

His Destructive Toxic Love Chapter 43

Headlights swept across the floor-to-ceiling windows.

Casper entered the room with determined strides.

Moments ago, Nova had been full of herself, but now she was holding a hot bowl, her voice quivering. "Eliza, this soup is too hot. Can I let it cool down first? It's really too hot, I can't swallow it. Please don't do this to me."

As she spoke, the bowl slipped from her hands and shattered on the floor under Casper's watchful eyes. Nova's hands, now red from the burn, immediately caught his attention.

Eliza dryly remarked that the Oscar Academy should create a special award for Nova's acting skills, or else it would be an injustice for them to go unused.

Casper's eyes darkened as he swiftly stepped forward, taking Nova's hands, "Are you alright?"

Nova, tears streaming, shook her head. "I'm fine, Casper. Don't blame Eliza. She just wanted me to have something warm. It's not her fault. Please don't be mad at her"

Casper's expression tightened, his gaze shifting from the broken bowl on the floor to Marian's face.

"Is there more?" he demanded

"Yes, sir," Marian responded, too scared to lift her head.

"Serve me a bowl of the freshly made meatballs."

Marian, sensing the tension, quickly scurried into the kitchen. She returned with a steaming, slightly bubbling bowl of meatballs and placed it in front of Casper. "St, here you go."

His icy gaze fell on Eliza. "Drink it now Let's see if you can handle the heat"

Eliza looked up at him, bewildered. "Why should I?"

"Aren't you the best when it comes to bullying Nova? He placed the hot bowl into Eliza's hands. "Feeling satisfied about your actions now, huh?"

The bowl was scalding. Unable to withstand the heat, Eliza tried to put it down.

Casper's voice turned menacing. "Drop that bowl, and you'll regret it" It was clear he was seeking justice for

Nova

But Nova was pleading desperately for Eliza "Casper, don't do this. Eliza has delicate skin. A little burn is nothing to me. Let her put it down, please?"

No matter how tough Eliza was, she was still human.

Crash! The bowl shattered, and the meatballs fell to the floor.

Eliza's palms turned red from the burns. She winced in pain, her brows knitting together

She ran to the bathroom, hoping the cool water would alleviate the pain.

Marian quickly turned to find some ice.X

Casper, still unsatisfied, strode into the bathroom, grabbed Eliza's wrist, and dragged her upstairs.

The heavy slam of the bedroom door signaled that no one inside would come out and no one outside should disturb them.!

"How dare you throw the bowl? Eliza, you don't want to know the consequences of that
"

Eliza was disappointed and tugged at her lip. "What if I can't? You vent your anger on me without knowing the full story. You think yourself a knight in shining armor?"

"You still have the nerve to talk back.

He dragged her throwing her onto the large bed

His most common method of punishing her was to make her beg for mercy in bed. Yet, no matter how cruel Casper's methods were, Eliza kept her lips sealed, not making a sound.

He bit her neck in frustration. "Eliza, what kind of woman are you? Don't you know how to moan?"

"If you want to hear a woman moan, you can find a prostitute, or if that fails, sleep with Nova. She'll surely moan to your heart's content."%

Her words enraged him further, resulting in even more brute force from him. He completely disregarded her body, doing whatever pleased him.8

Eliza, in pain, wanted to push him away but instead found her hands pinned above her head. Casper's mocking laughter was cold. "Can't take it? If you can't stand it, then moan for me."%

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She closed her eyes, tears slipping down her cheeks and landing on the pillow, where they seemed to burst into the shape of petals. Casper didn't feel a shred of pity for her tears. Once he came, he withdrew and headed to the bathroom to clean himself up.

Eliza clutched her stomach, cold sweat beading on her forehead from the pain. Ignoring everything else, she hastily dressed and stumbled out.

Nova's eyes flared with jealousy, especially when she saw the marks on Eliza's neck, varying in intensity. They drove her mad.

Marian noticed Eliza's pale face and rushed over to support her. "Madam, are you alright?"

"Marian, please help me..." Eliza could barely stand the pain and sank to the ground. "Call me a cab."!

"But Mr. Casper..."

Marian was terrified of angering Casper. If he got mad, the entire staff at Welton Manor would be in trouble.

"Manan, if this tramp wants to leave, let her. Keeping her here will only cause more problems, Nova sneered.

Marian said. "I'll call a cab for you

Eliza, still on the ground, pulled a painkiller from her bag and swallowed it dry. Once the pain lessened, she stood and started to walk

out

Nova's voice cut through the air, dripping with sarcasm. "All that effort just to get Casper to sleep with you. How pathetic.

Eliza was in no mood for a fight with Nova. She was about to step forward when Casper came downstairs. "Where are you going?"

He looked refreshed as if nothing sordid had happened in the bedroom.

"Home," she replied.

He came down the stairs, took her hand, and noticed it was red and blistered in places. "I'll take you," he said.

"No need," Eliza snapped, pulling her hand away. "I've already asked Marian to call a taxi."

"I'm not asking for your opinion."

be take

Nova, leaning on a crutch, grabbed his arm. "Casper, you should take Eliza. Her hand looks pretty bad; maybe take her to the hospital. Don't worry about me, I'm fine."

She played the part of an understanding and selfless woman perfectly.

Casper watched her with admiration and gently patted her arm. "Get some rest." "W

"Mhm. Okay":

By the time Marian had called a taxi to the front of Welton Manor, Casper was already leading Eliza out by the hand.

"Sir, Madam."

"Marian, tell the taxi to go. I'll take her," Casper ordered.

Marian quickly complied. "Yes, Sir."

Once in Casper's car, Eliza didn't ask where they were going. Sometimes, she wished for a car accident. If he died, and so did she, all their debts would be cleared, and they would never meet again in any future life.

"We're visiting my grandfather at the hospital first," he said.!!

She stared blankly out the window, showing no emotion.

He glanced at her. "Grandfather is being discharged tomorrow. As his granddaughter-in-law, it's your duty to visit."

"Will I not be donating blood?" she retorted, thinking they would drain her completely.

Casper replied coldly, "Not now."

"When then?" she pressed.

His impatience flared. "Do you really want to be drained of your blood?"

“If I don’t want to, will you stop it from happening? At least let me know when you plan to take my blood so I can sort out my affairs.”

She needed to make arrangements for her mother. She also needed to visit her brother again. After her last visit, she would wait outside Mercy Hospital every Friday, hoping to see him, but she was never allowed in again.

“Casper, after you drain my blood, could you please let Robin go?”

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to a stop, another

He didn’t reply to her, likely too dismissive to bother. As soon as their car rolled into the hospital parking lot and came to a car pulled up opposite them. Casper could see Zach sitting inside the car through the clear windows, and their eyes locked.!!

Casper’s gaze sharpened with caution. “Stay in the car; don’t get out,” he threw the words over his shoulder to Eliza before stepping out. As Casper approached Zach’s car, Zach was already getting out. Casper’s fist connected with Zach’s face before he could even shut his car door, Zach staggered back a few steps, then hit the ground. Wiping the blood from his lip, Zach smirked provocatively at Casper. “Do you know why I came? Jeffrey had your dad call me over.”“]

“Trying to snatch the inheritance? Grandpa isn’t dead yet.” Casper lifted his leg and kicked Zach in the head. “You think you’re worthy of an inheritance?”

Zach, holding his head, didn’t fight back and kept smiling. “It’s up to him to decide whether I’m worthy or not, Casper. Our war has just begun.”

Casper kicked him again, sending him sprawling on the ground. Pointing menacingly at Zach, Casper snarled, “Who do you think you are? A bastard with no right or honor gets to compete with me?”

“I’m not just after the Welton family’s inheritance. I’m also going to take your woman, Casper. The Welton family will be mine, and so will Eliza. Don’t believe me? Just wait and see.

Zach laughed maniacally, blood staining his lips. His features twisted with malice. Eliza, still in the car, couldn’t hear their exchange but could clearly see Casper’s fury. His fists rained down on Zach like a storm. Zach didn’t resist, letting Casper pummel him until members of the Welton family pulled them apart.

Tristan brought Casper and Zach inside. Eliza, getting out of the car, was preparing to head to the ward when she heard her name.

“Eliza.

She turned to see Aaron. “Aaron.”)

“Here to see Jeffrey?” He closed his car door and walked over.

Eliza nodded slightly. “Yeah.”

He glanced at her hand and frowned. “What happened to your hand? Is it hurt?”

“Just a minor burn,” she said, not wanting to elaborate.

“Have you treated it?”

“Not yet”

Without missing a beat, Aaron said, “Then come with me, and I’ll help you get it taken care of.”)

Eliza didn’t refuse. Although the burn wasn’t severe, it was painful, and she didn’t want it to get infected. Her hands were essential for playing the harp and for work. Aaron led her to the burn clinic and personally treated her blisters. His eyes were focused as he quickly and accurately pricked the blister on her hand, squeezed out the fluid, and disinfected it.

His movements were methodical and efficient. Eliza had known him for four years. They were at the same university but attended different faculties. Aaron was often the subject of conversation among the girls because of his striking appearance. They really got to know each other through Casper. The Martin family and the Welton family were old friends. Aaron and Casper grew up together, and despite their different personalities, they became good friends. Aaron could have gone home to inherit his family’s medical group, but because of something Casper said, he became Jeffrey’s personal doctor.

“Aaron, I wanted to ask you something...

“What’s on your mind?”%

Eliza hesitated for a moment. “Grandpa’s health...

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Aaron knew exactly what Eliza was getting at. He gently wrapped her hand in the bandage. “Jeffrey’s body is really giving out.”%

“So, when do you need to take my blood?”%!

Aaron was caught off guard and looked up. "Who told you we needed your blood?"

"Do you even need to ask?" she replied. She couldn't have children, and the Welton family didn't want to lose Jeffrey. Using her blood seemed like the only option. "I just want to know when."

"You and Casper need to hurry up and have a child. There's still time."

"It's impossible for him and me to have children." Aaron knew her condition. "Aaron, if you really need my blood, does that mean I won't survive?"

In medicine, nothing was certain. But completely replacing someone's blood could very likely mean...

"If it's a life for a life, would you be willing to go through with it?" he asked, staring into her eyes.

Eliza sighed. "Do I really have a choice?"

"What if you did have a choice?"

"I wouldn't want to."

Wasn't every life valuable? But how could her insignificant life escape the clutches of those in power??

Aaron didn't know how to comfort her. In the end, he just said, "You need to trust Casper. He won't let something so absurd happen."

In the hospital room, Tristan was fuming, taking in Zach's battered up face after he'd been beaten to a mess. He yelled at Casper in front of Jeffrey and his wife Audrey.

"What are you trying to do, kill him?" Tristan's fingers shook with anger. "I invited him here. If you want to hit someone, hit me. anger out on me. Come on."

Take your

Jeffrey had initially wanted Zach to be acknowledged before he passed away. Tristan's attitude squashed that idea. In the Welton family, a bastard child could never overshadow the legitimate heir Tristan had forgotten this.

"Is it appropriate for you to talk to his son like that?" Jeffrey coughed twice from his bed.

With hands on his hips, Tristan still didn't think he was wrong. "Dad, you spoiled Casper. Zach did nothing wrong, but..."

“Zach’s biggest mistake was showing up,” Casper said, glaring at Tristan. “Did you bring him here to give him a share of the Welton estate or all of it? My mother isn’t dead yet, and here comes the child of a mistress? If that third-rate celebrity hadn’t died, would my mother have to step aside for her?”

“You, you...” Tristan was choking with anger. “Dad, this is your precious grandson, Does he look like the heir of the Welton family?” Just then, Aaron and Eliza walked in.

Eliza saw Audrey wiping away tears and walked over to gently support her.

With Aaron, an outsider, present, Tristan dropped the argument and left with Zach

Finally, the room quieted down. Audrey grabbed Eliza’s hand, shocked. “How did you hurt your hand?”

“Just a little bum, it’s nothing, Mom.

Audrey had spent her life dealing with her husband’s infidelities, mistresses, and illegitimate children. Arguments, injuries, hospital stays she hadn’t missed any of the pains of womanhood.

As a woman, Audrey knew these lies all too well, having told them her whole life.

“You are holding it all in, child.”

Casper’s gaze darkened as he looked at Eliza’s bandaged hand, then turned to Aaron. “Did you take care of the burns for her?”

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Aaron didn’t deny it. He just nodded and said, “Yeah.”

“Get out here.”

Casper grabbed Aaron by the collar and dragged him out of the hospital room. They ended up on the rooftop.

When Casper swung his fist, Aaron caught it mid-air. “You gonna give me a reason before throwing punches?”

His eyes were dark and intense. Casper’s rage was almost unrecognizable now. “Do you like her?”

“So patching up her wounds means I like her?” Aaron couldn’t wrap his head around Casper’s twisted thinking. “Casper it’s called being decent. Her hand was messed up, and as her husband, wasn’t it your job to look after her first?!”

“Are you saying you took over my dutie as her husband?” Casper’s jaw was clenched, veins popping on his forehead.

“I was just doing what any doctor would.” Aaron realized talking to Casper was pointless. He turned to leave but paused. “If you love her, treat her right. If you don’t, let her go.

Aaron didn’t go back to the room. The Welton family had already picked up Jeffrey.

Audrey and Eliza walked out of the hospital, chatting at the entrance.

“Casper’s not treating you well, is he?” Audrey asked.

Eliza couldn’t find the words to answer.

Audrey sighed, “I’ve been in this family for thirty years. Tristan’s had mistresses everywhere, with kids all over the place. I’d have left him ages ago if it weren’t for Casper.”

She held Eliza’s hand, giving it a gentle pat. “You’re still young and without kids tying you down. If you ever want to leave, I won’t stop

you

Eliza felt a wave of emotion. Tears welled up. “Thank you for understanding.”

“I know it’s hard to find happiness in a family like this unless you have a man who truly loves you” Audrey shook her head, resigned but hopeful for Eliza

Eliza’s young, beautiful face reminded Audrey of herself when she was younger and full of love for Tristan. But he never loved her back or stayed faithful. She endured, hoping for change that never come. Her hair tumed grey over the years, and Tristan never changed his ways. Audrey had no more hope for herself, but Eliza still had a chance.

Casper walked over his face dark. Seeing his mother, he softened a bit. “Mom, I’ll have someone drive you home.”

“No need, my driver’s waiting.” Audrey let go of Eliza’s hand. “I’ll head home now. Don’t forget to change your dressings regularly.”²

“I know.”

After Audrey left, Eliza turned to go, but Casper grabbed her shoulder. “Enjoying Aaron’s care, were you?”

“What care?” She was puzzled.

“Your hand, didn’t he treat it?”

“So what? He’s a doctor, isn’t that his job? You call that care?”

Eliza’s lips curled in disdain. She pushed Casper away. “I’ve got work to do.”

He stood there, feeling like something was being pulled from his chest. He quickly caught up to her. “Eliza, is this how you treat me?”

She looked at him calmly. “What kind of treatment are you expecting, Mr. Casper?”

“Did something happen between you and Aaron?”

She chuckled lightly, not even bothering to deny it, as if it didn’t matter.

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Whatever he thought happened might as well have been the truth.⁸

After coming back from the hospital, Eliza was at the lounge hard at work. Casper hadn’t been around for ages. Word was, he’d taken Nova abroad for some leg treatment.

A few days later, Chelsea invited her out for lunch. Inevitably, the conversation turned to Nova.

“I have a friend who’s a doctor at that hospital. Heard her surgery failed again,” Chelsea mentioned casually.

Eliza, on the other hand, was taken aback. “Failed again?”

“Yeah, it seems there’s hardly any chance for recovery. Her primary doctor said that apart from her knee surgery, she would need a heart or kidney transplant to make her function like a normal person.”

Finding a kidney donor might be doable, but a heart? That was a whole other level. Still, with Casper’s wealth, it would probably not be an issue if he was willing to spend the bucks.

Eliza lowered her head, absentmindedly nibbling on her straw. Chelsea added, “He’s spending your joint assets on Nova’s treatment. That has to be part of the divorce settlement

ey will never be split with me, and I don’t want it.”

Eliza’s fingers tightened around her cup. “His money

“Whether he wants to or not is his business, but the law’s the law.” Chelsea handed Eliza a business card. “I’ve contacted a lawyer from abroad who specializes in divorce cases. He’ll be here in a few days; you should reach out.”

Eliza blinked in surprise and glanced at the card. The lawyer was from a well-known law firm. “I bet this wasn’t cheap, right?”

“Don’t worry about it. Pay me back once you get Casper’s money.”

“Thanks, Chelsea.”

Eliza pocketed the card and took another sip of her juice. “I’ve got to get back to work this afternoon.”

“Remember, call me if you need anything.”

“I will.”

Eliza returned to the lounge. She’d swapped out her traditional attire for a sleek cocktail dress. Her figure always drew some eyes, but after a run-in with one of Casper’s friends, the manager had decided she shouldn’t perform in private rooms anymore.

She set up her harp and got to work, staying professional. Customers would come up to tip her, and the manager had even added a tipping feature to the website. On a good day, the tips were pretty substantial.

After her performance, the manager approached her. “A customer tipped you a hundred thousand.”)

“That much?” Eliza was stunned and hesitant to accept it. “Sir, I can’t take this money.”

“Alright, I look into returning it tomorrow.”

“Thank you.”

She headed to the changing room. Her cocktail dress was easy to put on but a nightmare to take off. For the sake of looking good, her dresses were tailored to fit perfectly, which meant changing took over half an hour.

Just as she got it off, the changing room door swung open. Startled, she used the dress to cover herself, “Who is it?”

Around the corner came a familiar face. She stepped back. This is the ladies changing room, Mr. Casper. If you don’t leave. I’ll call the police.”..

“You’re gonna call the police and accuse me of being a creep?” He sat on the changing bench, eyes roaming over her nearly naked body. “Do you really think your body is that enticing to me?”

No, she didn’t. She wasn’t delusional. It was his sudden intrusion that was so disrespectful. Eliza pulled the curtain around herself and began changing into her clothes.

“Why didn’t you accept the tip I gave you? Was it too little?” he asked coldly, clearly annoyed.

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Eliza paused, a flicker of surprise in her eyes. So, it was Casper who had tipped so generously.

“What’s the deal with such a big tip out of nowhere? I can’t accept this.”

“Is it the money you can’t accept or the fact that it’s me tipping?” He yanked the curtain aside, his voice sharp. “Would you have taken it if it was from another guy?”

Eliza had already changed her clothes. She stared at him, her expression blank, offering no explanation. She felt there was no need to

elaborate.

The lawyer’s business card slipped out as she rummaged through her purse for her phone. It drifted down to Casper’s feet.

She quickly bent to grab it, but he stopped her with a raised hand. He picked up the card from the floor, his face darkening as he read the

text”

“This is mine, give it back.”

“Wow, going international with your lawyer now?” Casper pinched the card between his fingers and slapped it against Eliza’s cheek. “Trying to play games with me?”

She bent down to retrieve the card, tucking it away calmly. “We were bound to part ways eventually.”

“Looks like I’ve been too lenient with you.” His voice was eerily calm.

Eliza grabbed her purse and tried to run, only for him to yank her back, “Do you only feel the pain when I inflict it onto you?”

“Casper, let go of me.” She glared at him, a defiant glint in her eyes that he found unsettling.

“I know you haven’t seen Robin in a while.” He lifted his chin arrogantly, looking down at her. “I bet you’re dying to know how he’s doing.” Eliza’s heart clenched. Her eyes flickered, and she looked up at him, her voice shaky, “What have you done to him?”

“If you want to know, you’ll have to behave.”

He leaned against the locker, his lips curling in disdain. “Kiss me.”

Eliza shook her head and stepped back. He hooked his arm around her neck, pulling her close. “Are you not willing to kiss me?”

She was utterly repulsed by the idea of doing anything with Casper, but did she have a choice??

In the end, she tiptoed, closed her eyes, and offered her lips. Just as they were about to touch, he shoved her away.

Did she actually think he wanted to kiss her? He was just venting his frustration.

They got into Casper’s car and headed towards Mercy Hospital.

Eliza’s heart pounded with anxiety. She held her chest, feeling uneasy and scared.

The car stopped in front of Mercy Hospital, and the imposing black gates slowly opened. The gatekeeper bowed slightly to Casper, full of respect.

Eliza was a bundle of nerves. She didn’t care about Casper’s connections with the people here. She was desperate to know about Robin’s condition.

The hospital had a large open area, but no patients were strolling around, and no doctors or nurses were in sight. It was much quieter than her last visit.

The car moved forward, stopping in front of the building where she had last seen Robin. A well-dressed man came out, eagerly opening the car door for Casper.

“Mr. Casper,”

Casper didn’t respond. He got out of the car and walked inside, hands in his pockets. Eliza hurried to follow.

They got into a solitary r

room. It looked like an office and much different from the one she was in last time!

After about fifteen minutes, Eliza heard the sound of wheels against the floor. Just as she was about to rush over, Casper called out, "Stay put"

Eliza didn't dare to anger him. She anxiously rubbed her palms together.

Soon, someone was wheeled in.

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Bald, wearing a patient gown and barefoot, Robin had vacant eyes that were haunting. His face, neck, and even scalp were marred with unhealed scars. Drool had soaked the front of his gown, leaving a damp patch."

Eliza couldn't fathom how a young man in his early twenties could be so broken.

"Robin."

She could barely recognize him. Her heart felt like it was bleeding, making it hard for her to breathe.

Just as she moved forward, the person pushing the wheelchair stopped her with a firm hand. "Keep your distance."

Eliza, overcome with emotion, pushed past the person, "Why are you doing this to him? How did he get these injuries? Did you hit him? Tell me!"

She clung to the man's clothes, her grip frantic and desperate. She was spiraling, losing her grip on reality.

The noise attracted several people from outside, who pried Eliza away and wheeled Robin out. She was pushed to the ground. Scrambling to her feet, she chased after them, but the door slammed shut in her face.

She banged on the door, twisting the doorknob, but it wouldn't budge. "Open the door! Where are you taking him? Open the door please!" No one answered her pleas.

She slumped against the wooden door, her body going limp, tears streaming down her face in utter despair.

Through her tear-filled eyes, she noticed Casper sitting across from her, legs crossed.

Ignoring her own disheveled state, she crawled to him, pleading desperately. "Casper, please, let him go. I'll do anything. Robin is innocent. It's all my fault. I deserve to die, not him. Just let him go, please."

Eliza clasped her hands together, bowing repeatedly like she was praying to a god of life and death.

Casper furrowed his brows, his eyes cold and impenetrable like a fog-covered lake.

She gently tugged at the hem of his pants, her eyes red, her lips trembling. "Please, Casper, if you let my brother go, I'll do anything You can go to Nova. I can serve her. I can do it. Doesn't Nova need a kidney or heart transplant? Take mine. Take my heart, my kidney. Just please let Robin go. He's innocent"

Eliza's body shook violently, like a lost and helpless fawn. Casper's gaze lingered on her. "Do you know why Robin was targeted?"

She shook her head, then nodded, tears streaming. "I know. It's because of me. I stole you from her. Because the Pinotti family didn't cure her leg, ruining her health. It's all our fault. It's all my fault. I deserve to die."

Casper's gaze darkened further. He interlocked his fingers and pushed Eliza away with his leg. "It's because Robin raped Nova." Eliza's eyes widened in shock, her body frozen. No, it couldn't be. Robin and Nova grew up together, she was like a sister to him.8)

He couldn't have done such a thing. No way.

"No, it must be a misunderstanding. Robin isn't like that. It has to be a mistake." Eliza shook her head frantically, unsure where Casper had gotten his information.

This couldn't be the whole truth.

"A misunderstanding?" He smirked coldly, his eyes turning sinister as he looked down at her. "Would Nova joke about something like this? Not only did your family ruin her health, but Robin committed such a monstrous act. How could he?"

Did Nova say that?

Did she really claim Robin raped her?

Why would she do that?

"No, she lied. She must have lied!

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'Robin admitted it himself.' Casper roughly pinched her chin. "Eliza, you don't know your own brother at all."

Nova had handed Casper a pair of underwear stained with semen. After a DNA comparison, it was undeniably Robin's.

Casper's loathing for the Pinotti family had reached its peak

'Bring someone in,' Casper called out. A man in a lab coat approached, handing Casper a brown paper bag.

Casper tossed the bag in front of Eliza. "This is the evidence."

With trembling fingers, Eliza picked up the brown paper bag, untied the string, and pulled out several test reports. Despite the conclusions staring back at her, she couldn't believe them.

How... Robin would never do something like this. They're siblings. Before Robin's leg injury, he would take Nova home from school every day on his bike. They were so close. How could he..."

After Nova and Eliza switched identities, Robin and Nova barely saw each other. How could a rape have occurred?%

'When did this happen?' Eliza asked, her eyes reddening.

'Before we sent him to Mercy Hospital.'

No. This couldn't be true. Robin was a disabled man working in a factory, screwing bolts every day. How could he commit such an act?? "There must be some misunderstanding. Robin works every day and never takes a single day off. He wouldn't do this. Nova must be lying." Eliza clutched at Casper's pant leg, pleading for him to re-investigate:

"We have both eyewitness and existing physical evidence. I'm already showing him mercy by not sending him to the police." Casper's cold gaze was filled with disgust as he looked at her. "The Pinotti family really sickens me."8

Was all this really the truth?

Eliza was lost in thought. Robin had already lost his ability to communicate; he had essentially become a living invalid. Whether innocent or not, she could no longer learn the truth from Robin.

"Even if it's true, he's already paid the price. Can you let him go?"

If Robin stayed here any longer, it would only lead to his death. The man holding Robin's life in his hands was right in front of her. Aside from begging him, she had no other option

Casper lifted his eyes, his dark gaze contemplating Eliza kneeling before him, weighing what alternative option he should offer her next. After a moment, he lightly lifted his eyes and asked, "Have you thought about the divorce?"

Eliza stared at him with a vacant gaze. She didn't know what else he wanted. For now, returning to that home was her only option. She had no choice.³

"I'll come home." She unsteadily rose from the ground. "Can you let my brother go, Mr. Casper?"

Ha. Mr. Casper. Those words gave him a headache.

"His treatment isn't finished yet. He will naturally be released when it's completed; it won't be long."

She didn't insist on an immediate release, knowing Casper had already made a concession. Her fingertips were drained of color as she tightly clutched the reports. All the way back home, she stared out the car window in a daze. She wouldn't believe the story, even if the whole world believed Robin had forced himself on Nova. It made no sense at all.

Closing her eyes, she suddenly asked, "You haven't performed a physical castration on Robin, have you?"

"I've considered it" Casper didn't deny it.

She laughed in despair. Then I beg you, don't do it."

"In your eyes, is Nova's innocence not important at all?" Casper's voice was icy as he turned to look at Eliza. "Or are you saying Robin doing such a thing was at your behest?"

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Did she make Robin commit the heinous act?

Eliza's smile grew even wider. She was like a flower blooming in the desert—radiant, defiant, yet seemingly on the verge of collapse. She didn't say a word, but her smile seemed to say it all!

He slammed on the brakes, turned the steering wheel sharply, and pulled the car over to the side of the road. The quiet space inside the car was thick with tension.

"What are you smiling at?" he demanded.

Eliza slowly let her smile fade, staring indifferently at his strikingly handsome face. He was incredibly good-looking and a standout among the wealthy heirs of Falconridge, always turning heads no matter where he went!

But, this man didn't have a kind heart.

No, it would be more accurate to say he loved Nova so much that he was willing to become a cruel person for her. He loved Nova enough to come after Eliza and the Pinotti family.

"Mr. Casper, if you don't like my smile, I won't smile anymore," she said.

She used Mr. Casper again. He hated that title.

"Eliza, you've got a talent for getting under my skin," he snapped.

Casper floored the gas pedal, causing Eliza to jolt in her seat. As they drove into the city, she spoke softly, "Please drop me off at my place first. I'll pack up my things and move back to Welton Estate in the next few days."

Her tone was flat, emotionless. He listened, feeling imitated and restless.}

The car pulled up to Eliza's rundown neighborhood. Before she could even stand firmly, he sped away. With her head lowered, she walked into the building and was about to unlock her door when a figure suddenly appeared behind her. Then, her mouth was covered...

"Don't scream. It's me."

Hearing the familiar voice, Eliza forcefully elbowed the man behind her, pushing him away. "Zach, are you out of your mind? Ambushing me in broad daylight—what are you doing?"

"Waiting for you, what else?" he said with a teasing smile.

Eliza didn't dare to open the door, glaring at him instead. "Why are you waiting for me?"

Leaning against the wall with his arms crossed, Zach looked at her. "Have you been to Mercy Hospital?"

"You've been following me??"

"That's not important." He continued with a smirk, "Did Casper agree to release your brother?"

"That's none of your business."

He chuckled lightly, his face filled with mockery. "He's not going to release your brother that easily."

"That has nothing to do with you either," she shot back icily

Zach smiled patiently. "It may not have anything to do with me, but if it matters to you, I thought I might help."

Eliza watched him warily. She had always been hostile towards him. In high school, Zach was the pure, innocent boy everyone praised for the good kid he was. After high school, Zach became wild and unpredictable, causing her endless trouble. The Zach now was cunning and ruthless—she couldn't see through him. So, she tried her best to stay away from such a dangerous person.

"No thank you," she refused coldly.

"I'm sincerely offering help." He stepped in front of Eliza. "I can tell you, the biggest shareholder of Mercy Hospital is Welton International. Just one word from me and Robin can be released. You don't have to be at the mercy of Casper

She raised an eyebrow with a mocking smile. "Are you one of the Welton family? What does Welton International have to do with you?"

She thought such mockery would change his expression. It didn't. Zach touched his nose, chuckling lightly. "Sooner or later, I will be. You should trust my abilities.

"I'm not interested in your abilities," she said disdainfully, pushing him aside. "Move."