

Rise Of The Disrespected Trillionaire Heir

Author: Blaq

ONE – WRETCHED SON-IN-LAW

CHAPTER ONE

Luke Bradford pulled up his hoodie to avoid being recognised as he rolled his bike to a stop beside the flashy Porsche which conveyed his wife and her friends to Bridgeville University.

He barely had time to help his foster mother off the bike before Fiona, his wife, and her group of friends began barking orders at him.

"Hey, bird brain, what the hell are you doing there? Come over right now and take our bags."

Carmella, one of Fiona's bratty friends screeched. Fiona had clearly stated that she would not have "the trash" riding in her brand new car.

Even when Luke had begged her to just allow his mother ride with them, she gave the older woman a disgusted look and proclaimed that if she would not ride on the bike with her son, she might as well walk.

Luke's face reddened in embarrassment as half of the parking lot turned in their direction.

"Hold on, mum, I'll be right back." He whispered to his mum.

Mrs Bradford shook her head, sadness clouding her features as she watched her foster son struggle under the load of designer handbags.

"Careful! I bought that bag just yesterday. If you ruin it, twenty thousand dollars will be deducted from your allowance, you peasant!" Fiona seethed, her voice dripping venom.

"Sorry." Luke bowed before hurrying back to his mother. He tried to fake a smile at her worried expression.

"Come on, mum. Let's go."

Luke and his mum were about to walk into the school when Fiona's voice stopped them.

"Where the hell do you both think you're going?"

Luke froze, his heart thumping wildly as he turned to her. Her beautiful face was twisted in annoyance.

"Mum s-says she would love to see me off." He stuttered.

"That doesn't give you the right to walk in front of me. Walk behind like the servants you both are!"

Luke's mum tried to protest, but her son laid a warning hand on her arm.

Head bowed, he led her behind Fiona and her friends, waiting patiently until they started walking before they followed.

Fiona Carmichael could be said to be the princess of the Carmichael family. Rich, bratty and completely spoiled, she lacked for nothing because her family was one of the richest in the city.

They owned a high class event center and catering company which catered to the needs of wealthy patrons and top celebrities, but they were also selfish and extremely snobbish.

Their grand father, Hanson Carmichael, was one of the founding fathers of Bridgeville University, and the last surviving good man in the family.

But sadly, he died three months ago from kidney failure.

Getting into Bridgeville was as difficult as getting an opportunity to have tea with the King.

The school was mostly crawling with children of rich aristocrats. Only a few students ever got admitted here on scholarship...and Luke was one of those few students.

Due to his outstanding academic achievements in high school, the late Hanson Carmichael himself awarded him a scholarship to study Medicine in the prestigious university.

Six months ago, Hanson had paid a visit to one of the dilapidated construction sites in

London where Luke worked with the intention of investing in it.

In the process, one of the smaller, rickety buildings where the old man was conducting an inspection collapsed, trapping him inside. All the other workers on the site had been too scared to go in but fortunately, Luke was around the vicinity.

Luke had dashed in and helped Hanson out of the falling building through a hidden trap door meant only for workers.

Sadly, Hanson still died three months later under mysterious circumstances, but not before promising that Luke will marry his granddaughter, Fiona, as a way of showing gratitude to him for saving his life.

The Carmichael family objected, of course. They could never fathom the thought of their only daughter getting married to a low born like him. But fortunately, Grand Pa Hanson's word was law.

Luke was an orphan. He did not know his parents and had never seen them. He'd been through a lot of foster homes in the past and at the age of twenty one, this was his last year in the foster care system.

"Luke, I have to go home now. Your father must be waiting."

His mother's gentle voice snapped him out of his sad musings.

"Okay, mum. Please take care. I will send some money for dad's medication as soon as I can."

Tears filled his mother's eyes, sending a painful pang through Luke's chest.

"I see the way you're treated here...like you're nothing, but I want you to understand that your father and I are very proud of you for making it here.

This shame will not last forever, my son. One day, you will trample upon the heads of all your enemies."

Luke finally waved her goodbye as she hurried away. When he turned back, he came to a pause, surprised to find Fiona glaring at him.

"Where is she going?"

He swallowed.

"She's going home to meet my dad. He's sick and..."

Fiona walked towards him and without a single warning, landed a stinging slap across his cheek. Around them, students paused to watch the show. Some only shook their heads in pity and walked past, but a greater majority of them openly laughed at him.

Surprised, Luke's head snapped back in pain and he mistakenly dropped one of the bags.

"Didn't you realise that you should have made her ask me for permission before leaving?"

Luke shook his head.

"I'm s-sorry. It won't happen again."

"It better not." Fiona said icily. "And oh, you dropped my bag. I no longer have use for it.

That is twenty thousand dollars from your allowance."

Luke's heart twisted in panic.

"No, please. I need that money to get my father admitted at the hospital. He has been sick for a while now. Please..."

Fiona lifted her chin, her face consumed with rage.

"Your father's illness is none of my business. He can die for all I care. Bring those bags to the chemistry laboratory immediately!"

Then she stomped off, leaving Luke almost in tears.

As he struggled to juggle the weight of the bags, students gave him odd looks. Whispers and subtle name calling followed him all the way to the halls.

Luke lowered his head in shame as some students outright laughed at him.

After Fiona had publicly declared him as her manservant a week ago, he had become the school's laughing stock.

Luke was about to enter the chemistry laboratory when he sensed movements behind him.

He turned slightly but before he could do anything, a ball slammed into his face, causing him to double over in pain.

His grip on the bags tightened to prevent them from falling. His nose throbbed harshly. It must be bruised by now.

"Well, well, well. If it isn't mummy's pet and the Carmichael household's servant."

Luke's blood froze. He recognised that voice. David Hummington, captain of the school's basketball team and one of Luke's greatest rivals.

David's family, the Hummingtons, were one of London's richest families. They owned several petroleum industries across the city.

David had persistently chased Fiona until she got engaged and married to Luke a month ago.

Since then, he had made it a point to make Luke's life a living hell.

Luke struggled to his feet and pinned David with a glare.

"Why did you do that?"

Fiona and her friends exited the laboratory to check out what the commotion was all about.

When they saw Luke and David, Fiona rolled her eyes.

"David, why do you constantly bother yourself with this good for nothing?"

David's expression transformed from mocking to dead serious in a heartbeat.

"Who the hell do you think you are to question me, you loser?" He asked Luke.

He snapped his fingers and two tall guys wearing the Bridgeville Basketball Team's jacket appeared out of nowhere. A flicker of fear ran up Luke's spine.

"Today, I will show you that I own this school. No one, and I repeat, no one, dares to talk back at me, least of all a complete loser like you."

"Go, David!" Fiona and her friends yelled.

David raised his fists and Luke cowered, awaiting the pain when a voice screamed from across the hallway.

"Stop! Stop this madness right this instant!"

"Uh. The queen fairy is here." Fiona sneered.

Luke's head snapped up, relief flooding his system when he saw his saviour, Nina

Washington. She was one of the school's rich kids, but she never taunted others and never looked down on Luke.

"This nonsense is getting out of hand, David. It needs to stop." Nina said boldly.

To Luke's relief, David finally lowered his fist.

"You got off easily this time, loser. Next time, Nina will not be around to save you from my wrath."

When David disappeared down the hall, Nina rushed over to help Luke pick up the bags.

"Hey. Are you okay?" She asked, her face twisting in concern.

Luke smiled at her.

"Yes, I'm fine. Thank you for saving my arse"

She grinned.

"My pleasure." Then she handed the bags over to him and sauntered off in the opposite direction.

As Luke got to his feet, he sent Fiona an apologetic look,

"I'm so sorry about the bags..."

To his shock, instead of bad mouthing him as usual Fiona smiled at him.

"You know what, Luke, it's okay. I can get another."

Look stared at her, his brain buzzing with confusion.

"Are you sure?"

She smiled wider.

"Of course I'm sure. I hope you plan on attending my birthday party tomorrow night."

Luke almost dropped the bags. Fiona was turning twenty tomorrow and Mrs. Carmichael had already made it clear that riff rafts like him were not welcome at the party.

"But I thought..."

"Disregard whatever mother said to you this morning. It's my party and I want you to be

there. Do not disappoint me.”

Then she walked off with her girls following behind, leaving Luke more confused than ever.