

## His Destructive Toxic Love Chapter 103

“Ah, if you keep talking like that, I might just blush,” Nova’s voice, sweet and a bit over-the-top, filled the room. “Whether I become the CEO’s wife or not is all up to you, Faithe. Can you put in a good word for me?”>

“You’re giving me too much credit,” Faithe said. “You know better than anyone how Mr. Casper feels about you. I’ve heard you were his first love?”

Nova giggled, covering her mouth. “How would I know? He never mentioned it to me.”>

“Ms. Nova, no need to be so modest.”

The two were deep in conversation when Eliza walked up, her face stern. “Faithe, Molly sent me to get last year’s design drafts for the company’s logo. Can you find them for me?”

Faithe looked a bit embarrassed at first but quickly composed herself. “Sure, just a moment.” She turned and headed to the file room. Nova crossed her arms and gave Eliza a smirk. “Sorry if you feel left out, but I can’t help it. Casper really does treat me differently. I am his first love and all that.”

“Nova, you don’t need to make a show in front of me. I’ve been over Casper for a long time. Even if you did it right in front of me, it wouldn’t affect me.”>

Nova was taken aback by Eliza’s response. Wasn’t she the one who had cried and insisted on marrying him?}

“You don’t love him anymore?”}

“Nope.”>

Just as she finished speaking, Nova noticed the man standing behind Eliza, his face dark with anger. “Casper, when did you get here?”> Casper? Eliza’s heart tightened. She wasn’t sure if he had overheard her conversation with Nova.

“Eliza, come with me,” he said in a low, commanding voice.

Eliza didn’t move.

Casper entered the room, giving her another stern look. “Come in.”

Nova knew Casper wasn’t one for a gentle temper. She wanted to secure Casper for herself, partly because she genuinely liked him and partly for the prestige of being Mrs. Welton.

For a girl who had grown up in an average family, marrying into high society and becoming one of the elite was a dream come true. Even if she ended up with a limp and a cane, she could stand tall in Falconridge society with Casper's love.

"Eliza, I really don't get it. Casper treats you so poorly. Why don't you just divorce him?"

Eliza glanced at Nova with disdain. "Divorce him so you can swoop in? If you're all that, get him to marry you."

"You..."

Eliza pushed open the door to the CEO's office and walked in. Casper stood by the floor-to-ceiling window, backlit, his tall and straight figure accentuated by a perfectly tailored suit, exuding authority beyond reproach.

He was a picture of unmatched perfection, more composed, reserved, and intense than when she first met him six years ago.

"Mr. Casper, did you need something?" she asked, her lashes lowered, avoiding eye contact.

Casper, recalling her earlier words, felt a surge of anger. His gaze was intense and oppressive. "Repeat what you just said to Nova." "If you already heard them, why must I repeat them?"

She refused to repeat those meaningless words and disdainfully turned her face away.

That look deeply wounded Casper's complex heart. It was as if even glancing at him was distasteful for Eliza. He suppressed his anger, stepped closer, and grabbed her face. "You better not provoke me, understand?"

"I wouldn't dare," she said, her cold gaze forced to meet his.

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Out of nowhere, he leaned in and kissed her. She was startled and shoved him away. "Please, Mr. Casper, have some respect."?

"Eliza, you're my wife." He was visibly annoyed, her repeated rejections fueling his anger. "What do you mean?"

"Didn't you text me this morning, reminding me not to tell anyone at work about our relationship?" She stepped back to increase the distance between them. "At the office, we're just boss and employee."

He stared at her, cold and intense. His rage was about to boil over, but he managed to keep it in check. With a deep breath, he slammed his hand down, shattering the ashtray on his desk. "Get out."

Eliza turned and bolted. She nearly collided with Faithe on her way out. "Ms. Eliza? Did you upset Mr. Casper again? We're at work. Please mind your behavior.">

Faithe tossed some documents at her. "Alright, back to work."

Eliza didn't argue. She gathered the papers and headed back to the design department.

The design department was on the twenty-second floor, just one floor below the CEO's office. Eliza had taken too long, and her supervisor wasn't happy. "Why did that take you an hour?">

"Sorry, Molly. I'll be quicker next time."

"The last thing we need is a designer who drags their feet. I don't care where you worked before; here, we value efficiency. Got it?"% "Got it."

Thankfully, Molly didn't push further."

Eliza managed to keep her head down until the end of the day. She was the last to clock out, and as she was about to leave, someone from HR called out to her. "Eliza, still here? Hard work pays off, you know. A single unit just opened up, and I thought, why not reward the last person to leave?">

The HR rep beamed as they handed her a key. "Here's the key to room 402, a single unit. Go check it out."}

"Thank you so much." It felt like a ray of sunshine had cut through her dark world. "Really, I mean it..."}

"Don't mention it. Lucky you." The HR rep added, "The studio apartment is right next to our building, super close. You'll save a lot of commuting time and can even sleep in a bit."}

"Great."

The slightly rusty key in her hand sparkled with promise. She felt incredibly lucky.

After leaving the office, Eliza headed straight to the studio apartment. The floor was quiet, likely because most tenants were still out. She unlocked the door.

The room was reasonably clean. The HR representative had told her the previous tenant had lived here with their partner and was getting married, leaving the unit vacant.

There was a moderately sized double bed, hinting at its past use as a lover's nest. Eliza needed to change the linens and tidy up a bit before she could move in.

She'd prefer to live in her own place if she could, but that wasn't an option. Anything was better than going back to Welton Estate, which weighed heavily on her heart. The only question was whether Casper would let her stay here.

After some hesitation, she called him.

"Hello?" His voice was cool and detached.

Eliza paused. "Mr. Casper, I've applied for a studio apartment. It's closer to the office, and I plan to stay here for a while."

He chuckled softly on the other end. "Are you avoiding me?"

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"No? Why do you need your own apartment? Are you single?" Casper spat out a curse.

Eliza didn't quite catch what he said, but it was definitely something rude. "So, you don't agree?"

She knew he wouldn't.

She really liked this apartment. She thought maybe he'd be a bit more lenient since it was his territory.

Feeling a bit regretful, she turned to leave. His irritable voice suddenly came through the phone, "You better live there 'til the end of time."

The call ended.

Eliza shivered, and then she smiled.

So that meant he agreed.

Eliza busied herself for the next few days, setting up her cozy little apartment.

Though it wasn't big, she made it neat and homey, even placing a vase of beautiful sunflowers on the windowsill.

Lying on the soft, large bed, she inhaled the fresh scent of fabric softener from the blankets.

Her phone rang. She picked it up and looked at the screen, her smile freezing.

It was Casper.

After a long moment, she slowly answered, "Hello?"

"There's a guy who's into oil paintings. He's got a few pieces and invited me to check them out. Come with me, just to make an appearance."

"Do I have to go?" She really didn't want to."

He didn't seem to care much about her refusal. "Get ready. I'll pick you up in half an hour."

"Mr. Casper." She was afraid he'd hang up. "Let Nova go with you; she probably knows a bit about oil paintings, too. Hello? Hello?"

The call ended.

Eliza was speechless. She couldn't understand why he insisted on her coming along, just like she couldn't figure out why he insisted she work at Welton International.

Was it just so he could keep an eye on her?

Yet, he agreed to let her live in the bachelor pad. His actions were truly baffling.

Half an hour later, a car pulled up outside her apartment building.

Through the window, Eliza saw that Casper wasn't alone. Sitting in the passenger seat was Faithe.

Faithe being there meant this meeting was more about business. The bad memories of their last encounter lingered. This time...

Faithe got out of the car, not exactly respectful but polite enough. "Ms. Eliza, please get in."

Eliza hesitated for a moment before bending down and getting in.)

Casper didn't say a word. He just naturally took her cold hand in his. "Why are you so cold?"

She tried to pull away a few times without success, and the car started moving.

"Are you cold?" He asked again."

Eliza turned her face to the window. "It's always like that."

She always felt chilly in this kind of weather. When she felt cold, she would try to snuggle into his bed, and she still remembered the look of disgust on his face.

“Eliza, have you no shame crawling into a man’s bed? Who taught you that?” He would say. “I warn you to stay away from me. Have any more filthy thoughts, and you can get out.”>

Such words weren’t what newlyweds should say to each other.

She only remembered being so stunned at the time. He had scolded her as if she had done something utterly shameful.

From then on, whenever he came home, she would stick to her side of the bed, quietly cooperating whenever he had physical needs and never daring to get too close to him again.

This incident left a deep scar in her heart, unhealed to this day.

“Later, I’ll find a doctor to treat your condition properly.” He suddenly became gentle.

She really couldn’t bring herself to be moved. “No thank you.” Her voice was soft but firm.

He didn’t continue.

The car drove steadily on.

They stopped in front of a majestic gate.

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Faithe hopped out of the passenger seat first, making her way around to open the door for Casper. “Mr. Casper, we’re here.”>

Casper glanced at Eliza. “We’re here, let’s get out.”}

He led the way, with Eliza following at a respectful distance.\

Faithe sped up to catch up with her, whispering, “Mr. Manuel invited Mr. Casper over because he wants to hand over some of the paintings he’s collected over the years. You should help Mr. Casper inspect them.”}

“Faithe, you brought the wrong person. You should’ve brought an art expert.”

She wasn’t an expert. She might not be helpful even if she knew a bit about art.

Rumor had it Manuel was from a royal lineage. His home was lavishly decorated, with famous paintings adorning every wall. Many unique antique vases seemed to have a lot of history.”

Manuel came out to greet Casper with a wide smile. From a distance, he extended his hand. “Mr. Casper, it’s been a long time. Your presence is an honor.”

“Mr. Manuel, you’re too kind.”}]

Manuel recognized Faithe but not Eliza. As a man who had seen countless women, the first sight of such a beautiful woman made his gaze darken slightly. “And this is...?”

“This is Eliza from our company’s design department. I brought her along to broaden her horizons,” Casper casually introduced her.} Eliza wasn’t surprised. Her identity depended on who was asking.

“Ms. Eliza is stunning. My paintings might lose their luster next to her,” Manuel praised Eliza generously, extending his hand toward her. She barely managed a faint smile. Just as she was about to politely shake his hand, Casper took it instead. “Mr. Manuel, let’s see your prized piece. Ms. Eliza has a bit of understanding, so let her have a look.”

“Of course.” Manuel’s gaze lingered on Eliza’s delicate face. Men and women alike could recognize such a look—lust, desire. He had it all.

“Mr. Manuel?” Casper’s voice brought him back to reality.

Embarrassed, Manuel chuckled, “Of course, of course.”

Manuel presented a landscape painting. Such masterpieces were rarely in private hands. Eliza’s teacher had once borrowed a piece from a museum, and she had observed and studied the original up close.

“Ms. Eliza, you recognize this painting, right?” Manuel positioned the painting. “This is a masterpiece. I treasure it immensely.”

Casper did not understand art, so he stepped aside to let Eliza look. Masterpieces, in every aspect, were benchmarks for imitation. Eliza studied it closely.

Manuel boasted, “I spent a fortune on this. I know Mr. Casper enjoys such things, so I’m willing to part with it.”}

The painting was impressive and felt historical. If it were genuine, it would be worth at least several hundred million.

“Mr. Manuel, how much are you planning to sell this painting to Mr. Casper for?”

“Considering our nearly decade-long friendship, a hundred million. I’ll let it go because Mr. Casper likes it,” Manuel expressed, as if money was less important than their relationship.

A hundred million? Indeed, not much. Too bad it was a fake. But that, she couldn’t say outright. She wasn’t sure if Casper intended to spend a substantial amount regardless of the authenticity. Did he want to do Mr. Manuel a favour, or did he genuinely want an authentic piece?!

Faithe whispered to Eliza, “Is this real or fake?”

“If Mr. Casper wants to buy it, then it’s real.” Her implication was clear. She trusted Faithe and Casper would understand.

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The staff brought out more paintings from behind Manuel, one after another, which were supposedly masterpieces by renowned artists. Honestly, Eliza had never seen such a concentrated collection of fakes in her life. Was there not a single genuine piece in a mansion as grand as this? Or was Manuel planning to sell Casper a counterfeit??

“The paintings Mr. Manuel has collected are quite nice, indeed. They would make fine decorative pieces for a home, Eliza said, offering him a graceful way out.

Manuel couldn’t help but glance at Eliza again, pausing for a few seconds before he smiled. “If you like them, Ms. Eliza, I could gift you a few.”

“Thank you, Mr. Manuel. I appreciate the thought,” she replied.

Amid the polite exchange, Casper caught on. It didn’t really matter to him whether the paintings Manuel was offering were real or fake. Business collaborations were always like this. Today, he might spend a hundred million, but that could potentially bring him back billions later. The paintings were merely tokens in a larger game.

He just never expected Eliza to actually discern their authenticity.

“Mr. Casper, this young designer here is quite talented,” Manuel began, but Casper cut him off, “Mr. Manuel, don’t get any ideas. She’s taken.”

“Is that so?” Manuel smiled slightly, his gaze lingering on Eliza. “What a pity.”

When they left, Casper still spent twenty million on a painting.

On the way back, Casper’s long, well-defined hand propped his chin as he turned to look at her. “How did you figure out that painting was a fake?”



“From the brushwork, the strength of the strokes, the light and shadow, and the sense of depth. It wasn’t hard to tell. Even the paper was artificially aged, and the seals were a bit messy. It was a counterfeit and not a very good one at that.”<sup>2</sup>

These details, etched in her memory, made her light up.

For the first time, Casper listened closely and seriously to her analysis of a painting. His face softened. “It seems I didn’t know you well enough before.”<sup>2</sup>

She turned to meet his gaze, expressionless. “There was no need to.”<sup>2</sup>

When they got married, she had tried so hard to understand him and blend into his world. She longed to be understood, to be discovered, to be cherished. But he never gave her the chance. His mind was always on Welton International or Nova, showing her nothing but disdain and impatience.<sup>2</sup>

The only real attention he gave her was in the form of revenge. So, she wouldn’t react to his tenderness, nor would her heart flutter. Once the heart dies, it’s dead.<sup>2</sup>

She looked out the window indifferently, peaceful and serene. Her long eyelashes fluttered slightly, enough to make his Adam’s apple bob.

Suddenly, the car’s privacy screen went up. He grasped the back of her head, moving to kiss her. She pushed him away with effort, not speaking, just glaring.

He laughed suddenly. “That look of yours is not cute.”%

“You never like me anyway. Does it matter whether I am cute or not?”%

He shrugged slightly, scoffing, “Indeed, it doesn’t.”%

His phone rang. She glanced at Casper’s phone, Nova’s name flashing on the screen. Eliza turned her face away.

“Hello?”%

“Casper, where are you?” On the other end, Nova suddenly cried, “I’m so scared. There’s a fire at home. The smoke is so thick, my eyes, my eyes... I can’t see.”%

Casper’s expression changed. His relaxed posture stiffened significantly. “What happened?”%

“I don’t know, cough cough, I can’t see anything right now, Casper, please come home, ah...” There was the sound of falling downstairs and Nova’s scream from the other end.

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The privacy screen slid down, and Casper, tense and edgy, barked at the driver, "Turn around and head to Henderson Estate." "N

As soon as the car began to turn, Casper abruptly shouted, "Stop. You, get out."

His tone had shifted from gentle to ice-cold, his eyes hard as he gave the command. Eliza shot him a glance before opening the door and stepping out.

As always, one call from Nova, and he'd ditch her without a second thought. Early in their marriage, Eliza used to cry, throw fits, and angrily demand why he treated her this way.

Now? She was used to it. It didn't matter anymore.

Standing by the roadside, she tried to hail a cab. But after a long wait, nothing came by. A white BMW pulled up next to her, the window rolling down to reveal Zach's face.

"Fancy meeting you here," he said, sliding off his sunglasses with a grin.

Eliza didn't want to engage. She looked down at her phone, trying to book a ride.

Zach got out of the driver's seat, hands casually shoved into his pockets, and sauntered to Eliza. "Tough spot to catch a cab, huh? Let me guess, Casper ditched you again? He went off to see... Nova?"

"Zach, stay away from me," she said, disgust evident in her voice.

Zach didn't seem fazed. In fact, he looked amused. "Hey, this is fate. Let me give you a lift."

"No, thanks."

"Come on, I want to chat. Do you want to know how your dad ended up behind bars? What he went through in there? Was it suicide or murder?" Zach's tone was casual, but his eyes were locked onto Eliza's face. "I know a lot of inside info.">

Eliza's eyes narrowed. She stared at Zach. He was just as despicable as Casper.

She couldn't hold back any longer, and slapped him.

"Zach, my brother is out now, and you're still using my dad's death to mess with me? What do you want from me? Or...are you trying to use my hatred for Casper for your own gain?"

A pink mark from her slap bloomed on Zach's cheek. He flexed his jaw, and after a moment of shock, a smile curled up on his lips. "Do you think your brother's life is all

good now that he's out? Nova can accuse him of rape anytime, and Casper can still have Robin killed." "So what?"

"I can help you." Zach pointed at himself, his playful smile gone. "Eliza, we share a common enemy. If Casper really is behind your father's downfall, don't you want revenge?">

He stepped closer, his hands gripping her shoulders. "Don't push me away. I genuinely want to help you."

"Don't touch me." She shoved Zach away like he was something dirty. "I don't believe you'd help me, and I don't need your help." "Why not?"

Eliza's expression was calm, her laugh light. "Because you're just as despicable and shameless as Casper."

Zach laughed again. He turned away, shaking his head, then looked back at Eliza. "You need to learn to trust me again."

"I'm not interested."

Eliza walked away. She didn't want to stay near Zach; he was like a poisonous flower—beautiful, captivating, but deadly.

Zach was dangerous to everyone.

"Hey, Eliza," Zach called after her. "I really have evidence that Casper framed your father. I can give it to you, no strings attached. Do you want it?"

Eliza stopped. She wanted it. Badly. Should she trust him?%

## **His Destructive Toxic Love Chapter 109**

In the taxi, Eliza was lost in thought the whole ride. Her mind was a whirlwind of emotions. One issue had barely been resolved before another cropped up.

As they drove past the Henderson Estate, she noticed several fire trucks parked outside.}

"Such a beautiful house. It's a shame to see it like this," the driver commented offhandedly.}

Eliza finally lifted her eyes to look out the window. Henderson Estate was the place she had called home for over a decade. Her parents had always been busy with their business, leaving her alone often, but the house was full of memories. Now, it belonged to Nova.}

“Could you stop up ahead, please?”

The driver glanced at her through the rearview mirror. “We haven’t reached your destination yet. If you get out here, I can’t charge you properly.”

“It’s okay, I’ll pay the full fare.”>

Eliza confirmed the end of her ride, and the reassured driver pulled over to let her out.

A crowd had gathered in front of Henderson Estate, gawking at the damage.

“People are saying it was arson. But it doesn’t make any sense. The Hendersons don’t have many enemies. Why would anyone target them?”

“Could it have been a burglar? Maybe they set the fire when they couldn’t steal anything?”

“That’s pretty bold, committing a crime like that. You can’t just start a fire on a whim.”}

“I heard the police caught the arsonist at the scene. They kept shouting that they were hired to do it. Looks like the Hendersons did have enemies after all.”

“The Hendersons consists of just a girl with a limp, and she was only found recently. Where would she find enemies?”}

“Who knows?”}

Listening to the speculative chatter, Eliza felt a hollow emptiness inside her. She stood at the entrance for a long while before finally leaving.

In the hospital, Nova lay in bed, her leg broken and temporarily blind from the smoke. She was crying and clinging to Casper. “Casper, I really can’t see. I’m blind. Please don’t leave me, okay?”}

“I won’t leave. The doctor said your blindness is temporary. It should get better in a few days. Just stay calm and focus on your recovery.” He gently rubbed her back, trying to reassure her, though his face showed little ease.}}

“Who set the fire? Did they want to kill me?” Nova tightened her grip around Casper’s waist. “Casper, is someone out to get me? I’m so scared.”

“Don’t be afraid, I’m here.”}

“Casper, please don’t leave me, okay?”}}

“I won’t.”}

The doctor and nurse came in to give Nova an injection, and she soon drifted off into a heavy sleep.}

Casper hid the worry in his eyes as he stepped out of the room. Faithe approached quietly. "Mr. Casper, the police have caught the person responsible for the fire."

"What did they say?"

"The arsonist claimed..." Faithe hesitated, "Mr. Casper, the arsonist said they were hired."

Casper's eyes narrowed. "Hired? By whom?"

"He claimed it was... Eliza." Faithe showed a screenshot of the bank transfer and a photo. "This is the transaction record the person provided, a whole hundred thousand dollars, and this, Mr. Casper, look, this is a photo of Eliza at the scene."

Casper didn't respond. He stared at the profile picture of the transfer sender, his eyes turning cold. It was Eliza's WhatsApp profile picture.

Faithe closed the phone, looking through the door's glass at Nova on the hospital bed. "Mr. Casper, the police will likely arrest Eliza for incitement to commit arson. Given her transaction with the arsonist and Ms. Nova's severe injuries, if convicted, she could face at least ten years."

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Ten years. That was enough time to wreck Eliza's life.

Casper's eyes flickered. "Are you sure it's her?"

"The arsonist confessed. The cops will probably arrest Eliza soon. Whether she's innocent, that's up to the investigation."

Innocent? Could she be innocent?

She always had it out for Nova.

Inside the apartment, Eliza had just whipped up a bowl of instant pasta, tossing in some ham.}

The doorbell rang, and she got up to answer it."

When she saw the police, she froze. "Can I help you?">

An officer flashed an arrest warrant. "Eliza, you're under suspicion for instigating arson. You're under arrest. Please cooperate."> Arson?

She was dumbfounded. "Officers, there must be some mistake. Me... instigating arson?" She took a step back, "Have you really looked into this? You can't just arrest people on a whim."

The cops didn't waste any time and pulled out the handcuffs, "Please come with us. If you're innocent, we'll clear your name."

"No, no." She backed away, hands nervously behind her, "I didn't start any fire. Who said I did? Do you have proof?"}

"Someone implicated you, plus there are transaction records."}

Transaction records?

She was barely scraping by. Who could she possibly have transactions with? Especially for something like arson. Did they mean that fire at Henderson Estate?}

"Is this about the Henderson Estate fire?" she asked, her voice shaking.

The police nodded, "Yes."}

It suddenly clicked.

As she was led to the police car, she had a flashback of her father being taken away in one.

That same feeling of despair, panic, and utter confusion now washed over her. History was repeating itself."

Eliza was locked up.

Chelsea couldn't reach Eliza for days before finding out she'd been arrested. She tried everything but couldn't get a visitation. Out of options, she turned to Aaron.

Aaron was floored. "Why was she arrested?"}

"The Henderson family house fire. The arsonist said Eliza put him up to it, so they arrested her."

"Do you know this arsonist?" It was baffling."

Chelsea shook her head. "No."

“Well, let me talk to Casper first.”

“Okay.”<sup>2</sup>

Aaron went to see Casper, who was at the hospital with Nova.

“Casper, I need a word.”

He didn’t want to interrupt, but seeing Casper and Nova so indifferent to Eliza’s situation rubbed him the wrong way.

Casper followed Aaron to the rooftop. “Spit it out, I’m busy.”

“Do you know Eliza’s been arrested?”

“Yeah.” Casper’s eyes were dark and unreadable.

Aaron was stunned. “You knew? Then you must know why?”<sup>></sup>

“She hired someone to torch the Henderson Estate. Nova got hurt and lost her sight.”

Casper’s words were brief but heavy.}}

Aaron needed a moment to process it. “You really think she hired someone to set that fire?” He looked at Casper in disbelief, “How could she? She’s got her hands full with her mom and brother’s issues. She wouldn’t hire someone to kill. Plus, that’s her childhood home. Why would she burn it down?”

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Casper’s gaze turned icy in an instant. Aaron seemed to understand Eliza better than he did.

“How could she not bear to part with it?” A chill burst from the depths of Casper’s eyes. “Eliza was arrested, and you must be heartbroken, right? Let me tell you, she wanted to kill Nova and spent a hundred grand hiring someone to set a fire. This is an undeniable fact.”%

Aaron still couldn’t believe it. Sure, Eliza despised Nova, but from what he knew of her, she’d rather leave Casper than kill someone.

Could it be...?!

“Do you have any evidence for this?”

“The police already arrested her. What more evidence do you need?” Casper’s cold eyes stared directly at Aaron. “You seem very distressed.”

“And what about you?”

Aaron never believed Casper was heartless. But time and again, as he treated Eliza with cold indifference, Aaron couldn’t help but think Casper truly was ruthless.

“I’ll believe what the police say,” Casper said coldly.

Aaron scoffed, “She was with you for two years. You…”

“It seems you are really distressed.” Casper’s tone was mocking, his eyes cold. “You better not try to save her. If she made a mistake, she should be punished.”

“Did she really make a mistake though?” Aaron was emotional, his eyes red. “If she really did, I have nothing to say… But is the truth you want the same as the truth in your heart?”>

Casper’s face darkened. What was the truth he believed? From the look in Casper’s eyes, Aaron saw something he didn’t want to accept.> Aaron shook his head, his voice filled with helplessness and sorrow. “You should really think about this. From the moment you two started arguing about divorce until now, have you treated her right?”}

Even Aaron, an outsider, never doubted Eliza’s character. Yet Casper, who shared a bed with Eliza for over seven hundred nights, kept insisting she was the arsonist. Nova was the victim, and he unconditionally took a stand against Eliza?

At this point, there was no need for further words.

After Aaron left, Casper returned to Nova’s hospital room. Her eyes had regained some sight, but her leg was still in a cast.

“Casper, Dr. Martin came over. What did he want to talk about?”

“The fire at your place,” he replied tersely.

Nova let out a sigh, her eyes slightly drooping sadly. “The police said it was Eliza who hired someone. I know she doesn’t like me, but I never expected she would go as far as wanting me dead.”

“Do you also think it makes sense for her to do this?”}

He watched Nova’s eyes. Nova avoided his gaze. “At first, I didn’t believe it either, but the police… they couldn’t be lying, right?”>



The police couldn't be lying. But could someone else be lying? His gaze lingered on Nova's trembling lashes for a long time.

Casper left the hospital room and returned to his own house. The staff were still working. He took off his coat, unbuttoned his collar, and irritably lit a cigarette.

"Marian."

He removed the cigarette from his lips, holding it between his fingers. Marian hurried over, afraid of being slow. "Sir, what can I do for you?"

"I need to ask you, what happened when Nova got hurt with the knife last time?" Casper's gaze was uncompromising.

Marian's heart pounded; she swallowed hard. "Sir, didn't Ms. Nova say... it was Mrs. Welton... who hurt her?" "N "Were you there?"}}

Marian felt a tightening in her chest. Of course, she was there and knew that Eliza had not stabbed Nova.

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But she couldn't bring herself to tell the truth. If she did, her son, who was in college, wouldn't be able to graduate and get his diploma.

"No, I wasn't at the scene." She had no choice but to lie.

Casper flicked his fingers, and Marian scurried away like she was escaping. With no one at the scene, who should he believe??

He lit a cigarette and took a slow drag, the smoke swirling around him, his face a mask of solitude and detachment."

Casper got in his car and drove off, heading to the police station. He didn't rush to see Eliza but went to see the arsonist first.

The man had a crew cut, a long, dark face, a scar above his eyebrow, wasn't very tall, and had an indifferent look. He must've been a regular here.

"Who are you?" The man eyed Casper up and down."

Casper's attire and demeanor were far from ordinary, especially the Patek Philippe on his wrist, which made the man's eyes gleam with envy.

"I'm asking the questions here. Who told you to start the fire?"]

The man sneered, “The cops already asked me that. Why are you asking again?”}

“Was it Eliza who told you to do it?”N

“Of course, it was her. Who would risk doing something like that if it wasn’t for the hundred grand she promised?” The man spoke like it was the most natural thing in the world, not hesitating for a second. He glared at Casper. “What are you to Eliza?”>

Casper didn’t answer, just watched the man’s cunning eyes calmly. “Can you swear that everything you’re saying is true?”

“Of course, this is a police station. You think I can lie here?”>

Casper left the meeting room and exchanged a few words with the officers. They told him that some of the evidence had already been submitted, and it didn’t look good for Eliza. They would continue investigating, and the worst–case scenario would be a conviction, which meant prison time.

Casper felt conflicted. He stepped outside and smoked a cigarette.

After signing the visitor’s form, he walked into the visitor’s room to visit Eliza. When Eliza was brought in, she looked terrible. Her eyes were dull, her clothes wrinkled, and her hair lifeless.”

She looked up at Casper standing there. He was like a cold statue, his gaze icy and impenetrable.

She didn’t know why he’d come to see her—maybe to witness her downfall. She remembered when her father was arrested; he had probably visited him too.

“Casper, are you satisfied now?” Her eyes held no resentment, no tears, just a cold indifference toward him. She seemed to have accepted this outcome as if it was inevitable.}]

“Clearly, you hired someone to start the fire.” His eyes narrowed, and his brows furrowed.§

Eliza laughed, a hollow, mocking sound. “You really think I could come up with a hundred grand to hire someone? Casper, you give me too much credit.”

A hundred grand was what he would spend in one night, yet it was more than she could save in a year. And he believed it. “Casper, you’ve got what you wanted. My family is falling apart. Let’s get divorced before I die.”

She wanted to be free, even in death. Whether she ended up in the wind, the sea, or even a trash heap, she didn’t want to be Mrs. Welton anymore. She was tired of it all.§

He watched her, a storm of unspoken emotions churning inside. It felt like he had done her wrong and he wanted to explain, but the words got stuck in his throat.

He took a deep breath. "You're still thinking about divorce? You should be figuring out how to get out of here."