

# Trapped by the Ruthless Billionaire by Lucia Love

## Chapter 82

81 – I wanted to know how much she loves him

Jenna was trying hard to beat the time when she left the manor with the driver. She had no intention of picking a flight due to the delay the last time and was headed for the train station.

When the driver hit the main road, she alighted from Casper's car and picked a taxi, when she felt like she was being stalked. Casper always kept his word and he promised not to track her till after two hours so who could be tracking her? Jenna was a little afraid therefore, she alighted from that taxi to pick another one when an SUV stopped beside her.

"Get if you want to make it on time." A feminine voice with a little warmth bellowed. Jenna instinctively stared at the woman in the driver seat, who looked familiar and tried to remember where she saw her.

"Who are you?" She squinted and asked, keeping a reasonable distance between them. "It doesn't matter, just get in." The voice turned impatient. Jenna recalled vaguely, the woman who claimed to be her guardian angel. She was also a known person to Casper. Jenna was washed with unease.

"Wait, aren't you that woman? Anna, right?" She asked curiously. Anna smiled. Her heart was slightly warmed that she knew her by name. It was time to tell her everything but definitely not here.

"Yes, I know that you have a lot of questions but I'll explain everything later. If you don't come with me, Casper will find you." Anna had followed her the last time but Casper got Jenna before her. She heard their conversation and knew Jenna wanted to elope so she was on high alerts. Seeing her again this time, she already guessed that Jenna was trying to run away from Casper.

Jenna knew about Anna and Casper's relationship so she couldn't trust Anna so much. What if she was Casper's spy? "Right now, I trust Casper better." Jenna was honest. Anna understood that she was being careful but it didn't stop her heart from aching badly. This was the first time she spoke to her daughter and they seemed like strangers. She had to win her trust somehow. "Your dad is alive."

"What?" Jenna didn't believe her instantly but recalled slowly that her dad's corpse wasn't found. Before she could ask where, Anna said,

"Get in if you want to see him."

Jenna was conflicted but she indeed wanted to see her father, thereby forcing herself to trust Anna. Also, Anna destroyed the hotel CCTV to protect her and also promised to take care of Drake and Eve. She had so many questions and since Anna was ready to give her the answers, she climbed into the car.

"Where are we going?" She asked after buckling her seatbelt.

"Giethoon," Anna answered and stepped on the accelerator, her mind in a mess. Was she a bad mother? Was it right for her to appear in Jenna's life again? What would Jenna do if she found out who she was? She just had to take her chances.

"As in Germany?" Jenna's question brought her out of her daze.

"Yes."

Jenna was confused. How would she be able to get to Germany without Casper finding her?" But I haven't booked any flights and it will be too late to drive to the airport. Casper will catch up to me."

Anna stared at her and kept driving, a smirk lining the corner of her lips when she reached her destination. "Who said we are driving? We are going with that." She pointed upward and Jenna saw a chopper landing from a distance.

"A helicopter?"

"Be my guess." Anna smiled and parked the car, just as a man entered and drove it away. Jenna hesitated before entering the chopper. Did she really not want to see Casper again? But what about grandpa? Her heart tightened in her chest at the analysis. Also, her father was alive in Germany. How did her father survive and why didn't he contact her till now? Jenna was privileged to make this trip.

When they sat in the helicopter, Jenna asked again. "Will you tell me now? Who are you?" She didn't believe that Anna was just paid to be protecting her. She could sense that there was more to the whole thing and wanted to know.

Anna spoke in a slightly regretful tone. She wanted to hold Jenna tightly in her arms but resisted the urge. Indeed it was wrong to just be watching out for her daughter from the shadows but thinking of the risk involved, it was worth it. They just had to start all over again.

"You won't believe it so it'd be better if you were with your father before I tell you."

Jenna nodded in agreement. Her father was more important to her at the moment but she also couldn't stop thinking about Casper. However, she was already in the air and it was too late to return.

Eight hours and a few minutes later, they landed in Germany. At Giethoon, they used the boat ride to Marshall's house, where Pascal was living at the moment. The environment was serene and peaceful, Jenna felt like all her problems melted away and she made the right decision.

Pascal was having his usual morning physiotherapy when a familiar sharp and excited voice took him unawares.

"Dad!"

Jenna went to hug her father at the sight of him, ignoring the physiotherapist. Pascal was too happy to see his daughter that he endured the pain of her tight embrace but his eyes were glassy. He missed her so much, but hearing about all she went through because of Eve made him guilty. He didn't listen to Jenna from the onset. Jenna wasn't any better. All this while, her father was still alive but Drake and Eve would still have to get some punishment for what they did to him right? She was about to ask Anna when her heart stopped at the sight of a man who looked like Casper, except that he looked slightly older with a bit of gray hair. He sat in a recliner with a laptop on his lap. Who gets busy in a recliner? The man was weird.

"Casper?" She spoke in a whisper but the man who was looking on indifferently, heard her. He didn't speak but neither did he take his eyes off of her. This was the first time he saw her at a close range. 'She's beautiful indeed.'

"That's Caspian," Pascal told her, while he caressed her hair lovingly just like when she was younger. Marshall was upset with the name and instantly corrected Pascal.

"Marshall, Casper's dad." Jenna froze, understanding dawning on her, where Casper got his looks and even his voice and personality. All this while, she thought it was due to the training they gave him but rather, it was a genetic factor. The only difference was, this man didn't seem to hate the bright lights. He was rather delighted by it. Her eyes were still glued to the man, as she fearfully asked him,

"You aren't going to take me back to him, are you?" Marshall retorted indifferently, "I have nothing to do with the Blades. I cut ties with them after Casper's mother died so you don't have to be afraid."

He was oddly embittered that Jenna feared to return to Casper but didn't dwell on it. He was yet to understand exactly what transpired between the two of them. Why would Casper let her go? He didn't seem like one who would do that. Jenna was both curious and uncomfortable."So does Casper know of your whereabouts?" If Casper knew of his whereabouts, then he was going to find her. Also, Casper never said much about his dad. She had to think of an alternative.

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"I don't know but I've been watching him from the shadows just like your mother." Marshall glanced at Anna, who was sending off the physiotherapist after making Pascal comfortable on his wheelchair. Jenna was dumbfounded, a wave of shock sprouted out of her. It felt like her whole life had been a lie.

"Ma..ma... my what?" Jenna's lips were trembling as her gaze shifted to Anna, who could only respond with a sorry look. It was all too much for Jenna. No wonder the woman knew everything about her but why did she keep away from her? Jenna couldn't decipher, no matter how she tried.

Anna drew close after sending the physiotherapist away and pulled her into a hug but Jenna was stiff. Anna's eyes were glassy but there were no drops of tears. She caressed Jenna's hair and spoke in her ears.

"I know that you are shocked but it was the right thing to do because your father and I never got married. It was just one night and you were conceived. I couldn't leave my job because it was equally risky. I'm sorry Jenna." Jenna pulled away, and shook her head while she wiped her tears. She was greatly upset and didn't hide it.

"Why didn't you tell me before? Why did you have to make me believe that my mother died? And why didn't you tell me before that my father was alive? How do you expect me to take you

trust you?> in when I can't trust you?"

Before Anna could respond, Jenna turned to her father, "And why didn't you reach out to me? I mourned you and I missed you everyday. You could have called to let me know of your whereabouts but you kept me in the dark. I don't know you any more."

Jenna needed a place to be alone and relinquish everything but the surroundings were unfamiliar, she had to endure the pain stabbing her heart. Pascal's face fell. He didn't know how to explain it to her. "I'm sorry Jen, I".

"You were the first person he asked about when he woke up from a coma." Marshall defended his best friend. They could bicker all they wanted but he'd all stand for him.

"Coma?" Jenna was shocked, instantly filled with regrets. She judged too quickly.

Seeing her shocked expression, Pascal continued. "Yes. I told him not to reach out to you because grandpa would have found out and his life would have been endangered too. I don't think you want to know the rest."

Why would she want to know? The old man was her greatest nightmare. "Grandpa again," she murmured. Marshall was quite interested in her because she was the woman his son loved. He wanted her to return to Casper but couldn't say it plainly.

"Don't worry. He won't be disturbing you for a long time," Marshall assured her but Jenna's understanding was in a different gear, far from his.

"I know. For as long as I stay away from Casper, I'm safe and so are my friends."

"You misunderstood," he directly corrected her. He moved the laptop from his lap and onto the center table. It was shutting down so no one saw what he was doing before. He lifted himself from his recliner and moved majestically in long strides towards h

"What are you talking about?" Jenna asked while stepping back a little. The man reminded her so much of Casper. When he got closer, Anna kept signaling him to not speak but he deliberately ignored her. He was doing this for his son, just as she was for her daughter.

"Casper killed Grandpa's secret love child because of the shame grandpa caused you."

Jenna froze, her breath caught up in her throat. She had seen Casper's ruthlessness towards bad people but he wouldn't be heartless towards his family right? "It's not true."

"Do you have the heart to watch?" Marshall passed his phone to her. The video had been sent to him by grandpa's hacker. After the hacker released the video, Marshall had tracked and wanted to kill him but relented when the hacker agreed to be his spy.

Marshall observed Jenna's very movement while she watched the video. She was shivering, her legs losing their hold under her. Anna had to hold her to stabilize her.

"You didn't have to show it to her." Anna seethed. She was furious. Jenna hadn't healed from the shock of the revelation of Anna being her mom and Marshall was showing her that terrible video. Did he want to kill her? Anna wasn't going to allow it. Pascal was weak from his medications so he only watched on silently, as events began to unfold.

"I wanted to know how much she loves him." Marshall revealed his intentions but to Anna, if Jenna loved Casper, then she wouldn't have escaped from him. "She doesn't love your son. He's a monster." Marshall was upset. It didn't show on his face but was registered in his voice. "I gave birth to him. If he is a monster, then so I'm I but I still took care of your baby's daddy with the help of my wife. Also, I'm the first you run to for help. My son has a reason for everything he does." "But he kept her against her will," Anna challenged him. Their argument was making Jenna upset. Unconsciously, she yelled. "Casper isn't a monster and I love him. I just left because it was the right thing to do." Silence reigned as everyone tried to assimilate her honest words. Marshall was excited but there was no emotion on his face.

"I think it's time I show you to your room. Casper wants something that I have. Perhaps you two could be together again."

Marshall hadn't arranged a room for her but the one Anna crashes into when she comes to visit. Naturally, there wasn't a better place for Jenna than with him and the mother and daughter needed to know each other better. They had to share. Jenna responded thoughtfully,

"For as long as grandpa lives, we can never be together. Losing his son will only make him more bitter towards me." She began to walk towards her Marshall was leading her but the man stopped. Now he knew why Jenna left. No wonder Casper was mad and did what he did.

"Why don't you let Casper decide on that?"

Jenna pursed her lips as she recalled her friends. "It won't change anything." "Indeed you are weak." Marshall knew that Jenna was running from the risks and could only describe her as such. Casper seemed to be too strong for her. Pascal was tired and annoyed hearing Casper name times without number, thereby changing the direction of the conversation.

"I think we should talk about the sentence for Drake and Eve. Since I'm still alive, their prison term will be reduced."

"The company is safe and indeed you are alive. They should be charged for attempted murder, forgery and what have you. Their punishment should be meted out as such. If not because of them, I wouldn't have met Casper."

Jenna's last words shut everyone. She held no more grudges against the people who hurt her because she got something better from it. Marshall was internally happy but Anna and Pascal were bitter. For as long as they knew, Casper would always be a monster. The atmosphere loosened when a sweet little woman walked out of the kitchen and announced, "breakfast is ready." Then her eyes narrowed to Anna. "You are?"

"She's my daughter," Pascal told her. The woman turned to Marshal.

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"Oh, the one your son loves?" Marshall nodded and Jenna noticed how the man's eyes softened when he looked at his wife. He was even smiling a little. It reminded her of that look Casper reserved for her. Suddenly, she felt lonely among everyone. She missed him greatly.

She was startled when somebody caressed her back. "I'm Kira, Marshal's wife." Jenna regained herself from her daze and was enchanted by the woman's smile. It was so pure, it reminded her of Peggy. Naturally, she returned it and followed her to the dining table.

"I have to go somewhere," Marshall announced and picked up his long coat. Kira didn't seem to be worried. She must have gotten used to him leaving for days unend.

"Going to see your son from the shadows?" She asked after him. Marshall turned and smiled at her.

"No, I have something he needs. I'll just take it to him."

Everyone was shocked. Was he going to tell Casper about Jenna? Seeing the look in Jenna's eyes, he said to her, "it has nothing to do with you."

A few days later, Jenna received a call for the first time since she arrived in Giethoon. "Jen, I forgive you for leaving without telling me but I won't support you if you don't attend my wedding." It was Kate.

82 – Marshall meets Casper

"I'm sorry Kate, you would have prevented me from leaving." Jenna was saddened. She missed her friends but thought of their safety. She couldn't tell that to Kate.

Kate was slightly guilty upon hearing her dismal voice. She could tell that Jenna was being candid and regretted poking her conscience to make her attend the wedding for Casper to nail her.

"I'm just surprised that Casper let you go."

No one knew about her attempt to commit suicide and she thanked Casper in her heart for that. If she had used any other means, it wouldn't have worked. "It's for the best."

"So, are you coming for the wedding or not?" Casper wrote the question on a notepad for Kate to ask Jenna. He wasn't interested in their pitiful talk. "I won't miss it for anything," Jenna assured her over the phone. Kate was excited but Casper was even more elated.

"Better. I'll see you in two weeks."

"Why two weeks?" Jenna's heart was panging in her chest as she thought about how to make it to the wedding without being caught by Casper. Only if she knew it was a trap set to capture her back into his arms.

"Grandpa is missing in action and the new Senior, Rex, is better. We want everything done before grandpa returns," Kate faked excitement. They were padding the wedding because of Casper, making her overwhelmed by the preparations.

"Okay. I will see you in two weeks," Jenna confirmed and hung up the phone.

"You are going back?" Anna asked Jenna. She was just getting to know her daughter and even forsook some assignments for the same of their bonding. She was paddling the boat for them to go shopping in the market."

Marshall's house was a great hide-out because he constantly wiped all call and network traces. Pascal was healing quite well so Jenna decided to help with some errands and make him a case to go with her. They were slowly getting along. "Just for the wedding. Casper said I could return and leave for as long as he doesn't see me." Anna wasn't surprised with Casper's thoughtfulness. Even from a distance, he still had her daughter trapped. "How do you intend to go without being seen?"

"I'm still thinking about it. Perhaps you might help." Jenna forced a smile. She had no idea and was relying on Anna.

"Don't you miss him?" Anna asked carefully since she knew her daughter was in love with Casper

"I do but he has a family obligation. I don't want to stand in his way. Donna is a good woman," Jenna smiled while taking in the serene atmosphere. Anna discerned that she was hiding something. Could it mean that Jenna also left because of Donna?"

"Don't be deceived by the Wreaths. They are worse than the Blades," Anna advised cynically.

"I disagree. No family could be more ruthless than the Blades," Jenna countered.

"That's because they operate in the open. Their intentions are always justified but their rules are the most difficult. Here, I'll help you up." Anna helped Jenna out of the boat since they had reached the market.

"And the Wreaths?" Jenna was curious to know, as she pitied Donna. If she hadn't appeared in Casper's life, none of this would have happened. Nonetheless, she doesn't regret meeting Casper. She was ready to sacrifice her love for him for everyone else t happiness, while she endured the pain.

"They appear as angels and strike when you least expect. To trust a Wreath is tantamount to death," Anna warned her seriously.

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In Casper's office, warmth filled his heart when he heard Jenna's voice and the fact that she was coming for the wedding. He had to shamelessly use this prank to get her back because he was afraid of scaring her away if he used force as he did before. "I've done my part. The rest is up to you," Kate sternly said. "I know," he responded thoughtfully. Kate had done her best to get Jenna to return. The rest was up to him.

"Go ahead with the preparations, thank you." Casper dismissed her politely. The company was stable so she had time to prepare for the emergency wedding.

"Don't thank me. I miss her too," Kate said and left with Cathan. That night, Casper's bedroom in the manor was invaded by a strange presence. Casper could not sleep and had been in his study. He went out by instinct and as expected, someone sat on his bedroom sofa. He was about to pull out a revolver when he instantly recognized him.

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The man he was looking for, found him but how did he get into his manor? What happened to the Blade bodyguards? Due to the wedding, Casper let his three most trusted bodyguards the time to prepare. Therefore, they couldn't spend the night at his place like before. "How did you get in?" His voice was raw. He needed something from this man so he didn't want to offend him. However, he was disappointed with the Blade bodyguards.

"You should tighten your security," the man chastised in an indifferent tone and crossed his legs while he looked at Casper through the dimly lit bedroom. He loved bright lights but this wasn't his house.

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"Don't you know that it's rude to visit a person without prior notice or appointment?" Casper asked instead. He couldn't allow the incompetence of the Blade guards to make him a coward. "I did. In the last message I sent to you, it stated that I'd find you when I'm in a good mood." So he's finally in a good mood. Casper had planned to even go and look for him. "I see." "Since you are in a good mood, can you share the information?" Casper hit the nail on the head and the man agreed.

"That's why I'm here."

"I know that you are a Blade." Casper tried to expose his identity.

"I cut ties with them. Call me Marshall."

Casper was a little curious as to how this man survived with the Blades constantly haunting him. "Why did you cut ties with us?"

"I won't spend more than twenty minutes. Do you want to know about the Wreaths or the Blades?" Marshall didn't want to reveal his identity yet and used that approach.

"The Wreaths." Casper fell for it. It was what he needed from him anyway. "It's all in here," Marshall handed a brown A3 envelope he removed from his long coat to Casper. Casper took it, opened it, and glanced at the content.

"What is your interest?" He asked. Why would this man go through so much to get all this information? He wanted to know.

"Revenge." "Against who?" Casper's question was swift and Marshall was honest. The two men were expressionless through their chat.

"Your late mother. She poisoned my first love." Casper was cynical. "Who are you?" "My real name is Caspian Blade, your father."

Casper scoffed. "I thought you were going to say something like a rogue assassin." He didn't believe him. The resemblance was nothing to him because it was a Blade thing.

"I'm not an assassin. I just defend myself from your kind." Casper laughed internally. "You said you are my father but you just labeled me as a different kind.

"Because you don't believe me and I can't force you." This discussion wasn't important to Casper at the moment.

"I'm concerned about the information I'm receiving. How did my late mother have access to the woman you love?"

Marshall sighed and leaned back. He beckoned Casper to sit since the guy was still standing. He began to speak continuously like a robot. "I will tell you a story. Once upon a time, I occupied your position as CEO of Blade towers. Just like you, I was betrothed to your mother but I fell in love with somebody else, Christy. I wanted to leave everything for her but your mother visited me. She begged me to maintain my position and marry her. Christy was already pregnant so I refused."

"She convinced me that Christy could live with us and the Blade seniors won't have to know Christy agreed because your mother had gone to visit her and bought her trust. She moved to my mansion. She and Christy were inseparable." "Overtime, Christy begged me to go ahead with the marriage to give the Blades an heir so I obliged since the child I'll have with her won't be recognized by the Blades. I got married to your mother. Christy allowed me to spend the night with her. The Wreaths are very productive. One night and she was pregnant with you." "She had won my trust as well because she and Christy became Best Friends. There was no

smell of rivalry between them. Sometimes, we three would share the same bed. She kept her word and never told anything to the Blade seniors. When any seniors come to visit and she can't hide Christy, she'll introduce her as a best friend. I began to like her."

"One day, we three slept and Christy never woke up. Your mother wailed and wailed. I only got to know after the autopsy that every food your mother gave Christy was poisoned. It was always so minimal that she didn't show any signs. If she hadn't eaten the night she died, they wouldn't have detected it because it was a rare kind of poison that remains undetected after a few hours."

"That night, I held a knife to her throat and she confessed everything. She killed Christy and our unborn child right under my nose. Since she was a Blade property, I couldn't revenge immediately because she was also pregnant with an heir, that was overlooked. In Casper's case, they weren't going to give him that option because of the heirship he carried. Marshall nodded in the affirmative. "With the same poison used on Christy. Your mother didn't know that it was being used on her after you turned one. That was her karma. I also researched enough to know that the Wreaths eliminated women who opposed their marriage to a Blade just by using the same method. They aren't angels and deserve to die."

Casper felt strongly that something was missing but never thought it was because of money." So the proof is all in there?" Casper raised the big envelope and asked. "Yes. Donna went to see Jenna before grandpa. She made Jenna feel guilty for stealing you from her. A wonderful trick by the Wreaths. Jenna is walking in guilt. Grandpa only added fuel to the fire. If the Blade seniors find out that you know about the Blades, secret ties with the Wreaths, you will be eliminated as well but I know that you are wise."

Casper's expression suddenly darkened. Jenna was under so much pressure and he knew nothing about it. The more he thought about it, the more he couldn't blame her for trying to take her life. "What does the Blade coat of honor entail?"

He suddenly asked, knowing that his father knew a lot. There was no bond between them but the information relaid gave them mutual benefits. Marshall explained precisely. "You will be allowed to choose the gun, knife or whip. Everyone thinks the whip is the best but it isn't a normal whip. It's equivalent to a knife or gun. You have to outsmart them."

"How?" For the first time, Casper appreciated the fatherly figure in his life but Marshall didn't explain further. The less Casper knew about it, the better.

"You will figure it out. You know how to catch bullets and knives but you can't escape with the means of the whip. However, the rumor is true, the whip is the best. I've exceeded my time. Good bye."

Without waiting for Casper to respond, he was gone. That night, when Casper retired to bed, he had a bad dream but it seemed real. He could feel the spider webs around and grew irritable. When he opened his eyes, they weren't spiders at all. It was Donna.