

His Destructive Toxic Love Chapter 73

Jeffrey's condition took a turn for the worse and he was rushed to the hospital once again. The doctor issued a critical condition notice.

The Welton family gathered yet again, with Aaron and Zach also present.

"I'm going in to see Grandpa," Casper said, making his way to the ward.

Jeffrey lay there, looking frail and worn. At ninety, with his body ravaged by illness, he longed for release more than anyone.

"Casper," he called weakly, gesturing for his grandson to come closer.

Casper stepped forward, taking Jeffrey's hand "Grandpa, don't worry, I'll do everything I can to save you."

Jeffery shook his head. "No need to save me."

"No, I will save you, no matter what it takes," Casper insisted, his eyes stinging with unshed tears. "I can't lose you."

"Listen, Casper, when I'm gone, you'll take over Welton International. It mustn't fall into outsiders' hands. That illegitimate child, initially.." Jeffrey coughed, struggling to breathe, "...initially, I wanted to acknowledge him, but your father, he's a mess too... cough, cough."

"Grandpa, let's not talk about this now. You should rest. I'll arrange for the blood immediately."

"Grandson... Casper... Jeffrey coughed violently.

Casper bolted out of the ward.

Tristan, noticing his son's expression, asked, "Is your grandpa... not going to make it?"

"That's for me to decide." Casper's eyes darted around the room until they landed on the quietly standing woman. He rushed over, grabbing her arm. "Come with me for a blood draw,"

"Let me go, Casper," Eliza protested, stumbling "Let me go."

He dragged her to the blood draw room, leaning in close. "Grandpa's on the brink. You need to give him your blood."

“Casper,” she said, despair in her eyes, her body growing cold. “If I give my blood, I’ll die.” His dark eyes clouded over with an unreadable emotion. “Grandpa... can’t wait.”

Eliza managed a bitter smile. “If that’s the case I have a request.”

His brow furrowed, and he snapped, “You want to take advantage of this? What right do you have to make demands? Eliza, I’m warning you, don’t mess with me right now.”

“Release Robin immediately. You promised me.”

Her request wasn’t unreasonable, just more urgent. She didn’t know if she’d survive the blood draw.

Casper paced, hands on his hips, gritting his teeth before finally agreeing. “Fine, I’ll have someone release Robin right away, but don’t try anything funny.”

“I’m under your control. What could I possibly do?” She called Chelsea, instructing her to go to Mercy Hospital. “Casper, Chelsea is on her way to the hospital. Once she gets Robin, I’ll go in with you for the blood draw.”

The muscles in Casper’s face twitched. The light cast a sinister shadow on his profile.

“Release him,” he ordered, finally making the call.

After Chelsea picked up Robin and called Eliza back, she weakly acknowledged and hung up.

A nurse came to escort Eliza for the blood draw. She followed silently.

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a matter of life, and no one had the right to take a life away.

In the distance, Eliza forced a bitter smile, tears silently sliding down her cheeks.

Three cold needles pierced her veins. The machine whirred to life, and she slowly closed her eyes.

Outside the room, Aaron’s forehead veins bulged as he gripped Casper’s collar, shouting, “Do you even realize that what could really save Jeffrey is the antibody in Eliza’s body? Even if you drain all her blood, the antibody levels won’t be high enough to save Jeffrey. And even if he survives, he won’t live long. Do you get that at all?”

“Then tell me, how are we supposed to save Grandpa?” Casper grabbed Aaron’s wrist and

is almost up. What other choice do I have?”

pushed him away, “Grandpa’s 4

“Does it have to be this way? Have you asked Jeffrey what he wants? Does he really want to live in pain? He’s already ninety. Do you think he’d want to use his twenty–something granddaughter–in–law’s life to extend his own?”

Aaron shook his head in agony. He never imagined that the friend he grew up with could be so heartless and cold.

Aaron had a torrent of questions and left Casper without a word. He turned his face away, coldly saying, “Grandpa wouldn’t choose to die.

So, should Eliza die instead?

Aaron was beyond disappointed. He couldn’t bear to stay and watch all this, so he turned and left.

In the blood draw room, the machine had already started. As her blood was continuously drawn, Eliza’s head began to feel fuzzy. She watched the bright red liquid flow through the three thick tubes, her weak eyelids struggling to stay open.

By the halfway point, Eliza was nearly gone. Her heart rate dropped to 30 beats per minute, sometimes even as low as 20.

Sensing the imminent danger, the doctor was too scared to continue. He rushed out to find Casper, “She’s very weak. If anything happens, our hospital can’t take responsibility. Let’s transfuse this batch of blood to Jeffrey; it should still be effective.”

Casper didn’t say a word, his face tight.

After the doctor finished speaking, he returned to the blood draw room.

Soon, Eliza was wheeled out. She was unconscious, her face so pale it was nearly death–like.

Casper stared at her coldly as she was pushed past him, his fingertips unconsciously tightening.

Tristan came over, somewhat dissatisfied, “Why only take half of it? How is that enough? Your grandpa’s condition requires a full blood transfusion to keep his vital signs stable.”

“Do you want to turn this treatment into a criminal case?” Casper spat coldly.

Tristan’s face soured at his son’s retort, “Why are you yelling at me? I’m just trying to help your grandpa survive. When will you learn to show me some respect, like Zach does?”

“You gonna bring up that illegitimate son of yours? Let me be clear: even if Grandpa eventually passes away, don’t even think about getting him into the family tree as long as I’m alive.”

“You....” Tristan’s fingertips trembled. “...you’ll be the death of me.”

Just as Tristan left, Zach sauntered over with hands in his pockets, a scornful smile on his lips.

“If we’re talking ruthless, you will take the crown. You laid hands on your own wife. I really should give you a round of applause.”

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Casper’s eyes flashed with anger, “Zach, you better keep your distance.”

“Truth stings, huh?” Zach clicked his tongue twice, a twisted smile playing on his lips. “I always thought I was the most messed up person around, but compared to you, I’m practically a saint. Looks like Eliza might as well be dead; she’s as good as useless now. Why not... hand her over to me?”

Grinding his teeth, Casper grabbed Zach by the collar. “I wouldn’t mind making your disappear from this world, too.”

“Why are you so mad?” Zach sneered. “Making the most of everything has always been your style, hasn’t it, Mr. Casper?”

Before Zach could finish, Casper’s fist connected with his face.

“You better behave and stop messing with me. I don’t hold back my fists when I’m angry,” Casper growled, his teeth clenched.

Zach burst into laughter. “Wow, my big brother’s got some strength. I’m so scared.”

Casper then stomped on him twice more before considering the matter settled.

Instead of getting angry, Zach laughed even harder.

a surge

Seeing his beloved younger son getting pummeled again, Tristan felt of rage. "Is he addicted to hitting people now? Does he think I'm dead or something? He's always resorting to violence; he's got issues."

"I'm fine," Zach got up, dusting himself off. "How's Jeffrey doing? Did he make any final arrangements? If Jeffrey actually bypasses you and hands control of Welton International to Casper, we're in for a rough ride."

"Even if my father did make arrangements, they wouldn't count. He's too old to know stuff."

Tristan's gaze darkened. He should his own son what he could do.

When Eliza woke up, the sharp smell of disinfectant filled her nostrils. Her beautiful eyes weakly observed the glaringly white ceiling, her gaze empty.

She wondered if she was dead or alive.

Slowly moving her eyes, she noticed a bag of bright red liquid hanging from the IV stand.

"You're awake,"

Following the voice, Eliza looked at the speaker. It was Casper's secretary, Faithe. They had met a few times.

Faithe had always been cold to her; she did not even try to show superficial respect.

"You've lost a lot of blood and need to stay in the hospital for a few more days for transfusions. Mr. Casper is quite busy, so he sent me to check on you. If you need anything, feel free to call me." Then, she left her business card.

Eliza, too weak to speak, just listened.

"If there's nothing urgent here, I'll head back to Ms. Nova's matters. She's quite busy." Faithe threw Eliza a cold and disdainful gaze.

Eliza remained silent. She turned her face away and weakly closed her eyes again.

Nurses were constantly in and out of her hospital room to change her blood and her medication, take her temperature, and measure her blood pressure.

When she was not deeply asleep, she could hear the nurses whispering softly.

"She's really lucky to have had so much blood drawn and still not die. Look at her face. She's been receiving transfusions for three days and still looks so pale. It's pitiful."

“I heard the old man in the VIP room got her blood and is doing much better. Marrying into wealth didn’t bring her joy; she’s just become a blood bag for them.”

“Exactly, that old man is over ninety. Even if the blood transfusions extend his life, he doesn’t have many years left, sigh.”

“It all comes down to the man she married being heartless. I’ve never heard of someone from an ordinary family using his wife’s blood to save his grandfather. It’s beyond cruel.”

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“They say getting involved with the wealthy elite is like diving into deep waters. Seems like it’s true.”

“Shush, let’s not talk about it here. Let’s step outside.”

A few nurses quietly filed out of the room.

Eliza turned over, slowly lifting her slightly swollen eyelids. Indeed, she must have been lucky. She was still alive.

Casper hadn’t taken her life; he was probably saving her for another round of drawing blood.

How could she save his grandfather if she were dead? She understood Casper’s reasoning.

Eliza had been in the hospital for ten days and during that time, Casper hadn’t visited her

once.

It was his secretary, however, who showed up when she was about to be discharged.

“Your discharge papers are ready. Faithe placed a stack of documents in front of Eliza, glancing at her briefly.

Eliza didn’t say a word. So, Faithe repeated, “I’m talking to you. Make sure you keep these documents safe.”

“Faithe, don’t people usually use titles when speaking to each other?”

Eliza raised her eyes to meet hers, her gaze filled with countless red veins, cold and demanding respect.

Faithe was taken aback. Having been Casper's secretary for many years, Faithe was adept at reading people and treating them accordingly. She had never considered Eliza a significant person and treated Nova much better than she treated Casper's official wife. However, at this moment, Eliza's demeanor made Faithe sense something different.

Faithe pursed her lips. "Yes, Mrs. Welton."

After helping Eliza pack up, Faithe went to settle the hospital bills.

As they were leaving, she added, "Mr. Casper will be staying with Ms. Nova at the Henderson Estate for a while. After you return home, please do not call him and disturb them."

Eliza sneered inwardly. Even if she was asked to call Casper, she wouldn't. There was no need for a specific reminder.

Chapter 76

The ride home was silent.

Upon returning to the Welton family estate, Faithe handed Eliza's belongings to Marian and then left. The house was much quieter without Nova.

Marian stepped forward to help Eliza but was avoided.

"I've got it," Eliza stated.

Marian felt a pang of sadness, her breathing slightly labored. "Then let me carry your things upstairs."

Back in her bedroom, Eliza lay down. Even though the treatment was complete, her body was weak.

She was so weak that walking a few steps made her heart rate soar to almost unbearable levels.

"Leave. I want to rest for a while."

Marian nodded. "Of course, Mrs. Welton. Call me if you need anything."

In the evening, the sunset filled the ground, making it look like the luster of rubies. It cast a beautiful glow on Eliza's face.

A low-profile and luxurious Rolls-Royce drove into the Welton family estate, stopping on the lawn.

Casper was back.

Eliza was sitting in the yard and looked up at him.

was

He wore a black shirt, perfectly tucked into his suit pants, and his figure tall and imposing as he walked through the sunlight.

He looked like a deity.

Unfortunately, the light had long vanished from Eliza's eyes when she looked at him; they were no longer filled with the anticipation and joy of two years ago. Instead, there was coldness and disdain.

With just that one glance, she turned her attention back to the book in her hands, called *How to Murder Your Husband*.

"You shouldn't be out in the cold fresh out of the hospital." He reached out to take the book from her, noting the title and a barely perceptible frown creased his brow. "Seems like you really hate me."

"It's just a book." She stood up to walk inside, unwilling to engage in further conversation. "Have you been in touch with Robin?" He casually tossed the book aside, taking a seat in the wicker chair Eliza had just vacated, his hands clasped together. "I suppose you haven't had the chance yet."

A sudden fear gripped Eliza's heart.

Her pupils dilated. "What have you done to him?"

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"He hurt your neighbor. They called the police, and now Robin's arrested," he said casually, a slight smirk tugging at the corners of his lips

Eliza clenched her fists tightly. "What exactly are you trying to say?"

Casper looked at her with amusement. "Eliza, you know I don't like it when you challenge me like this."

"Just get to the point. What do you need me to do?"

He appreciated her sharpness. "I've nearly sealed the deal I had with Daniel a few days ago, and there's a business dinner tomorrow. I've got another deal to discuss with Mr.

Gillum. Accompany me, make a show of it, secure the contract, and I'll let you meet your brother."

Eliza's eyes narrowed, her gaze cold.

What did he think of her now?

The previous deal with Daniel happened because of Eliza's college friend, Renee. It was a favor between classmates. And this?

"Mr. Casper, at least tell me who this Mr. Gillum is. His wife isn't another one of my classmates, is she?"

"No."

But to Eliza, it didn't matter whether it was true. Nor did it matter to Casper. What mattered was that Eliza agreed, which meant he was halfway to success.

"If I help you secure this contract, will you let my brother go for good?"

He raised an eyebrow, amused. "You don't even ask what I'll have you do. Why're you so confident?"

"Before you came to me with terms, I'm sure you already dug into Mr. Gillum's background. You spare no expense, and I, as a woman, naturally have my own advantages."

Some things were better left unsaid. To spell it out would only make things awkward.

Her face was calm, her emotions hard to identify.

He glanced at her, his expression complex, and suddenly stood up. "I hope you won't disappoint me."

"I also hope you won't go back on your word again."

He scoffed and turned towards his car.

Minutes later, the car left the Welton Estate. He probably headed to see Me That wasn't important, but she had to verify whether what Casper said was true or false.

With a nervous heart, she called Chelsea.

After a moment of silence, Chelsea's voice came through, filled with self-reproach. "I didn't keep an eye on him. The neighbor got hurt badly, and I'm negotiating the compensation. Don't worry, I'll handle it."

“Chelsea, Casper knows.”

Hearing this, Chelsea quickly asked, “Has he intervened? That complicates things.”

“He said if I help him secure a partnership, he’ll let Robin go,” she said, falling silent.

Chelsea sighed softly on the other end, barely audible. “Do you still believe him?”

“How can I not? With his influence, he could easily crush my family just like he set up my father years ago.”

Mikey’s incident shook the entire Falconridge. A man known for his integrity was suddenly exposed for accepting bribes worth millions. Luxury watches, paintings, and antiques were found in his home. Outrage erupted. His reputation was destroyed. Days after being taken away, he committed suicide in prison. Whether it was suicide or murder remained a mystery.

Chelsea knew all these things.

“Are you finally convinced that Casper orchestrated your father’s downfall?”

“If not him, who else could it be?”

Eliza couldn’t think of anyone else who would go to such lengths to target their family. In the past, she wouldn’t have believed Casper capable of such a thing.

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Eliza had once believed, naively, that Casper would help her. That he’d rescue her father by clearing his name. But justice never came, and her father was gone. Disappointment had slowly piled up, and now she could talk about it without flinching.

“Elle, don’t worry. If we manage to get Robin out this time, I promise I’ll keep him safe and hidden. Casper won’t get another chance.”

“Okay.”

After explaining everything, Eliza stared blankly at the sunset, already sinking below the horizon. So beautiful, yet fleeting. It all seemed so simple once she figured out the things overwhelming her. She smiled slightly, her bright eyes clear and calm like a spring.

The next morning, one of Casper’s people delivered a dress to Eliza. Compared to the one she wore to Daniel’s, this one was far less formal, more daring—a black off-the-shoulder number with a plunging V that went all the way to her navel. The back was even bolder, she would be almost entirely exposed except for a string of pearls holding

it together. It was the kind of dress she'd only seen on celebrities or socialites. But she understood why Casper had chosen it.

That evening, Marian knocked on her door. "Ma'am, Mr. Welton asked me to call you down. He specifically requested you wear the dress."

"Sure," Eliza replied.

Half an hour later, she descended from the second floor. The black, sultry dress hugged her waist like it might break with a touch. Her long, wavy hair fell over her shoulders, seductive and enchanting. Her exposed skin looked perfect and delicate. She had put on bold makeup to contrast the black dress. Her red lips looked like alluring red roses.

Casper had never seen Eliza like this. In his mind, she was always bare-faced. The only time she wore makeup was probably when they registered their marriage. This woman in front of him shattered his preconceived notions.

For a moment, he was speechless. "You... look different today."

Eliza cast him a cool glance. "Mr. Casper, are you satisfied?"

"Not bad," he said, his eyes roaming over her. Eliza looked away, lifting her dress slightly as she walked out. His eyes clung to her.

In the car, they sat in the backseat, mostly silent. Casper's gaze stayed on Eliza, who turned to look out the window.

"You smell nice," he suddenly remarked.

"I put on perfume," she said without turning.

*Never noticed you doing that before..."

"Mr. Casper, don't you know people change?"

Not in the mood to talk, she turned her body almost completely away from him. Casper, feeling ignored, looked irritated.

groups,

The banquet was held at a manor. Early-arriving dignitaries and business tycoons were mingling, dressed to the nines. Women in cocktail dresses gathered in small whispering and laughing. Not every man had a date; it was a business event, after all. Groups of men chatted about business plans and future prospects.

When Eliza walked in, she immediately caught the attention of every man in the room—some looked in awe, others with greed. A few well-known businessmen seized the chance to chat with Casper, all the while eyeing Eliza.

Casper's target was clear: Easton Gillum.

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Easton Gillum was the powerhouse behind Grant Enterprises. Sure, his social clout couldn't hold a candle to Casper's, but he had something Casper desperately needed—a prime piece of real estate. No matter how high Casper went with his offers, Easton wouldn't budge. And without this land, Welton International's projects for the next year were toast, potentially costing them billions.

Today, Casper was playing to win.

"Hello Mr. Gillum," Casper greeted, holding Eliza's hand as they approached Easton. Easton's eyes lit

up with a mix of surprise and eagerness when he saw Eliza—she was a beauty who could stop traffic.

"This is..." Easton began.

"She goes by Elle, Casper cut in, deliberately vague. The name alone carried enough implication.

Easton, ever the sharp player, got the hint right away. His eyes, filled with bold desire, locked onto Eliza as he extended his hand. "Miss Elle, an absolute pleasure."

With a teasing flick of her hair, Eliza offered her hand, her lips curving into sweet dimples. "Mr. Gillum, the pleasure is all mine."

"I must say, Mr. Casper, you've got a real gem here. Quite envious, I must admit, Easton said, still holding Eliza's hand, his eyes greedily taking in every detail of her delicate features. Her red lips were like a siren's call, impossible to resist.

Eliza, despite her inner turmoil, had to face the grim reality: tonight, Casper was willing to offer her to seal this deal. Something inside her shattered, the silence of it deafening. It was better to smile through it than to let her tears cheapen the moment.

"Mr. Gillum, would you do me the honor of a dance?" Eliza asked, her eyes twinkling with the invitation.

Easton, hardly able to contain his eagerness, took her hand and led her to the dance floor. "It would be my honor."

As the music played, his hand found her slim waist, occasionally gliding over the small of her back. Casper's eyes never left them, a mix of cold indifference, anticipation, and a sharp pang of jealousy and envy.

Faithe approached, observing the pair on the dance floor. "Mr. Casper, Mr. Easton seems quite taken with Eliza. Looks like we've got this land deal in the bag."

Casper stayed silent.

Faithe pressed on, "Mr. Casper, I've already prepared a room. I'll discreetly hand Mr. Gillum the keycard along with the contract. Eliza knows what's expected."

Casper's expression darkened as his brows knitted together. His look was thunderous. 'Did you just suggest Eliza sleep with him? Did say I wanted her to sleep with him?'

Faithe froze, blinking rapidly. "Mr. Casper, so you mean..."

Surely, he wasn't getting cold feet now. Faithe felt the need to remind him, "Mr. Casper, we've been negotiating with Mr. Gillum for ages. You know how critical this land is for Welton International. If... Mrs. Welton can secure this, it would be a major win for both you and Welton International.

Casper remained silent, his fingers clenching into a tight fist, his eyes flashing dangerously. He saw Easton's hand slip beneath Eliza's dress, caressing her skin.

Faithe saw it, too, but such tactics were par for the course in the business world. Using women to secure deals was an old trick. It just so happened that this time, Eliza was the woman.

The dance ended.

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Easton lightly held Eliza by the waist as they strolled across the room, chatting and laughing like old friends. His hand never left her side.

"Mr. Casper, should we give him the room key?"

Casper clenched his jaw, struggling to get the words out. "Send it. I want to see how bold he can be."

Faithe smirked. He had practically handed Eliza over on a silver platter. Easton wasn't clueless; he surely knew what was going on. Even though Casper was the one getting cockolded, securing a multi-billion dollar deal for Welton International was worth it. After all, he didn't love Eliza.

“Okay, on it,” Faithe replied, striding over to Easton and Eliza in her professional outfit, briefcase in hand. With a calm and confident smile, she pulled out a land transfer contract from her briefcase and handed it to Easton. “Mr. Gillum, Mr. Casper has shown great sincerity. Would you take a look at this contract?”

Easton pushed the contract aside, his jaw tightening. “I’m in the middle of an interesting conversation with Elle. We can talk about this later.”

“Mr. Gillum, just take a look. You might find something surprising in there,” Faithe hinted.

Easton caught on, his gaze darkening. “Alright, I’ll take a look.”

He flipped through the contract and immediately saw the room key for the Falconridge Hotel, along with several condoms. Understanding the gesture, he smiled and put down the contract. “I appreciate Mr. Casper’s gesture. I’m selling the land anyway. Selling it to Mr. Casper gives me peace of mind. Faithe, please thank him for me for this generous gift.”

His eyes drifted back to Eliza’s face, then slowly and boldly down to her chest.

“Mr. Gillum, you sure do love to joke. As long as you’re happy, that’s all that matters to us,” Faithe said with a smile.

A pawn in their deal, Eliza felt tears welling up. She quickly looked up, trying to mask her emotions.

Easton was quite the talker, especially when it came to boasting about his prowess in bed. Eliza feigned ignorance, smiling distantly, her mind elsewhere.

Faithe returned to Casper’s side, giving a thumbs-up. “Mr. Casper, Mr. Gillum accepted the room key. He said he’ll sign the contract once the deal is done.”

“Let’s go,” Casper said coldly, turning away.

Faithe glanced back at Eliza and Easton, then followed Casper.

In his car, Casper was boiling with irritation. Just as Faithe was about to get in, he stopped her. “You take a taxi back.”

“Oh,” she replied, caught off guard. Both she and the driver were left behind as Casper sped off.

Not far down the road, he pulled over, yanked off his tie, and closed his eyes, imagining Eliza and Easton together in bed.

He gasped for air, lit a cigarette, and brought it to his lips, his chest burning. His heart felt like it was gripped by an invisible hand. Before finishing the cigarette, he stomped on the gas, turned the steering wheel, and drove back to the banquet entrance.

Easton's car was still there. Casper rolled up the window, staring unblinkingly at the exit.

Time dragged on. Slowly, guests started to leave the banquet.

Easton had clearly had too much to drink. He had one arm

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After Easton's driver pulled away, Casper floored it and followed right behind. If the car ahead sped up, he did, too. If it slowed down, so did he. Finally, the car turned into the underground parking lot of the Falconridge Hotel. Casper zoomed ahead and parked in a spot, eyes locked on Easton and Eliza getting out of the car opposite him.

His phone rang from the passenger seat. It was Nova. She knew about tonight's business dinner, but he hadn't invited her.

"Casper, where are you? Still at work?"

"Is something up?"

"Did you go to the dinner?" Her voice was soft and melodious, but it still got on his nerves. "If you need something, just say it."

"Are you annoyed with me?"

"No, I'm hanging up." Casper watched as Easton and Eliza headed for the elevator lobby.

He hurried to hang up, but then Nova started crying on the other end. "Did I disturb you? I'm sorry, I didn't mean anything by it. I just wanted to check on you. If you find it annoying, I promise not to bother you again."

The call ended abruptly.

Casper's irritation spiked. He pushed open the car door and sprinted to the elevator lobby. The elevator was already going up. Swearing under his breath, he dashed to another elevator.

Eliza, propping up Easton, arrived at the room Faithe had set up. Easton was overly excited. He grabbed Eliza and kissed her as soon as they entered. She dodged a few times, not daring to push him away too forcefully.

“Mr. Gillum, why’re you in such a hurry? I don’t like getting busy without having a shower.”

“A shower is a must.” He pulled her close, noses touching. “For you, I’d do anything. What’s a shower in comparison?”

“Oh my.” Eliza extended her index finger to block his kiss. “Go take a shower first. We have plenty of time.”

“Together.” His eyes were full of desire. “Let’s take a love bath. We can do it in the tub... what a feeling...” He purposely whispered in her ear, “...it’ll be so good.”

Eliza felt a wave of nausea but kept smiling. “You’re so naughty. Go take your shower.”

Finally, she managed to push Easton into the bathroom. Eliza collapsed on the sofa like a deflated balloon. She knew she couldn’t avoid tonight and would likely be treated horribly.

Was there still time to escape? Would she dare to escape? No, she wouldn’t dare. She knew Casper’s methods. She and Robin would be doomed if she messed up this deal for Casper.

Eliza closed her eyes, fighting the sting in her nose, and opened a bottle of red wine. She wanted to get drunk—drunk enough to forget everything. She took a big gulp, the wine’s astringency and alcohol burn furrowing her beautiful brows.

“Elle, bring the bathrobe in for me,” Easton called from inside.

Eliza put down her wine, found a clean bathrobe in the closet, and handed it through the door crack. “Mr. Gillum, your bathrobe.”

Instead of taking the robe, he grabbed her wrist, pulled her into the bathroom, and embraced her. “Let’s shower together, hmm?”

Eliza despised this kind of intimacy but had to play along. “Mr. Gillum, could make me think... you’re not quite up to par in certain areas.”

“How could that be? I’m very skilled. You’ll know once you try.”

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Easton pressed Eliza down, ready to proceed.

He carelessly drenched her cocktail dress and hair, making them cling uncomfortably to

her skin. “Mr. Gillum, I can’t go on like this. Give me a moment. Let me take off my dress...”

She gave him a seductive look, hoping to buy herself some physical and emotional respite.

Easton slapped her rear. “I’ll wait, but be quick.”

Finally emerging from the bathroom, she took a deep breath. She picked up the red wine she had set down and was about to take another sip when the doorbell rang.

Thinking it was room service, she put down the wine and went to open the door.

The door swung open. Casper stood there, face cold, lips pressed tightly together, a flicker of anger in his eyes.

She instinctively stepped back.

His gaze was icy. When he noticed her wet dress and hair, his eyes grew even colder.

She couldn’t fathom why he was here now. Was he afraid she would run? Indeed, she had considered it but quickly abandoned the idea.

“There’s no need for you to supervise personally. I’ve agreed to your terms, so I will take good care of Mr. Gillum.”

Her words exploded like a bomb, shattering his composure.

He stared into her eyes, his fingertips tensing up, “Eliza, are you looking forward to sleeping with this man?”

Was she looking forward to it?

Look at that. He sold her out yet used such words to insult her.

“What do you mean by that, Mr. Casper? Isn’t this what you wanted? What is there to look forward to?”

Her eyes shone with a cold luster—disdain, mockery, and sarcasm mixed together.

He suddenly grasped her wrist. “Come with me.”

“Don’t you care about your billion-dollar project anymore? Mr. Gillum hasn’t signed the contract yet, and you promised me you’d let Robin go. I don’t want to...”

She couldn’t finish her sentence.

He interrupted her irritably, "Don't worry about my business. I'll keep my promises."

He dragged her away, slamming the door behind them, showing no mercy as he pulled her. outside.

Eliza was barefoot and thrown into the car. The door locked behind her.

She didn't understand his sudden change of heart. When he talked to the doctor about draining her of all her blood, it was clear he had been ready to discard her like an old rag.

She was required to just spend a night with another man. What was his problem?

Casper didn't love her, and he didn't care whether her purity was tarnished or not.

She wouldn't reveal her identity to Easton, embarrassing Casper and the Welton family.

"Don't worry, I won't tell Mr. Gillum about our relationship. At most, I'll tell him I'm just a gift. you've given him."

A smile curled on Casper's lips—a smile that hid too much burning anger.

Eliza knew him too well. His emotions were unstable, and his temper was fierce. She was prepared for him to lash out at her.

"Did I tell you to sleep with him?" he turned around suddenly, grabbing her chin. "Or do you want to sleep with him? Do you think his status and position can give you stability? Or do you think he can please you in bed?"

"Mr. Casper, wasn't the reason for taking me to the dinner to hand me over to Mr. Gillum?" She actually found Casper somewhat amusing at this moment.

What was he trying to compensate for? Wasn't it his secretary who gave the room card to Easton?

Did Casper really think she was blind and couldn't see those packets of condoms?