

# Trapped by the Ruthless Billionaire by Lucia Love

## Chapter 2

### 2 – Checking into the wrong room

“I’m sorry miss but you’ve had too much. This hotel is under strict regulations,” the bartender responded politely, while he wiped a couple of wet glasses with a napkin. The bar was closing because there weren’t many patrons tonight. Weekdays weren’t as booming as the weekends.

“I...I’ll pay, I...I can afford it,” Jenna’s vision was already blurring out, as she slurred. The bartender wasn’t having it. He couldn’t let her pass out in the bar by intoxication. This hotel was a top notch one controlled by the mafia kingpins but this bar was under strict regulations.

“I’m sorry miss, it’s late. You should go to your room now,” he maintained the gentility in his voice, not wanting to upset a customer.

“Okay,” Jenna couldn’t argue anymore. She was already tired, her body needed rest. She dropped the empty glass, stood up and struggled to balance her wobbly legs. ‘This waiter is so unfeeling.’ She needed more alcohol, despite not being a heavy drinker. She was still in her work clothes, giving her a complicating appearance. She took a staggering step and stopped to balance herself. Atleast, she felt lighter. Her problems were temporarily forgotten.

“Let me help you to your room miss,” the waiter was concerned. Jenna’s shirt was still neatly tucked inside her trousers, her blazer opened, exposing the cleavage of her shirt which was opened two buttons from the top. There was nothing alluring about it, just a formally dressed woman with a brown handbag matching her three inches brown pair of shoes.

Jenna instantly pushed him away. She felt angered and couldn’t accept that she was drunk and vulnerable. ‘No, I’m fine and in perfect shape,’ she mocked herself. ‘She didn’t need anyone’s help. “No, I’m fine.”

The bartender wasn’t convinced. The woman looked like she was going to fall at any moment. “Miss, I’ll help you,” he insisted, about to reach out to her again when she stumbled backwards. Somehow, she had developed some form of hate for the men folk from just a few hours ago.

“I said I can make my way. Why? Are you a pervert?” She accused him questionably in an irritated tone. The waiter stepped back, then walked to his previous position where he resumed cleaning the wet glasses. He wasn’t going to allow himself to be framed for being a pervert. He just wanted to help her.

"I'm sorry miss, have a nice night," he let out a tight-lipped smile.

Jenna ignored him and staggered to the elevator. She had lost track of how long she had been at the bar and how much she had gulped down. Her vision was blurry but she dug her nails into her palm, biting her lips to keep awake and not lose consciousness in the elevator. Instead of pressing 7, she saw the number on the card as 1001, rather than 701. She was seeing in double digits, staggering in search of her room number groggily.

'Why were the numbers four instead of three? I will report to the management in the morning.' She swiped the card but there was no beeping sound. Still she turned the knob and it opened. Turning on the switch, dim lights filled the room. She wondered why the lights weren't bright enough, as everything seemed dimmer than usual. She would just give her body what it needed, and give the management her piece of mind in the morning. They were so unprofessional.

She removed her blazer, throwing it on a chair while she strutted and fell on the king size bed, instantly giving in to sleep. She didn't know how long she slept when a grunt woke her. Her eyes snapped open in fear. Someone sneaked into her hotel room. Surprisingly, her handbag was lying safely beside her. She turned to her side in terror. The man was lying on her bed, covered in bruises but it didn't hide his handsome features. She lifted herself to a sitting position, brushing strands of hair from her face with her fingers in panic.

Now, she knew she not only had to report the irregularities but also sue the hotel. Her head ached like a block of stone had been used to hit it while her stomach churned from hangover. Her face roamed the room which appeared too luxurious and huge for what she had booked.

No, this wasn't what she booked. This black and white theme was seemingly customized. No wonder there weren't bright lights. She figured that this was indeed the room of the man on the bed. Her heart began to thump, her headache becoming worse. Realizing that she had checked into the wrong room, she decided to flee, though it was in the middle of the night. She picked her hand bag and without as much as another glance on the bed, she reached the door when a weak and gravelly voice spoke, "help me."

She was tripled with apprehension but turned around, frowning at the man on the bed. All men were evil. They had to die. She had been through so much just a few hours ago and had so much on her mind. Seeing a man bruised like this in a presidential suite, perhaps he was attacked by a mafia gang thus, she couldn't entangle herself and ambled to the desk phone on the nightstand close to his bed.

As soon as she picked the handset, the gravelly voice sounded, "don't." Her attention shifted back to him. "I'm calling room service to get you to the hospital. I have to go to my room. Sorry for disturbing your privacy. I was drunk and mistakenly came into your

room,” she apologized genuinely. The last thing she wanted was to carry another burden on her shoulders.

“If – you – walk – out – of – the – door – you – will – die,” the man spoke in a slow gravelly voice that was scary, making the hairs on the skin stand unend. She was right. This man must have gotten into trouble with the mafia but what did it have to do with her? Perhaps he didn’t know what he was talking about and couldn’t allow fear to swallow her.

“You are not making sense. How could I die? I’ve wronged no one,” she stated, then recalled she was in the wrong room. Maybe that was the reason. Her head felt like it was going to explode but she just wanted to leave this cursed room. “Alright, let me call 911. They’ll send an ambulance,” a slice of pity went out from her towards the dying man but his response rather broke her.

“Don’t – he’ll – kill – you.”

Jenna was gripped with fear and was helpless, saturated with the certainty that she was in big trouble. Why did she have to get drunk? She should have endured her pain like a real woman but thought of escaping from it. ‘Eve and Drake, you’ll pay for this.’ Now, not only did the memory and pain still remain but she had webbed herself into a big problem and needed to get out fast.

“How can I help you? You need to go to the hospital.” Somehow, she felt that this man was her only hope. Perhaps if she focussed on helping him, she could live to tell the story. She had to put her hatred towards men away for the time being.

“Help me survive the night. My men will take me to the hospital in the morning,” he spoke slightly faster in a hoarse tone this time like he had no strength left. All this while, his eyes were closed but he opened it for the first time yet his focus was distorted, which made his gaze monstrous. Jenna was scared of his eyes. He was in a bad shape and the sight of the scarlet liquid beneath him soaking the sheets was a frightening one. How long has he been here and bleeding? She had no idea and couldn’t control her shivering hands.

“Your men? Where are they?” She asked hopefully. If he had men as he mentioned? Then what was he doing here all alone? She was curious to know.

“Will you help me or not?” The man seemed irritated by her question, his breathing getting heavier. He was getting worse.

“I’m not a doctor and you are injured. I’m not trained to stop a bleeding or anything,” she responded in an equally irritated tone.

“This is nothing. My head aches and I’m feverish,” he closed his eyes again. Jenna hovered around him with visible worry, as she pressed her hand onto his forehead,

instantly withdrawing it when she felt the heat burning like fire. She panicked. Her headache and stomach churning was nothing compared to what this man was going through yet, he was holding on quite well. She trembled slightly at the thought of him dying before morning. Won't his men accuse her?

She was certain that this man belonged to a mafia group. One her father had always warned her to avoid. "Oh, my head aches too," she suddenly felt a panging pain in her head at the recollection. The man seemed to be drifting into unconsciousness and didn't respond.

"I have aspirin. Will it work?" She feared and didn't wait for his response. Usually, she kept a bottle of aspirin in her bag, just in case she worked late and incurred a headache. She went to the fridge and poured him a glass of water, sliding her arms around him to lift him slowly, helping him to take the pain medication.

When he was done, she went to the shower room and wet a small towel, dabbing his forehead and areas of his skin that felt too hot to the touch. He was covered in red patches that were painful to look at when she lifted his black lacoste shirt, making her wonder how he sustained those injuries.

It took all her strength to flip him to his face, so she could check the severity of the wounds on his back. A painful growl left the mans' mouth in the process, she was injected with another dose of pity for him as she wondered how come he was still alive.

Her eyes bulged with horror filling it, when she ogled at the stab wound on his back and the one that was at the back of his head, which seemed to be from a fall but wasn't bleeding as compared to the stab wound. No wonder his head ached and he felt feverish.

She quickly googled how to stop a stab wound bleeding, following the steps and applying direct pressure on the wound with another towel till the bleeding stopped. She felt exhausted by the time it was all done, took some aspirin and fell on her back beside him.

He wasn't talking anymore, which meant he was sleeping. Since there was nothing more to do, she closed her eyes, only to be awakened by a deep hoarse voice,

"Run! Take the stairs and don't look back."

Jenna was jolted from her sleep again. The man was sleeping so peacefully, it was almost as if he wasn't the one who just spoke. She placed the bloody towel in her bag including anything that would expose her presence. Then she flipped him to his back, earning another painful growl that made her heart pained towards him. She cleaned the glass and put it where she picked it, then picked her blazer from the chair.

Opening the door slightly, she turned to the left wing of the long corridor in hasty steps, descending when she caught sight of the woman she saw at the bar again. Just like before, she had disappeared within a blink. She could feel a connection to the woman but she was nowhere to be found. Her concern at the moment was getting a clean escape from whoever the man said will kill her.

As she got to the entrance and began to walk the streets, she heard the screeching of car tyres behind her, bringing her to an abrupt halt.

“Jen,” a familiar voice called her.

She instantly turned around, slightly excited. “Kate, how did you find me?”

“I didn’t. I dropped a friend here. Let’s go home,” Kate smiled and said. She had seen a series of messages from her best friend as soon as she turned on her phone but was unable to reach her. Who knew that she was going to find her here? Perhaps, giving that acquaintance a lift to this hotel wasn’t a bad idea at all.