

Trapped by the Ruthless Billionaire by Lucia Love

Chapter 4

4 – Casper hates bright lights

A week later

Jenna had gotten some responses from her job applications but none of them was consoling. Two of the companies thought her previous work experience made her overqualified for what she applied for.

However, they couldn't give her the position she deserved because there was no vacancy. She was getting frustrated by the whole thing.

Kate was leaving for work and would return in two weeks. She left her house for Jenna with some cash and also Cathans' contact. She had already spoken to him and he confirmed a position available but it wouldn't wait forever because recruitment was ongoing.

Jenna decided to give it a shot and gave him a call. Her CV was forwarded to HR and she received a call for an interview the next day, which she brilliantly passed. The company had accommodation arranged but since she wanted to remain in Kate's apartment, the allowance was given to her instead. Also, there were no weird clauses in her contract as speculated.

Their wages were the best as expected and somehow, she couldn't wait for her first salary. With that, she could get in touch with a lawyer to take up the case against her stepmother. Jenna realized that the old man she feared was hardly in the company and when he came, they never crossed paths.

At the hospital, in the VIP ward, a pair of dark brown eyes snapped open. A deep frown lined the corners of the man's fine features, as he closed his eyes shut again. Cathan instantly reached out and pressed the switch, the lights went off but since it was morning, visibility wasn't impossible for an average person but for a doctor performing his routine checks, bright light was necessary.

"Turn on the light," the doctor ordered.

"No. Casper hates bright lights," Cathan spelt out. Before the doctor could explain his need for the light, the man on the bed had removed his oxygen mask and began removing the tubes connected to him.

“Wait, you can’t do that, you are still unwell,” the doctor expressed his concern. The man turned his attention to him, his dark brown pupil for the distance between them, appearing pitch black.

“My body feels fine,” he spat like ice and tore the last tube while he lifted himself from the bed. The doctor made another move to stop him but a glare from the man pierced him like a spear.

“Your recovery is supposed to take at least a month but your grandpa gave a two weeks automaton. It’s just a week and four days. What should I tell him?” He asked the man who was already at the door with his bodyguards all over him.

“Exactly what happened,” he said in the same icy tone, just as the door shut behind him. The doctor stood helplessly in the ward. He couldn’t tell who was scarier, Grandpa, or his grandson.

When Casper arrived at his manor, everything was in order, the atmosphere tense and lights dimmed. The maids moved to make his breakfast by his timetable. In the course of his training over the years, grandpa had locked him in a dark room with assassins. Sometimes, he never saw light for days, which made him sensitive to bright light.

On the positive side, his senses were rather heightened brightly thus, he could perfectly move in the dark and not feel like a blind man. His mind was stronger than his sight therefore, Casper had custom made photochromic lenses of different shades and designs for every occasion.

He went into the shower, the temperature higher than usual but it felt normal to him. He took his time to cut his over grown hair and shave his facial hair since he was naturally hairy.

His mind was clouded. The girl was afraid but saved his life. The painkillers helped and just as he was blurring out, the bleeding stopped. It was just unfortunate that he couldn’t make out her face. Everything seemed blurry when he opened his eyes and the lights were also dim. He used his senses more and was accustomed to her presence.

Previously, he was looking forward to the PP but not anymore. He didn’t want to waste time in the hospital because every time wasted only increased his yearning for her. To see and thank her. He never owed anybody in this life before but owed her. Yes, he owed her his most important treasure and that was his life.

He knew that grandpas’ spies were still around so he told her to not to step out of the door. As to how she got to his room without them noticing, he had no idea. If they had noticed, they would have instantly gotten rid of her. When it was time for his liberation when he felt the presence of his closest pals, he told her to run and never look back because grandpa had spies among his guards.

The glass door to the shower room pushed open with Cathan standing there worriedly. The heat from the shower swallowed him, making him hot.

“Casper, are you alright? You’ve been here for ages.” His voice showed concern but he carried the same expressionless face as him. They were never to show emotions, never to fall in love with a woman. Grandpa made sure of that. He always said that any woman who made your heart race should be put on death row because she will be the source of your destruction.

Casper turned to the man at the door, his cousin, who was to him a brother and a friend. Together with Caleb, they made sacrifices for each other and were always known as the three Cs. Their names began with the letter C, hence the acronym.

Severally, grandpa had tried to separate them to no avail. They would rather die. Without responding, he flipped down the faucet and grabbed a towel on the towel rack. As usual and just like his grandpa, his face carried no emotions.

The whirlwind of sentiments couldn’t be seen or felt around him. There were similarities in their form, stature and appearance, which made Casper only stand out by how he dressed.

“There is a problem, Casper.”

“I know.” The response was instant.

Cathan furrowed his brow. “How did you know?”

Casper walked to the large closet which was equivalent to the size of a room with a towel draped around his waist. “My body was weak but not my ears. He wants to know what happened at the hotel? In his dreams.”

Caleb had entered the room with a disappointed look and slumped into the coach. Cathan already knew why and said,

“Casper. Caleb couldn’t get the footage of the hotel. Everything from the time you entered was blank and the managers couldn’t explain. They looked lost and even after all the torture and threats, we couldn’t get anything from them. Somebody seems to have hacked into their surveillance or something like that.

Casper froze slightly but there was no expression on his face as he went into deep thought. “Then it’s not grandpa. It must be someone else. We have to get the footage, Cathan,” he insisted. Then he proceeded,

“We have to destroy it or her life will be in danger,” he said calmly but Cathan discerned the urgency. Casper never raised his voice but his words carried power.

“Her?” Caleb asked, amazed. Casper had never known any woman. Grandpa never allowed it. He was now going to be ushered into the world of women, which was termed pleasure, thus the one P. He had been training since eight and now he was twenty – six.

“Yes. The girl who saved me with a painkiller and stopped my bleeding before I passed out. I don’t know what she looks like but I have to find her. She needs my protection,” he said while putting on his clothes. Everything in his closet was black. He wore a black pair of jeans with a black shirt and black shoes.

“So grandpa was right,” Cathan said, wondering how the old man knew. If he had something on Casper, then the latter was in trouble.

“Yes,” Casper said and picked a custom made photochromic eye shade from a customized case.

Both Cathan and Caleb were disturbed but not Casper. Sometimes, they thought his heart was carved out of stone by how ruthless he was. Even when undergoing training, grandpa would send him to some of his enemies, knowing that Casper wouldn’t return alive but he always did and grandpa’s enemy would only be declared mysteriously dead.

Casper was the epitome of evil. “So will you tell him?” Caleb asked. He wore a black suit just like all the bodyguards but with a white shirt.

“Never,” Casper said calmly while combing the sides of his hair and brushing his sideburns, now neatly shaven.

“Then you have to take another test,” Cathan emphasized, feeling pity for the man who didn’t need it.

“Never,” was his curt response. At that moment at the hotel, he was convinced that grandpa had won this time and he was going to die but even a demon like him was given a second chance through an angel.

Caleb was speechless because Casper was getting out of control. “Casp, it will be dangerous to defy him,” Cathan reminded him politely.

“I won’t,” Casper said to their amazement. They were left wondering what he had planned.

“Casp, what about PP? Grandpa already has girls arranged for you,” Cathan revealed, expecting to see a glint in Casper’s eyes but it was covered with his eyeshade, which looked like sunglasses due to how it was customized.

“He can send them over but I’ll see him first,” he said and walked out of the extravagant bedroom. When he stepped out, Cathan followed him, joined by Caleb and four more bodyguards.

Grandpa sat lazily at the terrace with a pack of expensive cigars and a bottle of the world’s most expensive whisky with two empty glasses. Casper realized that his spies had already informed him of his coming, as grandpa seemed prepared to meet with him.

When he ambled closer, four of the bodyguards waited at a distance. Only Cathan and Caleb walked with him but kept standing when grandpa beckoned Casper to sit on the luxury chair in front of him.

Casper watched as grandpa sliced the cap of the cigar, lighted it and sucked on the straw, puffing elegantly, and tapping gently at the edge of the ashtray from time to time while he poured whisky into a glass and sipped.

He handed Casper a cigar without a word, which he took, sliced the cap and lit it. He sucked gently and puffed slowly, as grandpa poured him a glass of whisky. He sipped before Grandpa said,

“You know what grandson, I couldn’t get footage from the hotel to rate your performance and the guards I kept watch over you fell asleep. So tell me what happened or we take it again and this time, there will be one of my bodyguards with you in the room.”

Judging from their expressions, the only difference was that one was older. Caspers’ behaviour was a replica of that of grandpa. He puffed slowly and responded calmly, “I should be asking you what happened. The last thing I remember was hitting my head hard on the floor before I drew a knife through a man’s heart after he had stabbed me on the back. Afterwards, I woke up at the hospital, so how do you expect me to answer your question?”

Grandpa’s gaze turned hard, as it met Caspers’. The two men engaged in a battle of glares with no one accepting defeat by looking away.

“Ok.” Grandpa gave up, a smirk tugging in one corner of his lips. Casper said he knew nothing about what happened and he didn’t have proof to debunk his words. He would just leave it there for the time being.

“It’s time to test your sexuality. I will send four virgins to your manor tonight.” Casper did not refuse and neither did he lower his gaze.

“Alright, just make sure they are beautiful,” he said with a slight nod.

Grandpa let out a small smile. The final training was to make sure that Casper never gained satisfaction from one woman. He watched as Casper stood from the chair without being dismissed.

He always knew when a conversation had ended but as soon as he turned to leave, the old man said,

“One last thing. Prepare for your marriage ceremony in the next six months.” Caspers’ back stiffened involuntarily, then he turned around. His face carried the same emotionless glare.

“First things first grandpa, let me enjoy my reward before other things.”