

Trapped by the Ruthless Billionaire by Lucia Love

Chapter 65

65 – Donna confronts Jenna Tino had arrived at the party a little late because of a feud among the mafia organizations within these few days, which means that Tino also brought bad news.

“Mr Fiumara, you came.” Casper shook his hand vigorously. He and the elderly man were now friends because they stood for the same things for different reasons.

“I wouldn’t miss it for anything. Your grandpa and I are good friends,” Tino spoke politely, in contrast to his intimidating aura. Casper could tell there was more. “And?” Casper lifted his head slightly, his jaws pointing to the two men behind Tino.

Tino smiled. “The new Godfathers to replace Mattia and Angelo. If we can go somewhere private to talk, then I can explain more.” “Of course,” Casper said and led them away. When grandpa saw that the godfathers had directly gone to Casper without as much as greeting or wishing him a happy birthday first, his face turned gloomy, and not able to hold it in, he followed them.

Donna was bitter after Casper’s dance with Jenna. She couldn’t stand another woman taking the spotlight from her when she had been training for this all her life. At this juncture, with the two men she most feared away, she excused herself from the high table.

Kate and Peggy were still teasing Jenna when Peggy paused and gazed behind Jenna. Jenna followed her gaze and met that of Donna. Her smile was beautiful but it didn’t reach her eyes. Jenna could feel that Donna wasn’t as easy as she looked.

“I will like to have a word with you, miss Jenna Nova.” Donna forced herself to be calm and polite. She couldn’t create a scene and embarrass the Wreaths.

“Have a seat,” Jenna gazed at the empty chair Hunter had left for Casper before the arrival of the godfathers. Donna glanced at the chair, disdain flashed in her eyes. “I prefer somewhere private.”

Jenna chuckled. She was about to respond when Hunter, like rushing water, responded,

“No, you can only speak to her in my presence.”

Donna furrowed her brows in annoyance. Did Jenna have a boyfriend and still kept Casper? “Are you…”

“Her bodyguard for tonight.” Hunter quickly cut her off and wiped her suspicion. Donna was angered. Jenna even had a bodyguard but she, the wife-to-be, wasn’t assigned one. It seems another woman has been eating the food prepared for her. She had to take back her authority.

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“Well, I am Casper’s wife to be and I demand to speak to her in private.” Hearing those words, Jenna’s gaze darkened and her teeth ground together but Hunter had her covered. “You are not yet formally his wife and even if you are, I will need an official notice from Mr Blade to take your orders because, unlike the rest, I’m not a Blade bodyguard.”

Donna was getting even more annoyed. Hunter’s words only conveyed that he was hired by

Casper himself to protect Jenna. What an irony? She still couldn’t leave without telling Jenna what she had in mind. “I will discuss that with him next time. Alright, can we move away a little?”

She swapped glances between Hunter and Jenna. There was a little pause before Hunter responded. “Wherever I can see you.” Donna nodded and led Jenna to the Wreaths table, sending one of the Wreaths to another. Onlookers at the party were amazed. It seemed that the two rivals were getting along quite well. Hunter followed closely behind and pretended to arrange Jenna’s dress from sweeping the floor, planting a small speaker at the hem of her gown.

From where he sat, he also ensured to secretly video all their movements. These were love rivals so he couldn’t trust Donna.

Jenna was composed with her head lifted high. She had managed a company all by herself and couldn’t bow to another woman just because she was the Blades chosen one. Her demeanor aggravated Donna’s irritation. “I can see that you and Casper are so close.”

Jenna let out a small smile, sensing Donna’s jealousy. “It’s because we work together.” “Just work?” Donna sneered. She couldn’t be fooled.

“Hmmm, or do you have any ideas?” Jenna asked with innocent eyes as if she didn’t know what Donna was driving at.

“No, needless to say, I believe you. You don’t look like a woman who would want to be a mistress,” Donna snickered.

Jenna’s demeanor turned cold. “Get to the point.”

Donna chuckled but there was a slice of envy in her tone when she spoke. “I want to know how you do it.”

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“I don’t understand.” Jenna was solemn but Donna was unfazed. They had to get to the bottom of this matter. Somebody had to go down and it can’t be the one with the family’s blessing.

“Come on, we are both women here. My family members aren’t listening. It’s just us,” Donna let out a sinister smile but Jenna was getting angry. “You might have a lot of time on your hands but I don’t. Get to the point.” The corner of Donna’s lip twitched. This woman was quite more sophisticated than she looked. “It’s interesting how you pretend to not want him but your body and everything shows that you desire him. You can’t erase it from your eyes.”

Jenna’s appearance wasn’t better but she knew what Donna was hitting at and she wasn’t going to let herself go. If she could face grandpa squarely, then who was Donna?

“Every woman desires him, including you, so how different I’m I?”

Jenna’s look was daring, making Donna cower a little. “But he’s mine.” She stuttered slightly.

Jenna’s eyes hardened and narrowed into slits at what Donna said. “Since you are so sure

about that, then why do you feel insecure? Let’s say that the dress you are wearing is yours. I already know that so why do you still have to announce it? Unless,”

Jenna’s eyebrows raised at her uncompleted sentence, and Donna’s jaws clenched. “I’m done being nice, Jenna or whatever you call yourself. I don’t like you around Casper and I hate the attention he gives you. All my life, I was trained to only love him.”

Donna sounded pitiful but her appearance showed otherwise. Jenna didn’t see a way that she and Casper would be together but she was sure that even if she left him, he would never be the same.

“You were trained to love him but I slowly fell in love with him. Don’t worry. I already know that he has a desperate bride. I’ll make sure to leave some chaff for you after I finish squeezing all the juice.”

When Jenna spoke, her countenance was so chilly that Donna shivered but she wouldn’t give up.

“You are just as I imagined. A bitch hiding in the name of working with him to get into his pants but Blade heirs are trained to not fall for that. I will be his first, just as he will be for me.”

“Hahaha…” Jenna laughed out loud and certainly caught some attention. Only if Donna knew that his virgin of a man had already tasted and done all the naughty things imaginable.

“You seem to have some childish mind there and oops, let me be the first to congratulate you on your marriage in the next four months.”

Jenna stood up after that. Talking to Donna was like a merry-go-round. There can never be an end to it. Donna was dissatisfied with Jenna’s arrogance. She expected Jenna to apologize and give her some assurance but the bitch only proved that the rumors were true.

Jenna was in love with Casper. Donna couldn’t take it. She couldn’t allow all her hard work to be washed down the drain, allowing evil to creep inside her mind.

Adjusting her seat a little, she stretched her legs. Jenna wanted to leave that table instantly. She took the first step. Second step. She heard Hunter telling her to stop and got confused.

Her right leg hit something hard, the impact pulled down the bandage on her knee. Pain spread through her legs. She tried to balance herself but her leg felt like jelly, making her ankle twist to the side. She couldn’t swallow the pain, as her right knee and ankle failed to support her, sending her down to the floor with a painful scream that threw the auditorium into a state of shock. No. It was too embarrassing so she reached out to anything she could find, grabbing the shirt of a waiter with a tray of wine.

Unfortunately, the waiter lost his balance as well, sending down the tray in his hand full of glasses of wine, breaking and scattering on the floor.

Luckily, Jenna was already on the floor if not, she would have been pierced by the glass particles. The pain that sent her to the floor was so unbearable that she couldn’t help but wail, grabbing her legs and finding ways to numb the pain. Her dress was wet from wine, and her feet were so painful that she couldn’t move. It was great

65 – Donna confronts Jenna

that she wore black so the color of the wine didn’t stain her dress. To her side, the pieces of wine glasses prevented anyone from coming any closer. It happened so fast that Hunter got to her so late. Just as he was about to lift her from the floor, someone spoke beside him. “She will be pricked by the broken glasses if you do that. Wait for the waiters to clear the place.” The sophisticated-looking woman spoke as if she cared but she was just buying time for the media to take coverage of Jenna’s most embarrassing moment. Why should Jenna walk all high and mighty, after embarrassing her daughter? This was payback time.

Unfortunately for her, a stronger leg with feet inside a luxury leather shoe that shone with the brightness of the light stomped the broken glasses, his hand slipped underneath Jenna before the media got close. His eyes were red and his anger burned as he carried her in his arms like his most treasured asset.