

Trapped by the Ruthless Billionaire by Lucia Love

Chapter 39

39 – Anna Strikes At Drake’s apartment, he was oblivious to what had happened to Jenna, seemingly worried. The line disconnected by itself. Does it mean she was angry? Was she going to plead with Casper?

Just as he was about to dial Jenna’s number again, he heard the sound of keys turning in the keyhole and hid the phone when the door lung open, a woman wearing a black pair of skinny trousers, a black top, and a black jacket with her hair held in a ponytail walked in.

Seeing how young she looked, Drake laughed internally. It won’t be difficult for him to escape. Somehow, he wondered why Casper would send such a feeble woman. After all, she didn’t look tough The woman didn’t utter a word and walked directly to Eve with a bottle of cold water in her hand, pouring it on the sleeping woman. Eve woke up shivering from the cold.

“Drake, what’s going on, who is she?” She asked when her eyes met the familiar figure before what happened an hour ago came flooding in. Drake turned his attention toward the woman. He was planning on hurting her and escaping the city for a while. He did wrong but it wasn’t intentional so he wasn’t ready to die for it. He didn’t even want to go to prison. He only said that to Jenna to have her sympathy. It would be better to die than go to prison.

If he went to prison and returned, his life would be messed up with the record of an ex convict. He couldn’t allow that to happen. He looked at the woman and thought her to be a fool. She didn’t even tie them up and here she was. One against two. “Who are you and what do you want in my house?” Drake stared at the woman treacherously, looking for the easiest means of attack

The woman sat at the edge of the bed like she owned the house. Her countenance was relaxed but there were no traces of emotions on her cute face. She didn’t look familiar to Drake in any way. “You should rather be thinking about how you are going to make it out of here. Weren’t you planning to leave the city and the country at large? Where would you pass?”

Drake was surprised about how the woman knew his plans. Aside from Eve, he hadn’t told anybody else and Eve was right there. She hadn’t left since they hatched their plan. Has she been spying on him? That was the most reasonable excuse. How could she have appeared in time and injected him with that substance and also empty his fuel tank?

“This is my house!” Drake roared.

The woman was unmoved and rather brought out a pack of cigarettes and a lighter from her jacket She lit the cigarette and puffed a cloud of smoke. Drake was getting more irritated. Her silence only aggravated his nervous strings.

“You broke into my apartment, emptied my fuel tank, and knocked me unconscious. I have to call the police,” Drake threatened her.

He took his phone and was about to dial 911 when a calm but cold voice interrupted him. It was so dry that the atmosphere became uncomfortable for the trio. The woman glared at Drake. Her eyes were light brown but seemed like a bottomless pit. There was no trace of emotions in her eyes.

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“Lucky enough, I have the proof I was looking for from your conversation on the phone. I realized that throwing you into prison was better than killing you. Why do I make you suffer once when you can suffer for years or even a lifetime?”

She kept shifting glances between him and Eve while she spoke. She witnessed the murder but had no evidence, which got her thinking about what to do with Drake. If she couldn’t prove that he indeed killed Jenna’s father, then she had to give him a painful death. She merely suspected that the two of them might discuss it, for which reason she kept them together in the same room. If they woke up panicked, they might begin talking about what got them there, who and for what reason, and bring up their evil deeds. When she kept the recorder hidden in Drake’s wardrobe, she least expected the confession of another crime.

Drake’s breathing quickened. He was looking everywhere without focus and began to sweat profusely. The white ceiling changed to shades of brown and yellow. Did he just give himself away with that call? No, it couldn’t be. “What are you talking about?” He feigned ignorance. “Jenna,” Eve responded. Drake hadn’t noticed her pale form when she saw the woman. She had suddenly turned mute till now .“You know her?” Drake began to suspect that perhaps Eve caused him trouble by getting in touch with this woman but was perplexed when Eve began to explain. “When I got married to Pascal, she warned me against hurting Jenna. It was the day I tried to set Jenna up with a man during her birthday party but this woman appeared and ruined it,” Eve recalled that unsatisfying event. She hated that Jenna was pure and meant to ruin her but just when she was about to drop something in her drink, this woman appeared out of nowhere and took the drug from her after giving her a severe warning. It was years ago but the woman still looked the same: she hadn’t changed at all.

Drake’s hands balled into fists as he stared at Eve with murderous eyes and asked with gritted teeth, “why do you hate Jenna so much?”

Eve was suddenly upset when she heard Drake being all possessive of Jenna. “Because she’s everything I want to be but can’t be.”

The room fell silent. No one knew what the other was thinking. Everything Eve did was because she was envious of Jenna.

“If you wanted to be like her, you could have just befriended her to learn her ways. Why would you rather sabotage her?”

“You think I didn’t try? We were once friends but as soon as I said to her that I liked her dad, she drew lines between us. She was selfish. She wanted all the love and attention to herself so when I met Pascal that afternoon when Jenna’s lecture had been delayed, I took my chance.” Eve sounded so vengeful, that it only drew a shameless mark in her from the two onlookers. Drake was the only one shocked but the woman wasn’t even surprised at all.

“You are so pathetic. You call Jenna selfish because she won’t allow you to hit on her dad. Congratulations, you got him, and what happened? You killed him for his wealth so wasn’t Jenna right from the onset? It’s like she saw right through you.” Drake was so angry that he didn’t realize he was yelling. “You are still su...” Eve was already helplessly in tears and tried to chastise Drake when the woman interrupted her. “Enough. Everything you took from her has already been taken from you.” Her eyes narrowed to Drake and she frowned. “Well, except this one.”

Drake was displeased at how she shunned him but had no guts to speak as the woman continued, “I wanted you to feel how painful it is, to have something you’ve worked so hard for snatched without a penny, which was why I waited till you wanted to sell the company. You froze Jenna’s bank accounts so I froze yours.”

Eve had turned so white, that it was difficult to tell if blood flowed through her veins at the realization. The woman pretended to not notice the change in her appearance and continued to speak indifferently

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“You can never win against Jenna because you are right about one thing. She is everything you wish to be but can never be. It was quite easy to get the company. Easier than I thought.”

Eve was lucky that she was still sitting on the bed. The shock was too much for her that she was glacial.

“So what do you want with us?” Drake asked. It was slowly drowning in that. Casper had nothing to do with this. If Eve knew this woman from a long time ago, then it meant Casper wasn’t involved. He was just announced to the world recently.

“The police. What were you thinking?” She lifted a handset from her jacket and spoke into it,” send them over. I’m ready.” The woman puffed a cigarette smoke in the air once more after speaking into the handset. Her attitude was nonchalant.

“No, you can’t do that,” Drake attacked but the woman defended quickly, burning him with the hot cigarette stick in the process. She removed his belt, using it to tie his two hands together behind him. The skill she displayed made Drake realize that she wasn’t an ordinary woman.

“Who are you?” He asked with his face plastered harshly against the wall.

“Call me the Black Angel. To some, I’m their savior and to others, my presence means death.”

Suddenly, her phone rang. Casper had listened to everything Jenna said about her conversation on the phone with Drake, earning an air of coldness from him. What kept ringing in his mind was how she cried,

“I trusted him. I loved him. I used to hope for a blissful future with him but he killed the man who gave me life. He betrayed me. He used to say that he loved me. Is this how to treat a loved one? What did my father do to him? If he had a distorted past, shouldn’t he have come to me? If it was a mistake, I would have stood by him but he chose Eve and killed my father. Casp,” her voice turned low and teary. “I’m I a bad person? How can I love again?”

Casper wanted to soak Drake in a barrel of acid but now...

“Casp, I want him to go to a prison where he can’t see the sun,” Jenna said and passed out due to exhaustion and panic attacks. Casper wanted to tell her that her father was still alive but the

old man was in a coma without anyone knowing when he would be out of there.

He laid her gently on the sofa and walked around to the window. He didn’t lift the blinds as usual but dialed a number.

“Anna, whatever you do, Jenna wants them to be sent to a prison where they can’t see the sun,” Casper said as soon as the woman answered the cold. Though he sounded cold, Ana knew that things were fractured in his heart.

“We are on the same page then. Anything else?” Anna asked impatiently. She could already hear the police sirens and was ready to hang up.

“No, I’ll leave it to you.”

After Casper hung up, he removed his blazer and used it to cover Jenna. Just as he was about to call Cathan to inform him that no one should be allowed into his office, Caleb walked in.

“I’m back,” he was about to say more when Casper shushed him with a sign indicating that Jenna was sleeping. Caleb’s eyes narrowed down to the woman on the sofa. He didn’t know if it was due to the few days he had been away but something had changed between Casper and Jenna. He couldn’t put a finger on it so he asked, “Is she alright?”

“Yes, she broke down after learning some truths. Get my schedule from Cathan and let him investigate the event in Italy. Jenna will be coming along so I don’t want her to be endangered. Since you are tired, you can stick around.

““Is there anything else?” Casper was only concerned about Jenna. He no longer cares about the boys. Caleb felt strange. Is this what Peggy said about love? It was good he returned and was stationed here again. He would get to speak with Peggy about matters of the heart. Casper was behaving weirdly.

“Don’t allow anyone into my office and rescheduled my appointments to tomorrow. That’s all for now,” Casper instructed indifferently before discharging Cathan. As he got back to work on some documents, his phone rang. Checking the caller ID, it was grandpa. Wondering why the old man was calling, he put the phone to his ear, though he felt slightly uneasy, and said, “hello.”