

His Destructive Toxic Love Chapter 23

The car's back door swung open, and a pair of polished leather shoes hit the pavement

Eliza felt a knot forming in her stomach. Something was wrong. She turned on her heel, ready to get away.

Casper emerged from the car but didn't hurry after her. Instead, he lit a cigarette, taking a slow drag. "Looks like you're pretty happy with Zach's setup.

Zach?

The name that had vanished from her life for two years now echoed back, leaving Eliza stunned.⁵

With a cigarette dangling between his fingers, Casper sauntered over and grabbed her waist "Did the delivery experience make your sweetheart worried?"

"Casper, I have no idea what you're talking about."

He let out a mocking laugh, his eyes scanning her face. "Eliza, you sure have some guts. We're not even divorced yet, and you've already lined up two new guys."

"I haven't." She knew Casper was here to cause trouble, but she wasn't about to accept these baseless accusations.

He flicked away

way the cigarette, grabbed her wrist, and started dragging her towards the car. "Come home with me."?

"I'm not going with you."

"Eliza, push me any further, and you won't see Robin tomorrow":

Eliza's family was her Achilles heel and Casper knew exactly how to hit her where it hurt.

She fell silent

The car pulled into the villa's driveway. Eliza obediently followed Casper inside

He headed upstairs while she stood there like a statue.

"What are you standing there for?!"

He had brought her back for the usual reasons.

In bed, Casper was always in control. Nova's fragile health couldn't handle his roughness, so he took out his arousal on Eliza.²

Eliza looked up, her eyes cold. "I don't want to." It was the first time she had refused him like this.

Enraged, he stormed back down, grabbed her arm, and threw her onto the sofa.

"This will do." He pinned her down, yanking off his lie, and started unbuttoning her blouse.

"Casper, stop it."

use. She clutched his hand.

He laughed bitterly. His eyes turned icy, like a predator's. "What, saving yourself for another guy now?"

"I'm not."

He pinned her wrists above her head, his grip unrelenting. "Here or upstairs, your choice."

Eliza was conservative. Unlike Casper, who could do it anytime, anywhere, she cared about her dignity.

"Upstairs," she said, her voice trembling with despair.

Once in the bedroom, he was on her. She struggled, her eyes filled with resentment.

He grabbed her chin, his voice dripping with sarcasm. "Aaron wasn't enough, and now you've got Zach? Eliza, did I underestimate you? Tell me, who do you love?!"

y, unwilling to see his mocking expression.

"I love no one, Casper. Just get it over with." She closed her eyes and turned her face away. He forced her to look at him. "Since you took the job Zach arranged, you must love him, right?" "I don't love him." Eliza was baffled by his obsession with Zach. "He didn't arrange my job." "Eliza, don't play dumb with me. Do you really think you deserve a salary of twenty thousand a month with those skills? Who do you think you are? A university professor?"

True, her salary at the studio was high, but the other instructors earned even more.

“That just shows I’m worth it“)

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“Let’s see what you’re really worth.” He gripped her waist, his thrusts increasingly forceful and possessive.

He knew every inch of her. In the two years they’d been married, their intimate moments were rare, but each time left him utterly bewitched, sometimes so much that he couldn’t help but come back for more.

He couldn’t deny his insatiable desire for her. He saw the flush of red on her face, and his grip turned even more domineering &

Afterward, he pulled away. Suddenly, he noticed the bed sheets beneath her stained red with blood.

She lay there with her eyes tightly shut, clearly in excruciating pain. The pain was so intense that she curled up into a tight ball.

The blood spread beneath her like a blooming poppy.

A sudden grip tightened around Casper’s heart. This wasn’t her period....

“Are you mute? Couldn’t you tell me it hurt?”

Casper grabbed a blanket, wrapped up Eliza, and carried her downstairs. Her body was burning hot, her complexion pale and bloodless.

“Driver, get the car.”

On the way to the hospital, Casper called Aaron, asking him to meet them there.

The moment he arrived at the hospital, he rushed Eliza straight to the emergency room.

“What’s the situation?”

Aaron reached out to take her, but Casper dodged him. He carried her directly into the emergency treatment room.

Aaron didn’t take offense, and after explaining the situation to the doctors, he waited outside with Casper.

Casper pulled out a cigarette, attempting to light it several times unsuccessfully.

“Smoking is prohibited in the hospital. Just bear with it Aaron said.

Casper angrily threw the cigarette and lighter into the trash, rubbing his hands through his thick hair.

The light in the emergency room stayed on, stark and unsettling.

A nurse came out midway to speak with Aaron, handed him a form, then went back inside.

Aaron handed the form to Casper. "Sign here."

"What is it?" He looked over with bloodshot eyes.

It was a surgical consent form.

Aaron sighed. "Eliza has a ruptured corpus luteum and needs surgery."

He wasn't sure if Casper did it on purpose or if Eliza was just too fragile to withstand a grown man's strength. These private matters were not his to pry too much into.!!

"You got here in time, so there shouldn't be any danger to her life."

Casper's Adam's apple bobbed as he took Aaron's pen, his hand trembling as he signed his name.

Aaron took the consent form Casper signed and stood up to give it to the nurse.

When Eliza woke up, the room was stark white. Her vacant gaze fixed on the ceiling for a long, long time.

She

wanted to cry, but she had no tears left. Even if she had tears, for whom would she cry?!

She could only swallow all her grievances, with nowhere else to turn.

Aaron pushed the door open and entered. "You're awake."

"Shame I didn't die." Her dry lips curved in a self-mocking smile.

Aaron felt a pang in his heart. "Don't say that."

"Aaron, sorry you have to see this."

Aaron gently shook his head, his heart aching more for her. "Casper has a bad temper, he... I've already give him a piece of my mine."

“Aaron, please talk to Casper If he loves Nova so much, cherishes her adores her, then let him marry her. After all, I can’t have children anymore. I’m of no value to the Welton family... She hopelessly sighed, her eyes filled with a lonely confusion about the future

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Aaron had gone over Eliza’s medical report. She had premature ovarian failure. A condition she shouldn’t be experiencing at her age. “What’s going on with your body?” he asked.

He wasn’t sure if Casper knew, but the Welton family was desperate for Eliza to get pregnant, and this condition would seriously affect her chances of having a baby.

Eliza couldn’t give an answer. Aaron didn’t push further, only saying. “You’re still young. With the right treatment, things can get better.

A bitter smile crept onto Eliza’s face. She wasn’t a doctor, but she had enough common sense to know that this condition was incurable. “Thank you,” she said.

Just as Aaron was about to reply, Casper walked in. “You two should talk” Aaron said. He did not plan to stick around.

Casper was carrying a pot of homemade chicken soup that Marian had made. He walked over to Eliza’s hospital bed. “Have some soup. It’s still warm,” he said. His tone had softened, but it felt insincere.

Eliza closed her eyes, not in the mood to talk. He poured the soup into a bowl and brought it to her lips. “Come on, drink a little”

She turned her face away, not even opening her eyes. Casper wasn’t known for his patience. The fact that he was being this tolerant was already a big deal, but Eliza didn’t care.

“Open your mouth,” he said, trying to keep his anger in check.

Eliza slowly opened her eyes. “I’m not going to die. I don’t need this miracle cure.”

His fingers tightened around the bowl, his knuckles turning white.

With a swift motion, the bowl and soup were tossed into the trash can, making a sharp sound. Eliza watched him calmly, her heart unmoved. His fake patience wouldn’t last long: his true nature always showed through. People could pretend, but they couldn’t change.!

“Eliza, I’m really giving you a chance here. It’s better if you don’t drink it, it saves me the trouble,” he said, almost letting slip that it would be better if she were dead. He held back, but Eliza could read between the lines.

Their eyes met, saying more than words ever could. “I’m warning you, stay away from Zach. You can’t win against him.”²

The name Zach had come up too often, making her frown. “I’ve never even met Zach”}

“Zach is the owner of the studio you joined, and you’re telling me you’ve never met him?” He hated being treated like a fool. “Eliza, you’d better stay away from him, or it won’t end well for anyone.”?

Zach was the studio owner? Chelsea had said he was her friend. Was it really Zach? No way. Chelsea knew what Zach had done to her. “I’ve never met the studio’s owner” If it really was Zach, she’d quit.S

Clearly, Casper didn’t believe her. Whether he did or not, Eliza didn’t care anymore. After a long silence, Casper left.

A few days later, Eliza was discharged from the hospital. Casper’s driver came to pick her up. “Ma’am, please get in the car,” the driver said, respectfully opening the rear door.

She instinctively stepped back, not wanting to return to that house. “I can’t go with you, John.”

Not completing Casper’s task would likely cost him his job. “Ma’am, Mr. Casper said he’s waiting at home to talk to you. Please just let me take you to him. Look, I’m just an employee...”)

John was close to tears. Eliza couldn’t bring herself to make things harder for him. Casper was used to getting his way, never thinking about how others felt.

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Much like herself, the driver was just another insignificant person in Casper’s eyes, not worthy of any respect.

“Fine, I’ll go with you.”

“Ma’am, please get in the car.” The driver’s eyes lit up.

Casper was at home, and so was Nova. Eliza felt like an unwelcome intruder. Standing at the doorway, her gaze was ice-cold as she watched the third wheel make herself at home.

*Casper, if your goal was to flaunt your affection for each other, you really
ally didn't need to call

Eliza's face twisted with displeasure. Nova's smug look made her feel physically ill.

Casper stayed silent

me over."?

Nova spoke softly, "Eliza, you've misunderstood. I'm going abroad in a few days for leg treatment. Casper said I could stay here for a while. If it bothers you, I can leave."X

She looked so pitiful, leaning on her cane, a perfect picture of self-pity.

Casper called out coldly, "Who would dare to ask you to leave?"

"Casper, please. I don't want to cause trouble for Eliza. I'll just go home" Tears filled Nova's eyes as if she were the one hurt?

Eliza was disgusted by the act. "Nova, stop the theatrics. Have some decency. You shouldn't be in a married man's home, trying to take his wife's place. If you really want to replace me, then have Casper divorce me sooner. "B

Feeling utterly repulsed, Eliza turned to leave. Casper quickly followed, grabbing her wrist and dragging her upstairs. "I need to talk to you.

Casper was rough. Eliza knew this was reserved only for her.

"Let go of me."D

As the bedroom door slammed shut, he finally released her. Eliza was displeased.

"What do you want to s

"Quit your job at the art studio."%

It wasn't a suggestion. It was an order. Eliza remained silent, hating his need to control her.

"I need to work."

"Then find something else."8

say??

“Do I have other job options? Didn’t you tell every company not to hire me? Or do you prefer I don’t have a decent job and instead sell my body?”

Eliza’s light laughter was filled with mockery. Her eyelashes drooped, eyes misty

Casper stood high and mighty, posing as someone superior, completely oblivious to Eliza’s desperation. She was at her wit’s end, willing to do anything to survive.

“You...” Eliza now had a sharp tongue, leaving Casper speechless.

There was a knock on the door.”

“Casper, I’m a bit hungry.” It was Nova’s voice. She always had perfect timing.

Eliza moved toward the door, and just as she was about to touch the doorknob, he pressed her shoulder, pinning her against the door.

He held her hands above her head. His lips, carrying the scent of tobacco, slowly grazed over her plump, rosy lips, whispering in her ear, “Who do you want to sell your body to? Aaron or Zach? It’s probably Zach. That way you could be the wife of a bastard of the Welton family, continuing to play around in high society.”

“No need for you to worry, Mr. Casper.” She tried to kick free, but he pressed her down firmly. His solid chest was against her soft body. She couldn’t move an irich.

Knock, knock.

“Casper, are you there? Shall we go out to eat together?”

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Nova stood outside, ears straining to catch the sounds from within, her patience wearing thin. She couldn’t wait for them to part ways.

The knock on the door was loud and insistent.

Eliza curled her lips in a mocking smile. “Mr. Casper, stop pestering me. Your little darling is getting jealous. Go and keep her company.”

She pushed him, but he only pressed tighter against her. His eyes flashed with a fierce light. “I want it. Now”

The doctor had said Eliza couldn’t have sex for at least a month. It was stated right in front of Casper. She thought he had taken it to heart, but clearly, he hadn’t

He was domineering, his stance and actions utterly indecent. She had to endure it passively.!!

The door creaked under Casper's force. Outside, Nova blushed furiously, biting her lip, consumed with jealousy!!

Eventually, he let Eliza go. She was a mess while he looked thoroughly composed.

"I'm giving you three days to quit your job at the studio,"

"I signed a contract, I can't just quit," she said quietly, trying to pull herself together, her voice steady.

He tossed a gold card at her. "There's a million in here. If Zach thinks it's not enough, he can come to me."

Eliza didn't pick up the card from the floor. She merely raised an eyebrow. "I need to work. Without a job, what am I supposed to eat or drink? Casper, don't be so ruthless.}"

"You are my wife. Do you still need to work? In the past two years we've been married, have you ever had a day without food or clothes?"

"No," she replied, her tone icy and slightly mocking. "But you see, other housewives get a salary from their husbands. I don't."

"So, it's all about the money."

Exactly. After ending her romantic fantasies, Eliza understood the importance of money.

"There's nothing shameful in needing money."

"Just remember your current status. Don't sell your body over some small change. His voice was cold as he glanced at the gold card on the floor. "Take the card. I'll deposit a hundred thousand every month on the condition that you come home willingly."

A hundred thousand. Tempting, indeed. She had been married to him for two years and hadn't seen a dime. Clearly, this was him buying peace of mind, fearful she would cheat on him.

Eliza didn't pick up the gold card, even though that hundred thousand could buy her dignity.

Too bad...!

"It's too late, Casper. Everything is too late now."

His heart was with Nova, What was the point of staying with a loveless man? Endless arguments only made her feel more belittled.³

She shook her head and turned around.

He picked up the card and grabbed her wrist. “Even a hundred thousand isn’t enough for you now?”

“You know, Casper, I didn’t marry you for your money.”

He looked at her intently. “What do you want then?”

No, she wanted nothing anymore.

“We need to let each other go, please. I’m begging you.” She was exhausted, tired of it all. Two years of marriage had drained her. She shook off his hand and opened the bedroom door. Nova was still standing outside. The breeze touched her face, the remnants sex driving her mad. She clenched her fists tightly, yet her face remained gentle and kind, heartbreakingly beautiful. “Eliza, are you leaving? Why don’t you stay for dinner...”

Eliza really admired Nova’s acting skills. With a disdainful smirk, Eliza walked away. The bedroom door slammed shut behind her. Nova’s heart skipped a beat.

Back at her own place, Eliza lay in bed, not in the mood to move. In her mind’s eye, she saw a vibrant young man. His name was Zach. He had a dubious background. His mother, Sonya, was a third-rate actress who had been with Casper’s father Tristan for eight years when she was younger!!

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With her youth and beauty, Sonya figured she could leverage her status as a mom to secure a better life and maybe even become Tristan’s wife.

Too bad men can be scarily calm when it comes to love. Even if Tristan adored young, pretty faces, he would never ditch his wife and kid

to marry a mistress.

However, he never neglected Sonya and his child.

As Zach grew older, Tristan’s fondness for him grew, and he even thought about adding him to the Welton family tree. Jeffrey wasn’t on board, so the idea was shelved.

Zach transferred to Eliza’s high school in their senior year.

Before their final exams, he sent her love letters and asked her out for coffee, but she always turned him down.

His feelings didn't fade in college; he chased her for four long years.

She thought her marriage would make him give up, but things got crazier.

On the day she and Casper got their marriage certificate, Zach confronted them, and he ended up in a brawl with Casper. He'd recite love poems outside their house and send Casper taunting messages.

Because of this, Eliza often bore the brunt of Casper's anger

Once, Casper starved her for a week, leaving her to survive on water, which messed up her stomach.

Zach's obsession scared her. Eventually, Tristan shipped him off overseas for an MBA, finally calming things down.

Chelsea knew about all this. Why would she...

After a lot of thinking. Eliza picked up her phone and texted Chelsea. (Is Zach the owner of the art studio?)

A long silence followed.

Half an hour later, the doorbell rang, and Chelsea stood there, guilt and apology written all over her face. "I'm sorry, Elle."

"Chelsea, you know how Zach is... why would you put me through that trouble?"

Eliza was in the middle of negotiating a divorce with Casper. Zach showing up and Eliza working at his studio only stoked Casper's twisted possessiveness.

What was already a tough divorce now became even more complicated.

Chelsea hung her head.

Eliza couldn't blame her and squeezed her hand. "I'm not mad at you.

"You have every right to be. I just couldn't stand watching you worn out from delivering food and always getting hassled by customers..." Chelsea's eyes filled with tears.

Eliza felt a lump in her throat "I know you care." "I

"Has Casper been bothering you again?"

“It’s nothing new with him.”

ago, he’d hurt her badly enough to almost kill her, but Eliza hadn’t told Chelsea, afraid she’d worry.

Just days a

“So, he’s making you quit work at the studio?”

Eliza nodded. “He offered me a million to break the contract, but I said no.”

“Does he think he’s all that just because he’s got money? Chelsea was livid.

“Even if Casper didn’t force me to quit, I wouldn’t have stayed.”

th was trouble she couldn’t handle, and Casper was a loose cannon.

Zach

Eliza sighed, “I just go back to delivering food if I have to.”

For someone who’d been pampered her whole life, delivering food was a huge change!

Chelsea had long wanted Eliza to quit but knew her too well. The last thing Eliza needed was pity.

“Hey, there’s always another way. Things will work out.”

Eliza chuckled, “No matter what I do, I can’t promise Casper won’t mess it up.”

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Eliza had been with Casper for two years and knew him like the back of her hand. With him, you thrived. Against him, you perished. He wanted her to go back to being Mrs. Welton, to be nothing more than a lifeline for Jeffery. Had he ever considered that sending her brother to Mercy Hospital was a point of no return for her?

“Can you set up a meeting with Zach for me?” Eliza asked. After a moment of surprise, Chelsea nodded. “Sure.”!

They chose a quiet corner café for the weekend. Eliza arrived early and ordered a cup of coffee. Zach walked in with a white T-shirt and casual pants, making his legs look long and straight. His hair was tousled, and his face, framed by a lazy smile, exuded charm.

His appearance hadn’t changed much in two years. He was looking more and more like Casper.

“Do I call you ‘boss’ now?” Eliza asked, stirring her coffee without standing up. Zach sat down, leaning back in his chair, his lips curling into a slight smile. “It seems my presence bothers you.”

“What’s your game?” she asked, her gaze cool and direct. Even after all these years, Zach still had a boyish face, looking like a college student. But his eyes had lost their innocence.

“I just want to help you,” he said lightly, his deep gaze landing on her bare ring finger. “I know you’re not happy with Casper.”

Eliza scoffed, “To get under Casper’s skin, right? Zach, I don’t need to be the collateral damage in your vendetta against the Weltons.”

Since Eliza married Casper, Zach showed up every time under the guise of chasing love, but really, it was to spite the Weltons. He was wild and reckless enough to give them a headache. And it had cost Eliza dearly.

Zach smiled faintly, not bothering to argue.

“Let’s terminate my work contract” she said, her tone cooling. He didn’t look up and was playing with his ring. He chuckled, “Am I really that bad?”

“Guys like you are nothing but trouble,” she said, standing up, ready to walk past him.

Zach suddenly looked the other way. “I know Robin isn’t in a good situation. I have connections at Mercy Hospital.”

Eliza froze mid-step. Her face went pale and tense at his words. Casper used Robin to threaten her. Now, Zach was doing the same. No wonder they were brothers |

Just as she was about to walk away, Zach’s voice followed her, “I can get Robin out of there.”

Eliza said nothing and walked towards the exit. Zach tossed the spoon from his mug aside and followed her. He grabbed her wrist and pushed her into his car?

“Zach, what are you doing in broad daylight?” Eliza was startled, and was about to open the door when the car locked. “I think you should seriously consider my proposal,” he said in a tone so calm it was clear he had control over the situation.

This was bad news for her. She didn’t believe he’d offer such a huge favor for nothing. “So, what do you want in return for this generous help?”

Zach’s gaze was intense and meaningful as he looked at Eliza. Over the two years, she had lost weight, her delicate face now free of baby fat, revealing the maturity and allure

of a grown woman. He liked her slightly curly long hair and, even more, the soul-catching mole at the corner of her eye.

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Her figure was slender yet curvy in all the right places, a perfect blend of elegance and allure.!!

His gaze was bold and unrestrained, making no effort to hide his desire to possess her. She could clearly see the longing in his eyes.

Eliza dodged away as he reached out with his clean, slender fingers to caress her cheek gently.

“So, you’re just as vile.”Bang!

Their bodies jolted and rocked back and forth. The front of the car was heavily struck by an oncoming vehicle, caving in

Through the windshield, Eliza saw Casper in the other car. His gaze was like a hawk eyeing its prey, full of danger

Her heart skipped a beat

Soon, the man from the other car opened his door and walked straight towards them.

He stood by the passenger side, staring emotionlessly at them, then suddenly raised his leg and kicked the car window.

“Ah!” Eliza screamed, covering her head.”

Casper’s kick was powerful. The glass didn’t break, but it cracked. As he was about to strike again, Zach unlocked the door.

Casper pulled the door open, grabbed Eliza by the wrist, and yanked her out. Without a word, he easily tossed her into his car as if she were a small kitten

Zach, gripping the steering wheel, frowned deeply.

Casper pinched Eliza’s cheek harshly. “Did you let him touch you?”

“No.” She tried to turn her face away from him but was firmly restrained, so she softened her tone. “Casper, calm down. Let me go first

“Then tell me, why did you meet him? Did you ignore my words?” His fingertips pressed harder, distorting her delicate face.

Eliza didn't want to explain. No matter what she said, Casper wouldn't believe her.

"Speak up." He suddenly pressed her against the back of the seat, "You could talk to Zach just fine, but you're mute in front of me?"

"What do you want me to say?" Her gaze was desolate, her beautiful face tinged with a hint of sorrow. "Even if I did, would you believe me?"

Their eyes locked, It was a silent confrontation, a cold despair.

Casper let go of her, stomped on the accelerator, and drove back home

"Get out." He opened the passenger door.

Eliza didn't want to leave.

"Do you want me to carry you?"

"Why did you bring me back here?"

Leaning on the car frame, he countered, "What, this isn't your home? Eliza, you're still my wife, not Zach's woman."

"Your wife?" She laughed mockingly. Then who is the woman in the house now?"

Casper's expression darkened. He didn't like Eliza's defiance

"Are you competing with Nova for my affection?"

"Could I even compete?" Her beautiful eyes looked towards Casper standing by the car door. "In your heart, I probably weigh less than a penny."

"You know your place, so you should know you only have the option to obey." His words were cold and ruthless.

Eliza scoffed lightly.

Obey? She wasn't a puppet on strings. Even if she once was, those strings had now been cut

Casper lost his patience and yanked her out of the car by her arm. He was utterly ungentle. Her arm scraped against the edge of the car door, leaving a bloody trace.

Eliza winced and shook off his hand. "Casper, let me go."

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Bloodstains quickly blossomed, forming numerous spots that were quite a shocking sight. He didn't seem to care at all, yanking her inside.X

"If you don't behave, you will have more than these minor injuries," he growled.

After dragging Eliza into the house, he handed her over to Marian. "Take care of her arm, he ordered.

Marian hurried to grab the first-aid kit. She opened a bottle of antiseptic and started disinfecting the wound. Eliza's delicate skin turned a darkened red as the antiseptic touched the bloodstains.

"Ma'am, I'll be gentle," Marian said softly

Eliza was used to enduring pain, but she wasn't used to others being kind to her. "I can handle it myself, Marian," she murmured

"Please stay still. It'll be over soon," Marian insisted.!!

After applying the medicine, Marian found some gauze and gently wrapped it around Eliza's arm.

"Why are you here again?" Nova's sharp voice cut through the air.]

When Casper wasn't around, Nova didn't bother pretending to be nice. Eliza glanced at her nonchalantly. "I believe this is my house!

Nova, leaning on her cane, limped over to Eliza. In a voice only they could hear, she hissed through gritted teeth, "Eliza, you're just a bitch who hooks up with men."?

Eliza wasn't surprised by Nova's ugly facade, she'd seen it before. She guessed Nova was mad because Casper had pinned her against the door that day, their movements too provocative for Nova to handle.

Unable to resist taunting, Eliza said, "Must be hard for you when Casper doesn't touch you, huh?"

"You..." Nova's emotions spiraled out of control, and she was about to explode when footsteps echoed on the stairs. She immediately switched tactics, retreating with a limp and shouting. "Eliza, stop! I haven't done anything with Casper. Please, I'm scared..."

As expected, she tripped and fell, hitting her head on the corner of a table, blood streaming down her face.

Hearing the commotion, Casper rushed down the stairs and caught Nova as she fell. Weakly clutching his arm, Nova said, "Casper, Eliza didn't mean to do this. Please don't blame her."²

"Marian, call an ambulance!" Casper yelled.³

Marian, trembling, fumbled with the phone. When the ambulance arrived, Nova was lifted inside. She clung to Casper's hand tightly. "Casper, I'm scared. Can you come with me?"

"It's okay. Marian will go with you," Casper reassured her. With just a look, Marian nervously grabbed her bag and followed Nova into the ambulance.

After the drama subsided, Eliza prepared to leave.

Casper, fuming, grabbed her arm and threw her to the ground. "Eliza, how dare you hurt Nova right under my nose? You're asking for it."

This kind of unwarranted disaster was all too familiar to her. In their two-year marriage, she'd endured it many times. No matter how poorly Nova performed, Casper always took it out on Eliza.

Eliza laughed bitterly. "Casper, if you hate me so much, why don't you divorce me?"

He was successfully provoked. He picked her up from the floor and threw her onto the sofa. "Divorce you so you can

bastard?"

go marry that

I've told you, there's nothing between Zach and me," she struggled to push him away. "Casper, if you're just trying to find some moral justification for your cheating, I'm telling you, it's unnecessary.

"Feeling bold now that you've got a backer, aren't you?" He raised his hand and grabbed her blouse. With a gentle tug, the buttons scattered all over the floor. Feeling exposed and embarrassed, Eliza quickly covered herself. "You bastard"

Just then, Casper's phone rang. He let go of Eliza, picked up the phone, and answered, "Hello?"

His Destructive Toxic Love Chapter 32

"Casper, I'm in so much pain. Can you please come and stay with me?" Nova's fragile voice trembled on the other end of the phone.

Nova always knew how to play her cards right because Casper never could resist that tone.

He cast a cold glance at Eliza. “You’re coming with me to the hospital.”

“I’m not going.” Her response was even icier.!!

His face darkened, eyes blazing with an anger he rarely showed. “Eliza, are you seriously refusing me?”

Casper was used to getting his way and always seemed blind to the obvious. Whenever Nova was involved, he’d always be on her side.

“Go upstairs, change your clothes, and come to the hospital with me.”

Eliza gently straightened her tom blouse. Upstairs she went.

Her wardrobe held only a few high-end dresses she hadn’t taken when she moved out. There were gifts from her mother-in-law

She’d never worn them, always dreaming that someday Casper would take her to some grand event.

Eliza chuckled at her own naivety.

After changing, she descended the stairs. “I’m leaving.”

He raised a hand to stop her and was about to speak, but his phone rang again. This time, it was a call from the Welton family mansion.

“What? I’ll be right there.” He grabbed her wrist, pulling her outside. “You’re coming with me to the hospital.”

“I said I’m not going. You-

“Grandfather is in emergency care

Jeffrey had been sick for over a decade, and at ninety, his passing would normally be seen as a natural part of life. However, the Welton family wouldn’t accept it.

A fortune teller once said that if Jeffrey died, the Welton family’s luck would take a nosedive for a decade.

The Welton family was wealthy, and Jeffrey was kept alive on cutting-edge medications.

When those stopped working, they turned their sights on Eliza.

Initially, Casper had flat-out refused to marry Eliza. But when Jeffrey gave his approval, she managed to wed him

By then, the Welton family must have known her blood was special. Otherwise, an engagement alone wouldn't have been enough to make Casper marry her."

The entire Welton family crowded outside the hospital's emergency care ward.

Tristan saw Casper and pulled him aside. "Your grandfather's condition has worsened. Is there any change with Eliza?"

"Nothing." Casper replied flatly

Tristan couldn't hold back. "What are you doing? Your grandfather needs her antibodies, if she's not pregnant, her antibody levels won't increase, What's the plan?"

Casper didn't really have one.

Aaron had mentioned that only a complete blood transfusion could help Jeffrey. That was trading one life for another, and Casper didn't want to go that far.

Facing his son's silence, Tristan glanced at Eliza, standing quietly nearby. He knew some decisions were brutal, but the Welton family had no choice but to be ruthless to save Jeffrey."

"Let's do the blood transfusion, Tristan said.

Casper's pupils contracted. "Dad, doesn't her life also matter?"

"Whose life is more important between hers and your grandfather's?" Tristan struggled to keep his voice down. "Our family is falling apart because your grandfather is ill. With the transfusion, he'll recover, and so will Welton International "

Casper hadn't believed the fortune teller's words at first, but over the years, a few predictions had come true, and he'd started to believe it. "There must be another way."

Tristan was stunned. After all these years, they'd explored every possible option. What other option could there be?%

In the end, when it mattered most, Casper had gone soft!!