

# Trapped by the Ruthless Billionaire by Lucia Love

## Chapter 59

59 – Entangled with women the Blade seniors won't approve of

In an unknown place, a middle aged man who has been in a coma for three months, moved his fingers. The man sitting beside him was amazed but his expression was calm, it was as if he wasn't surprised and said in a deep voice,

“You finally came around.”

The man on the bed's eyes slowly opened, met with a white ceiling above his head. He stared in confusion around the room and the tubes connected to him on the bed. He didn't recall being sick in any way and though the man beside him was his best friend, he wasn't expecting him to be here. His eyes searched for the one important person in his life.

“What are you doing here? Where am I and where is my daughter?” “One at a time. Let me call the doctor first.” The man beside him said coldly and strode out before the one on the bed could speak again. .

Soon, a group of doctors walked in. When they stepped out, they explained the condition to the man outside, who took his seat in his usual place beside the man on the bed.

“I guess you fairly understand the reason why you are here now?” The man on the bed's eyes darkened, his anger burned. Unfortunately, he couldn't move his limbs instantly.

“Drake. I will kill him when I get out of here and where is that, that, slut?” His eyes were filled with disgust when he mentioned the slut. “Your wife?” The man beside him didn't pity him at all, taunting him emotionlessly, and arousing more anger from the one on the bed.

“Don't call her that.” The man on the bed was furious but that only made the one beside him slightly satisfied. This man deserved everything that happened to him.

“You didn't listen when we warned you. She threw your daughter out of the company and out of the mansion.” The man beside him added fuel to fire, not making it easy for him, and the aggravating his blood pressure. He carried no expressions on his face when he spoke.

Cough, cough, the man on the bed was choking from fury. A glass of water appeared before him with a commanding voice, “drink some water,” the man sitting beside the bed said nonchalantly. He had no emotions for a man.

“Caspian, tell me everything.” The man on the bed demanded. Instantly, a cold aura saturated the atmosphere, making the middle-aged man on the bed slightly better. Taunting each other was what they did best and they both knew the right buttons to press.

“If you want to hear everything, then call me by my real name.” The middle-aged man beside the bed spoke coldly. Though he was the same age as the man on the bed, he looked strong and youthful, with just a few strands of grey hair. His aura was intimidating

The man on the bed sighed. He derived joy from putting the man beside him in a sour mood.” You can never run away from your identity. Change your name a thousand times but you will

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still have the blood of the Blades running through your veins.”

The man on the bed stood up abruptly. The speed was like that of a vampire. “This talk is over.” He was furious and headed to the door. The one on the bed knew he had gone too far. How would he have answers to the questions throbbing in his mind?

“Come on, Marshall. Let's be serious,” he coaxed the man who was already turning the knob. He stopped and turned around, slightly relaxed.

“Anna rescued and brought you here for me to take care of!”

The man on the bed's eyes widened in shock, admiration and longing. One couldn't tell which was dominant. “Anna? Where is she?”

“She's out there protecting your daughter. Jenna went to Rome with Casper.” Cough cough. The man in the bed felt like his blood pressure was rising. “Drink some more water.” Marshall held the glass to him nonchalantly. He did his part by advising his best friend and his family to stay away from the Blades. If his advice fell on deaf ears, how was that his fault?

“Upon all the advice I gave her, she chose to disobey the most important one? How did she meet him? Wasn't him disallowed from showing his face in public? That inhumane son of yours. If he hurts her, Marshall,” his pitch was getting higher and higher. “Enough Pascal! If he wanted to hurt her, she'd be dead by now.” Marshall spoke coldly. How was their children's affairs his fault? He knew how heartless his son had become but how was that his fault when he was forced to cut ties with him? He could only watch him from the shadows but never approach him.

“I want to see my daughter.” Pascal was desperate. Marshall was still unfazed. That has been his nature, barely moved by anything except for his sweet little wife Kira. She was the only one who had the power to play with his emotions. “How are you going to do that? You can barely move. You need physiotherapy for at least two months before you can get out of here,” Marshall spat out coldly. He couldn't worry himself. Anna would straighten things when she returns from Italy.

“Tell you son to leave my daughter alone please.” Not seeing any light at the end of the tunnel, Pascal was deflated and begged. Marshall stared at him coldly. He cared for his best friend but didn't know how to show it. Pascal has always understood Marshall's personality and never dwelt on it. To an outsider, Marshall was heartless but to Pascal, he was just being himself. They understood each other: “How can I? He doesn't even know me.” Marshall was unfazed.

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At Casper's office, he was interrogating the three men like some criminals after grandpa left his office. Having experienced love, Casper knew that it couldn't be toiled with. He won't take it kindly if any woman came to him crying because of his best friends or cousins. “Hunter, Caleb, who is Peggy's boyfriend?” Silence descended, as Casper let out the question solemnly. Since when did he begin to care

about their love affairs? Cathan's eyes widened with curiosity. Perhaps he must have been too blind for Casper to know something he didn't know.

Since Caleb had promised Hunter, he couldn't betray him at this juncture. “Hunter doesn't want her so he gave me permission to woo her but I haven't made headway.”

Casper could foresee a pending problem. He just realized that their relationship was ambiguous. “Do you love her?” “Casper...” Caleb didn't have an answer to that question and wanted to divert attention but Casper wasn't letting him off. “Do. You. Love. Her?” Casper asked slowly like he was talking to a child. Caleb looked at Hunter's worried look but couldn't lie anymore. Even if he did, Casper would see right through him.

“I think so. I like her personality and she makes me happy but I'm still getting to know her.”

Casper swapped his gaze towards Hunter. “Hunter, why did you suddenly decide to let her go?”

“Because he...” Caleb couldn't let Hunter's secret be spilled and tried to create an excuse for him but that didn't seem to work

“I said Hunter, not Caleb,” Casper insisted. Caleb turned apologetically to Hunter but the latter gave him a nod that said it was fine.

“It's okay. It's because....”

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When Hunter finished narrating everything, the two men who didn't know about it were shocked. Casper had mixed feelings, turned to Caleb and said, “you knew.” He was smart enough to understand that Caleb might not love Peggy but wanted to please Hunter. However, upon recalling their first banter and fight because of Peggy, he also thought that Caleb was lost in the things of love.

“Yes.” Caleb agreed.

“I hope you aren't trying to be nice to her as a result of guilt? If that's the case, you will be doing more harm than good.” Casper believed in facing a painful truth rather than seeking consolation in a lie. It always backfires. Caleb felt guilty and retorted truthfully. “You all know that I have never taken interest in any woman. Peggy is the one who makes me smile. With time, I hope she gives me half of what she gave Hunter.”

It was understood between the three men that Caleb was envious of Peggy's feelings for Hunter but no one exposed him. “It's alright, cousin. Love grows,” Cathan patted Caleb on the shoulder while giving Hunter a meaningful look. He was the most selfless person he ever met. Unfortunately, his action reminded Casper of something. “And you, Cathan, what are your intentions towards Kate? You have to understand that I won't support any of you messing with any woman's heart. Never touch what you don't want.”

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“I love Kate.” Cathan smiled smugly. He won't deny it in front of his cousins or Hunter but he seemed to have forgotten something, of which Casper calmly reminded him.

“Then you should be ready to fight for her.”

The atmosphere instantly changed after Casper uttered those words. Grandpa wasn't interested in the women they slept with or dated. He was only concerned about the ones they got married to.

Casper's words were directed at the future when they were ready to settle down. However, Cathan reminisced that they were all entangled with women the Blade seniors won't approve of easily and smiled slightly.

“What about you, Casper? Do you love Jenna? What happens to your arranged bride? Don't get me wrong, I'm only concerned as a cousin and a bestfriend...”