

Trapped by the Ruthless Billionaire by Lucia Love

Chapter 5

5 – How can your palms feel like cobwebs?

Casper was asleep when he felt spiders and cobwebs crawling all over his body. Despicable. It seemed like a bad dream so he opened his eyes yet the strange things were still crawling all over his body.

The room was pitch black so he couldn't see anything but felt a strange presence. He could still feel the cobwebs all over his body and decided to deal with them before the intruders.

Telling from the scent, he knew there were at least four women. He turned on the light but rather dimly, grabbing a hand caressing his body and holding it firmly in his big palms as he glanced at the woman who was all smiles and half-naked.

There were three more and he instantly knew what was happening, letting out an irritated grunt. "How can your palms feel like cobwebs? Get out!" He said calmly.

"But your grandpa..." the lady wanted to explain but Casper wouldn't let her. He already knew and felt even more irritated, though there was no sign of it on his face.

"Do you want me to help you out?" His deep but calm tone made her quiver with terror. They had been well informed about their client for the night and couldn't risk it.

"No, no, no," the girl said in a panic-stricken voice, urging her counterparts to put on their clothes and run out of the room. Instantly, Cathan and Caleb run-in with confused expressions.

"They've been here for barely five minutes. Did you finish already?" Caleb suspiciously asked. This was the pleasure part they looked forward to so much and Casper ruined it just like that. Also, those girls were hot.

"Did you ever think I was going to play his game?" Casper asked humorlessly. He had everything planned except one thing. That woman who saved his life. She was the only one he wanted to see at this moment.

Cathan and Caleb were stunned. "What are you implying?" Cathan asked. They never guessed that Casper would play tricks with the pleasure part. It was something he had looked forward to since he turned eighteen.

"Just wait and see," Casper stood from the bed and draped a robe over his half-naked body. He was used to sleeping either naked or in his boxers. Tonight, he was lucky to

not be naked. When the girls hadn't arrived by 9 pm, he thought grandpa had changed his mind and fell asleep.

Now, the sleep had cleared from his eyes. Before he could pour himself a drink, his phone rang and he answered the call. As expected, it was grandpa. He gazed in the direction of Cathan and Caleb and then tapped on the speaker button.

"Casper, if your sexuality isn't confirmed, the handover isn't happening," grandpa said sternly. Casper was calm and gulped down a glass of martini while Cathan and Caleb exchanged worried looks. Casper seemed to be defying the old man since he woke up, which was unlike him.

"I told you to send pretty girls but what did you do? Those girls are too ugly, their hands feel like cobwebs. Sorry, they couldn't turn me on. You can do better grandpa, I have high taste in women so I'll be waiting," he said and ended the call.

Cathan and Caleb, who had been trained just like Casper to not smile, burst into a storm of laughter. They laughed till tears formed in the corner of their eyes. Casper needn't explain. They saw how hot those girls were so if Casper said they were ugly, then it was only because he didn't want to do it.

"Your style of handling grandpa is really funny," Caleb said amidst laughter but Casper still had on his emotionless face. Something was eating him up.

"I know but you have to help me find the footage. It's my only chance to find her."

Cathan and Caleb exchanged suspicious glares but neither of them spoke a word, only nodding in acknowledgement.

Two weeks passed and Grandpa had sent at least two women each night, hoping to meet Caspers' taste. As smart as Casper was, he would reject them on the spot if they were less than four. If four of them came, he would call them ugly. Since his reasons for the rejection seemed reasonable to Grandpa, he couldn't force him. He rather got tired of searching for virgins and said,

"Find just one woman who meets your description of beauty and I'll allow you to take the test with her but in the meantime, you have to take up the position of the CEO and also handle the conflicts with the mafias." Grandpa was old and the challenge with the mafias had kept him from the company. New conflicts arose all the time and he was exhausted by it all.

Casper felt a new form of serenity but was also disturbed. He hadn't been able to get anything substantial about the footage. All his search including the people Caleb had paid to get it turned fruitless. Whoever cleared it must be very experienced. Casper only hoped that the person doesn't use it against him or his saviour in the future. All he had

was the knowledge that a girl saved him without an image accompanying it. It was very saddening.

“Worker bee, let me take you out for lunch,” a male voice rang at the entrance of Jenna’s office. It was Maxwell, the chief operations officer. He had a strong liking for Jenna the moment he saw her but Jenna finds him suspicious.

“I’m not hungry Max, but thanks anyway,” Jenna politely declined his offer with her head buried in work. She has tried her best to look intimidating and not to attract any guys. Since she began working at the Blade Towers, her light brown hair was always held in a bun, her shoes less than two inches, her dress below her knee and nerd glasses to make her less attractive but no. Maxwell was still bothering her.

Maxwell seemed to be losing his patience now. For two weeks, he had constantly asked her out every day but she refused him. When he bought her lunch, she would leave it untouched or give it to the janitor. Maxwell was losing his patience because he wasn’t getting the closeness he needed.

“There is a limit to rejection Jenna, you are making me a laughing stock. Please don’t get me angry,” he said with irritation.

Jenna paused with her work, his words sinking into her subconscious mind. She had shown him all the signs that she wasn’t interested and thereby felt offended by his statement. She decides on who she wants to be friends with and would not be forced. “Or what? Don’t you have anything better to do than pestering me?” She sounded harsh and didn’t have any regrets.

“Jenna. Be careful with your words. I can make you lose your job with just a snap of the finger,” Maxwell threatened her. He seemed frustrated, which only made Jenna suspicious so she decided to keep avoiding him.

Whichever way, she couldn’t accept being threatened, though he was a rank above her. Jenna was used to being the bossy one and she still hadn’t gotten it out of her blood and raged,

“Almighty Maxwell, controller of the universe. Get out of my office. As you can see, time isn’t a good friend of mine.”

Maxwell was about to respond when a bulky man with a round belly walked in. “What are you doing here, Maxwell?” He didn’t wait for an answer and turned to Jenna.

“Jen, it’s good you’re still here. The old man has arrived and we’re having a one on one. Make sure your reports are intact. A little tip. His grandson is taking over from next week and since today is Friday, you won’t close till the old man is happy with your work.”

“Since Monday is the day of handing over, he doesn’t want any surprises and you only have an hour to get ready,” the deputy CEO rushed all out.

Jenna felt her heart drop. There was no escaping the old man today. She nodded and turned back to her computer just as Maxwell rushed out of her office. He wore the same frustrated look.

“Is he alright?” The deputy CEO asked Jenna.

“I think you should ask him. I have just an hour to get ready, remember?” The bulky man understood and was about to walk out of her office when she asked,

“His grandson. Do you know anything about him?”

“No. His identity will be revealed to us on Monday, and to the media afterwards. The Blades never reveal such things before time, the rumour being that the heir is always unknown because not everyone could pass their training.”

Jenna felt a cold frightful shiver. “What training?” She asked, taking off her nerd glasses. If Kate was around, she would have begged her to get information from Cathan.

The bulky man bent to her sitting level and spoke in a whisper. “This is a mere rumour but I heard the old man gives them brutal assignments that could lead to their death. If this one is qualified, then he must be worse or just like him.”

Jenna swallowed tightly. If not because of Eve, she wouldn’t be walking on eggshells today but she would make her pay. She still hoped that the grandson would be better than the old man so that she could work longer to make enough money. “Hopefully, he would be better than the old man right?”

The man shook his head. “It seems you are not listening. I heard he’s a replica of him. I have to go now. My meeting is in ten minutes,” he said and rushed out. Jenna was sitting on pins and needles. The only way to survive was to ensure that there weren’t any loopholes in her report. A few minutes later, Maxwell returned with a document in hand.

“This is urgent, Jenna. Sign it for me to submit right now.”

Jenna paused and stared at the document in his hand. Beads of sweat had begun forming on his forehead. “That document is at least ten pages and I have less than an hour. I will sign after I meet with the old man,” Jenna said politely while putting her nerd glasses back on.

“Don’t you understand the urgency? Must you read everything?” Maxwell looked like he wanted to strangle her. It was such a shame that she wasn’t watching him.

“Alright, let me sign it,” she said after thinking shortly through it and lifting her head to meet his relieved gaze. Maxwell quickly opened the signature page before placing it in front of her. Jenna flicked back the pages but before she read anything, he snatched it from her.

“I told you not to read it,” he sizzled. A fog of confusion covered Jenna as she said, “then I can’t sign it.”

Maxwell was so agitated that his face turned red from anger. He only needed Jenna’s help because she was in charge of quality control but she was making things difficult. “Don’t tell me that I didn’t warn you, Jenna. You will pay for this,” he hissed and stormed out, demoralized.

Jenna was slightly terrified but recalled her meeting with the old man, quickly disregarding what had just happened. Thank God his grandson was taking over. She still hoped that he would be less eerie than the old man.