

# Trapped by the Ruthless Billionaire by Lucia Love

## Chapter 10

### 10 – Don't keep him waiting

Jenna woke with a startle. Checking the time, it was almost midday. She could feel her heartburn with fear. "I'm so sorry Cathan. I found it difficult to sleep before..."

"Casper has limited patience, don't abuse it," Cathan spat before the call ended. Jenna was deflated. She didn't intend to oversleep. Next time, she would have to set her alarm. She had a quick shower and put on a simple office dress, rolled her hair up into a bun, securing it with a hair clip, slipped on her nerd glasses, then her less than two inches shoes. In less than ten minutes, she was panting in her office.

She checked her handbag for the videotape to give Casper as proof when a knock was heard on the door. She jumped with both shock and fright when she saw Casper standing there with that emotionless mask.

"Come with me, Miss Nova," the calmness in his voice scared her, recalling what Cathan had told her. The man was both attractive and dreadful. Somehow, she began to think of perfect revenge on Drake and Eve. Casper would have been the right person. Abruptly, she began to condemn herself in her head for harboring such thoughts in her mind. If he was indeed that dying man, she could ask for a favor or two but the presence of this man sent her heart racing. "I'm sorry for reporting late. I.." Jenna was trying to apologize but, "How is your leg, Miss Nova?" Casper asked instead. She froze for a moment before a response left her mouth. It was three days after that day but he still recalled it. She didn't know whether to be happy or sad. Why would he care about her so much?

"It's fine, thank you for asking." Neither of them spoke anymore. Jenna was walking on eggshells. Anyone who saw them walking together from Jenna's demeanor thought she had gotten into trouble again but somehow, they wished to be in trouble, just to have the opportunity to walk beside Casper Blade. Soon, they arrived at the deputy CEO's office. Jenna was dumbfounded.

"Thaddeus, someone sneaked into her office and used her computer to send me a resignation letter with foul language. Do you know who this person is?"

Thaddeus was at a loss. He didn't know that Jenna had been framed. Now he felt guilty for being judgemental of her. He didn't even try to defend her when the issue came to light. "I'm sorry, I will find out," he mumbled apologetically, too ashamed to look Casper in the eyes.

"What you have to do now is get her a more secured office. If what happened to her ever happens again, a lot of people might lose their jobs," Casper said calmly yet, not only Thaddeus but also Jenna shivered slightly. He indirectly said the deputy CEO would lose his job if it happened again but his relaxed way of issuing a warning made it frightful.

"Yes sir, but the safest offices are on the last floor where..." he stopped abruptly when met with Casper's cold glare. Since the office wasn't bright, Casper's shades turned plain, his dark pupil piercing through it.

"Sorry sir, it will be done," he instantly rephrased. Casper walked out elegantly without another word but his cologne saturated the air even minutes later.

“Jenna, I’m so sorry. It must have been hard for you to defend yourself in front of him,” Thaddeus sympathized. Jenna only forced a smile. Indeed it was. At that instant, she thought she was going to face the disciplinary committee.

“It’s okay.”

“I’ll take you to your new office. Get your items,” Thaddeus said politely. Jenna had caught the CEO’s attention, which meant that he had to be careful. “And my team?” Thaddeus hadn’t thought about that but did so briefly, “they could come to you or you come to them. The last floor is only for top management members.”

Jenna frowned. She didn’t know much about the last floor till now. She only knew that the CEO and some other Directors used that space. Meanwhile, she wasn’t up to that rank. “Then why are you taking me there?” “Because it’s the safest.”

Jenna felt slightly uneasy. She recalled that Casper said he was going to tell her why it wasn’t safe to live in Kate’s apartment. Now, she felt like there was more to it and her life was in danger. After she made herself comfortable in the new office, the deputy CEO said before stepping out,

“I’ll take my leave now.”

Jenna suddenly remembered the videotape and pulled it out of her handbag before heading to Casper’s office. No matter how she tried, her heart always skipped at the thought of him.

One of the bodyguards opened the door as soon as she reached it. “He is expecting you,” he said politely. She let out a long sigh and stepped into the office. This time, the large windows were covered with black window blinds but the room was dimly lit. She swirled her head to the right, where his desk is positioned, and saw him busy behind it. Without his sunglasses, he looked intimidating. She startled slightly and swallowed tightly as the door shut behind her. She took careful steps towards his huge luxurious desk and said, “Mr. Blade, I’ve got the needed proof.” She held out the tape to him but Casper didn’t look up and said, “there was nothing from the security team to prove your innocence.”

Jenna bit her lower lip nervously and responded, “this isn’t from the security team.”

Casper’s head instantly lifted, his sharp gaze meeting her shy ones. He took the tape she held out and said, “sit.”

He instantly began to play the video but as usual, there were no emotions on his face. After a while, he sighed and asked suspiciously, “Where did you get this?” Jenna took a deep breath, let it out, and mumbled, “it was dropped in front of my door yesterday before Max appeared.” “By whom?”

“I don’t know. Inside the envelope, it stated it was from my Guardian Angel,” she said truthfully. Casper didn’t ask anymore, sensing that she was nervous. There wasn’t much he could do about his personality at the moment. It would take time for her to get used to it. “This will help us a lot. I will assign you a bodyguard.” “I don’t think I need one,” she said without thinking. Casper’s glare made her tremble as she said, “I mean, it’s safe in the staff quarters right?” She was taking him by his words. The only reason why she moved in there was for her safety. “Right if only you won’t go anywhere and would only move from there to the office and back. No outings or shopping. Can you do that?” Casper asked her. She was smart enough to understand the situation. She couldn’t stand her privacy being invaded but she also understood since yesterday that strange things were happening around her. “Is it necessary? I didn’t do anything.” “I’ll tell you

what," Casper brought out the document with her forged signature. Fear crimsoned her. "I didn't sign that."

"I know and that's why I didn't ask you about it. Do you understand the reason why you need protection? Somebody is out to destroy you." Realizing it was all for her good, she said appreciatively, "let me think of something please."

"Ok."

Jenna was surprised when he agreed so fast and took her cue. "Can I leave now?"

"Sure."

Jenna was grateful. She rose from the chair, ambled to the door, and was about to turn the knob when Casper's domineering voice reverberated through the office, "wait." She wondered how the tone of his voice could vary without emitting warmth, freezing when she saw Casper stand up and walk up to her. His piercing gaze never left her, sending shivers through her entire being. He stopped just a few inches away from her. Jenna's heart was thumping so hard when she caught sight of a pair of scissors in his hand. She lowered her head shyly to avoid his intimidating gaze but her heart almost fell out of her chest when she saw him go down on one knee.

Her legs began to wobble in fright, beads of sweat forming on her face. "Relax. It seems to me that you don't know the company's dress code," he said from below. The understanding only began to settle when the scissors began to cut through the hem of her dress, just above her knees. Casper was very skilled with the scissors, cutting straight and professionally till the extra length was detached from the dress. She flinched as his hand brushed her exposed leg slightly. "Lift your leg a little," Casper instructed and she obeyed with a shiver, while he removed the cut-out piece of her dress. Jenna was beginning to feel like her old self where she was filled with so much life and her dress was always just above her knee. But she didn't want to feel attractive anymore. Before she could voice her displeasure, he said,

"This should be the length of your dress. If you don't like it, then pants will do." She

swallowed the words at the tip of her tongue, then nodded in response. She reached out for the knob when he rose to his feet, towering over her with his tall elegant form.

Warmth covered her like a blanket. "I haven't finished."

His fingers ramaged effortlessly through her hair and he pulled out her hair clip, sending her long wavy hair cascading down her back instinctively, she shook her head in the process, getting the strands in place. The sight made Casper feel strange. "Can I go now?" She asked him, wondering what next he had in mind. He didn't answer immediately, reached out, and pulled the nerd glasses from her face. "You don't have an eye problem so you don't need this," he said before increasing the distance between them. Satisfied, he said, "You can go now." Jenna stiffened slightly and opened the door when his voice rang from a distance "Your shoe is too low. Three inches minimum, Miss Nova." Jenna merely nodded her head and rushed out. If she kept standing there, he might find something else to say, and just as expected, her phone rang. The number looked customized, which made her tremble slightly. "Miss Nova, you ran out so fast that I didn't get to finish. Anyway, a little make-up will brighten your appearance, don't you think so?" He was asking for her opinion. But she didn't respond. "See me after work tomorrow. I have something important to tell you." Jenna was curious. Since she hadn't gone far, she didn't want to be left in suspense. It would only give her sleepless

nights.

. "I'm still in front of the door. Should I come back?"

"There's no need to rush it. See you tomorrow, Miss Nova," the call ended.