

# Trapped by the Ruthless Billionaire by Lucia Love

## Chapter 6

### 6 – He looked extremely familiar

“You are very meticulous in your work. Keep it up,” The old man complimented Jenna after reviewing her report. Jenna smiled but couldn’t keep calm. Even with a compliment, it sounded like a reprimand because there was no smile on his face and his bodyguards made things worse with their presence. The office was already complex but their presence made it heavy.

“I try my best sir, thank you.” She responded politely. She couldn’t help but notice the man’s pupil from the distance, which looked so dark that it reminded her of someone. The thought of that dying man gave her shivers. His eyes were so scary and seemed so similar to that of the old man.

“You can take your leave,” he finally said. Jenna was relieved and walked out of the office. It wasn’t as bad as she thought. For as long as she did her job well, she was sure to not face any unforeseen challenges. It was good that she took Kate’s advice. She hadn’t called Cathan since then and felt the need to call and thank him.

The deputy CEO was waiting in front of her office together with her teammates when she got there. “How did it go, Jenna?”

“Better than expected,” she said to the deputy CEO. Her teammates sighed, excitement brewing them. Jenna was the only boss who had come out of the old man’s office smiling.

Perhaps that was the advantage of being the Managing Director in her father’s company. She knew what to do without being told for as long as she was abreast with her products. “You are the first to pass for the first time and the only one with your team to not work overtime today. Tell me, how did you do it?” He asked after Jenna’s teammates had left. “Simple, hardwork and determination,” Jenna shrugged. She was proud of being a workaholic.

“Goodluck, and prepare for a presentation on monday. Every manager would have to present something on behalf of the team members during the meeting as a way of introducing their department to the new CEO,” he informed her with a satisfying smile. There was no need to elaborate. Jenna already knew what he meant.

“I will be with the new CEO most of the time for at least a week so if you don’t see me around, don’t be worried sick or think I quit,” he said apologetically, knowing that Jenna was new. It was for this reason that he kept giving her a heads up on everything.

“I will work on it over the weekend, thank you,” Jenna responded with gratitude. Mr Simmons was a very respectable and capable man with no rotten skeletons in his cupboard. He was diligent and adored his family, keeping his wife and daughter’s picture beautifully framed and sitting proudly on his desk. He would boast from time to time that his wife was the most beautiful woman in the world. Jenna had closed for the day. Before she reached the elevator, she bumped into someone, documents poured on the floor. “Max, sorry,” she wasn’t really sorry for the documents but the state of the man. It was as if something was chasing him.

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Max ignored her while he bent to pick up the scattered items on the floor. She bent down to help him when he snapped, "leave it."

"Alright, see you on Monday." She was startled and didn't try to argue, not wanting to incur any more threats from him but he turned curious to her leaving at this time.

"Monday? Where are you going?" Max was curious. Wasn't Jenna afraid of the old man? Everyone was working overtime and she was leaving. "Home."

"Everyone is working overtime."

"Not me and my team. Our report was perfect," she didn't mean to brag but it sounded like it.

"Alright, see you on Monday," he said but his expression had turned rigid. Jenna didn't take it to heart and headed down the elevator and into Kate's car, which she had given her for her rounds since she wasn't around.

Before she turned the ignition, her phone rang. "Jen, It's Peggy. Can we talk?" Jenna let out a bitter smile. If Peggy had helped her out that night, she wouldn't have ended up in that hotel.

"We have nothing to talk about." Her tone was indifferent but Peggy never took offense.

"Jen please, I need your help," she pleaded directly but there was no remorse in her voice over the phone.

"I can't offer you any help," Jenna said sadly and was about to end the call when Peggy spoke again.

"Since your father passed on, you are the boss now so you can help." Jenna was aggrieved. Peggy called because she needed her help. She didn't even apologize for not helping her the last time. Why didn't she see before now that Peggy was selfish?

"Sorry but Eve is the boss. I no longer work there."

"What? Why?" Peggy was unnerved, fear sizzled through her voice. "You would have known if you weren't bent on keeping me away from you darling boyfriend," Jenna snarled. Peggy was sounding teary now.

"I'm sorry Jenna but it's complicated. The night you called, my house was under siege because Tyler offended a guy in some mafia squad. I only told you that to prevent you from pushing further. They beat him till he almost died. Now he has turned over a new leaf and I wanted you to help get him a job but it doesn't seem possible anymore, let me call Kate," Peggy was about to end the call before hearing Jen's voice. Jenna was moved with pity upon realizing that Peggy wasn't as selfish as she thought. It was just bad timing for her too.

"I live with Kate but she's on duty and will be returning next week. Maybe you should stop by and have a talk with her around that time. She might just be able to help you," she consoled. She wanted to be there for Peggy at a time like this but her boyfriend was involved with a mafia. Jenna couldn't help fearing that they wouldn't leave him alone, which made her decide on keeping her distance, "Thanks Jenna," Peggy said and ended the call.

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Throughout the weekend, Jenna worked on her presentation amidst chores, while worry nudged her concerning Peggy. She could help with anything but not with some mafia. She wasn't a spy or a heroine, thereby channeling her energy to her presentation, to make a good first impression. The best she did was to call from time to time checking

on Peggy.

However, she had no intention of changing the way she dressed to work, thus not shopping for anything new. That was her new style, which splendidly kept men away from her. Right now, she couldn't help being bitter about the men folk. Drake's betrayal was still matching in front of her, every time she closed her eyes. Then again, that dying man. How messed up she was.

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Busy Monday Morning "Good morning Jenna, the new CEO has arrived, he's so hot," Kelly, one of her teammates and the group gossip bellowed as soon as she met Jenna in the elevator, holding her hot coffee to her chest and sniffing the sweet scent. She was in the company of another teammate, Bertha who countered her flattery, "And scary." Jenna panicked slightly. She was getting used to the old man and was no longer enthused about the change.

"He's already here?" Her tone was flat but she couldn't understand why her heart wouldn't stop beating. Her work was spotless and she needed not to be afraid yet, she couldn't control her panging heart. "Well, I only saw him from afar when he was walking in with his bodyguards. He is having a meeting with the oldman at this moment and the deputy CEO has told us to be ready," Kelly explained, touching up on her makeup. Jenna couldn't help but wonder why she put in so much effort today. Her make-up was too wild for the office but Jenna was mute about it. For as long as it didn't affect her performance,

she had no reason to complain about it. "Let me get coffee but where is everyone?" She noticed through her walk from the elevator to her office that the humans in the office were scarce, which was very much unusual. "Already converged at the conference room," Kelly smiled and said. It was at least thirty minutes before the meeting would start so why had everyone gathered already? "You go, I'll get my coffee and join you," she dismissed the two teammates. She needn't ask where the remaining team members were, she already guessed. "I can get it for you," Kelly volunteered. "Don't worry, you don't know how I like it," Jenna refused her offer politely. She never liked anyone making her coffee. She quickened her pace throughout the process, as she wanted to get to the conference room before he finished his meeting with the old man. However, when she reached the conference room, she was amazed by the two men sitting side

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by side, for getting every other person present. She just froze at the sight of the younger man, who wore sunglasses in the office, wondering if he could see. Fear strangled her as she continued to gawk at the man who looked so familiar. Extremely familiar and she could have sworn it was just a mere look alike if his gaze from his sunglasses didn't burn her so much. She didn't realize that she was trembling till the hot coffee and saucer fell from her hand, smashing into a thousand pieces, while the hot liquid burned her skin. "Ouch," she yelped.

7 – Casper's suspicions "Jenna, are you alright?" Kelly was the first to reach her. She wasn't one to attract attention in any way therefore, it was a surprise for everyone, except those who didn't know her closely because they weren't from the same department. Max smiled deliciously. The genius Queen was embarrassing herself in

front of both the old and new CEO. She wasn't special after all. Since Jenna had proved hard to get, his attraction towards her had turned to loathe.

Jenna was tight-lipped, enduring the pain upon realization that the man didn't recognize her. Instead, she nodded her head in the affirmative, clenching her teeth stubbornly and refusing to access the level of the damage caused. From the sipping pain, she knew she was going to have blisters if she didn't immediately apply first aid but she didn't want any more attention.

"Get the janitor to clean this mess," the deputy CEO said to Kelly before turning to Jenna again.

"Do you need to go to the hospital?" Jenna glanced at her leg sharply, then at the man who looked like a supreme ruler. If he was the old man's grandson, then how could he have been left alone in the hotel in that condition? No, perhaps it was just a coincidence. It can't be him. It was even more scary to know that Cathan was this man's bodyguard. After a quick analysis, she relaxed but felt it safe to avoid the man at all costs. Now she had to make a good comeback for her first impression. She couldn't disappoint Cathan and shook her head.

"Alright, if you say so," the deputy CEO withdrew and walked back to his seat. He saw the reddening and her legs had begun developing blisters but if she didn't want to be helped, he couldn't force her. He only hoped that more damage wouldn't be caused by the time the meeting ended.

"If the drama is over, can we continue now?" The old man's deep but calm voice rang through the room. Everyone stiffened as he continued to speak. Not a slice of his words could fall on the ground without yielding fruit therefore, he was the most feared.

"Meet my grandson Casper Blade. He is taking over the company from today but I will still be involved because he is still undergoing training." It was a nice way for Grandpa to inform Casper that he was still waiting for the last part of t training.

Aside from Casper and his bodyguards, no one else understood the meaning of the old man's words. Meanwhile, the old man's real intention was making Casper CEO temporarily, while he found means to bring his illegitimate son. "We will have a staff dinner on Friday and the announcement will be made to the media. Does anyone have any questions?" He started and ended circumspectly, knowing that no one would have the courage to ask any question. Among Casper, his bodyguards and the old man's bodyguards, everyone wore black. Only the old man shone in white, which made Casper uneasy around him. White disturbed his eyes a lot. As expected, no one asked anything. The old man gave Casper a glare before the latter spoke. "I would like each head to give a brief introduction about their various departments." Hearing his voice for the first time, everyone sat on the edge. His voice was a rich blend of graveness,