

Trapped by the Ruthless Billionaire by Lucia Love

Chapter 97

97 – Grandpa died from his own poison

The next morning, Casper woke up to the delicious aroma of French toast, bacon, scrambled eggs, caramelised Bananas and a glass of warm milk. “Breakfast in bed,” Jenna was as bright as the morning sun and her smile was dazzling, melting the coldness of his heart. He smiled warmly.

Jenna was amazed because this smile was a full blown one she had never seen before. She went ahead to ask him, since Casper kept admiring her and hadn’t spoken. “Good morning and how do you feel?”

“This is the best day of my life,” Casper admitted, while he continued to stare with heavy emotions, into her grey eyes.

Jenna let out a shy smile and said, “wrong, you might feel good but our best days are yet to come.” She was planning ways of making him the happiest man on earth. She picked the cutlery, pressing the fork to the egg and cutting through with the table knife. She lifted a piece of scrambled egg to Casper’s thin lips that parted to receive it. “Here, I’ll feed and give you your medication.”

Casper munched on the food proudly. The only woman he has ever loved cooked and fed him. He could be cold and ruthless out there but when he was with her, he didn’t mind being vulnerable. He ensured that she ate as well before taking his medication.

It was one thing to love someone but another thing to be loved back. When he decided that she was going to be his over five years ago, he didn’t care about his love being reciprocated. He was just ready to give it all but now, they were both giving so much that their hearts felt at peace. Jenna was eager to show him how much she loved him and he also had in mind to make her the happiest woman in the world.

“I never knew you were such a good cook till last night,” he genuinely complimented her. Jenna smiled but had doubts.

“Thanks for the compliment but I don’t think I’m better than you.”

Casper understood her reason. His cooking skills were better than hers but, “It doesn’t matter who is better. Your love means everything to me,” he rubbed the back of her hand that was holding the big tray and was about to lift it gently. Jenna was overwhelmed with joy, she choked on happy tears.

“Thanks for taking me back Casp. I know you didn’t want ...”

“Shoooo,” Casper pressed his finger on her plump seductive lips and spoke in a deep sensual voice, “let’s enjoy the time we have. The past is in the past. I have to see grandpa.”

Jenna blinked and fear covered her eyes. “Must you?” They were just having the best moment of their lives. What if Grandpa pulled some deadly strings again?

“Indeed,” Casper already gave his word to grandpa and wasn’t going to change his mind. Jenna understood it quite well and didn’t try to discourage him anymore.

“I’ll clean you up and drive you there.”

“Must you?” Casper asked her. From how worried she was, he didn’t expect her to do that but her mind was made up.

“Do you think I’d let you walk into the lion’s den alone? We’re in this together.”

“Hunter could go with me.” Indirectly, it wasn’t necessary for her to accompany him but,

“Nope, I’m coming,” Jenna insisted. Casper thought of a way to make her stay and instantly recalled,

“Did you finish the assignment I gave you?”

“Oh yes but I’ll only show it to you after we return,” Jenna smiled and said. He wasn’t going to leave

without her.

When they arrived in front of grandpa’s palace, Jenna asked again, “are you sure about this?”

Casper pressed his lips to hers, his tongue exploring her warm mouth. “You trust me?” He asked after breaking from the kiss. Jenna instantly remembered who he was and responded curtly,

“Sure.” She wasn’t afraid anymore. Casper wouldn’t die easily, no matter what. He was satisfied with her response.

“I’ll see you in a moment then,” he said and stepped out of the passenger seat.

When Casper stood in front of the gate, it opened automatically and the guards bowed to him. He made his way through the lavishly decorated palace to the living room.

“You made it,” Grandpa greeted him. He was still in his Pyjamas.

“I’m I too early?” Casper asked while glancing around. He was semi-formally dressed in black and the old man was wearing a white pajamas.

“No. Right on time. I like to have tea before having my shower,” he smiled sinisterly.

“Odd,” Casper spoke honestly.

“Follow me.”

Casper followed him confidently through his living room to his bedroom. Grandpa’s secret chamber, was in his bedroom. There was a small door next to the closet door. Grandpa opened it to a spacious room. Thank God Casper was wearing his sunglasses. Everything from the ceiling, painting, chairs, tables and teacups in the room were all white.

Plastered on the white walls were picture frames of different sizes of people, some of whom Casper had known in the past, some he had heard of and some he didn’t know. He concluded that they were the people grandpa had killed in this secret chamber. However, he was least afraid and never regretted his decision.

“Sit,” grandpa beckoned to the chair opposite him. He was already sitting and began pouring hot tea from a white tea pot. The aromatic beverage of fresh leaves of camellia sinensis, whipped through Casper’s nose, just as he caught sight of an empty picture frame behind grandpa. Right under it was a small bottle.

Casper was very smart and his senses heightened. He got what he was looking for. “Grandpa, is that Cobalt Blade?” .

Grandpa turned to the picture Casper was looking at. Cobalt Blade was one of the seniors who never saw eye to eye with grandpa. One day it was announced that he had tea with grandpa and died.

“Your memories serve you right. You were young by then,” Grandpa took a sip of his tea, and so did Casper.

“Tastes great,” Casper admonished and took another sip.

“From China, specially produced to meet my health needs.”

Casper nodded in agreement and asked, “that explains it. So, what’s the empty portrait for?”

“You, my most troublesome grandson. You are the next in the line of picture frames,” Grandpa said in honesty. If everyone in the picture frame were late, then Casper was next. Casper maintained an impassive expression.

“What about..” He stood up and strode towards the small bottle and picked it up. “Put it down,” Grandpa got furious and yelled, which only heightened Casper’s suspicions.

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“And if I don’t?” He asked mockingly. Grandpa regained himself. Casper already drank the tea anyway. Just a few minutes and life would drain out of him. He smiled a spoke calmly,

“It’s just syrup. You can keep it.” Casper clamped his slender fingers around the small bottle. Grandpa sweated a bit. He wasn’t expecting Casper to indeed keep it. He was just playing a mind game which didn’t work.

“Thanks,” Casper said and strode to his chair.

Grandpa frowned. He wasn’t feeling so good. His stomach was cramping badly and he was breathing heavily. “How are you feeling?” He asked Casper, seeing no discomfort on his face. The guy was trained to conceal emotions but in a situation like this, he wouldn’t right?

“Very good. Why? Are you okay?” Casper pretended to be concerned and asked grandpa. Grandpa was confused and asked him,

“Did you do anything to my tea?”

Casper was indifferent but his tone was taunting. “Grandpa, this is your secret chamber and you are the one who served me tea. You don’t think that asking you about Cobalt Blade was out of curiosity right? I swapped the tea cups after diverting your attention,” he confessed.

Grandpa turned ashen, as his face darkened dangerously. Casper had outsmarted him again. “You...you evil child, give me that,” he beckoned to the bottle Casper was still holding in his hand. Casper’s yes widened, as he spoke coldly.

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“The antidote? I refuse. You’ve lived too long and no one would miss you.” Casper discerned after seeing the antidote below the empty picture frame that grandpa had poisoned the tea, distracting him with Cobalt Blade, while he swapped the cups.

“You...” Grandpa couldn’t let out the words, as life was draining out of him. Casper let out a thin smile,

“Don’t worry, I won’t touch your wife. I won’t even tell her about your death. I will only make her feel that you left her, to make her think that you betrayed her. The pain will break her heart and eventually lead to her death.”

Grandpa was furious, angry and remorseful. He never failed with this method except when he used it on Casper. “You...” he was bleeding through his mouth and nose, as life drained out of him. His last words were swallowed by death. Casper removed his phone and made a call.

“Announce it. Grandpa died of his own poison.” Afterwards, he put the antidote in his jacket pocket, removed one of grandpa’s pictures from an album and framed it in the empty picture frame. Satisfied with the pictures of dead people on the wall, he smiled and left. Jenna would no longer have to watch her back or be afraid.

At the entrance, Jenna waited eagerly. She was surprised when four cars drove and parked in front of the gate as well. Rex stepped out from one of the cars, Noah from the other and two other Blade seniors. Rex immediately saw Casper’s car and walked towards it, only to see Jenna at the driver’s seat.

“Jenna, what are you doing here?” He asked surprised.

Jenna smiled awkwardly, She didn’t know whether it was right to tell Rex the truth but did. “Grandpa invited Casper for tea last night.”

“And you let him go?” Rex was angry and afraid. That tactic was known to all the Blades.

“Would you have been able to stop him?” Jenna asked expressionlessly. Rex understood that Casper was stubborn yet,

“But...” his words were interrupted by a beeping sound from Jenna’s phone. She checked and saw an alert

from social media. She tapped on it to see Grandpa’s picture with the caption, ‘Camden Blade, popularly known as Grandpa Blade, died from his own poison a few minutes ago.’

Her heart warmed as she showed it to Rex, who was too shocked to respond, snatching her phone and showing the caption to the other Blade seniors. While they were at it, Casper stepped elegantly from the gate. He looked proud, stunning and indifferent. The happiness he felt warmed the air around him.

“Casper, did you kill grandpa? We came to decide on his punishment,” Rex said, slightly baffled. No one had been able to survive in grandpa’s secret chamber but Casper did. Not only him but the other seniors were greatly afraid of Casper. First, he survived the whip and now....

“Grandpa died of his own poison,” Casper said calmly like it was nothing.

Rex couldn’t fathom it. The secret chamber was grandpa’s stronghold. “Casper, how did it happen?” Casper spotted Hunter from a distance and beckoned him to come. All along, he had a tiny high tech camera attached to his sunglasses. It was given to him by Hunter the previous night since there were no cameras in the secret chamber to tap into.

Hunter walked over to them and gave Casper an envelope. Casper opened it and saw a small pendrive, handing it over to Rex.

“This is all you need to know about grandpa. Can we talk about which rule I get to change now?”