

Rise Of The Disrespected Trillionaire Heir Novel

TWENTY EIGHT – INSULTS AND WRONG ACCUSATIONS

For a moment, the entire museum was silent. Time froze and Luke froze with it, expecting to experience mind numbing pain but instead, feeling nothing.

Dregs of sticky blood mixed with bits and pieces of human flesh slid down his face and arms. Before him, the kidnapper's mouth hung open in shock, then he fell forward, narrowly missing Luke and Nina.

Luke's gaze snapped up in shock, and relief flooded his system when saw two more officers in the room, one pointing his gun at the exact spot where the currently lifeless kidnapper had been standing a few seconds ago.

"You saved my life." Luke whispered, his fingers still trembling slightly from shock.

The officer shrugged as he watched his partner order the second kidnapper to drop his weapon.

"I was just doing my job, sir."

Luke was having non of it.

"No. What's your name? You will be rewarded for this.

"Name's Micah, your lordship. Once again, it is my duty to protect you. I was merely doing my job."

After the deputy checked to ensure that the kidnapper was properly handcuffed, he resumed regulating operations.

"Micha. Indigo, I've called 911 and they'll be here anytime soon. Go downstairs and make sure they're properly set up so we can get Miss Washington to the hospital ASAP."

"Yes, sir." The officers chorused and departed to perform their duties.

"Marshal. Connor. You're in charge of ensuring that the prisoner gets to the county cell safe and sound. We'll be needing him for investigations later."

The prisoner in question spat on the ground, his lips twisting in a sneer.

"You're not getting a single drop of information from me." He growled. "I will never betray the boss."

Anger boiled in Luke's blood but he chose to ignore him for the meantime. Five minutes later, the loud whir of police sirens filtered up to the attic and the officers hefted the prisoner and led him away while he struggled and spat profanities between them.

Luke stared at the woman cradled in his arms and prayed that she made it out of this alive and whole – both physically and mentally.

He lowered his ears slowly against her nose to make sure she was breathing.



"I hope those bastards didn't hurt you, Nina. I'm sorry I couldn't come sooner."

Suddenly, the sounds of static filled the room and the deputy retrieved a walkie-talkie from his waist belt.

"Talk to me."

"Sir. The ambulance is here. The EMT is coming up right now."

The information had Luke's heart thudding in relief. Seconds later, EMT crawled into the attic and started preparing to break Nina out of the building.

"Luke, please step aside so they can do their jobs."

Luke turned to the deputy.

"But..."

"I'm sorry, sir," a member of the EMT said to him, "they pumped a lot of horrible substances into her veins and she's not doing very well. You will have to step aside to enable us do our jobs."

Luke still felt reluctant to let her go;

"Look, I understand but..."

"I'm sorry, your lordship. But you will have to move. You put her life at risk each minute you delay the operation." The deputy chipped in.



Hearing that, Luke stepped aside and let the EMTs do their thing, but he followed closely behind to check on Nina in case she needed him.

It took quite a bit of effort to get her down the attic. She was placed on compulsory oxygen to regulate her breathing. While Nina was being wheeled out, Luke placed an urgent call to his grandfather.

"Hello, grand pa?"

"Son. How's it going?" His grandfather sounded tense.

"Pretty great so far. We found Nina and she's currently being taken to the hospital. She was actually trapped here at the museum."

Lord George's audible sigh of relief echoed through the phone lines.

"Are you taking her to the hospital where Kayla was admitted?"

"No, grandpa. The specialist hospital has better facilities. We're going there."

Nina was finally wheeled into the ambulance and Luke bade goodbye to his grandfather who promised to come to the hospital as soon as he could.

Minutes later, she was being rushed into the ER section of the specialist hospital. The doctor requested that everyone



should stay out of the room while she was being examined.

Luke and the deputy paced the length of the hospital as they awaited news from the doctor.

Just as Luke was praying for the umpteenth time, he heard a familiar, posh voice come from behind him.

"Are you Luke Bradford?"

He spun quickly and the sight that greeted him had his heart thudding in shock.

Standing before him were Mr. and Mrs. Washington. Nina's parents.

What the hell were they doing here?

How had they found him?

After a few moments of only staring at them in silent surprise, Luke finally found his voice.

Mr Washington was dressed in a sleek black Armani suit while his wife wore a gorgeous floral print dress which suited her complexion perfectly. Not a single hair on their heads was out of place...and they did not look happy either.

Luke stepped forward and took Mrs. Washington's hand in his.

"Hello, Mrs. Washington. Mr Washington." He nodded at the man beside her. "This is a...wonderful surprise."



Her response to his greeting left Luke completely stunned.

"Get your hands off me, you peasant." Mrs. Washington retorted. She pushed him off and retrieved a spotless white handkerchief to clean her fingers like she'd just been touched by a virus.

Mr Washington stepped forward.

"Where's my daughter? What have you done with her?"

Luke opened his mouth to speak but Mrs Washington cut in, her tone icy cold.

"Before you answer that, I want you to know that we've filed kidnapping and attempted murder charges against you. Prepare to appear in court by next week."

Luke was reeling from shock by now.

The Washingtons were beginning to cause quite a ruckus. Around them, nurses suddenly found reasons to come into the waiting room and guests arose from their slumber.

"I always knew there was something off about you, but I never believed you would stoop to the level of getting my daughter kidnapped for money. I'm sure that Hanson Carmichael, bless his soul, is currently turning in his grave as we speak."

Mrs. Washington made a sign of the cross while Luke struggled to control his temper.



"I'm sorry, but you both must be mistaken. That isn't what happened here. You see..."

"What exactly do you stand to gain?" Mr. Washington interjected, not caring to listen to what he had to say. "If you wanted money, why didn't you just beg for it like you've been doing your entire life?"

His sharp words sent a hurtful pang through Luke's chest, but he fought to keep his rage in check.

"If you both would just let me speak."

"What exactly is left to talk about?!" Mrs Washington cried. "You fooled my poor child into trusting you, only for you to take advantage of her kind heart. I warned her to stay away from you." She adds bitterly, not knowing that her words came as a shock to Luke. He never knew the Washingtons disliked him so much. "I warned her but as usual, she refused to listen to me. You completely brainwashed my daughter! If anything should happen to her..."

"I am not responsible for any of this." Luke tried to defend himself.

"Who is responsible then?" Mr Washington asked, his tone dripping with sarcasm. "If you were not satisfied with your meagre salary as a cleaner, why couldn't you focus on the education which the Carmichaels so kindly pay for you and leave my daughter alone?"

You will pay for this, Luke Bradford. Mark my words. You



shameless, classless buffoon.”

Luke opened his mouth to speak but just then, the deputy called his name,

“Luke? I’m afraid but I have bad news.”

Luke whirled in his direction, his nerves already twisted in tension at the deputy’s crestfallen expression.”

“What happened?”

“I just got word from the officers transporting the second kidnapper that he broke out of his cuffs.”

Luke froze.

“What?”

“That’s not all.” The deputy said solemnly. “He went crazy and started attacking the officers with their own guns.

I’m afraid but Marshall and Connor did not make it. The bastard shot them. They died on the spot.” 1