

His Destructive Toxic Love Chapter 116

Was this really the same Casper he knew?

“That’s ridiculous.” Casper was becoming more and more of a stranger to Aaron. “Have you never once doubted Nova?”

Casper’s swing froze mid–air, but then he laughed. “You think Nova set her own house on fire, blinded herself, and broke her own leg?”

Logically, it didn’t add up.

If it made no sense for Nova, did it somehow make more sense for Eliza to have convinced someone else to start the fire?

Whether it made sense or not, it was all up to Casper’s whims.

“It seems you trust Nova way more than Eliza,” Aaron said, a hint of self–mockery in his voice. “Sure, she’s your crush. Of course, you’d believe her. But you need to have a sense of right and wrong.”

Casper didn’t respond, hitting another ball. “Dr. Martin, are you here to give me a morality lecture?”

“I’m in no position to lecture you on morals. Just a friendly reminder: some actions can’t be undone. Think it over.”

Aaron didn’t linger.

After he left, Casper furiously snapped his expensive golf club. Panting, he took out his phone and dialed a number. “Dillon, get back from Seaville right now. I have an urgent task for you.”

Casper held the phone as Aaron’s words echoed in his mind, “Have you never once doubted Nova?”

Should he be doubting her?

A few days later, Dillon handed over his investigation findings to Casper.

“Mr. Casper, the arsonist, known as ‘Ironhead, is a gambler. He definitely received a transfer of a hundred thousand dollars and instructions to start the fire.”

Unfortunately, the WhatsApp account was deactivated after the incident.

“Mr. Casper, I also checked your wife’s call and chat logs. There’s no contact with this ‘Ironhead. I suspect the account was a fake.”

Casper accepted this theory, but who could prove it wasn’t Eliza pretending to be someone else?

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“Hand these documents over to the lawyer.”

“Understood, I’ll get on it right away.”

A week later, Casper reappeared in the police station’s visiting room.

Eliza looked quite slim. She had lost a significant amount of weight. The conditions there were harsh, with just one meal a day—bread and boiled vegetables.

She could tolerate all that. What was unbearable was the constant lighting at night. She already had trouble sleeping, and after ten days, she had barely slept at all.

She felt like she was on the brink of death.

“Looks like you’re not doing too well in here,” he said coolly, with a touch of sarcasm. “If you want out, I can bail you.”

“No thank you.” Her eyes were dull and lifeless.

“Do you have no regrets?”

Eliza didn’t feel there was anything to regret. She did hope the fire could kill Nova though.

“If Nova were dead, I’d have even fewer regrets”

“You...” He grabbed her neck, his face darkening, “How can you be so cruel?”

She glared at him.

His grip tightened. When her face began to change color, he slowly released her. “I’ll settle this score with you later.”

Casper had someone process the paperwork. Eliza was released on bail. On the way home, she didn’t say a word.

“Not even a thank you for bailing you out?” he asked, his voice soft but intense as he kept his eyes on her.

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Eliza barely lifted her eyelids, a bitter taste creeping into her heart. “You set this whole thing up, and now you’re bailing me out. What am I supposed to thank you for? Not killing me outright?”

He scoffed, “I’m giving you a chance to repay the favor.”

“Casper, what are you up to now?”

With a casual air, Casper told the driver, “Head to Hope Hospital.”

Hope Hospital?

Her mom....

“What did you do to my mom?”

“You’ll see when we get there.”

His gaze was cold as he looked at her. She never took the promises he’d made to heart.

Casper was unpredictable and constantly renegeing on his word. How much could she trust him?

Eliza’s emotions were in turmoil. She suppressed the discomfort in her chest until the car pulled into the grand entrance of Hope Hospital.

The hospital had changed its name; it was now called the Wellness Medical Center.

Casper was a cold and ruthless man, yet he chose to use a hospital to save lives. The irony wasn’t lost on her.

As they entered the hospital building, she spotted Dr. Sanders. Eliza quickened her pace.

Dr. Sanders.”

“Ms. Eliza, you’re here.”

“How’s my mom doing?”

Dr. Sanders gestured for her to stay calm. “The application for the new program has been submitted. It’ll take some time to restart, but we’ve started your mom on a newly marketed advanced medicine from abroad. The results are promising. Once the program restarts, she can immediately join.”

Eliza nodded along.

But...a new medicine from abroad? That must’ve been expensive.

“This medicine is quite expensive, isn’t it?”

“Indeed, it’s not cheap. Dr. Sanders wanted Eliza to be prepared. “One pill costs around a hundred thousand, and for a condition like your mother’s, she needs at least three pills a month. If we wait for the program to restart, she might need around three to five pills.”

Wouldn’t that be three to five hundred thousand a month? Where would she get that kind

of money?

“Dr. Sanders, how many pills has my mom taken?”

“She’s already taken two.”

Two pills were two hundred thousand. She couldn’t afford that.

“Dr. Sanders, if my mom stops taking this medicine now, would she be in danger?”

“It’s hard to say.”

It was a tough decision for Eliza, but one she had to make.

She didn’t have the money to cover the medicine cost. She’d rather go back to normal treatment as long as her mom was alive.

“Dr. Sanders, let’s stop the medication then and move my mom to a regular ward. I can’t afford the medication.”

“This...” Dr. Sanders was troubled. “Are you sure about this?”

“Yes.”

“Alright.” Dr. Sanders agreed reluctantly.

At that moment, Casper came over. “Proceed with the treatment. I’ll cover the costs.

Dr. Sanders was taken aback.

Eliza turned to Casper, mocking him. “Mr. Casper, are you afraid my mom’s organs won’t be healthy enough for Nova’s transplant?”

“You can think of it that way.” He didn’t oppose her view.

“I won’t agree to a transplant from my mom’s organs, not unless I’m dead.”

Eliza stood her ground.

“Then just pull her oxygen tube as well, end it all,” Casper said to Dr. Sanders.

“You... Eliza raised her hand to slap Casper, but he caught her wrist. “You said no treatment was needed, right? If she’s dead, that’s what will happen.”

She glared at him, her eyes filled with a bloody red hue. After a moment, she shook off her hand and turned to walk away.

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Casper stood there, cursing under his breath, his anger practically radiating off him as he chased after her.

Just as she was about to pass his car, he grabbed her wrist and shoved her inside.

“You’ve got quite the temper.”

“Casper, I’m telling you now, I won’t agree. Don’t even think about it,” she snapped, her eyes blazing and her fingers trembling. “Push me too far, and I’ll take you and Nova down with me.”

He suddenly laughed, a twisted, deranged sound filled with contempt and anger.

“Eliza, since when did you get so bold? Do you believe you can take someone out?” He yanked her wrist, pulling her close, his large hand tightening around her waist. “You should be more worried about yourself.”

Tears of frustration welled in her eyes, making her look heartbreakingly vulnerable.

-Disappointment, despair, hopelessness—she was drowning in a sea of hatred.

“You promised me you wouldn’t touch my mom. You promised!”

His Adam’s apple bobbed, and his tone softened. “If you know I promised, then why are you acting crazy like this?”

She covered her face with her hands, her sobs muffled and restrained. Her slender shoulders shook violently.

He raised his hand to stroke her hair, ready to offer some comfort, but Eliza shoved him away violently. "Don't touch me."

His face turned cold in an instant. Grabbing her wrist again, he pulled her into his embrace. "Eliza, you're my wife. I can do whatever I want with you."

With that, he gripped her chin and leaned down to kiss her.

The kiss was far from tender. He kissed her, and she bit him, their blood mingling in their mouths, leaving a salty, metallic taste.

Casper wiped his bleeding lip, panting. "Do you want me to carry on right here in the car?"

"Casper, you're a sick freak."

"You used to cling to me, desperate to marry me, because you liked this 'sick freak.'" He pinned her beneath him, ignoring the driver in front. "Eliza, you better behave, or else..."

"Or else what?" she shot back, defiant.

"You know what I'm capable of." He finally let her go, straightening his suit. "Don't make me reconsider my decisions."

It was a threat, plain and simple.

Eliza forced herself to calm down. She wiped the tears from the corners of her eyes and swallowed her grievances. "I'll pay you back for my mom's medical expenses."

"Whatever."

"I hope you keep your word."

"We'll see how you behave."

She looked ahead coldly, her voice icy. "I want to go back to my studio apartment."

"Fine."

The car stopped when they reached the studio apartment, and Eliza got out.

The car didn't drive away immediately. The window rolled down, and he watched her enter the apartment before finally lifting a finger. "To the hospital."

“Right away, Mr. Casper.”

In the hospital room, Nova was throwing a tantrum at Marian. “Do you think I’m a dog or a cat? Is this what people eat?”

On the floor were dishes Marian had carefully prepared: chicken soup, mushrooms, and seaweed.

It looked like Nova wasn’t satisfied with them.

Marian felt aggrieved but didn’t dare to look up, continuously apologizing. ‘Ms. Nova, please tell me what you would like to eat, and I’ll prepare it for you.’

“Marian, I am the lady of this house. What do you think the lady should eat?” Nova said with full authority.

Just then, Casper pushed the door open and walked into the hospital room...

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Nova immediately put on a magnanimous front. “Casper, you’re here. Look at me, getting into a little spat with Marian over something as silly as not liking the food. Marian’s had it rough, too, so don’t hold it against her.”

Casper glanced at the floor.

Marian, trembling, hurried to start cleaning up.

“Once you’re done, you can head back,” Casper said.

Marian nodded quickly. “Yes, sir.”

Nova’s eyes had almost fully healed, and her leg was finally free from the cast.

“Casper, how’s the arson case going?” she asked, her tone subtly pleading.

“Not enough evidence. They let her go,” he responded flatly.

“I figured Eliza couldn’t have done something like that. It really was just a misunderstanding, but it had me worried for so long.” Nova’s fingers clutched the bedsheet, though her face remained calm and gentle.

Casper looked up at her, feeling a surge of relief. “Once you’re out tomorrow, you should rest up at home.”

“I...” her eyelashes drooped, “...I don’t have a home anymore.”

“Come to Welton Estate.”

“Is that okay? I stayed there before, and Eliza never liked me. Maybe... it’s better if I don’t,” she said, trying to show she didn’t want to impose, “I can rent a place.”

“It’s okay. She’s not staying there anymore.”

“Did you two have a fight?”

Casper didn’t answer, simply saying, “Marian will come to pick you up.”

After leaving the hospital, Casper, as if guided by some unseen force, found himself at Eliza’s apartment.

Eliza had just finished showering, exhausted from the days she was detained. She had called Molly and was planning to go back to work the next day. She needed the money.

The doorbell rang.

Through the peephole, she saw... Casper.

Hadn’t he left?

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Hand on the doorknob, she hesitated but eventually opened the door. “Mr. Casper, do you need something?”

He leaned against the door frame, body slightly bent, a playful smirk on his lips. “Aren’t you going to invite me in?”

“It’s not a great time.”

“What’s so bad about me coming in now?” He didn’t force his way in, sparing her dignity.

Casper could enter if he wanted, so she stepped aside. “I forgot this is your territory.”

Casper, nearly six feet three inches tall, had to duck slightly to enter.

It was his first time inside a Welton International employee’s apartment. The room was small, with the toilet, kitchen, and living area divided into sections. A desk with a computer was placed on the balcony. The bedroom was simply partitioned off.

“Have you had your dinner?” he asked, turning to her.

Eliza replied coldly, "I'm not hungry."

"I am. Make me a bowl of pasta," he said.

"I don't have the kind of pasta you eat, Mr. Casper," she retorted, not wanting to cater to him.

He raised an eyebrow. "Your mother's medication, in exchange for a bowl of pasta, how about that? Mrs. Welton."

The medication was worth a hundred thousand. Could she refuse?

"Fine."

Turning around, she went into the kitchen, tied on an apron, and took out the only pack of spaghetti she had. She glanced at the expiration date... it was expired.

Casper took off his jacket and sat on the sofa. The sofa was small and narrow, barely allowing him to stretch his legs. On the balcony window, a pot of sunflowers exuded a tranquil fragrance.

He stood up and walked to the kitchen doorway, watching her silhouette.

In the two years they were married, he rarely came home, but every time he did, Eliza would prepare a feast for him. He knew she was an excellent cook, yet he had never tasted her food.

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He couldn't stand being around her, so much so that he'd come home only in the dead of

night.

Though he clearly didn't like her, he was strangely addicted to her body. Beyond their physical encounters, he knew almost nothing about her.

"Plain broth again?" he suddenly said.

Eliza didn't turn around. "I made egg soup," she replied calmly.

"No meat?"

Eliza opened the fridge and pulled out a sausage. "Will this do?"

“It’ll have to,” he grumbled.

Eliza brought the bowl to him with a smile. “Here you go, enjoy.”

“Just one portion?” he asked, looking up.

“There’s more.”

“Get another one and join me.”

Eliza shook her head. “I can’t afford such a fancy meal.”

“It’s on me.”

Eliza stayed put.

Casper twirled some pasta, blew on them, and held them out to her. “Come on, try it.”

Eliza hesitated. “...You eat it.”

Feeling awkward, she retreated to the kitchen to clean up the mess.

Suddenly, strong arms wrapped around her from behind, making her scream. “Let go of me, Casper! What are you doing?”

“I’ve never heard you scream like that in bed.”

His chin rested on her shoulder, making her stiffen.

Was he losing it? She felt his body react and wanted to escape, but the cramped space left her trapped.

“This is an apartment for single people.”

“What are you trying to say?” he murmured, biting gently behind her ear. “Eliza, we’re married, not having an affair.”

“I don’t like this.”

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“Don’t like what? Sex or sex with me?” He pinned her, turning her to face him, his eyes cold. “Are you saving yourself for Aaron?”

“What does Aaron have to do with this?”

“Then who are you saving yourself for?” he asked, lifting her onto the countertop, his hands trapping her in place. “Eliza, was Aaron gentle with you?”

Her eyes, bright and intense, locked onto his. “Mr. Casper, what do you want to hear?”

“I want the truth.”

“I bet you’ve already imagined it, Aaron and me in bed. And yes, it’s exactly what your think.”

She knew provoking him was risky, but dealing with someone as unstable as him left her no choice.

Casper laughed abruptly, his eyes dark and piercing. “So, you did sleep with him?”

“Believe whatever you want. Just don’t ask me these questions.”

His hand shot to her neck. “Eliza, you really know how to drive me mad.”

“Isn’t this what you wanted to hear?” she spat, glaring at him. “Isn’t this your excuse for revenge?”

“Looks like you’re not scared of my revenge anymore.” He released her neck. “I could call the hospital right now, and you’d deal with the consequences.”

“Please, no.” Her head dropped, her body cold. “I’m sorry.”

She was terrified, utterly terrified. He wasn’t thinking like a normal human being.

“I’ll give you a chance to make it up to me.” He gripped her waist, pulling her close.

“Kiss