

Rise Of The Disrespected Trillionaire Heir Novel

NINETEEN – THE NEW BOSS

NINETEEN – THE NEW BOSS

“Mr. Humsworth, do you care to address this man’s claims?”
One of the reporters asked.

Camera lights flashed as Wilhelm and his son walked to the podium.

“We all know that these are false accusations. Luke and his lawyer are only making baseless claims which they have no means of proving. I’m a respected London citizen. I will never stoop to that level.”

Luke ignored Wilhelm’s fake anger and turned to his attorney,

“Marcus, where’s the evidence tape for the orphanage?”

“It’s right here.”

Everyone looked on in shock as Marcus provided a small flash drive. Luke lifted the flash drive so they all could see, his eyes burning with fierce determination.

“This here is the evidence that proves that Humsworth and his company are in-fact responsible for the collapse of the orphanage.”

He handed the drive over to the clipboard guy and he quickly inserted it into a laptop connected to the big screen. Tense silence reigned in the room as the video began loading.

Finally, a dull, grainy scene appeared. It took a minute for the reporters to realize that the angle of the video was from opposite the orphanage. Gradually, they watched as Wilhelm's men worked on the construction site just beside the orphanage building.

The camera's angle suddenly changed, zooming in closer as one of the workers lifted the fork of his bulldozer way too high, causing it to crash into the beam of the next building—the orphanage building.

Shocked gasps escaped everyone as the worker hurriedly lowered the fork and drove away like nothing happened. The screen went black for a second, and another scene resumed playing, showing a bald guy in a faded blue shirt at a bar.

The man began speaking.

"I've worked for Mr. Humsworth for five years and I can boldly say that the man is self-centered as fuck." He took a long gulp of his beer. He was obviously drunk. "Of course, he knew that one of us was responsible for the collapse of the orphanage. He even fired the poor guy. What's more, he fucking threatened us that if word got out, we will all be fired."

The video stopped playing and everyone turned accusing stares at Wilhelm and his son. They both had their heads lowered.

"Don't you have anything to say?" Luke taunted them. "Just a few minutes ago, you seemed to have a lot to say. Don't you

want to defend yourself? For as long as I've known you, your family is selfish and extremely evil. The fact that you would do this to children makes it even worse. You are liable to pay fifty million dollars as directed by the court, otherwise, all your properties will be forfeited to the state and you will all become paupers”

Wilhelm’s head snapped up, his eyes lighting with horror.

Just then, a stylish blonde woman dressed in a body fitting red suit walked to the stage and grabbed a mic from one of the pressmen.

“Hello, everyone, my name is Lizzy Steel and my clients, the Humsworths, will no longer be making any comments on this matter.”

The Press tried to get more information from them but their bodyguards blocked all access, escorting them until they got into their cars and zoomed off.

A member of the press walked up to Luke and stuck a mic in his face.

“Mr Luke, The Humsworth family has presented a very serious allegation of fraud against you. What are your comments?”

Luke heaved a sigh.

“It is obvious from the video that Wilhelm Humsworth and his company were responsible for the building collapse. I didn't instigate a fraudulent petition against them. That

alone should be answer enough.”

“But sir,” she persisted, “can you explain the sudden source of all your wealth?”

His attorney walked over and grabbed Luke’s arm.

“That’s enough for now. C’mon, your lordship, we have to leave.”

The reporters ran after them, asking more questions but Luke’s attorney advised him to ignore all of them.

Soon, they were zooming down the freeway.

“What’s the plan to actually get them to pay the money? They evaded and even sabotaged the press conference today.” Luke asked Marcus and Rashford.

“Well,” his attorney began, “the court has given them two weeks to make the payment. Let’s wait until then.”

Luke’s fingers clenched into fists.

“I can’t wait for two weeks. I want to deal with the Humsworths now.”

“I’m sorry, your lordship, but it won’t be wise to take any rash decisions in the heat of the moment.”

Luke stared out the window, his mind trying to come up with a plan of some sort. He wasn’t going to wait two whole weeks. The Humsworths were going down...preferably today.

“Hey, Rashford, can you send me a list of all companies

under the Diamond Empire?"

"Right away, your lordship."

Within seconds, Luke received a text message alert of the list. He went through it quickly. When he finally found what he was searching for, a devious smile curved his lips.

"Hey, Rashford. I have an idea."

When Luke was done communicating his plans, Rashford was smiling along with him. Marcus, on the other hand, was not impressed.

"As your attorney, I advise you to do away with such hasty thoughts. Let the law deal with this." He persisted.

"The law takes too long." Luke deadpanned.

He was going out there to deal with his enemies by himself if that was what it took.

THE NEXT DAY, ELITES CONSTRUCTION HEADQUARTERS

Luke's Rolls Royce rolled to a stop before the huge gates of the Elites Construction building and he honked repeatedly, trying to get the gatemen's attention.

When no one came to open the gates, he got down to see what the problem was himself. Upon arrival, he met one of the security men who instantly recognized him.

"Luke? Luke Bradford? What are you doing here?" The older

man's eyes darkened with disgust.

"Hello, Ralph. I'm here to see Wilhelm Humsworth. Open up the gates, please."

Ralph burst into laughter. When he finally brought himself under control, he glared at Luke.

"I'm sorry but the boss does not attend to paupers. Or are you a driver now?"

Luke lowered his head to hide a smile. The last time Ralph had seen him, he was a part time post and errand boy for this very company. The bullying was even worse then because he was still involved with Fiona.

"No Ralph. That's my car. One of my cars, actually."

The smile dropped from Ralph's lips immediately. He stared at Luke, completely stupefied.

"Excuse me?" He asked in shock.

Luke was no longer smiling.

"You heard me, and if you don't open the gates for me right this minute, I'll make sure you lose your job."

Ralph gave Luke a once over, starting from his expensive leather jacket, to his slacks and finally the luxurious Tom Fords at his feet and his cheeks burned with embarrassment and jealousy.

Without uttering another word, he ran over to pull the gates open.

Two minutes later, Luke was walking into the elites construction building. He stopped at the receptionists' desk and the dark haired beauty rose to her feet immediately.

"Hello, sir. Welcome. How may I help you?"

Luke smiled.

"I want you to deliver a message from me to your boss."

Five minutes later...

"Sir, the boss is here."

Wilhelm looked up and gave his secretary a dirty look.

"Excuse me?"

She raised her chin.

"I said the boss is here. I'm letting him in right away."

Wilhelm dropped his pen and half rose from his seat.

"Do you want to get fired? Are you insane or have you forgotten that I'm your boss. Your only boss."

The secretary shrugged.

"I know that. I meant the real boss is here."