

# Trapped by the Ruthless Billionaire by Lucia Love

## Chapter 11

11 – Thank you for saving my life Casper left Jenna in a state of confusion, as she walked back to her office. The two bodyguards at the door couldn't take their eyes off her, wondering what had happened in Casper's office. Jenna had entered as a nerd but came out looking like a superstar. They couldn't draw a link between their cold and aloof boss with this manager who had gotten into trouble just yesterday.

She felt their curious gazes on her back but couldn't care less. She had faced the worst gaze ever and survived, thereby being grateful for the relocation of her office; if not, voices would have accompanied the gazes, as she felt different from her usual self. That frosty Casper had a knack for beautiful things which was unexpected. Jenna couldn't comprehend how she felt over what he had just done to her, having admitted that she was the least dressed in the company but her look now, only brought back memories of her past she wasn't pleased about. When she opened the door to her office, she was met with her team of five, their eyes shining with shock at the sight of her. "Jenna, you look different." Kelly never kept her mouth shut and was the first to speak. Jenna forced a smile but didn't respond to the compliment.

"Please give me updates on everything you have been up to," she said, ambled to her executive chair, lowered her button to the soft surface and faced them. They immediately took their seats and began the meeting. When they were done, one of her teammates asked,

"Did you get promoted for insulting the CEO?" Other teammates had been keen to know the answer to this same question, making their ears pique in expectation of the response. They had expected to meet a new boss when Mr Thaddeaus Simmons sent them over for their meeting on the last floor.

Seeing Susan in this office was least expected, talkless of the transformation of her appearance. Now, they kept wondering exactly what had transpired but Jenna was displeased.

"So you all believed I could do something so despicable? Well I'm very disappointed. I expected it from everyone else but not my teammates," she said in a disappointed tone. She had decided to forget about all the cold shoulders but Seth had just ignited the fire. Their heads were bowed in shame when Jenna dismissed them but Clinton, another teammate, stopped abruptly at the door.

"We are sorry Jenna, we didn't mean to judge you."

"It's already forgotten," Jenna waved dismissively, her face buried in front of her computer. Since Jenna said she hadn't done what she had been accused of, they kept thinking about how she defended herself in front of the CEO. Their boss might be tougher than she looked because not many people could stand in front of Casper without peeing in their pants from one cold gaze.

"Thank you and if I may ask, do you have a date for Friday's dinner?" Clinton was pushing his luck. A man would always remain a man, irrespective of his rank.

"It's a staff dinner. I don't need a date." Jenna was calm. After what happened with Drake, how

could she date again? Yet, Clinton was persistent. "But all employees from other branches will attend. You might feel lonely." The corner of Jenna's lip curled up. She didn't need a man to have company. "Don't worry, I don't intend to stay long at dinner." Clinton thought she didn't understand his question and elaborated, "I was asking because I wanted to be your date." The other teammates at the door chuckled and murmured among themselves. Clinton was hitting on his boss. Perhaps he wanted a shortcut to the top. Jenna sighed. Was he another Max? She needed to be careful. It was a miracle that her case was handled by Casper. What if it was the old man? Would he have been so patient? "Thanks for asking and I promise to think about it. If there's nothing else, then I'll see you tomorrow," Jenna returned to the pile of work in front of her, sending the message that this conversation was over. Clinton was slightly disappointed. He wanted to show off his hot boss to his friends but she seemed disinterested. Anyway, she said she was going to think about it and might consider it after all.

A few hours later, Jenna took a tour around the production areas before the day came to an end. There, she attracted strange stares but endured them. It was how she was going to dress from now onwards, which also reminded her that she had to change her wardrobe.

Besides, she didn't have anything presentable for dinner. All her outfits were still in her late father's mansion. She gritted her teeth at the thought of meeting Eve again. When she got home, she was about to step out to go shopping when she bumped into someone at the door. It wasn't just one person but a group of people with so many bags and clothes on hangers, it seemed like they had moved the things from a clothing store in a haste. "Sorry, I was just about to knock," the petite woman in front of Jenna apologized. She was fashionably dressed, her perfume subtle and welcoming. Jenna was surprised that security had allowed not just a person but people into her wing without her permission. Didn't Casper promise her protection? How was he going to explain this? "I was going out and I think you got the wrong room. I didn't order those," she said casually, about to walk past the woman and her group of friends, work colleagues, or whatever she would call them.

"They were ordered for you by Mr Casper Blade. Here's a note," she stuffed a paper into Jenna's hand. "Can we come in?" Jenna froze at the woman's words and the stuffed note in her hand. Now that she looked at it critically, the woman looked familiar. She was Vetta Hart, a renounced fashion designer. Her designs were excellent and expensive. Also, she was greatly sorted after so what kind of offer did Casper make to get her to Jenna's doorstep?

Subconsciously, she took steps back as she read the content of the note. 'Since you still haven't decided on what form of protection you want, I thought it best to get you the items you need. Signed, Casper.'

Her breath caught up in her throat when she noticed the food items too. The clothes were so many that she didn't have time to try them on. They walked around arranging everything for her like they knew their way around.

After they left, she was torn between calling Casper and thanking him or waiting till tomorrow, while she made herself a quick dinner. Should she even thank him? She didn't ask for any of this. Discomfort began to fling her. Why was Casper being so good

and thoughtful towards her? She couldn't accept this kindness even if her life was in danger. After thinking it through, she decided not to thank him. When she meets him tomorrow, she will give him her piece of mind.

Fatigue overtook her when she fell on the couch. A man dressed in all-black attire with sunglasses walked in. He approached the couch and dropped to one knee. She felt shivers with his closeness just before his warm lips found hers. Jenna's eyes snapped open. Everywhere was dark. She was dreaming.

Something she hadn't done in a long time and not only was it strange but she found herself wét. How could she dream about her boss that way? Why has Casper taken over her mind in just a few days? Perhaps she was just nervous about confronting him and what he had to say to her.

She had a quick shower and changed into her night things, trying her best to not think about Casper before going to bed. In times like this, she wished that Kate was there. She needed somebody to talk to.

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At Casper's manor, he just stepped out of the shower when Caleb and Cathan walked in exhausted.

"What did you find out?" Casper asked while he walked to his closet with his towel around his waist, coming out in his boxers. He was prepared to sleep. "A lot. You were right. He was working for Riccardo and the guy is bent on purchasing his ammunition from us," Cathan explained.

"Which he will never get and Jenna's involvement?" Casper asked calmly.

"Well, he genuinely liked her before but since she didn't like him, he made her a scapegoat. When he went to her house, he wanted to retrieve a videotape and from what I learned, someone is watching Jenna's back secretly, and is the same person who sent the video Max wanted to destroy."

Casper nodded his head in understanding but his expression was blank. Max was aware that someone had sent the right video to Jenna and had gone to retrieve it so that it doesn't get to Caper. Now, Casper's security team was in trouble for being part of the ploy.

"Could it be the woman we saw in her old apartment?" Caleb asked. The woman was very fast, which made him guess that she was a spy. "I'm most certain about it. Also, I have enough reason to believe that she has something to do with the disappearance of the footage from the hotel if Jenna is indeed your mystery savior," Cathan hinted and Casper caught his connotation.

"I intend to ask her about it tomorrow but get everyone at the security department ready for questioning by mid-day. If possible, inform the agency to send a different set of security operatives. I won't work with sycophants," Casper instructed. They even sent him the wrong

video. Perhaps they didn't know what Casper was capable of. "Consider it done," Cathan said, about to leave when he caught sight of something feminine. Odd. "Casper, what is that?" His arms stretched towards the shiny item on the bed. "A hair clip," Casper responded unfazed. Caleb drew closer, too shocked to believe his ears. "You brought a woman here?" He asked, confused.

"It's Jenna's. I've seen the clip in her hair before and that's her nerd glasses too,"

Cathan divulged, as he continued to scrutinize the room, uneasiness raving him while Casper walked around him and picked it up.

"You brought her here?" Caleb felt strange. Casper was behaving too differently because of this girl. "What if grandpa finds out?" He asked again before Casper responded indifferently, "No, I took it from her, and no more questions. This is my house so turn off the light on your way out," he dismissed them. The lights were already dim but pitch black was better for a relaxing sleep. The next day, Casper went to see Maxwell and his gang. They were chained in a punishment room belonging to the Blades. That room had everything torturous and from their state, they had tasted some. However, Casper commanded them to be tortured even more. They defied his security and framed an innocent woman. A woman who saved his life. He only left after recalling that it was getting to the close of work and Jenna was supposed to see him.

As soon as he entered his office, Jenna arrived. Her timing was perfect.

"About the items you sent to me, please don't do it again," Jenna tried to be bold. Her dress was above her knees, one of the designer collections Casper had sent. Her stiletto was four inches high and she had on make-up with her hair let down. She was a beautiful sight to behold.

Casper felt the need to compliment her but didn't do so immediately, as a result of her accusation but he wasn't remorseful. "I do as I please, miss Nova."

Jenna swallowed tightly, fighting the dream she had about him, by refusing to look him in the eyes, though her knees were almost giving her away. She couldn't argue with her boss and rather said, "you said that you had to tell me something."

She was still standing in front of his desk since he hadn't told her to sit. He expected her to use her intuition. Rising from his seat, Jenna trembled when she saw him approach her, as she recalled yesterday.

A few inches apart, his head closed up around her neck but there was no body contact, as he sniffed her scent before whispering in her ears, his hot breath fanning her ear lobe, "I wanted to say, thank you for saving my life."

Author's Note:

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