

## Trapped by the Ruthless Billionaire by Lucia Love

### Chapter 8

8 – It's her The next day when Jenna entered the elevator, disdainful gapes followed her. Her greetings and usual morning courtesies got no response. Even the deputy CEO and her team mates gave her the cold shoulder.

She couldn't think of anything she must have done to deserve this till Kelly, the company gossip arrived.

"Jenna, the new boss, was raging this morning. Why did you do it?" She asked in a worried tone. Jenna was even more perplexed. "Do what?" She asked with innocent eyes. "Are you denying it?" Kelly asked, but politely. "Jenna, Mr Blade will see you in his office, don't keep him waiting," the deputy CEO said in a warning tone, interrupting their conversation. His usual warmth around her was all gone, which made her understand that something was wrong but Kelly wasn't ready to speak about it anymore. "You should go," Kelly urged her on. Jenna couldn't ask anymore, following the direction to Caspers' office with so much confusion. She still hasn't been able to ascertain what she did to make everyone upset. Casper's office was dark and it seemed that changes had been made overnight. The curtains had all been removed and the beautiful city of Manhattan, smiled through the large French windows. Due to the cloudy weather, natural light couldn't permeate through the office and the theme was black and grey, which reminded her of the hotel room, raising conflicting emotions inside her.

He was facing the beautiful view while he puffed his cigar therefore, Jenna couldn't see his face. Aside from the two bodyguards she saw at the entrance, he was alone in the sophisticated office that whiffed of tobacco.

"Sit," he said without turning around. Jenna was slightly startled at the sound of his voice. It was no longer gravely, rather exhuming a richness that was both authoritative and attractive. She obeyed and he began to speak without turning around. Casper's personality was too complex to crack "What did I do to you?" Jenna was confused. He sounded as if he was disappointed because she had done something to him but her mind was blank. "I don't know what you are talking about," she swallowed nervously and said politely. Her voice carried a fake hoarseness. "Liar," he retorted. She could feel that he was angry but it didn't sound in his voice. Jenna was at a loss but she wasn't helpless. She knew how to speak for herself.

"Even if I was a liar, I don't have a reason to lie to my boss." Her tone was indignant and she realized she had forgotten her pretense due to the issue at hand. It was too late to change back but from Casper's behavior, she kept convincing herself that he wasn't the one.

Casper stiffened slightly at the change in voice but didn't expose her. It was almost as if he didn't notice it. "Do you still consider me as your boss?" There was a slight ridicule in his tone and all she could see was the back of his neatly trimmed hair and black suit with the smoke of his cigar rising lazily from his frontage. Everything about the man scared her and she was grateful that his back was turned to her. She kept wondering why he didn't turn on the light, which was the least of her concerns at the moment. She was done being kept in suspense. "There is more to everything you are telling me. I walk into the building and everyone stares at me, giving me cold shoulders yet, no one

would tell me anything why?" She paused, her agitation rising. "Now, you are asking strange questions, so what is it? Tell me what I did wrong."

Casper froze slightly for the second time and turned around to face her. He dropped the cigar on the ashtray and his face was dark. Being without his sunglasses, the resemblance with the dying man was even more convincing. He didn't make eye contact with her and without a word, he turned his laptop around. She began to read what was on his screen, her palms becoming sweaty. The choice of words were very rude and the content was alien to her. However, the sender address was her email address. She didn't send the email but who would believe her? "You still don't know what you've done?" He asked her keenly. From the moment she began to speak, his instinct told him that something wasn't right but he didn't know her well enough to trust her.

Jenna instantly sank to her knees. She would admit her mistakes if she was wrong but this was too much and she didn't see a way out. All she could do was plead. Who could send such a horrible email to their boss and make it in the corporate world? Especially one involved with the mafia? Even if it was a set up, how could she prove her innocence?

"You have no reason to believe me but I didn't send that. I don't know how to use such cursed words and can't even use them accidentally. Besides, I need this job. I will never tender a resignation through email. All my official communications have letters attached to the email. Someone must have done this to put me on a death list, please pardon me."

Casper was slightly relieved. At first, he thought that maybe she wasn't the kind woman who saved his life and wanted to take action but as soon as she stepped into his office, that unique scent whiffed him, making him wonder if two women could have the same scent. It wasn't from a perfume, cologne or deodorant but the natural unique scent of a woman. With a glance, he accessed her trembling form, his expression the usual unreadable mask.

"Are your legs numb to pain?" He asked her but seeing the confused look on her face, he added, "I never told you to kneel." He recalled the hot coffee incident the previous day which meant she was still in pain. Now that she was kneeling, it ached him. Looking at her closely, he could feel that she was hiding something under her nerd look but didn't think it would be anything dangerous. From his assessment, she was harmless but whoever was after her must be very dangerous, to use her laptop to send him this email. If it was anyone else, he would have taken action without any interrogation but this woman was the reason why he was breathing today.

"I'm not so kind as to grant pardon but," he paused. Jenna had risen from her knees and sat back on her chair. Her nervousness was growing. "But what?" she asked hopefully. "I can give you twenty four hours to prove your innocence." His reason was simple. If someone has set her up for doom, then only she would know the person. Her involvement would make it faster to grasp the culprit. "I'm not a detective or a lawyer so how can I prove my innocence? No one believes me." Jenna had never been in a situation like this and amidst her fears of the man in front of her, she couldn't think straight. "Let's just say that I believe you and you didn't send this email. I can forgo the insult but you have to help me find the person behind." "How can I know the one behind

it?" She asked miserably. At this moment, she looked so pitiful that she was an eyesore. "What you have to understand is that whoever did this, tried to set you up. Do you know what I would have done if I didn't believe you?"

Jenna shook her head with a shiver.

"Your head will be separated from your body. Mind you, I'm not exaggerating. It's among the least I can do." Jenna stiffened. She could tell that the man's words weren't ideal and was most certain that such a man couldn't have been in such a helpless situation. This man was too powerful. He might have a striking resemblance to the dying man but it wasn't him. "I don't know what to do," she honestly said.

"You must have gotten somebody upset, had a misunderstanding or exchanged words. Anyone who does something like this, must have left signs. So who is it?" He asked, giving her a clue. She began to rake her mind, realizing that she had been harmonious with almost everyone, except one person, "Max." "Are you certain?" Casper maintained his emotionless mask but was boiling deep down, wondering what would have happened to Jenna if this email was sent to grandpa. Did whatever she did to Max warrant this? As evil as Casper was, he never gave the first blow.

"He told me that he could let me lose my job with just a snap of the finger," Jenna recalled aloud.

"Tell me everything," Casper poured himself a glass of whiskey and gulped it down while Jenna narrated the incident as detailed as she could.

"He used to be nice to me, buying me lunch and all. He asked me out and I refused, then he got upset. He brought a document for me to sign and didn't want me to read it. When I refused, he yelled and threatened me."

"You have every right to make him a suspect. Anyone else?" Casper was hiding the strange pain he felt for everything she had said. He had purposed in his heart to protect his savior for the rest of her life and he wasn't going to go back on his word, even though he wasn't hundred percent certain that she was the one.

"No."

"Take the rest of the day off. Your leg is still not healed."

Jenna was startled at the last part of his words. The room was dark and Casper hadn't looked at her much so how did he know the condition of her leg? She dared not ask and said, "Thank you but can you give me authorization to check the surveillance? I might get some proof."

Casper's fingers began to dance on the keyboard. After a while, he said, "I have sent an email to the security team. They will send one to me and give you a copy."

"Thank you sir, I will try to get proof tomorrow," she said and left. It wasn't long when Cathan and Caleb returned. Casper had sent them on an errand concerning the girl who saved his life. He didn't ask about their finding and rather said, "get Maxwell. I want to see him here now."

They didn't ask any questions, going in search of the sorry of a man. If Casper has requested somebody by name, then he was as good as dead. They came back after a few minutes.

"He isn't in the building."

Casper was raged but his training didn't allow him to show any visible traces of it on his face." Find out where he is. I must see him at all costs."

"What did he do?" Cathan asked curiously.

“Jenna suspects that he set her up. If it’s true, then there’s more to it. She was already scared so I didn’t want to scare her further by giving her any details,” he explained. “You mean,” Cathan was even more curious. What could make Jenna be picked on? Casper didn’t allow him to finish speaking and said, “Yes, find him first. I have enough reason to believe that he works with Riccardo.”

“What?” Cathan always knew that Casper was smart but from how he was able to decode this within a day of work was even more scary. Riccardo was the Don of the Italian Mafia. He had sent in applications for ammunition which the old man had refused to supply because of his shady dealings. He hadn’t done anything to warrant suspicion but Casper had made him out all the same.

“These are documents signed by Jenna, authorizing Max to move five hundred dangerous ammunitions to Riccardo. Jenna said she didn’t sign the document he gave her because he wouldn’t let her read it, which means he forged her signature. He must email on her behalf to turn me against her, to waste no time questioning her about this.”

“That was very smart of him but why would he work for Riccardo, knowing full well how dangerous you both are?”

“I’m yet to find out.” Caleb, who had listened to the conversation for a while, asked, “but what if Jenna is lying?”

“She isn’t.” The speed at which Casper rose to her defence stunned them before he added, “she doesn’t have it in her to lie to my face. Besides, she’s the girl who saved my life.”

Sit’s her

“How did you know?” Cathan asked. For as long as he was concerned, the girl Casper was looking for couldn’t be Jenna because he felt that he knew her. “With all that happened, she was so scared that she forgot to fake her voice. It’s her,” Casper confirmed, stunning Cathan.

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