

Trapped by the Ruthless Billionaire by Lucia Love

Chapter 45

45 – The human demon the Dons were talking about.

Aweek passed. Eve and Drake were still undergoing trial in court. Anna sought Casper's help to engage top officials to increase their prison terms. Hunter returned just a day before the departure to Italy, to prepare for the nine hours flight scheduled for Wednesday evening. With good planning, they could rest in the morning before the event began on Thursday evening.

Hunter was exhausted because this investigation was more difficult than he thought. He couldn't find out much and rather brought back a mystery to be solved, Not knowing how Casper was going to take it, he became anxious.

"Mr Blade, I couldn't find out anything, I'm sorry." He lowered his head in front of Casper, who was sitting in front of him with an impassive expression.

"I trusted you." Disappointment laced his cold voice. Having something on grandpa, it would have been great for him to have something on the Wreaths too, which he could use to suppress their decision for him to go ahead with the marriage. This was what he had planned. Even if he used Caesar to blackmail grandpa into agreeing to cancel the marriage, the Blade seniors wouldn't allow it because the Wreaths had not done anything wrong. They were just victims like Casper himself. Hunter guessed the repercussions, for which reason the words were hard to speak. "I know. I thought I was close to getting something but the information had been wiped by somebody else."

Something flashed in Casper's eyes but it was soon gone. This was his only hope and he didn't want to lose out on it. "Does it mean that someone is protecting the Wreaths?"

"I don't know for a fact. I only made this sketch of the person per the description I was given." Hunter passed a paper to Casper. The longer he stared at the sketched image, the greater his confusion. The person looked like him but it didn't mean anything. He studied the features on the paper again. The person also had grey hair which meant he wasn't a young man. The closer he got to recognize the image, the further it flew from his mind.

"What is his involvement?" The gravity of the person's connivance was what would make Casper decide on whether it was worth spending his resources to search for him or not. After all, Hunter had already said that he couldn't get anything. "He gathered everything about the Wreaths and destroyed all, including the sources. Thus, you and I can never have any information about them."

Hunters' words hit Casper like a storm, his last drop of hope smashed, replaced by a sudden realization when Hunter continued to explain.

"But, I think the Wreaths are also tied to the Blades. I believe that this man is also a Blade but since you all look alike, I don't know how to find him. I was hoping that you would know him."

Hunters' words were sincere and he also gave a clue so Casper's hope arose slightly. He stared at the image again and shook his head.

"I don't remember him."

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Hunter had lost hope. He was certain that Casper might **know the man. At that, they could get the needed** information but it seemed he had to search for the man by himself.

"He has every information you need. I only got to find out that the Wreaths dying **two years** after having a child for the Blades wasn't an accident. It was carefully planned but the **answers** are all with that man. I don't know if he is protecting the Blades because the one eliminating **the** Wreaths after they gave birth must be a Blade."

Casper felt a burning in his heart as his jaw clenched. Hunter had no idea that Casper **was** angry because he looked calm on the outside. What Hunter was saying was **a very serious** matter so if proof wasn't added, he could be hunted by the Blades for defamation. "How did you get this information?"

Casper wanted to know. He knew that his mother died when he was two. Grandpa's wife died when his father was two. From all the torture Grandpa had meted out to him in the name of training, he never for once thought that something must have been wrong. Hearing it from an outsider was a slap to his face.

"From verified sources. I had a life before working for Raman. I knew people. I was once **a secret service** agent but..." Hunter swallowed every word after. It seemed to Casper that Hunter wasn't as simple as he thought. His explicit skills must have been earned from hard, dangerous work

"You don't want to say it?" Casper asked him. From how easy Hunter could get information and how intelligent he was, Casper didn't doubt him but was only concerned with how Hunter stopped the work of a secret agent. Also, it meant there were so many stones left unturned concerning the Wreaths, which made him disturbed.

"I was betrayed." Hunter's **expression was solemn** so Casper knew he was telling the truth. The details, in other words, were unnecessary at the moment. It was Hunter's personal life. "I understand," Casper nodded, telling him indirectly that he didn't have to explain. Hunter sighed with relief, "Thank you," he said while waiting for Casper to dismiss him. "Rest today, the jet leaves at 6 am tomorrow," Casper informed him. Hunter stood up to leave, then turned around as if contemplating something. Finally, he gathered the courage. "I don't mean to ask for too much but can I bring Peggy along? I know that Jenna and Kate will be going so she might just be lonely." "Jenna already made plans for her," was Casper's impassive response. Hunter's tired eyes lit. "Thank you, Mr Blade, working with you is a great honor." He bowed slightly before walking out of the dimly lit office. Casper was one of a kind.

When he left, Casper's mind went back to the paper in front of him. If the Blades had a hand in the death of the Wreaths, then everything they did for them wasn't enough. They owed the Wreaths so much and that could be the reason why marriage between the Blades and the Wreaths was mandatory.

However, as he thought about it again, it made no sense. If the Wreaths married into the Blades to be murdered, then what was the essence of the marriage? Who eliminated the

Wreaths two years after they had a child and what was the reason behind it?

Casper suddenly felt cold, his eyes turning darker, as he thought about Jenna. Would he be **endangering** her life if he got married to her? There was something wrong somewhere, which **Casper was** bound to find out. After Grandpa's birthday, Hunter must investigate the man **whose** image was printed on the white sheet of paper before him.

At exactly 6 am the next day, everyone converged at the hanger. Due to Casper's presence in the jet, everyone including Hunter and Caleb behaved well. Aside from Casper's trusted bodyguards and their women – Cathan and Kate, Hunter and Peggy, and Caleb, Casper allowed **six** extra bodyguards to accompany them.

Wherever there were Mafia Dons', one couldn't rule out the presence of violence. When the jet landed, they were met by an entourage of Mafia Godfathers and bodyguards. The bodyguards stopped a few meters away while The Godfathers made their way to them. Their **movements** were fierce, complemented by their black suits and fedora hats. In contrast to Casper, they **wore** white shirts.

Heads turned in their direction, as they stopped in front of Casper. It was discriminatory for them to welcome the younger generation by themselves but in Casper's case, he was enjoying Grandpa's honor.

"Mr Blade, you are welcome," One of the Mafia Godfathers' Tino Fiumara, who seemed to be the highest in the hierarchy, welcomed him. He was an elderly man who had his grey hair gracefully sneaking out of the edges of his fedora hat but looked dignified.

Casper responded politely and introduced his team. Though Casper was young, the air around **him was even more** intimidating than Grandpa. The Godfathers noticed but didn't duel on it instantly.

After all the pleasantries, they were led to five Maserati with five drivers. "They will take you to the hotel," Tino said. Casper had his reservations and said blankly, "No, one driver is enough to lead the way. We are all drivers here." The old man frowned and looked at the three others, who hid their disappointment behind a forced smile. Casper **was** unpredictable.

One of the three Mafia Godfathers who was the second in the hierarchy, Angelo Decar**lo was** about to argue when Tino told him to stop. He stared into Casper's cold dark eyes.

"Okay. Suit yourself." From the shadow cast from his fedora hat, Casper couldn't read his expression. Their first plan had failed but there are different ways to kill a cat. The drivers were spies who were supposed to feed them information about Casper and the people around him.

In this game, knowing your opponents' weaknesses was a great treasure. For **whatever reason** Casper refused the services of the drivers, it made them even more fearful of him. Since they didn't know the hotel, it was ideal for one driver to lead the way. Even that one was paired with just a bodyguard and with a serious warning.

Before Casper sat in the car, he asked Hunter to check to see whether everything was alright. The moment their cars sped off in a convoy, after Hunter's confirmation, the Mafia Godfathers exchanged grim glances as Tino remarked, "he isn't an easy opponent."

"I can tell," **Angelo responded, as a ruthless light flashed in his eyes. Riccardo was his good friend so he wanted revenge on** his behalf against Casper. It was good that they didn't plant anything in any of the cars. Slowly, they would gain his trust, **the strike at once**. "So what do we do?" Tino asked. He was afraid of losing his voice if **Casper became too tough** to handle. If he couldn't have the final say in meetings, then **he was useless and that, he** couldn't **allow**.

"Leave him to me. I have **e**ys on the girl beside him," Mattia Matteo admonished. As the third in the hierarchy, he was also the youngest among them, clocking thirty in a week. He has been quiet throughout because his attention **was centered on Jenna when she stood beautifully beside Casper**.

"I hope you have a good way around it. She might not mean anything to him but I don't think he'll let you have her either. Armando tried and failed," Angelo reminded him.

Mattia sighed, "Armando has a fiancée. It serves him right. As for me, I'm still single and hunting," he let out a sinister smile. Among the Dons and Grandfathers, the women they brought along meant nothing to them so it was easy to assume the same thing about Casper. At the hotel, their **rooms were close** to each other. The six bodyguards were split into **two** rooms. The pairs had one room while Caleb had one room to himself. Of course, the **Presidential suite was** occupied by Casper and Jenna.

There was going to be a meeting later in the evening so Casper began preparations since they had slept on the jet and were quite energetic. Being a gathering of the Dons and Godfathers, **not everyone was allowed** to participate. The only reason why Casper had to **attend was** because he controlled the distribution of ammunition.

When it was time to leave for the meeting, Cathan came to knock on his door to remind him, **surprised to see Jenna dressed as well**.

"Casper, you can't go with Jenna. Women aren't allowed." He spoke with caution and Jenna **narrowed her eyes. If women weren't allowed, then why was** he bringing her along? Not even bodyguards **were allowed in that meeting so what was Casper** trying to do? "She's coming with me. I can't leave her with anyone." Casper was determined. He couldn't attest for Jenna's safety without him around. In silent terms, they had to change the rules to **suit his special woman**.

"You can leave her with me. Kate is in the room." Cathan suggested, beckoning at the direction of his room. Jenna's eyes lit. She hasn't spoken much with Kate for the past few days.

"No." Casper said to her dismay.

She **swallowed** tightly and put on a bright smile. "Casp, **let me wait for you here**." Jenna wanted him to know that she was fine but seeing that she wasn't on his side, Casper was upset.

"Why?" His voice turned cold, making Jenna nervous. She had **gotten used to his soft gaze**, forgetting that this side of him still existed.

"**Because women** aren't allowed," she lowered her head, avoiding his dark gaze. Casper lifted her chin, his dark gaze boring into her grey eye s

"**You aren't just any woman. Unless you want me to cause havoc, you can stay**." Jenna recalled when he said that she brought out the human in him and instantly connected the dots.

"I'll come with you." Cathan was speechless. How could he **understand them? The closer they** got, the further he was pushed **away**.

When they got to the hall where the meeting was being held, there was a guard at the door. Naturally, he tried to pull Jenna away when Casper seethed, "don't even dare."

His hand that almost touched Jenna's hand remained in the air. **He never encountered a young man as scary as** Casper. His dark eyes pierced that so hard, he **could feel the impact on his soul**. 'This must be the human demon the Dons were gossiping about.