

FOUR – AWAKE IN A MANSION

CHAPTER FOUR

Luke jolted awake with a skull piercing headache. For a moment, he was totally disoriented. He blinked a couple of times to clear his befuddled brain, wondering what the hell had happened.

His blurry eyes took in the heavy draperies and pure white walls. Then it struck him. Fiona's rejection. The party. Getting plastered...and getting kidnapped.

He shook his head slowly, taking in the strange surroundings. He was in a bedroom, and from every indication, this room belonged to an extremely affluent person.

The gleaming marble floors complemented the dark draperies and bedside table made of pure mahogany. Floor to ceiling windows covered the east wall, giving him a splendid view of the large grounds of the building and the beautiful water fountain below.

Even the Carmichaels' mansion could never be compared to this beautiful place.

"I must be dreaming or something." He said to himself.

He got to his feet slowly and made for the door. He looked for a door knob and couldn't find any, then realized he had to suppress the button on the wall to get the door open.

He did so and the automatic doors slid open on a silent "whoosh."

"How cool is that?" Luke said quietly.

He wandered into the hallway, his eyes wide with wonder as he took in the expensive paintings on the walls, the gleaming marble floors and spotless walls.

His fingers glided over the smooth marble banisters of the grand stairs as he went down.

"Hello? Any one home?"

He got to the foot of the stairs but didn't get any response. The luxurious house was as silent as a tomb.

Just as he was about to go farther, he heard a sound behind him and turned sharply. Standing before him was a polished looking, middle aged man in a three piece black suit. The man smiled at Luke and beckoned to him.

"Hello, your Lordship. My name is Rashford and the master has been waiting for you."

Luke stared at him in shock, then looked around to confirm that the man was really talking to him.

"Are you talking to me?" He asked slowly.

The man's smile became wider.

"Of course. We have been waiting so many years for your return. It is wonderful to have you back home again. Please, this way."

For a moment, Luke didn't move.

Home? What the hell was the man saying? This must be a mistake.

He followed after the man quickly.

"Uh, excuse me. Mr Rashford...? You must be mistaken. My name is..."

"Luke Bradford?" The man cut in, still moving. "Yes, I know who you are. And the master does not make mistakes."

Before long, they arrived at a door and the man nudged Luke to go in.

"The master will be so happy to see you, your Lordship. Go on in."

Luke was having second thoughts, but out of pure curiosity, he pressed the button and the door slid open, revealing a luxurious office space. Floor to ceiling windows covered the entirety of one wall and enormous Italian style bookshelves lined the other, but what really caught Luke's attention was the old man seated behind the table.

He was seventy or eighty years old max.

The man got to his feet as Luke entered, his weathered face breaking into a smile.

“Luke, my boy. I have waited so long to see you again. Oh, how you’ve grown.”

Luke paused, his heart still thudding with surprise.

“Excuse me? Who are you?”

The old man’s smile faltered.

“Oh. I forgot that you must not know who I am. My name is Lord Frederick De George. I’m your grandfather.”

Luke was sure he didn’t hear right. His entire body was frozen in shock.

“Wh-what? It can’t be. I don’t have a grand father.”

The man beckoned to him.

“Why don’t you have a seat? I know this must come as shock, but I’m ready to explain everything to you.”

Luke walked slowly and sank into the empty seat.

Lord Frederick also took his seat .

“Rashford?” He called.

“Yes, sir?”

“Please get a glass of my most expensive whiskey for the young man.”

“Right away, sir.”

“How the hell am I your grandson? I went back to the orphanage where I was raised as a kid to inquire if they had any knowledge of my parents, but they said I was brought there by a stranger. There was no mention of any other relations.” Luke stressed.

Rashford brought the whiskey and the older man poured a glass for both of them.

“You see, my son, the orphanage was absolutely right. Your parents were involved in a ghastly motor accident some years ago. Unfortunately, none of them survived.”

Luke’s heart sank.

“Wh-what?” He stuttered.

“I am very sorry, my son, but that is the truth.”

Tears pricked Luke’s eyes at the mention of his dead parents. If they were alive, he wouldn’t have experienced half the humiliation he suffered at the hands of the Carmichaels.

“You see, I am your father’s father. Your grandfather. When I heard about the accident, it was already too late and your parents were long dead. I enquired about you but was told that you were never found. I never stopped looking for you, my dear grandson. Now that you’re back, I can retire in peace, knowing that the empire is in safe hands.”

Luke’s head snapped up.

“The empire? What empire?”

His grand father smiled.

“Have you ever heard of the Diamond Crest Empire?”

Luke froze.

“Y-yes, I have. They’re a powerful group that control nearly the entire automobile and telecommunications industry in London and beyond. I heard their leader is anonymous.”

The old man spread his arms wide.

“Well, I guess you’re lucky to be meeting him today.”

Luke was very certain his mouth was hanging open at this point. He rose from his chair, unable to sit still.

“Are you saying...?”

“Yes. That is exactly what I am saying. The Diamond Crest empire was founded by my grand father and has been run by the George family for centuries. Not only do we control the automobile industry, we are the brain and power behind every single diamond mine owned by the British government. We control the launch and manufacture of the classiest and trendiest of cars.

Hell, the whole city depends on our money to function properly.”

Luke could only stare at him, eyes wide.

The Diamond Crest Empire was a subject of conversation in every single London home, schools and offices. His class even did a documentary on them last week.

Rumor has it that the empire was owned by one of the most powerful trillionaire families in

the world. This family was above the law, and above every other human being in the city.

No one knew who they were. Even the Carmichaels talked about them with utmost respect.

But now...

“What are you saying?” Luke asked.

The older man’s eyes darkened with determination.

“I am saying that my late son, George jnr., was the heir to the Diamond Crest Empire before his demise. By law, his first son was expected to take over.

Your real name is Lord Luke George, and you are the heir to a fortune running into trillions of dollars. I’m talking about Diamond Mines, automobile industries, the telecommunication world and so much more.

My question is, are you ready to step in and reclaim what is rightfully yours? Are you ready to let go of that life of poverty and penury, and step into a life that allows you to be the most powerful man in the world?

If so, welcome to the empire, my long lost grandson.”

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