

His Destructive Toxic Love Chapter 33

“You can get another wife, but you only get one grandfather. Can’t you wrap your head around that? If you can’t see this clearly, how can I ever trust you with Welton International?!”

Casper stayed silent. Finally, he mumbled, “I’ll go ask Aaron.”

Eliza was so quiet. It was like she wasn’t even there.

A nosy relative drifted over to her, trying to make conversation.

your blood has some kind of special antibody. It looks like

saving Grandpa is up to you. Once he’s cured, make sure Casper gives you a big reward.”

“Those antibodies only show up if you’re pregnant. Look at Eliza. She’s so skinny, Does she look pregnant to you?” Another relative chimed in.

“Maybe it’s just too early, and she’s not showing yet. Right, Eliza?”

Eliza didn’t say a word.

The voices moved away but were still close enough to hear. “What’s the point of talking to her? She’s like a piece of wood. The family matters aren’t her call. Casper decides whether she donates blood or antibodies.”

“Don’t talk nonsense“>

“How is this nonsense? Everyone knows she threw herself at Casper, and he didn’t even want her. If she weren’t somewhat useful, we wouldn’t have let her marry into the family. If she actually saves Jeffrey, Casper might even give her a smile.

Eliza’s head throbbed from all the gossip. In the eyes of the Welton family, she was just a lowly woman.

Not long ago, some media outlet leaked that her blood could save Jeffrey Wellon. All sorts of theories popped up. all speculating on how long she might live.

very convincing,

The distant Welton relatives were even worse. Several had already come to propose new matches for Casper.

Many women were waiting to replace her, and countless more were hoping she'd kick the bucket sooner rather than later.

Casper came running out. He saw Eliza still standing at the hospital entrance and caught his breath before walking over!!

"It's raining, Casper. She lifted her hand to catch the scattered raindrops, her voice soft. "On the day we got our marriage certificate, it was raining just like this—it wasn't too heavy or too light. People say getting married in the rain means the marriage is doomed to be unhappy."

"Superstition."

She smiled faintly and blinked. "When are you planning to use my blood?"

"Who said we need your blood? Are you pregnant?" he asked irritably, loosening his tie, revealing a hint of his tanned skin.!!

The rain grew heavier, and the wind blew everything into disarray, including her hair.

"Let's go home." He took her hand.!!

Eliza looked up at Casper's somewhat gloomy profile.

He was really attractive. Some say you shouldn't meet someone too good-looking when you're young. It could ruin it at first, but now she did.

"Casper, when are we getting a divorce?"

"When I'm dead."

He had no intention of dragging this out with her.

you. She didn't believe

Holding her hand, they walked into the rain. The rain soaked his hair, and he took off his jacket, holding it over their heads, mostly sheltering her!

Inside the car, there was a faint smell of tobacco.!!

For a long time, he didn't let her sit in the passenger seat. As a woman, she naturally understood what this implied.

On the rare occasions she could ride in his car, she would obediently go to the back seat, not daring to make too much noise. Even her sitting posture was very ladylike!

“Casper, can I ask you for a favor?”

“If it’s about Robin, forget it” His tone was as cold as usual

She knew he wouldn’t easily relent. How could he play her like a fiddle if he didn’t have something to hold over her?

“It’s not ” Her voice was chillingly indifferent

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Casper shot her a sidelong glance, a slight frown creasing his brow. “Is there anything else? If you’re thinking about working in Zach’s studio again, forget it.”

He blocked every possible path she could take, leaving her with no options.

“I just want a stable job. Can you at least give me a chance?”

“Are you turning down a hundred grand a month to scrape by with a few thousand? What, now you’re suddenly all brave and independent, Eliza?” His dark eyes narrowed, sarcasm dripping from every word. Eliza turned away, refusing to meet his gaze.!!

He grabbed her chin, forcing her to look at him. “Eliza, what did you and Zach do today?”

“Didn’t you already see?” What could they possibly do in broad daylight?

“Nothing?”

“Do you think everyone’s like you and enjoys getting frisky in cars in the middle of the day?”

“Let me tell you this: if you see Zach even once more, I’ll make sure Robin stays in the hospital for another year. Don’t believe me? Try me.”)

His lips hovered near hers, knowing she’d toe the line for Robin’s sake. She stayed silent, her usual form of protest.”

On the way, Nova called again, crying like her world had completely shattered.

Casper left Eliza standing in the cold rain and drove to the hospital. She hugged herself tightly, seeking refuge at a nearby bus stop.

That’s when a white Porsche pulled up in front of her. The window rolled down. “Eliza.”}

She looked up. “Aaron.”

“Why are you all soaked? Get in. Aaron grabbed a thick towel from the backseat and handed it to her. “No umbrella?”

“Thanks, Aaron.” She took the towel and started drying her drenched hair.

“I saw you leave with Casper. Thought he’d take you home...” He paused, giving her a questioning look.

She lifted her face slightly, a faint smile on her lips. “He had someone more important to be with.”

“Nova...”

“Aaron, I can’t deal with that right now.”

Aaron didn’t push further. “Oh, I ran into Chelsea yesterday. She mentioned you’re looking for a job. Weren’t you the president of the folk music club in college?”

Eliza had been raised in luxury by the Henderson family. Music, chess, literature, painting—she was trained in it all. In college, she rekindled her passion for traditional music, picking up the harp she had learned as a child. She loved donning traditional gowns and sitting gracefully as she plucked the strings. After getting married, she tried to play her harp at home, but Casper smashed it to pieces. She hadn’t played since.

Aaron’s mention brought back all the memories.

“Aaron, you still remember that.”

“You were the campus queen, quite the star.” He didn’t go deeper, not wanting her to overthink. “Anyway, a friend of mine just opened at high-end themed lounge and needs a harp player. If you’re interested, I could recommend you

Eliza stayed silent, torn. She wanted to go but feared causing trouble for Aaron and the lounge owner

Sensing her hesitation, Aaron added, “It’s not a tough gig. You just have one performance in the afternoon and one in the evening, lasting two hours each. A thousand a day.”

“It’s not that. I’m just worried about what Casper might do...”

“You think Casper will cause trouble?”

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Eliza murmured in agreement.

“We’re all friends, he shouldn’t mind.” Aaron handed Eliza a business card. I’ve already spoken to the boss. If you decide to go for it, you can head straight there, He is a really nice guy.”

“Thank you, Aaron.”)

After getting out of the car Aaron handed her an umbrella. “Take this.”

“I’m good. It’s just a short walk.”

“The rain in early autumn is chilling, and you’re already soaked. Just take it, please.”

Eliza obediently took the umbrella, thanked him, and watched as Aaron left. As she turned around, she almost bumped into a wall of muscle.

Lifting her eyes, she found herself staring into a pair of brooding eyes. Wasn’t Casper supposed to be at the hospital with Nova? Why was he here, at the bottom of her apartment building??

“What are you doing here?”

“If I hadn’t come here, I wouldn’t have known you’d asked Aaron to bring you home.”

He would never allow his woman to be coveted by another man. Whether he loved her or not, he wouldn’t permit it.”

Eliza scoffed lightly. “Would you believe me if I said it was a coincidence?”

“You really think I’m that gullible?”

If he hadn’t seen Aaron’s car stop in

front of Eliza or see her get in the car without any hesitation, perhaps he would have believed it.

“I leave for a few minutes, and you’re already flirting with Aaron. Really, Eliza? You’re being naughty,” he said, roughly pulling her closer “Do you just enjoy not listening to whatever I say? Since you won’t listen, maybe you don’t need this earl

He used immense strength to twist her ear. Eliza was in pain and reached out to block him, which only angered Casper further. He twisted her ear, turning it. Blood trickled down the side of her face, drop by drop.

Eliza clutched her ear, her eyes tightly shut from the pain. Blood stained her fingers, her ear was brutally torn. The umbrella she held was blown away by the wind, tumbling across the ground and into the bushes.

He watched her almost indifferently. Yet, his fingertips slowly tightened.

Eliza went to the hospital alone to get treated. The doctor stitched her up with cosmetic surgery, ensuring there would be no scars. Eliza sat outside the emergency room and closed her eyes while receiving an IV to reduce inflammation.

Chelsea hurried over. "What happened? How did you get hurt?"

"It was an accident. Eliza d

didn't want to elaborate.

"Let me see your medical record" Chelsea hadn't been upset until she looked at it, almost cursing out loud. "An earlobe tear? How could you have damaged your own ear? Who did this? Was it Casper?"

Eliza didn't answer. Her phone chimed. A message from an unknown number requesting to add her as a friend. She ignored it. Then the unknown number sent several messages in a row.

Chelsea, annoyed, said, "Who is it?"

She accepted the request. The stranger immediately transferred \$100,000.8

"Who is this person sending \$100,000 just like that? Could it be... Chelsea could only think of someone with deep pockets, that bastard named Caspers he trying to make amends with money? Or buy his way out of trouble?"

Eliza glanced at her phone, tapped the screen, and returned the money. She then promptly deleted the unknown number. She wouldn't take his money.

"Chelsea, can you help me hire a lawyer?"

"Casper still refuses to break up amicably?!!

I don't want to drag this on any longer."

Even if the process was difficult, she had to end it bravely. Once her injuries had healed a bit, Eliza went to the themed lounge. The boss had saved a spot for her. It must have been because of Aaron's influence. Every time Eliza played the harp, she would dress in a gown, transforming into a vision of beauty with just a touch of makeup.

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The manager had set up a special, private stage just for her. If a customer wanted a solo performance, she'd head to their private dining room and play for two hours—for a cool \$2,000.

Eliza had only been working at the lounge for a week, but plenty of patrons had already requested a private solo. Sure, some customers got a bit too friendly, but they never crossed the line—maybe a casual brush of the hand at most. She'd just ignore it and keep going. Nothing was worth making a fuss over in the service industry unless it was getting out of hand.⁸

After her evening shift, Eliza was ready to change and head home when the manager approached her.

“Eliza, a group of customers came in late and asked for a few more songs. I've managed to negotiate \$3,000 for you. Are you up for it?”

The manager was always fair with her, and Eliza never wanted to let him down. Besides, \$3,000 would cover her living expenses for the month.

“Sure thing, boss.

“Thanks a lot

“No problem, I'll just touch up my makeup.”

After freshening up, Eliza, carrying her harp, walked into the customers' room. They'd almost finished their meal, chatting and laughing together. The room was spacious, and their demeanor was relaxed. They were clearly just enjoying themselves.

Eliza kept her eyes down. After setting up her harp, she began to play. The strings' melodious sound quickly captured the men's attention.

“That chick's pretty cute, I...” A drunken man started to approach her but was pulled back by another man. “Open your eyes and see who that woman is.”

Nate squinted. “She looks familiar.

Jonah pointed at a man intently watching Eliza from across the room. “That's Casper's wife.”

“Casper's wife, working here? No way.”

“Word is, they're getting a divorce.”

Nate understood the situation. “Divorces are always a mess. Look at Casper. He looks like he wants to tear her apart.”

True enough, but Jonah still cautioned, "I'd stay away if I were you."

"What's there to be afraid of? If Casper cared, would he let her perform for money?!!"

Casper's feelings, or lack thereof, were written in his eyes. Clearly, he didn't have any love left for his wife.

Nate poured himself a drink and staggered over to Eliza. "Hold up a sec. 3

Eliza stopped and looked up at him. "Sir, do you have a request? Just let me know."

"I don't care for music. I like to drink," Nate handed his glass to Eliza. "Do me a favor and drink this."

He turned to check Casper's reaction. Getting no response, he got bolder, placing his hand on her shoulder. "I Don't embarrass me here in front of my buddies."

Eliza never drank with customers. Gently standing up and pulling her shoulder away, she politely declined. "I don't drink, sorry."

"You're really not gonna drink for me?" Nate grabbed Eliza by the neck, pushing the glass towards her mouth. "If you don't respect me, I won't give you any either."

When she didn't drink, he forced her head back, pouring the drink down her throat. Eliza choked, tears welling up in her eyes."

"I'm not bullying you." He slapped a stack of cash in front of her. "I've seen plenty like you, acting all high and mighty. One drink for ten grand—if you're willing to drink, the money's yours.!!"

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Eliza was out to make a living, sure, but not at the expense of her pride. "Sir, you might want to find someone else," she said, her voice laced with disdain.

As she turned to leave, Note stepped right in her way, looking her up and down with complete disrespect. "What's with the act? Everyone here is loaded. Do you really want to risk offending us and lose your standing in Falconridge?" he threatened.

Eliza finally glanced at the other men in the room. When her eyes met Casper's, she hesitated for a moment. He sat there with a mocking smile, casually flicking a golden lighter, looking like he was just there for the show. Something inside Eliza hurt.

Turning back to Nate, she stared him down. "Are you saying you can pay me to drink?!"

“Absolutely, I’m a man of my word,” Nate boasted, thumping his chest. “I might lack many things, but money isn’t one of them.”

“Show me the money.

The challenge was clear: She had to drink ten rows of ten cups each. She would get paid stacks of cash. It was ten grand per stack and a hundred stacks in total. All of it was cash that Nate had someone withdraw on the spot.

Worried Nate might push things too far, Jonah whispered, “She’s Casper’s wife. Take it easy.”

“She’s about to be his ex–wife,” Nate shot back.

Since Casper hadn’t said a word, Nate felt certain about the state of their relationship. “Chick, this is a million dollars. Drink as much as you can, and it’s yours. Don’t say I didn’t treat you fairly.

There was no turning back now. Despite the alcohol’s bitterness and burn, Eliza couldn’t afford to offend Falconridge’s trust fund babies. She was never a drinker but downed five cups in one go, driven by sheer will.!!

“Impressive,” Nate said, surprised. “This stuff is 53%

Eliza steadied herself on the table, her body swaying. “I can drink more,” she declared, reaching for another cup.

But Nate was quicker. “Call me hubby’ and Ill drink for you. The money’s still yours.” He wrapped an arm around her shoulder, his hand sliding down her back to her waist. The soft touch sent a thrill through him.

Just as he was about to tighten his grip, Jonah stepped in, pulling Nate’s hand away. “If you don’t want to die, keep your hands to yourself,” he warned in a low voice.

“Casper isn’t saying anything, so stay out of it” Nate retorted.!!

“Don’t say I didn’t warn you.”

Even if there were issues between the couple, Casper was still a man—a high–status man at that. How could he tolerate seeing his woman harassed in public? Jonah glanced back at Casper. The mockery had faded from his face, replaced by a cold, steely gaze.

Pushing Nate away, Eliza grabbed another cup and downed it in one gulp. She struggled to keep her eyes open. Her eyelids were heavy. her stomach burning uncomfortably hot. The room seemed to spin around her!

As Nate saw his chance to approach Eliza, Casper suddenly kicked him, sending him flying. "You thought I would let you carry on, did you?" Casper spat, picking up a chair and smashing it down on Nate's head.

Nate raised his arms in defense, but the chair struck his arm before crashing down on his head with brutal force. Casper, known for never holding back, had inflicted serious damage. Blood streamed down Nate's head.

Worried about a potential fatality, Jonah quickly wrapped his arms around Casper, trying to calm him. "Casper, cool it. Your wife's drunk. Why don't you take her home? I'll handle this guy for you."

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Jonah's words jolted him back to reality. He turned his head to see Eliza sprawled across the table, fast asleep. With a sharp flick of his fingers, he signaled Nate furiously.

Eliza was hammered, completely out of it. Even after Casper got her into the car, she kept muttering nonsense. "I can drink more, just one more glass, she slurred, smacking her lips.

Casper's expression was icy. There she was, nestled in his arms, all soft and delicate, making it nearly impossible for him His large hand landed on her tousled hair, revealing a shocking scar he'd caused.

n to stay mad.

A mix of emotions swirled within him as he gazed at Eliza, his eyes dark and complicated. Two years of marriage, and she'd always been so compliant. Even with the rumors about him and Nova flying around, her gaze towards him remained filled with love and tolerance.

A wave of frustration washed over him. He pinned her down, pressing his lips to hers. Suddenly, she stirred, struggling to open her eyes, and pushed him away weakly.

"Stop," he commanded, holding her in place.!

"Casper, don't... don't touch me." Her stomach chumed, and with that, she vomited all over him. The stench of alcohol filled the car. Disgusted, he dragged her out of the car, stripping off his vomit-stained jacket. "If you can't handle your liquor, don't drink so much. Didn't you notice that creep groping you?"

"Making money is tou

tough, and life is harder for someone like me. As long as I can make some cash, I don't mind being taken advantage of. She hugged her knees, her tone a mix of self-mockery and resignation.

She retched again, her stomach turning inside out. Casper, seething, grabbed a bottle of water and forced her to drink. Halfway through, he poured the rest over her head.³

"Get a grip."

Her hair was drenched, and the autumn breeze sent chills, raising goosebumps on her skin. "How are you any different from them?" she muttered, staggering to her feet to flag down a taxi.

A car stopped, but the driver sped off when he saw Casper's menacing glare.

"Hey, don't go!" Eliza called out, giving up after a few steps and trying for another taxi. But none would stop.

Casper grabbed her collar and dragged her back to the car. "Stay put."

"Don't touch me," she recoiled, distancing herself as if he were something filthy. "I want to go home," she murmured, slumping onto the steps.

Just then, Casper's phone rang. It was Nova. "Casper, I have a fever, and I feel awful.

"Isn't Marian taking care of you?" he snapped, loosening his collar. "If it's bad, call 911.⁸

"You're tired of me, aren't you? I'm sorry, I won't bother you anymore. I'll just go back to my lonely home with no family. I'll leave.."

Her soft sobs on the other end grated on his nerves. Glancing at Eliza on the steps, he tried to curb his irritation. "Get Marian to give you some medicine. I'll be back soon."

"Okay," came the meek reply

Casper hung up, nudged Eliza with his foot, and sighed, "Come on, let's go."

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"I'm not going. I'd rather die than go with you." She shook her head, her furrowed brow screaming defiance.

"Suit yourself."

He didn't bother with her anymore. Bending down, he got into the car, glanced at her in the rearview mirror and, with a press of the accelerator, sped off.

Eliza sat by the roadside. She was so drunk she kept nodding off.

Some guys spilled out of the bar across the street and noticed her. They exchanged glances, a silent agreement passing between them, and quickened their steps towards Eliza.

She was cute, with a lovely figure that seemed too good to be true. They couldn't help but salivate at the sight of her.

This one's mine. Haven't seen a girl this gorgeous in ages," the skinny man said, rubbing his hands together, eyes glinting with sleaze.

The short guy, unwilling to give up, retorted, "I spotted her first. She's mine. Next time, I won't argue."

"Why fight? There are three of us, and we can take turns. No one hogs her, the third man chimed in.⁸

They pushed and shoved each other until the tall, burly guy muscled his way to the front.

"Hey there, sining here all drenched isn't good. You'll catch a cold, and that'd make me really sad." The burly man crouched in front of Eliza, reaching out to touch her shoulder. "Let me take you somewhere nice.

After being in the cold for a while, Eliza started to sober up. She saw the bar across the street and realized these men likely prowled the area looking for vulnerable women.

"No, thanks." She staggered to her feet, intending to leave this dangerous spot.

The men blocked her way, not willing to let their prey escape. "It's okay. We're good guys here," they coaxed.

Eliza didn't want to talk. She walked to the roadside, trying to hail a cab.

The men grabbed her arm, pulling her back. "Come on. We're not bad guys. Let's find a place to have another drink, on me."

"Let me go.

Eliza didn't have much strength left but struggled with all her might. Her resistance was like a kitten's scratch to these sleazy men, barely noticeable.

"Getting impatient, are we?" The men laughed.

They had seen too many girls like her. Whether they resisted or not, the outcome was the same.

These three were pros at preying on women and would sometimes even steal their phones and wallets. The girls would wake up with no memory of what happened the night before.

They dragged Eliza towards a nearby alley. If she wouldn't walk, they'd pull her

“Stop! Let her go!” A woman's voice rang out.

Chelsea quickly ran up to them, pushing the men aside and wrapping her arms around Eliza

The men, rubbing their chins, laughed. “Another chicks, boys. Looks like we're in for a treat tonight.”

Eliza was drunk, but Chelsea wasn't. She pulled out her phone and dialed 911. “I've called the cops. If you don't want to get arrested,

scram

The men initially wanted to advance but reconsidered and scurried off, cursing under their breath.

Chelsea helped Eliza into the car. She watched Eliza's drunkenly blurred face, and her heart ached. “Didn't Aaron say that lounge was music-only and no drinks?”

Eliza weakly waved her hand. “Casper came to the lounge today. It was his friend... One drink was ten thousand bucks, and I just drank

Chelsea was livid. So Casper let his friend get Eliza drunk.

bore the title of Mrs. Welton. Was the Welton family's

How could he do that? Even if there was no love between the couple, Eliza still bore reputation worth nothing to them?

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“Did he leave you here?”

Eliza pursed her lips and nodded slightly, lifting her eyes to look at Chelsea. “How did you get here?”

Chelsea didn't have any work today, so she decided to pick up Eliza for some late-night snacks.

If she hadn't come today, would those thugs have...

"What was Casper thinking, leaving you here? The Dive Bar is across the street, and this place is crawling with creeps. Is he out of his mind?"

Chelsea was so angry she felt knots forming in her chest. She handed Eliza a bottle of water. "Elle, don't worry. I'll find you the best lawyer for your divorce case. He's the one who cheated; he's the one who had an affair. Why should you walk away with nothing? You'll get back what's yours."

Eliza didn't care about any of that. All she wanted was to leave Casper and that house. That would be her freedom. Once she was free, her family would be too. Without the marriage bond, he couldn't keep Robin locked up in Mercy Hospital forever, even if he had all the power in the world.

"Chelsea, I'll transfer money to you. Can you arrange it for me?" Eliza transferred all the money she had saved up recently to Chelsea. "At least make sure Robin has it a bit easier in there."

Chelsea knew all too well how Eliza had earned that money. How could she bear to accept it?!

"Don't worry. I'm always on the lookout for connections. Once I find the right person, I take care of everything. Keep your money for

now.

Chelsea turned around, lit a cigarette, and placed it between her lips. The slender cigarette, with its rising smoke and flickering red light, deepened the intensity of her gaze.

Many times, Chelsea felt powerless. In Falconridge, the Welton family was not to be messed with, and Casper even less so. For this divorce case, she had contacted the most famous lawyers in Falconridge, but as soon as they heard it involved Casper, they all found various excuses to refuse.

So, she had to look for renowned lawyers from abroad. But that required a lot of money. Eliza didn't have it, and neither did she.

Nova sat quietly on the living room sofa. Hearing the sound of Casper's car, she instructed Marian, "Marian, put the fever patch on me."

Nova completely assumed the role of the lady of the house. Even if Marian were just a second slow, she would receive a disdainful look. “Marian, when Casper comes, you know what to say” Under her calm gaze hid an extreme madness. Marian couldn’t afford to provoke her, merely nodding without saying anything else.

The moment Casper stepped in, he saw Nova, looking frail, propped up on her arm on the sofa, wilting.

He turned to ask Marian, “How is she?”

“Ms. Nova is... the fever has receded.” She didn’t want to lie, but she was just a servant.

Hearing Casper’s voice, Nova weakly sat up straight. “You’re back.”

“If you’re not feeling well, go to the hospital next time. You don’t have to wait for me.” His voice was even as he reached out to touch Nova’s forehead. “Why don’t you rest upstairs?”

“I wanted to wait for you.” She looked eagerly at Caser. “Casper, when are we going abroad for my leg treatment?”

“Dr. Stephens is out of town. Once everything is ready over there, I’ll accompany you.”

Nova was very pleased with Casper’s attentiveness to this matter. “Can you sit with me for a while?”

She sat beside him, gently leaning her head on his arm. Casper suddenly stood up. “I’ll go take a shower”

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The next morning, before Eliza headed to work, Aaron found her. There was no need to guess why—she knew it was about last night’s Incident in the private room.

“Aaron, I’m really sorry about what happened..”

She had heard Casper had broken the furniture in the private room the previous night, Today, she was planning to discuss the compensation for the damage with her boss.

“No, it’s me who should apologize. I didn’t expect Casper to bring such men and cause you trouble. That was my oversight.”

Aaron looked genuinely remorseful. He adjusted his glasses, pushing them up on the bridge of his nose. “Do you need me to find you another job?”

“No, it’s okay. She knew it would be the same anywhere.”

“I’ll talk to Casper about this.”

Eliza had no faith in Casper; she just gave a faint smile.

“Oh, and by the way, I’m visiting Hope Hospital today. If there’s anything you need me to do, just let me know Aaron said

Hope Hospital was the local clinic. Since her mother had been admitted, she had only managed to call a few times and had never found

the time to visit.

“My mom’s illness...honestly, there’s nothing much to say.”

The medical care available there wasn’t top-notch, and her mother staying alive was all Eliza asked for

Aaron nodded. “I check on your mom and ask the doctors about her condition.

“Thank you.

After parting ways with Aaron, Eliza went to work at the lounge. The boss was kind and didn’t mention the compensation, only saying that Aaron had taken care of it. What exactly Aaron had taken care of, he didn’t specify

Work went on as usual

At noon, Eliza left the lounge to head home. Just as she stepped outside, she saw Marian rushing over.”

“Ma’am “S

Eliza was surprised. “Marian, are you here to see me?”

Marian looked uncomfortable, pressing her lips together before finally speaking “Mr. Casper sent me to find you.”

“For what?”

Why would Casper send a servant to find her? Wasn’t he good at showing up out of nowhere?”

“Ma’am, Ms. Nova is sick and craving meatballs you used to make at the Pinotti family’s place. Mr. Casper wants you to come home and make them for her

Marian knew this was just another way to humiliate Eliza. But she was just a servant, and no matter how much it pained her, she had no choice but to convey the message

After speaking. Marian lowered her head 8

“You can buy meatballs anywhere in the city. Just get some from a store,” Eliza replied coolly.

—

Mr. Casper said he wants you to make them... Marian hesitated, “...and if you don't, he will.”

“He will what?”

He will transfer Robin to another hospital.”

Transfer? Wasn't sending him to Mercy Hospital enough? Where else could he possibly want to send Robin??

Eliza clenched her fists tightly. She closed her eyes for a moment, took a deep breath, and then relented. “Fine, I'll go.

Every time Eliza stepped into the house where she had lived for two years, she felt an indescribable suffocation. Standing outside, she adjusted her breathing, then followed Marian inside

From afar, she saw Nova lounging by the sofa. When Nova noticed her, she looked up and sneered. Her

er nails were painted in a deep oxblood red.”

“Look at you, Mrs. Wellon. One word from me, and you come running back, following my commands. It's true, Casper really spoils me

ratten.”

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Her voice rang out sharp and triumphant, as if she had just claimed some grand victory.”

Eliza let out a barely audible chuckle. “All this pampering, yet he still hasn't made you his wife,”

“Casper marrying me is just a matter of time.” Nova straightened up leisurely, picked up a plate of cherries, and popped a red one into her mouth. “Once my leg heals, I’ll be his most beautiful bride.”

“What good will healing your leg do? Can you bear children for the Welton family or give Casper a son and a daughter?” Women who can’t bear children will be cast aside sooner or later. The Welton family wouldn’t allow it any other way.

A mocking smirk played on Eliza’s lips.

Nova’s face twisted in fury, her eyes turning fierce. She slammed the plate of cherries onto the floor and glared at Eliza. “Even if I can’t bear children for Casper, he still loves me the most.

“Fine, you keep loving each other

Eliza couldn’t be bothered by Nova’s hysterics. She followed Marian into the kitchen.

Eliza quietly sliced the meat while Marian eyed her. Words formed in Marian’s mouth only to be swallowed back down.

“Marian, if you have something to say, just say it. Casper isn’t home anyway.”

Marian sighed softly. “Madam, I think Mr. Casper... still has feelings for you,”

Eliza smiled, pausing with the kitchen knife in hand, then shook her head. “Marian, you’ve been with us for years. Since Casper and I got married, you’ve seen how we are together. How could he possibly have feelings for me?”

“But I don’t think he... really likes Ms. Nova either.

Eliza had no idea what Casper looked like when he liked someone. But the truth was, he had shown Nova the same warmth and patience he showed everyone. Love was something you could see in someone’s eyes.!!

“Marian, even if he falls out of love with Nova one day, he wouldn’t like me

“Madam, I still think you and him are the best match.”

In Marian’s eyes, Eliza was gentle and kind, caring for Casper in every possible way. Whether it was managing the old Welton estate or anything else, Eliza did it impeccably. Such a woman, especially among the wives of wealthy families, was truly hard to find. Nova was two-faced and wore out the servants.

Eliza smiled again. The word ‘match’ was best not used for her and Casper. It sounded like a joke.

After preparing the meatballs, she had Marian take them out to Nova.

“Ms. Nova, your meatballs are ready. Please enjoy them while they’re hot,” Marian said respectfully

Nova raised an eyebrow, looking at Marian with displeasure. “Marian, Casper asked for Eliza to attend to me, not just make some meatballs and leave. Where is she? Tell her to come out.”

“Ms. Nova, Mr. Casper didn’t say ”

“Hmm?...” She slammed her hand down on the table. ...Marian, are you talking back to me?”

Marian swallowed her resentment. “I wouldn’t dare

“Call Eliza out

Eliza, having already heard Nova’s summons, wiped her hands and came out. “Why are you shouting at Marian? It’s your leg that’s injured, not your hands. Do you need someone to serve you even for a meal?”

“Eliza, what right do you have to speak to me like that? I am the lady in this house, and you are nothing but a lowly servant