

His Destructive Toxic Love Chapter 113

“I’m not planning on leaving.”

Her eyes had already lost their sparkle. She had resigned herself to her fate. Eliza didn’t think for a second that Casper would show her any mercy.

“You’re not planning on leaving? Eliza, your brother is still out of his mind, and your mother is lying in the hospital. You don’t want to leave? Who’s going to take care of them?”

Her body stiffened. Then, she let out a bitter laugh.

“What right do you have to lecture me?” Her dark eyes coldly fixed on him. “The only reason I’m stuck here is because of you, isn’t it?”

think all of this is a trap I set for you?” His eyes, sharp as blades, bore into her. “Eliza, who do you think you are? Do you really think you’re worth such a huge effort on my part?”

“Not worth it? Ha.” A twisted person like him wouldn’t care about her worth. He only cared about his own pleasure. “Yeah, how could I possibly be worth Mr. Casper’s grand scheme? I’m nothing in your eyes.

Not just her. Her whole family. In front of Casper, they were powerless.

With reddened eyes and a wry smile, she looked like a dandelion torn apart by the wind. She didn’t care where she went after death.

“Eliza, if this wasn’t your doing, the police wouldn’t have wrongfully accused you.”

“I don’t care.”

At this point, whether she was wrongfully accused or not didn’t matter. What mattered was whether the man before her would let her live or die.

“What do you care about?” His eyes narrowed slightly, a whirlwind of emotions swirling within them.

Eliza shook her head, barely moving. She had nothing left to care for. Her power was too insignificant; she couldn’t even protect herself, let alone her family.

“Casper, can you spare my family? They’re already having a hard time, and it will be worse. without me to take care of them. Please, show some mercy.”

Her voice trembled violently. It sounded light, yet when it reached Casper's ears, it felt sharp enough to draw blood.

Unable to bear looking her in the eye any longer, he turned away. "Don't you know it's better to rely on yourself than to seek others' help?"

"I know that all too well."

She had sought help from wrong person before. Once upon a time, she had begged Casper to save her father. And what was the result? Her father died in prison. Eliza slapped herself. How could she not learn from her past?

Casper suddenly looked back, noticing the imprint of her slap on her face. His pupils contracted. "Eliza, do you think this will soften my heart? The Pinotti family has to pay a price, including you."

"What right do you have to say that?" She defiantly raised her head, her eyes bloodshot, her fists clenched tight. "Casper, you are the one who truly deserves to die. You killed my father, you wanted to harvest my mother's organs to save Nova, you drove my brother Robin insane, and you sent me to prison. You're the one who deserves to die."

Her face, twisted with hatred, became desperate and contorted. Her nails dug deeply into her flesh, ignoring the pain.

Tears trickled down her face. The fierce confrontation lasted for several seconds before

Casper eventually turned his face away. "I didn't organize your arrest."

He didn't know if it was an explanation or something else. He knew Eliza wouldn't believe him, just like he didn't believe Eliza hadn't hired someone to commit arson. There had never been trust between them—only disdain.

Time was up. The police came in to take Eliza away. Watching her frail back, his gaze was empty, unable to return to reality for a long time.

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Stepping out of the police station, Casper sank into his car and chain-smoked an entire pack of cigarettes. When the sunset finally kissed the horizon, and the autumn leaves whispered in the wind, he snapped out of his daze and floored the gas pedal.

Back at Welton Estate, the bedroom on the second floor was pitch black. Casper sat in the darkness, the only light coming from the embers of his cigarette. His phone rang. It was the hospital. He ignored the first call. After the phone rang two or three more times, he sighed, crushed the cigarette, and answered, "Yeah?"

“Mr. Casper, Ms. Nova is very agitated. You need to come see her immediately,” the nurse’s voice quivered with urgency.

“Just give her a sedative. Do I look like a doctor?” he snapped and hung up.

Casper stumbled downstairs and grabbed a bottle of red wine, pouring glass after glass. Marian, unable to bear it any longer, approached him quietly. “Sir, you should stop drinking. It’s not good for you.”

“Mind your own business,” he slurred, collapsing onto the sofa. “This house is dead. Might

as well be.”

“Sir, are you okay? Maybe you should rest. Let me help you upstairs,” Marian offered, reaching out.

He shoved her away. “Don’t touch me.”

“Sir...”

“You’re just as annoying as Eliza. Get lost.”

He hurled the bottle and glass to the floor, shattering them. Marian quickly fetched a broom and dustpan. “Sir, you’re drunk. You need to rest.”

“Marian,” he hiccupped, closing his eyes. “...isn’t Nova more suited to be my wife than Eliza?”

Marian was at a loss for words. If Casper divorced Eliza and married Nova, she’d resign and leave, no doubt about it.

“Sir, why are you asking this now?”

“The first time I saw Nova was right before her final exams. She was in a white sun dress. and cap, ponytail high, riding a mountain bike. Her legs were so long. She glowed in the sunlight. I really liked her, so much.”

In Marian’s memory, Nova was always chauffeured everywhere. When did she ever ride a mountain bike? It was Eliza who had one. Back when they first married, Eliza rode it every morning and evening. After her family faced multiple crises, the bike ended up in storage.

Casper was rarely home then; he probably never even saw the bike.

“Sir, you’re drunk.”

“Marian, isn’t Nova the perfect Mrs. Welton?”

“Sir, do you really like her that much?”

Nova wasn’t as kind or as beautiful as Eliza. She was deceitful and harsh to the staff, and she loved putting on a show for Casper—nothing like the kind girl he described.

Marian turned back to see Casper had already fallen asleep. She sighed softly, murmuring, “Sir, can’t you see how good your wife is? If she’s not fit to be Mrs. Welton, Nova is even less so. I wish you’d install some cameras at home one day. Then you’d see the real Nova.”

Shaking her head, Marian finished cleaning up and covered Casper with a blanket before leaving.

The next morning, Aaron met Eliza. She looked exhausted.

“You alright?”

“I’m fine,” she replied, her voice flat.

Aaron’s face clouded with concern. “What happened? It’s so strange for you to get arrested out of the blue.”

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“There’s nothing strange about it,” she said. She was cooped up for so many days that she had already pieced everything together. “It was just a scheme Casper and Nova had cooked up.”

“But Casper said he didn’t know anything about it.”

“He said the same thing when he sent my dad to jail—that he didn’t know.” Mentioning it made Eliza loathe herself. How had she managed to brainwash herself into trusting Casper? He had never deserved her faith.

Aaron had heard bits and pieces of the story back then. He had even asked Casper about it. His response was just as Eliza had said, “Maybe he really didn’t know about your father’s case.”

“How could he not know?” she retorted. “In Falconridge, no one had more power than he did. If he wanted to pull something shady, it was a cakewalk. Stop making excuses for him. I know my dad better than anyone. It was Casper’s doing.”

It had been just over a year since the incident. Aaron knew Eliza still hadn’t moved on. understand how you feel.”

“You can’t understand.” No one could grasp what she had endured these past two years, dealing with family tragedies while being married. “Aaron, thank you for coming to see me but don’t waste your energy trying to save me. You can’t beat Casper.”

“I believe you’ve been wronged, and if that’s true, there must be evidence proving you didn’t know that arsonist.” He couldn’t stand seeing Eliza stuck in this place. “You shouldn’t have to swallow this injustice; it could ruin your whole life.”

“What can I do?” Her eyes welled up as she looked at Aaron. “Or do you have a plan?”

Aaron had no plan. But he could help her find evidence. “I... might not have the kind of influence Casper has, but...”

Eliza shook her head gently. “Forget it.”

There was nothing more devastating than losing hope. She also didn’t want to owe Aaron any favors.

However, Aaron didn’t see it that way. “We make our own destiny. I’ll do my best to help you find evidence. Please, don’t give up, okay?”

“Aaron, I think this is the best ending for me.” She offered a faint smile. It was a sight that stung his eyes.

Aaron’s heart clenched tight as he walked out of the police station. How had things turned out like this? He decided to make a trip to Welton International to have another talk with Casper.

Upon seeing Aaron, Casper sneered before he could even speak. “Don’t tell me you’re here to beg me to save Eliza?”

now it.”

Casper picked up a golf club and walked into the adjacent game room, showing no interest in discussing the matter with Aaron. Lazily, he swung the club, and the ball veered off. “Ah, missed.”

“Casper, Eliza was your wife, after all. She lived with you for two years. Don’t you know what kind of person she is?”

Casper didn’t take Aaron’s words to heart. He swung the club again. “Seems like my golfing has gotten worse.”

Aaron grabbed the golf club from him. “Stop it. I’m serious.”

“Dr. Martin,” Casper said, taking the club back from Aaron’s hands. “Our family matters don’t concern you.”

“Do you think I really want to meddle? I just feel sorry for Eliza.”

Casper let out a sneer, grinding his teeth as he looked at the man. “So, you went behind my back and slept with her? Did she cuddle in your arms and badmouth me?”

“You...”

Casper was being utterly unreasonable.