

His Destructive Toxic Love Chapter 122

Designs centered around flowers had always been a classic choice, but they were also the hardest to make truly stand out. Flowers were naturally beautiful, so to really impress, you had to focus on the little details.

Nova came from a traditional painting background, not professional jewelry design. She could join in, but winning the \$100,000 prize seemed out of reach.

As the workday ended, Casper himself showed up at the design department to pick Nova

up.

“Why did you come yourself? Seriously, you don’t need to worry about me; I can handle it,” Nova said, her cheeks flushing with a shy delight, her eyes filled with affection. She played the part of a pampered woman to perfection.

Casper took hold of her wheelchair and started pushing it. “How was your first day? Are you settling in okay?”

“My colleagues are all really nice.”

“That’s good to hear.”

Everyone watched them closely as they left the design department, the air buzzing with gossip.

“Looks like Mr. Casper has found true love. Just look at how he looks at Ms. Nova, so tender and loving.”

“The pull of a crush is strong. I wonder how Mc. Casper’s not–yet–ex–wife feels about this.”

“Does she even see it happening? Men only love their first love; everything else is just settling.”

“Looks like Mrs. Casper’s spot is about to be filled by someone else.”

Everyone had something to say.

Eliza had long come to terms with the consequences of not being loved. She only hoped that one day, Casper would officially be with Nova and let her go.

Eliza was the last to leave the office. Autumn had settled in, so she wrapped her trench coat tighter and headed to her studio apartment.

Someone called out to her. She turned and saw a familiar face. "Aaron?"

"It really is you." Aaron jogged a few steps to catch up. "You're working at Welton International now?"

"Yeah."

Chapter 122

It wasn't hard to guess Casper had arranged it.

Aaron didn't pry further but mentioned Rose's illness. "I heard the project is picking up again, thanks to Casper, and the medicine your mom is taking is something he imported at a high cost. Actually, Casper..."

"Aaron." She cut him off, understanding his attempt to mediate. "Casper and I have no chance of reconciliation."

Disappointment had piled up little by little, turning into irrevocable despair. Every step she and Casper took was a step towards hell.

"So... what's your plan?"

Eliza stared blankly at the neon lights lining the street. Even the mole at the corner of her eye looked desolate.

"Aaron, for now... I can only take things one step at a time."

"If you ever need anything, you can count on me," he offered, hoping to help.

Regardless of his intentions, Eliza was always grateful. "Thank you, Aaron, but I'd rather not trouble you."

"I understand."

Aaron knew Casper had always misunderstood their relationship, and Eliza didn't want to get too close to avoid further complications. He got that.

"Aaron, my apartment is just up ahead," she said.

Aaron looked slightly stunned. "You... live in a studio apartment? Why don't you go back to Welton Estate?"

“The Welton Estate already has a new mistress. I’m better off here... out of everyone’s way.” She smiled, pointing towards the apartment entrance. “Aaron, I better head back. See you around.”

She took out her keys to unlock the door to her apartment. As she turned to close it, a tall, handsome man unexpectedly squeezed in.

“You...” Eliza, startled, head. “...get out, geracked away quickly and grabbed her purse to swing at the man’s out now!”