

Trapped by the Ruthless Billionaire by Lucia Love

Chapter 19

19 – He brought this upon himself When grandpa left the venue, he dismissed his bodyguards and drove the car by himself. Where he was going was a secret. He drove for hours before reaching the small cozy house. This was where his happiness lay.

A middle-aged woman came out and wrapped her slender arms around his neck and kissed him softly before leading him inside. “Dad, you are here.”

A young man, whose features were close to Casper’s, came to sit in front of him. As soon as he reached this house, all the coldness melted around him, as he warmed up to the young man.

“Have you been good?” He asked him with soft eyes. One that he hasn’t used for anyone else except the young man and the middle-aged woman.

The young man’s eyes were filled with expectation, he wasn’t ready for any form of disappointment. “Yes, how did it go? Is the company going to be mine?”

Grandpa’s expression was gloomy but his words were honest. “No, not now.” The young man was filled with resentment for his father. “You are so powerful and yet you let your grandson gain an advantage over you.”

Grandpa didn’t seem offended by the young man’s words. He pampered the boy because he was his love child. After Casper’s father, who was grandpa’s first son was born, his mother died two years later, leaving him in the hands of the then youthful man.

Grandpa trained his first son as a true Blade and he went through the stages of training like everyone else. When it was time for marriage, he was reluctant because he had met the woman his heart yearned for but when Grandpa threatened to take the company from him, he obliged and married into the Wreath family.

The Wreaths were the generational spouses of the Blades and no child without the Wreath and Blade blood could inherit the Blade fortune.

Seemingly, Casper’s mother died when Casper cloaked two and his father happened to bump into his old flame whom he had left to marry from the Wreaths. This time, he left the company and his son, to marry the woman he loved in a faraway country. Since then, grandpa always cursed Caspa’s father, calling him a coward but Caspa was determined to make his father proud. He held no grudges against him, though they cut ties at that moment because of Grandpa.

At that time, Grandpa also met a woman his soul loved but couldn’t marry her due to the tradition of the Blades. If a member of the Blade family remarried after his wife died, then he had to cut ties with the Blade fortune.

Not willing to give up the Blade fortune, he kept the woman secret. When she gave him a son, his hatred for Casper began and he tried every possible means to eliminate him so his love child would get a chance. If Casper dies, Grandpa would only have to will the fortune to his beloved son.

After all, there would be no contenders. However, Grandpa was also careful enough to not

anger Casper so much, lest he began to find ways of destroying him. If that happened, Casper would find out about his loved child and in that case, this boy he loved so much

would be dead because Casper was evil and won't share his hard work with an illegitimate child.

"He has the blood of a true Blade. There isn't much I can do about it." Grandpa sounded helpless, as his anger rose towards Jenna but he knew he couldn't directly go against her. Since she helped Casper, he would protect her. The Blades were also honorable people. The young man was furious at his father's words. Did it mean he didn't have the blood of a true Blade like Casper? He hated that Casper came three years before him. He also hated that Casper took the spotlight. Now he hated that his father was afraid of Casper. "You are more feared than him but you seem to be afraid of him." "I'm not afraid of anyone. I just know what he is made of and what he is capable of. You should stay away from him in the future." Grandpa's tone was calm but hinted at a warning. This boy had gone through a lot of training but was nowhere close to Casper in terms of strength, charisma, intelligence, or power. "Dad, you sound ridiculous. I'm going to meet Casper and let him know I am the rightful heir to the Blade fortune." He turned around and headed to the door when Grandpa roared. "I forbid you, Caesar." He froze, slightly afraid. It was the first time his father raised his voice at him but he was determined to face Casper. Meanwhile, he has only seen pictures of him.

"I'm not afraid of him."

"You should. Casper is a nightmare. I made him that way. He won't blink before he kills you." Caesar dulled at his father's words. He knew that he wasn't strong enough but hearing it from the man who always showered praises on him made his heart fall. "So I lost because I'm weak."

"No, you lost because you are human. Humans can't survive this war. You might be able to flourish with the company but the mafia gangs will take you down." Grandpa tried to train him but the boy was too much like his mother. He even went ahead to give him a name beginning with a C, with the hope that his strength would match the trio but that even failed.

"What do we do now?" Caesar was now deflated. "Leave everything to me. I have a plan." Grandpa assured him but he had lost trust in his words, he scoffed, "That's what you said the last time but he still got everything." "This is different. Just leave it to me," he assured him. Grandpa's plan was simple. If he couldn't fight Casper, then he would secure his son's future. In Casper's Manor, he was awakened by the vibration of his phone and answered it.

"Casper, Riccardo is here," Cathan's worried voice came through. He had gone to check on their offenders when he received the surprise visit. Casper checked the time. It was already mid – morning. He frowned, surprised at how long he had slept. It was strange.

"Don't do anything, I'm coming."

He looked at the woman sleeping peacefully beside him and for the first time, the corner of his He brought this upon himself lips strangely curled upward. She saved him twice but last night was also the best he had. He recalled her laughter after she drank the wine and how they chatted through the night like friends.

The sex was great and now, he regretted telling her it wasn't going to happen again. It was something he never had and wanted more of it. When he glanced at her again, he was filled with a string of obsession. Again, she made him break protocol because he

was going to go back on his word.

He couldn't let her go. Not after what happened between them last night. Everything about her made him understand that she belonged to him and him alone. When he recalled the pair he saw last night, he was filled with hatred for them. He would help Jenna to get her deserved revenge. He elegantly put on clean clothes from the closet and put on his sunglasses. He gave a few orders before stepping out of the manor. An hour later, he arrived at the punishment room. Riccardo sat leisurely with a nasty grin on his face. He was surrounded by four bodyguards who seem to have accompanied him from Italy. Max and the men he went to Jenna's house with, together with two people from the old security team who had confessed to helping Max wipe the video were chained together like slaves.

The innocent members of the old security team had been allowed to return to work Casper's face was expressionless, his voice deep and freezing cold, it made anyone who heard it shiver." "What are you doing here?" "You have my men, let them go," Riccardo spoke casually but his Italian accent didn't hide the
- understanding of his words.

Casper's expression was deadpanned. "No." He didn't even think about it. He already knew what he had in mind.

Richard glanced at the half-dead men on the floor. They were reddened and swollen. Some were even bleeding. He didn't need a magnifying glass to determine that his men had been badly tortured. "Why? you've punished them enough." "No." Casper's voice was calm and deadly. Riccardo sighed. He has dealt with Grandpa and not Casper. Even with that, he always thought that Grandpa was the most difficult person he dealt with but seeing Casper, he took back his words. "What do you want from them?" "Their lives." Caspa's response was simple and his ways were graceful.

Riccardo felt humiliated at being denied like that in front of his men. An evil intent crosses his mind, "Alright."

He let out a crooked smile and brought out a packet of knives, twelve sets. "I want to gamble on them." Riccardo felt that Casper didn't know who he was, hence the refusal, and made that move.

"With what?" Casper was calm. He hadn't sat since he entered the room and met the foreign faces.

"A game." He gave Casper a devilish glare. "I love games." Casper stunned him with his response. Riccardo expected him to refuse but hid his disappointment behind a smile. "Good. I'll throw the knife. If you catch it, you can throw it to them," He looked below him." Or in their direction." He glared at his bodyguards who swallowed tightly. The news they heard about Casper made them feel terrible. "Wherever it strikes is their misfortune. But if you are not able to catch it and it hits you, then you'll die, but we shall mourn you well." His tone was spiced with mockery but Casper looked on with a straight cold face. They knew that Riccardo was an expert with knives but since no one had seen Casper use knives, Riccardo's teammates had smug looks on their faces.

"And you?" Casper asked Riccardo. In a game, rewards and punishments were two ways. Riccardo came to his senses.

"If you can catch all the twelve knives without fail, your bodyguards can tie me to a chair for you to throw the last knife. Wherever it hits, you are not responsible." At those

words, Casper was satisfied. There was already a feud among the gangs and he didn't want to bring doom upon Blade Towers.

"Cathan, do you have it recorded?" Casper asked for confirmation, though he already knew Cathan would.

"Hmmm," Cathan hummed but his heart glazed. During Casper's knife tests, they pulled a few tricks on Grandpa for Casper to win so he wasn't sure about this.

Riccardo's confidence lifted, as he prepared himself. Cathan had a strange feeling when he saw the wicked smile on Riccardo's face as he rose to his feet. "Casper, let me do it."

"This is not your fight, Cathan." Casper didn't relent. Though Cathan was a bodyguard, he was also his cousin therefore, he felt responsible for him for the sake of blood.

"I have to protect you," Cathan insisted.

"I also don't have to remind you that I take responsibility for myself." Having a bodyguard was a Blade tradition so Casper did not refuse but it didn't mean that he relied on them.

"Ok" Cathan gave up.

Since Casper was distracted, Riccardo took advantage and threw the first knife which Casper caught between two fingers. Riccardo's gaze darkened when Casper sent the knife flying, it stuck into Max's throat.

Blood gushed like a tap of water as he struggled for his last breath.

Riccardo composed himself and threw another knife. It almost slashed Casper on the face when he caught it at the tip of his finger, sending it to one of Riccardo's men. It was stuck in his heart.

Richard was mystified. Casper's expression hadn't changed and it was scary. After five of Riccardo's men lay dead, he stopped throwing the knives.

"What are you waiting for?" Casper's tone was icy as he asked. Riccardo, an Italian mafia boss

and greatly feared found himself losing a game. He couldn't help the smoke of fear suffocating him.

"I want to renegotiate." He was ready to accept defeat and walk out with the rest of his men

but,

"No." Casper disagreed. Riccardo was in the Lion's den and there was no way out of there.

"Aren't you afraid that you will die?" Riccardo was trying to distract Casper.

"No," Casper responded calmly.

Another knife was sent flying straight to the bridge of Casper's nose. He caught it between his two palms, sending it to one of Riccardo's bodyguards. Soon, Ten men lay in pools of blood. The punishment room was bloody and the atmosphere was so tense that it turned pungent.

Riccardo understood why people said Casper was a demon. He killed without mercy.

From Casper's deadly countenance, Riccardo knew that he wasn't going to relent. He looked at the last man chained. After Max, Casper had taken down his bodyguards first so even if tried to escape, he couldn't rely on a dying man. All others were dead and their weight was already squeezing the man who had already been battered by

whatever torture this Ruthless Casper and his men gave him. Ricardo had to play smart or leave the room in cold blood like the others. He changed the rules of the game in his mind, throwing both knives at the same time. What he didn't expect was for Casper to be able to catch both knives perfectly. Before he could express his shock or lower his pride to beg, he felt a sharp pain in his heart and throat. Casper worked with the an eye for an eye principle. He threw two knives so he sent the two back Riccardo choked and sadly fell to the floor. The last man watched Casper with both horror and remorse in his eyes but Casper didn't cast him a glance. He turned to Cathan, "finish him."

At the hearing of a gunshot, his bodyguards outside rushed to the punishment room. They were horrified by what they saw. They always saw Casper during training but never on assignments. They began to look at him differently because the man was composed as if nothing had happened. "Get this room into its former state, send the recording to his gang and let them know that he brought this upon himself. I have to go for a haircut." Casper said and walked out with Cathan behind him.

Author's Note;

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