trying to size him up. Luke was taller and broader than him.

Meanwhile, Mozart persistently stared at Luke, trying to pinpoint why he looked so familiar.

Then it hit him and he burst into a loud guffaw, startling everyone in the room.

“Wait, I know you. Luke Bradford. The rejected fiancé.”

“What are you talking about?” William asked his friend.

“You know Fiona Carmichael? This is the poor bloke who desperately wanted to marry her, probably for her family’s money. I heard he has no social class, but was vying to marry one of London’s elites. What a joke.” Mozart burst into another round of laughter and Nina’s cheeks reddened with embarrassment.

Meanwhile, William was boiling with rage. He liked Nina a lot and wanted to marry her so badly. When she admitted she had a boyfriend, he'd been so upset...he was still upset.

He could not believe that Nina was choosing this poor, wretched, church rat over him. It was a disgrace to his status.

He will teach Luke Bradford a lesson. No one took what belonged to him and lived to brag about it... but first, it was better to get to know his rival.

William turned to Luke who appeared completely unaffected by Mozart's persistent taunting.

"I am very sorry for my friend's behaviour. Please, accept my apology."

Nina and Mozart stared at him in shock, both unable to believe their ears. William never apologised to anyone. Not even his parents.

Mozart knew his friend certainly had something up his sleeves. Nina on the other hand was none the wiser.

"It's okay. It was expected. Your friend certainly looks like a loud-mouthed talkative" Luke said quietly, lifting a brow in Mozart's direction who's eyes widened at the insult.

William nodded.

"I guess he deserved that. So, this loud-mouthed talkative and I were planning on going to a golf club later on. Would you like to come along? We can talk about this whole situation then."

Luke thought about it for a second. Nina tried to signal him with her eyes to reject the offer to no avail. Instead, Luke said.

“Sure. That would be great.”

William smiled...a smile that hid so much hatred and evil.

“Good. Shall we?”

Let the games begin.

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