

# Rise Of The Disrespected Trillionaire Heir Novel

SIX – L I F E O F T H E W E A L T H Y

## SIX – LIFE OF THE WEALTHY

“Where would you like to go, your Lordship?” One of the guards, apparently their leader asked.

Luke smiled.

“Please, call me Luke.”

The man shook his head.

“I’m afraid that will not be happening. Your Lordship is your official title.”

Luke stared at him in confusion.

“Uh...okay. If you say so.”

He looked down at his dirty shoes and the wrinkled shirt he wore to Fiona’s birthday party last night and a thought crawled into his mind.

“Take me to the best boutique in the city.”

“Of course, your lordship.”

The guards went their different ways. Some of them got into a huge, black jeep while two followed in my Tesla. Before long, we arrived at a magnificent boutique with “Kings’ Wardrobe” inscribed with shiny gold lettering on the walls. ①

Luke asked the guards to stay in the car or just loiter around the environment while he went in on his own.

Now that he thought about it, Luke had actually read about this boutique.

It topped “Vogue’s most classy and luxurious boutique of the month” list just last month.

He appraised the cool, expensively furnished interior, fiddling the black card in my hand. ②

Rows and rows of no doubt high-budget clothes hung from hangers. ①

Just as Luke was about to touch one of them, He heard a very angry voice behind me. ①

“Excuse me? What exactly are you doing in here? Who let you in?”

Luke turned sharply to find a middle aged woman dressed in a prim and proper deep blue suit and platform heels stare down her nose at me. Her eyes were two venomous green pools. Her name tag read Martha. ③

Luke merely shrugged and pointed at the shirt he wanted to pick earlier.

“I’m here to shop, just like everyone else. Is there a problem?” ①

Martha stood, hands akimbo,

“The cheapest pair of socks here is custom made and costs about two thousand dollars. I do not think you will be able to afford any of the items we have for

sale. Please leave before I alert security.”

She looked down at Luke’s cheap shoes and even cheaper shirt and her lips twisted with disdain.

Shame tried to crack through Luke’s self confidence but he held firm.

Instead of gracing the woman with a reply, he went ahead and picked the shirt.

“Sir, I warned you.” Then she yells, “Security!”

Luke’s blood boiled with hot, lethal anger as the woman kept calling for security, alerting other customers to the ongoing debacle.

A pretty, young redhead, probably in her early twenties appeared, her face twisted with anxiety.

“What is going on, Martha?” She asked the older shop assistant.

Martha pointed a finger at Luke, her eyes filled with disgust.

“This wretched human being had the effrontery to walk in here and touch our stuff. We need to throw him out before he steals anything.”

The younger assistant shook her head and turned to Luke.

“Hello, sir. My name is Lizzy. What would you like to buy?”

Looking at the poor man's inexpensive attire, it was apparent that he would not be able to afford even a cuff link here, but he seemed like a responsible young man so Lizzy spoke to him with respect.

"Sir, did you perhaps miss your way?" She asked softly.

Luke gave her a hard look.

"No, I have not missed my way. This is where I want to shop. Why should that be a problem?"

"The problem is you do not look like you can afford anything here." Martha cut in, "which is why I'm asking you to leave politely."

Luke planted his feet on the ground and stared her down.

"I am not going anywhere. Except you own this place, I would advise you to stay very far away from me while I'm here." Then to Lizzy, he said,

"Show me your most expensive shirts and suits."

"Right away, sir. This way."

Lizzy walked off with Luke following behind, praying every step of the way that he would just leave before the Branch Manager made an appearance. She did not believe for once that he had money to pay for any of the luxurious brands on display. She just didn't want to disrespect him.

Quite the contrary, Luke did not go anywhere. He picked shirts after shirts from different luxurious designers.

When he picked up a thousand dollar Rolex made of pure diamonds, Martha showed up, this time with two other customers – a middle aged woman and a younger man who had his hands wrapped around her bony shoulders.

“That watch costs ten thousand dollars. Something tells me you have never even seen such a huge amount of money in your life.” Martha seethed.

The woman looked down her nose at him, her eyes sharpening with disgust.

“Why did you even let him in here? Poverty is clearly written all over him. The least he can do in a place like this is steal.”

A painful pang sliced through Luke’s chest at her derogatory words.

The man with her leaned down and kissed her smack on the lips. They must be lovers, Luke decided.

“Don’t bother yourself with this peasant, sweetheart. Let the management deal with him.” The man said.

Of course the older woman was wealthy and Martha wanted to impress her so badly.

“I apologize to both of you. I have absolutely no idea

how he got past security.”

Luke ignored their hurtful words and his anger.

Instead, he produced the black card given to him by his grandfather.

Everyone stared in shock as he gave the sleek, classy looking card to Lizzy.

“I would love to pay for these items.” He said confidently. “Package and send them to my car immediately.”

“My God!” The older woman exclaimed. “Where did you get a Diamond card.”

“More like where did you steal a Diamond card?” Her young companion sneered.

The woman shook her head.

“You’re right, darling. Either he stole that, or it’s definitely a fake.”

Luke clenched his fists to avoid lashing out of them. His only confidence was in that card. He couldn’t wait to see the shock on their faces when it actually paid.

“I cannot take this madness anymore,” Martha said. “Security! Security!”

Three men in black uniforms ran in our direction, their eyes wide and alert. ②

“What the hell is going on here?” A deep baritone

came from behind them.

Everyone froze.

The store's manager was here. ①