

Rise Of The Disrespected Trillionaire Heir Novel

TWENTY NINE – HOW IT HAPPENED

"Are you trying to tell me, deputy, that a heavily guarded criminal simply broke from his cuffs and killed a bunch of detectives? Do you realise how stupid that sounds?" Luke asked through gritted teeth.

The deputy locked his jaw.

"Information reaching me has it that they stopped for a restroom break and the kidnapper faked a seizure. They had to free him so he didn't end up hurting himself with the sharp edges of the handcuffs. Before they realised it was all staged, he'd already gone for Marshall, the officer closest to him.

He shot Marshall point blank in the head with his gun. Connor tried to step in but he was shot as well. He died on his way to the hospital."

Luke could not believe his ears.

"And the criminal? Where is he?"

After a silent beat, the deputy said.

"He shot himself. He's dead."

"Fuck!" Luke exclaimed, pacing to the other end of the room. Behind him, Nina's mother gasped in pure horror.

A few seconds later, Luke felt someone grab his shirt from

behind.

"Are you a criminal? Is that what you're involved in now?" Mrs Washington seethed. "Do not tell me your new hobbies include running around with small gangs and stirring up trouble. Even if it was, why didn't you just waste your sorry life on your own? Why did you have to get my poor daughter involved in your mess?"

Luke tried to free himself but she held on tight, nearly tearing his shirt. He did not want to hurt her so he looked at the deputy, silently soliciting for help.

The deputy stepped forward, his body stiff with tension.

"Mrs. Washington I would advise you to let the young man go right now. You can throw all the tantrums you want without assaulting him."

Mr Washington gave the detective a hard look.

"Who do you think you're talking to in that manner? Apologise to my wife right now."

Nina's mother finally pushed Luke away and he stumbled forward, nearly crashing into the deputy who caught him by the arms.

"Are you okay, sir?" He inquired.

Behind him, Luke heard Mr. Washington snort in disgust.

"Sir? That title isn't for everyone, officer."

Luke had finally had enough. He took a step towards the Washingtons, his blood boiling.

"Enough." He growled. "That's enough now."

Mr and Mrs Washington both appraised him with an incredulous stare.

"And what exactly gives you the audacity to raise your voice at us, you peasant?" Mrs Washington sneered.

Luke wasn't finished;

"I have tried to explain countless times that I have nothing to do with your daughter's kidnapping. The kidnappers contacted me and asked for a ransom. I have nothing to do with it."

Mrs. Washington's lips curled in a sneer,

"Do you even realise how utterly stupid you sound? A gang kidnapped my daughter and instead of calling people who could actually afford the ransom, they called you? That's preposterous."

Luke opened his mouth to speak but the officer cut him off, tired of watching Mrs. Washington abuse him.

"First and foremost, Mrs Waahington, you owe Mr. George here an apology. Take it from me, he's not responsible for the kidnapping of your daughter. He's even been a great ally in helping us find her."



"Because he kidnapped her in the first place. Of course he would know where he ordered his touts to hold my baby girl hostage." Mrs Washington argued.

Rage exploded in Luke's chest, so volatile, he nearly lashed out.

Just then, one of the nurses approached him.

"Your lordship?" The Washingtons watched in shock as Luke responded to the call.

"Yes?"

"The doctor has requested to see you in his office right now."

Without waiting for further invitation, Luke hurried towards the doctor's office, anxious to hear that Nina was fine...or she was going to be fine.

Just as he was about to make his entrance, someone pushed him aside and sailed into the office, her head held high.

Luke paused, not at all shocked to find out that that someone was Mrs Washington.

She took the only seat available and gave Luke a hard stare over her shoulder before turning to the doctor.

"Doctor, my name is Marylyn Washington and I'm Nina's mother. I believe that if you want to give a report on her

progress, you should be speaking to me or her father and not that useless low born over there.”

For a moment, the doctor only regarded her silently with cool eyes. Then he said,

“I’m sorry Mrs Washington, but I called his Lordship and not you. Please leave my office for the meantime. That seat was reserved for him and him alone.”

SURPRISE GIFT: 50 BONUS FREE FOR YOU

GET IT