

Rise Of The Disrespected Trillionaire Heir Novel

EIGHTEEN – SABOTAGE

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Luke walked slowly to the stage, knowing that he was aware of the truth but did not have any means to prove it. The CCTV footage was in his attorney's custody, and the man didn't appear to be here yet.

"Mr. Luke, do you know that such a wrongful accusation is a punishable offence? Mr. Humsworth here is willing to sue you in court if you fail to withdraw the case." The reporters bombarded as soon as he climbed the stage.

Luke had enough. He was tired of being trampled on by these people. He shot the reporter a glare.

"Mr. Humsworth and his company are jointly responsible for the collapse of the orphanage and I can prove it."

Shouts of, "prove it! Prove it!" rent the air.

After waiting for ten more minutes and his attorney still failing to show up, the clipboard guy came over to walk him off the stage.

"I'm sorry, sir, but you are wasting all our time. You should leave now."

Luke's heart raced.

"Please, just give me..."

"We've given you more than enough time, sir." The guy cut

in. "Please, leave."

Meanwhile, David and his father watched the whole scene with satisfied smirks curving their lips.

Luke lowered his head to the ground, completely dejected as he had no choice but to walk off the stage. Just as he was about to get down, he heard a shuffle in the crowd behind him but ignored it. He was so angry that he already planned on firing his attorney after the conference.

Then a sound stopped him dead in his tracks;

"Hello, everyone. Please, wait I'm sorry I'm late, your lordship."

His heart fluttering, Luke turned to find his attorney looking sweaty and out of breath in his immaculate three piece suit. He looked like he just ran a marathon.

The press turned all their attention on him, as he came running and screaming like one possessed.

Luke let out a breath of relief when he sighted the flash drive in his Attorney's hand.

"Why are you late, Marcus?"

Marcus directed an accusing glare at someone behind Luke's back and Luke turned to find David and his father looking uneasy.

It appears," Marcus began, "that someone messed with the brakes of my car...all my cars."

Shocked, Luke paid closer attention.

“What? Do you know who is responsible for this?”

“Oh, yes. The two people responsible for my near death are seated right in this very room.” A tense hush fell over the crowd. Everyone stared at the unfolding debacle in awe.

On the other hand, Luke’s fingers were trembling with rage.

“Who are they?”

Marcus shrugged.

“I thought they would love to volunteer their names but since it appears that they love the darkness and shadows way too much, I’ll be revealing them myself.”

Then he walked boldly to the centre of the room.

“Mr Wilhelm and David Humsworth are responsible for the damage done to my car.”

For a moment, shocked silence rent the air, then hushed whispers rippled through the crowd. Enraged, Luke turned to the father and son and pinned them both with a glare;

“Seriously, how low can you both stop?” He asked through gritted teeth.

David’s father rose from his chair, his face red with anger.

“This is preposterous! This is outrageous! How can you accuse my son and I without evidence?”

William smiled.

“And who said I didn’t have evidence? I caught the amateur mechanic you sent to destroy my car red handed while he was in the process of cutting my wires. According to him, he was hired by a Mr. Wilhelm Humsworth, and last I checked, there’s only one of you in London.

You’re guilty, Mr. Humsworth. How can you be so evil?”