

Trapped by the Ruthless Billionaire by Lucia Love

Chapter 1

1 – Drinking the pain away

“I’m sorry Miss Jenna Nova, but your services are no longer needed,” a middle-aged man who was two ranks below Jenna said with remorse. He knew that this was wrong but his hands were tied.

Jenna couldn’t get upset, bursting into laughter. “You can’t fire me, I employed you. I’m your boss,” she retorted. She just came out of a meeting with some business gurus who wanted some supplies from her father’s company.

It was a transaction worth millions of dollars and she was enthusiastic about it.

“Not anymore, Miss Nova, there have been slight changes and I’ve been moved to the position of the Managing Director.”

His last words came out faintly. He knew he didn’t deserve the position. Jenna was good at what she does and a great leader. Whereas he had a family to feed – a wife and child so how could he refuse the order?

Jenna saw the middle-aged man, Mr Bossman, to be ridiculous. Her father was gunned down just a month ago and his body hadn’t been found. Being the current Managing Director, it felt absurd to have her position usurped right under her nose. She had given the company her all since she graduated two years ago from college and hadn’t thought about claiming anything in the company till her father’s corpse had been found, confirmed dead and buried but someone was ahead of her. “Who made that uncouth decision?” Rage bubbled inside of her.

“Your stepmother,” Mr Bossman divulged. Jenna was irked. Her stepmother was her colleague in college. They used to be friends but Jenna broke the friendship when she realised that Eve had eyes on her dad when he picked her up from school.

A month later, her father brought Eve home, announcing that they were engaged. At fifty-eight, her father was still attractive but marrying a girl her daughter’s age wasn’t the best.

Jenna tried to talk him out of it but he wouldn’t listen. She had no idea how Eve got in touch with her father and how things escalated between them two years ago. Now she was her stepmother. A word she never accepted and never pronounced because it made her nauseous.

“What? Where is she?” Jenna was furious. One thing was sure. Eve was on the verge of coveting everything that belonged to her father. She shuddered at the thought. Eve was a green snake in the green grass.

“She sent the directives from the house so I presume she’s at home,”

Mr Bossman announced. Jenna was even more aggravated. Eve stayed at home and ordered for her to be sacked from her father’s multimillion-dollar company. It was pathetically disturbing.

“I’ll be back, do you hear me? I’ll be back,” she raged and trotted out of the office. The middle-aged man shook his head and murmured to himself.

“I don’t think so, miss Nova.” How could he let her know that directives have been given to never allow her into the company as soon as she stepped out? Besides, it was five minutes to closing time and the drive to her mansion was an hour and a half. Mr Bossman shook his head sympathetically. What did her late father see in that clammy bitch?

The drive to Jennas’ fathers’ mansion was with a terrifying speed. She stopped the car and without turning off the ignition, got down and ran inside the mansion. It was late by the time she got there.

“Eve, Eve...” she began screaming from the living room. There wasn’t any response but the housekeeper tried to stop her. “Miss Nova, please be patient, she’s sleeping.”

“I’ll wake her then,” Jenna said with eagerness. How could Eve even be sleeping after what she just pulled off?

“She doesn’t want to be disturbed,” the housekeeper explained politely, blocking the stairs with her plump form. Jenna understood why Eve didn’t hear her. The bedrooms were soundproofed.

“Step away,” she sizzled. She was scorching with anger that could burn down the whole mansion.

“Miss Nova,” the housekeeper said pleadingly. Since their master was no more, his wife automatically gave the orders and she had to obey.

“I said move.” The housekeeper moved away upon seeing her raging form, as she rushed to the master bedroom, pushing the door open. Stopping in her tracks, her heart was caught on fire. Her ears were drowned by Eves’ whimpers, as Jenna’s boyfriend scrunched between her naked thighs, eating and licking the juices of her pussy.

Jenna was disgusted, pain slashed through her heart, her reason for coming forgotten. She wiped a tear from her eyes and turned to leave but no, she bumped into something. She didn't know what but the noise was enough to alert them.

"Shit," Drake, her boyfriend, was covering his hard manhood while hiding his face but Eve wasn't the least remorseful, pulling a silky robe to cover her sexy naked form, as Drake pulled his pants hastily on.

"What do you want in my room?" Eve calmly asked, while pouring herself wine. Jenna felt suffocated. This was her father's room. Even in death, it needn't be defiled but her concern at the moment was the company.

"How dare you throw me out of the company, you shameless woman. You didn't even mourn your husband and found yourself a pussy eater," she ranted, too disgusted to address him as her boyfriend.

"Watch your tongue or I'll shred it for you," Eve was equally angered, as she dropped the wine glass on the side table, walking proudly towards Jenna. She knew she'd never have Jenna's respect but all along, she envied her. She wanted everything Jenna had, including her father and her boyfriend. She got it but she still felt belittled and couldn't take it because no matter how she tried, Jenna stood tall and wouldn't bend.

"What are you waiting for? You have no right to kick me out of the company. I worked my ass off for the position of MD, unlike you who got it through your title."

Eve had won but why did everything taste bitter? Jenna was too respectable. Something she could never be. "But I inherited the company and I don't want to work with the likes of you."

Jenna's jaws clenched, her teeth gritted. "My father will never leave his company for the likes of you."

Eve was wounded. She knew that Jenna was right. Pascal Nova didn't add her name to any of his assets, except for her weekly allowances, despite all her bedmatics to get him to do so. It was a painful truth and she went through hell to achieve everything she had in just one month. "This is a document to prove," she threw a stack of documents at Jenna, who didn't bother to look at it.

"It's not true."

Eve trembled slightly. How could Jenna see through her? How could she be so smart when they were of the same age? She bent down and picked the documents, showing them to her at a close range. "But it is. Sealed and stamped."

"Forgery," Jenna spat, her eyes red. Jenna could smell foul play. Her instincts were strong. It was one of the things her late dad used to admire about her. He said every

day when her mother was pregnant, he prayed for a boy but got a girl. He wasn't happy but when Jenna was growing up, he became proud of her because of how clever she was.

"Prove it or get out," Eve raged. Jenna might find her out if she doesn't sell the company, mansion and everything sooner. However, it would take months for her to achieve that due to the board of directors. She had to sleep with most of them just to get their approval to get Jenna fired. It wasn't as rosy as people saw it to be. Jenna knew she was right. Until she proved that the documents were forged, she couldn't lay baseless accusations. For now, she was drained. She lost too much in one day.

"This isn't over. We'll settle it in the company, this room stinks," she said and turned around, stopping in her tracks at the sound of Eves' next words.

"You can't step foot in the company anymore."

"I will," Jenna retorted with determination. She wasn't going to let the bitch win.

"I'll get you arrested for trespassing," Eve threatened. If she allowed Jenna into the company, she might ruin things for her but Jenna wasn't taking it calmly, her eyes reddened and she spat while she walked back toward Eve.

"You two-timing bitch. You won't get away with this, I promise you."

Slap

Jenna's face burned but her itching hands couldn't be controlled. She returned it squarely, much harder. Eve staggered and fell on the bed.

"Jenna, I can explain," her boyfriend suddenly found his voice. If he hadn't spoken, Jenna would have forgotten that he was there because her heart closed on him the moment she saw him in this room. How long had they done this behind her back? She had no clue.

She was always busy with company matters. They began dating during her final year in college and they respected each other. Drake had proposed marriage but Jenna needed time to get things moving in the company first. She felt elated about not getting married to him and regretted ever loving him.

She took a step back when he approached her with disgust in her eyes. "Don't open your mouth again. It stinks and don't come close to me, you smell of rotten pussy." Drake's face fell as he saw Jenna's retreating figure.

Embarrassment crisped him like ice. He never loved Eve. He was only doing this because she lured him. He fell for it because Jenna never had time for intimacy and a man had needs. The worse was, Eve had made him do things he never did. Things that

were criminal and could put him in jail for the rest of his life. For that reason, he was her loyal pet.

“If you come back here, you’ll be arrested and don’t touch any car,” Eve yelled behind Jenna. How could Jenna humiliate her like this? Calling her pussy rotten? She would ensure that her life becomes a nightmare.

Jenna didn’t see a need to fight it anymore. She needed a good place to plan. A place to think, away from this polluted mansion she once called home. She went back to the car and picked her handbag. It contained her most important documents and personal stuff.

Met with the cold spring breeze, she continued walking on the streets of Manhattan and dialed her friends’ number.

“Peggy, I need a place for the night,” she said as soon as Peggy answered the call. Peggy and Kate were her closest friends and the only ones she could rely on at a time like this. Regardless, Peggy’s response shocked her.

“Get a hotel.”

“Are you kidding?” Jenna couldn’t believe her ears. Was Peggy drunk?

“No, my boyfriend is here,” Peggy responded with a slight remorse. Jenna was confused.

“What has that got to do with me?”

“He has a crush on you so I can’t let you in tonight,” Peggy said honestly.

“Peggy?” The line went dead.

Jenna’s face was swollen with unshed tears. Swallowing tightly, she dialed Kate’s number but it was unreachable so she left a message and continued walking. Kate was a flight attendant so not being able to reach her meant she was out of coverage. Jenna blamed herself. She sacrificed so much for the company that she hadn’t had much time for her friends, thereby taking Peggy’s advice and checking into a hotel.

As soon as she was given the card to her room, she headed to the bar. Her heart felt so heavy, it was going to fall. She wanted to lighten it with some hard drinks.

After gulping down five glasses of whisky, the door to the bar pushed open. A lady in an all black outfit that made her look like a spy stood at the entrance, a small smile in the corner of her lips. If her mother hadn’t died during childbirth, she would have said that some of the woman’s features resembled the pictures she saw of her.

Jenna thought her analysis was due to the influx of alcohol because just when she blinked, the door closed and the woman was no longer there.

'Creepy,' she murmured to herself and continued to drink herself to the state of vulnerability.

"A...another shot of whiskey," Jenna stuttered, gulping down her sixth glass, while she ordered for more. The bartender shook his head pitifully. Anyone who drank like this was either a barfly or was harbouring pain.

Jenna didn't look like a boozier when she walked into the hotel bar but rather like she lost her soul. She was as pale as a ghost. Therefore, he couldn't allow her to destroy her organs with alcohol. It was none of his business but he knew he had to do something to save her.