

The Breaking Point of Love

#The Scent of 101 - Read The Breaking Point of Love The Scent of 101

Chapter 101

The hot spring retreat was vast, and Celeste had no idea where Trevor and the others were. She didn't run into them when she went downstairs.

Since the sky hadn't completely darkened yet, Celeste called on two staff members to help her and headed up the mountain.

At this hour, the wind was a bit chilly, but she was dressed warmly and didn't feel cold. She spent some time enjoying the breeze and picking apples, which helped clear her mind.

With so many people helping, it didn't take long to fill two or three cartons of apples.

After they finished, she didn't head down immediately. The sunset was beautiful today, so she sat down to appreciate it for a while.

Just then, she heard footsteps and the voice of a child.

She turned her head and met Beck's gaze.

He clearly hadn't expected to run into her either and hesitated for a moment.

At that moment, the child on the video call excitedly exclaimed, "Ms. Rodriguez!"

It turned out that Beck was on a video call with Shanice, showing her the apples on the trees. He had planned to pick some to take home tomorrow for her.

But he hadn't expected to run into Celeste on the mountain.

Even though they had met a few times recently and Beck had helped her before, Celeste still felt that she couldn't—and didn't want to—grow close to him.

The moment she saw him, her expression turned cold. But when she heard Shanice's voice, her face softened slightly.

Beck noticed her change in expression.

Instead of walking over immediately, he simply asked, “Shanice wants to talk to you. Do you have a moment?”

That day, after leaving the nursing home, she had felt incredibly heavy-hearted and distressed.

Running into them that day—although it was Shanice who had asked her to play—Celeste had felt like it was actually Shanice who was keeping her company, helping her gradually breathe again through her suffocating

emotions.

Thinking of this, she nodded.

Beck handed his phone to her.

Knowing she didn’t like him, he didn’t approach, standing two to three feet away instead.

Celeste chatted with Shanice for a while and learned that she had been taken on a trip by her grandmother, which was why she hadn’t come to the hot spring retreat with Beck.

Celeste shared the sunset she liked with her. After talking for over ten minutes, she returned the phone to Beck.

After saying goodbye to Shanice, Beck turned to her and said, “Thank you.”

“No need.”

By now, the sky had almost completely darkened. However, there were streetlights along the mountain path, so going down wouldn’t be difficult.

With that, Celeste turned and made her way down the mountain.

Seeing this, Beck followed behind her, descending together.

But they didn’t exchange a single word on the way down.

When they arrived back at the hot spring retreat and were about to enter, they ran into Wynn.

Wynn paused for a moment when she saw them coming down from the mountain together. Then, she pressed her lips tightly together.

Celeste acted as if she didn’t see her and walked straight past her into the lobby.

Wynn watched her retreating figure, then turned to Beck with a frown. “Beck, you two...”

Beck replied indifferently, “We just ran into each other on the mountain.”

Wynn knew that Beck had been video calling Shanice and had gone up the mountain to show her the apple trees.

If Celeste had been on the mountain as well, then it was perfectly normal for them to have crossed paths.

Realizing this, Wynn relaxed. Just as she was about to say something, Beck spoke first. “Where are they?”

“They’re over by the pavilion. The ingredients for the bonfire party are ready, and we were just about to call you.”

“Okay.”

As they spoke, they walked side by side toward the pavilion

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Chapter 102

Chapter 102

Tonight’s bonfire party featured stew, grilled chicken, and barbecued meat.

The chicken stew was already simmering, and the grilled chicken was prepared. A long table beside the bonfire was filled with an array of top-tier, fresh ingredients, all prepped and ready to cook.

The bonfire was already burning.

Miles and the others had taken their seats around it.

When Beck and Wynn returned, Wynn naturally sat down beside Trevor.

Miles couldn’t resist and had already started eating the marinated grilled chicken.

Seeing that everyone had arrived, he was about to officially start eating but suddenly thought of Celeste.

He turned to Jordyn and said, “Jo, go upstairs and invite your mom. Tell her there’s delicious food here and ask her to come down and eat with us.”

Even though he figured Celeste would refuse, just like at lunch, it was still necessary to go through the motions.

Wynn understood his intention as well. After all, they had done their part. Whether Celeste came down or not was up to her.

Thinking this, she also said to Jordyn, "Jo, go ahead."

Jordyn frowned, reluctant to go. Because deep down, she really didn't want her mom to come down and join them. But with so many people urging her, she couldn't refuse.

Just as she was about to put down her drink, Trevor spoke, "I'll go."

At his words, the surroundings fell silent.

Trevor stood up and left after speaking.

Miles snapped back to reality and laughed. "Uhm, yeah, having Trevor invite her would be more sincere."

Always sending a child to fetch Celeste was indeed a bit too perfunctory.

Wynn thought the same.

Trevor was just trying to appease Martha. The fact that he went upstairs to invite Celeste didn't mean anything.

After all, he had never had any feelings for Celeste before. There was no way he would have them now.

But Jordyn pursed her lips tightly, looking a little worried. She was afraid that if her dad went to call her mom, her mom might actually come downstairs.

After all, her mom always listened to her dad. She could never bear to refuse him.

Meanwhile, upstairs, Celeste returned to her room, placed food order over the phone, and then opened her Japtop.

She had only been focused on work for a short while when she heard the door open.

She froze **for** a moment, then turned her head and saw Trevor entering with a room card in hand.

Thinking he was just back to grab something, she merely glanced at him before looking **away**, about to refocus on

her screen.

But then, she heard him say, “There’s a bonfire party downstairs. It’s quite lively. Come down and sit for a while?”

She paused. Like Miles and the others, she assumed that Trevor coming up to invite her was just for Martha’s sake.

It didn’t mean anything. And even if it did, she no longer cared.

So, she said, “I have work to do, so I won’t be going down.” Then, turning her head slightly to look at him, she added, “Don’t worry, If Grandma asks, I’ll back you up.”

Trevor chuckled at her words, his deep, abyss–like eyes fixed on her.

Noticing his gaze, Celeste’s fingers tensed slightly on the keyboard.

Even though she had known him for years and they had been married for a long time, she often felt that she never truly understood him.

She never really knew what was going on in his mind.

In the past, she might have wanted to figure out the emotions hidden in his eyes and heart. But now...

Celeste pressed her lips together and remained firm in her decision. “Thank you for coming up to ask me, but I don’t want to go down.”

Trevor let out a silent chuckle and said, “Got it.”

With that, he turned around and left.

By the time he went back downstairs, Miles and the others were already eating. Seeing him return alone, they were all a bit surprised.

Like Jordyn, they had assumed that since Trevor personally went to invite her, Celeste would never refuse.

Beck asked, “She’s not coming down?”

Trevor replied, “No.”

Then, he turned to the staff assisting them and instructed, “Prepare a portion of the barbecue, grilled chicken, and stew. Then, send it upstairs to the missus.”

Wynn pressed her lips together at his words.

Celeste refusing to come down and Trevor arranging for food to be sent up to her didn't necessarily mean anything.

But, she didn't like hearing him refer to Celeste as the missus. It sounded like he was acknowledging Celeste as his wife.

However, she soon reasoned that the staff at the retreat probably didn't even know Celeste's name. If he didn't refer to her as the missus, how would they know who the food was for?

Back in the room, Celeste was actually getting hungry.

When she heard the doorbell and saw it was the staff delivering food, she opened the door and let them push the food cart inside.

The staff carefully set the dishes on the table and lifted the lids one by one, explaining each dish to her.

But the moment the lids were lifted, Celeste frowned and said, "Did you send this to the wrong room? This isn't what I ordered."

The aroma of stew filled the air, and the table was covered with an assortment of fresh seafood, beef tripe, and lamb—all incredibly appetizing.

She had to admit, it looked delicious. But the problem was, this wasn't what she ordered.

"There's no mistake. Mr. Fleming instructed us to send these up to you," the staff member replied respectfully. "The meal you ordered is almost ready in the kitchen and will be sent up shortly."

Celeste paused.

There was already more than enough food for two to three people. And now, on top of that, her own order was **still** coming,

As a result, she ended up eating for a long time.

By the time her scheduled meeting with Matthias was about to start, she was still eating.

Matthias started the video **call**

early to ask her for some documents. But when Celeste entered the call, he saw her still eating and said, "What are you eating? Looks good."

Celeste turned her camera slightly to show him.

Other team members joined the call and, upon seeing the feast in front of her—filled with premium, expensive dishes were stunned.

“That much food? Did you just start eating?”

Celeste replied, “No, I’m almost done.”

“You ordered all that just for yourself?”.

She hesitated for a moment and said, “I didn’t order this.”

Matthias immediately caught on. “Trev—your husband ordered it?”

Celeste said, “He had it sent up.”

Matthias smirked. “At least he has a conscience.”

Celeste didn’t bother responding. She didn’t care to explain that he had only done it to put on a show for his grandmother.

Seeing that their scheduled meeting time was approaching, and feeling a bit too full, she finally set down her utensils.

She called for the staff to clean up the table, moved her laptop a little farther away, and shifted her focus to work. Once they got started, the meeting dragged on past ten in the evening. However, no one seemed ready to stop.

Celeste was deeply engrossed in discussing the next part of the project with the team when the door outside suddenly opened.

Trevor walked in.

The camera was angled in a way that captured the entrance. The moment Celeste realized, she quickly adjusted the camera away.

Due to the angle and height of the camera, the others in the video conference could only see that the person walking in from outside had a great physique and carried himself with an elegant and composed demeanor.

Just from his presence alone, they could tell he wasn’t an ordinary person. But they couldn’t see his face.

At first, people in the company assumed there was something going on between Celeste and Matthias.

It wasn't until later that they found out Celeste was already married and had a child who was quite grown up.

However, Celeste rarely spoke about her personal life. When it came to her husband, the team knew almost nothing.

Because Celeste was stunningly beautiful, and the more they worked with her, the more they realized she was far more capable than they had initially thought—even more impressive than Matthias—everyone became quite curious.

What kind of man could marry such a gorgeous, intelligent, and capable woman?

Now, Celeste's husband had finally made an appearance—only for Celeste to immediately turn the camera away.

Yandel and the others were about to tease her, but before they could say anything, Trevor spoke first, "Still busy?"

Celeste turned her head to look at him. "Mm."

Trevor nodded, said nothing more, and went to the wardrobe to grab some clothes before heading into the bathroom to shower.

Celeste glanced at him briefly before pulling her focus back to work.

Among their team, there were also two women. Unable to hold back, one of them whispered to Celeste, "Your husband has such a nice voice."

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Trevor wasn't just good-looking—his voice was also deep and rich, incredibly pleasant to the ear.

Hearing them compliment Trevor, Celeste didn't quite know what to say. After a brief pause, she simply replied, "Thank you..."

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By now, it was already quite late. Though everyone was still motivated to keep working, overworking wasn't ideal.

So, Matthias decided to wrap up the remaining tasks before ending the meeting. Anything left could be handled tomorrow or the day after.

Even so, the wrap-up still took a while.

By the time Trevor finished his shower and stepped out of the bathroom, they were still at it.

Seeing that Celeste was occupied, he didn't say anything.

But then, Jordyn came back.

"Mom- \$1

Hearing her daughter's voice, Celeste looked toward the door. She was about to speak, when Trevor beat her to it, "Mom is working."

At his words, Jordyn swallowed back whatever she was about to say.

She walked over to Trevor, leaned in close, and whispered in his ear, "Dad, can I sleep with Wynn tonight?"

Trevor nodded. "Okay."

Overjoyed, Jordyn wrapped her arms around his neck and, **in** her excitement, forgot to lower her voice, "Thank you, Dad!"

Fortunately, Celeste was done with her work.

She turned off the camera and was just about to speak when she noticed Wynn standing in the doorway.

Celeste froze for a moment, pressing her lips together.

Jordyn and Trevor also noticed Wynn.

Trevor stood up and walked outside. A moment later, the two of them left together, side by side.

Jordyn watched them go, hesitating as if she wanted to follow. But seeing Celeste's expression—lips pressed tight, her face looking somewhat tense—she decided against it.

Instead, she softly called out, "Mom..."

Celeste withdrew her gaze and, while tidying up the documents and books on the table, asked, "Did you take a shower?"

"I did."

Celeste didn't ask who helped her. Instead, she asked, "Are you sleepy?"

“Mm... Yeah, I’m sleepy.”

“Then go to bed.”

Hearing this, Jordyn let out a relieved sigh. “Got it! Mom, you should rest early too.”

“I will. Goodnight.”

“Goodnight, Mom.” With that, Jordyn walked over, hugged Celeste, and then left happily.

After she was done tidying up, Celeste picked up her clothes and prepared to take a shower as well.

Neither Trevor nor Jordyn had closed the door when they left.

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Chapter **105**

Chapter **105**

Celeste assumed Trevor wouldn’t be coming back.

She intended to close the door before heading into the bathroom. However, just as she walked over, she ran right into Trevor, who had turned back.

She froze and stepped aside.

She thought he had just come back to grab something—after all, his luggage was still in the room.

But when Trevor entered the room, he casually shut the door behind him. From the looks of it, he had no intention of leaving tonight.

Celeste was caught off guard.

Before she could say anything, Trevor walked past her and headed further inside.

As he passed, Celeste keenly caught the lingering scent of Wynn’s perfume on him. And there was a faint lipstick mark on the collar of his pajama top.

He had just taken a shower and changed into these clothes, so there was no need to guess—Wynn’s perfume and the lipstick mark had clearly been left on him after they left earlier.

The moment she saw him, she had already noticed that his lips seemed a little red. At first, she thought it was just her imagination.

Now, it was obvious that it wasn’t.

Trevor had already sat down on the bed. It seemed like he was planning to stay here tonight.

That was a bit unexpected. She thought...

But then again, with Martha’s watchful eyes around, it made sense that he wouldn’t spend the night with Wynn. So, did Wynn come looking for him earlier because she was worried? Afraid that something might happen between them?

And Trevor, knowing Wynn’s concerns, had reassured her judging by the perfume scent and lipstick mark left on him, they had definitely shared a heated kiss before parting.

Celeste pushed the thought aside.

Half an hour later, when she came out of the bathroom, Trevor was reading. But the book in his hands happened to be one of the ones she had brought with her.

Her face darkened. She wasn’t pleased with him taking her things without asking. Just as she was about to speak, Trevor looked up. Noticing her expression, he asked, “Do you mind?”

Celeste did mind. But aside from a few notes she had written when she first read the book, there was nothing confidential in it—nothing related to the company’s meeting today.

She calmed herself and replied, “A little.”

Trevor looked at her and said, “Alright, I’ll ask next time before taking it.”

Next time?

She didn’t think their current relationship would lead to another situation where they’d be forced to share a room again.

Trevor shifted his attention back to the book and suddenly commented, “Your notes are quite good.”

It was a compliment.

But Celeste acted as if she hadn't heard it, grabbed the hairdryer, and went back into the bathroom to dry her hair.

When she came out, Trevor was still reading.

After finishing her skincare routine, she lay down on the other side of the bed, ready to sleep.

Trevor didn't go to sleep right away.

Celeste had no idea when he finally did because she quickly drifted off.

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The next morning, she woke up early.

The sun had just risen. But the other side of the bed was already empty.

The room was quiet—Trevor had already left.

Gone so early? Maybe he hadn't even slept here at all.

She had already arranged with Matthias to return to the company to handle some matters.

So, after breakfast, she packed her things, grabbed her suitcase, and headed out.

Just as she opened the door, she heard Jordyn's voice from down the hallway, "Wynn is so bad! She promised to sleep with me last night, but in the middle of the night, she went back to her own room instead!"

Jordyn was complaining to Hannah.

Hearing this, Celeste could basically confirm—Trevor hadn't spent the night in their room.

Instead, he had gone to Wynn's.

They couldn't even part for a single night? Were they that passionate?

Chapter **106**

At that moment, Jordyn noticed Celeste coming out with her suitcase. "Mom?"

“Mm.” Celeste snapped back to reality, closed the door, and said, “I have work to do, so I’m heading back first. You stay here with Dad and have fun.”

Jordyn quickly nodded. “Okay, I got it, Mom.”

Celeste dragged her suitcase downstairs. When she reached the ground floor, she ran into Trevor, who was with Wynn.

Seeing her leaving with her suitcase, he simply asked, “You’re leaving?”

Celeste replied coolly, “Mm.”

“Did you call a car?”

“I did.”

He didn’t try to stop her and only said, “Alright.”

Celeste then walked out with her suitcase, got into the car, and left.

Miles woke up later than usual that day.

When he came downstairs for lunch with Trevor and the others, he said, “Trevor, why don’t you go upstairs and invite her down?”

Of course, he was referring to Celeste.

Trevor said indifferently, “No need. She has already left.”

Miles raised an eyebrow. “She left?”

Beck also paused for a moment.

“Yes,” Trevor said. “She had work to take care of at the company.”

Miles knew about how Matthias didn’t hire Wynn because of Celèste and how she went to work at YodaVision.

He hadn’t forgotten that last night, Trevor also said she was too busy with work to come down for dinner. Thinking about that, he chuckled. “Busy yesterday, busy today—she’s so busy, huh?”

So busy that without her, it was as if YodaVision would fall apart.

But she only got in through connections. Not only was she not particularly capable, but she wasn’t a major shareholder **of** YodaVision either.

Saying she was “busy” was obviously just an excuse. And it was such a lousy one. Miles didn’t even know what to

say.

Wynn also caught onto his meaning. She lowered her head as she ate, letting out a silent smile.

Celeste had no idea what Miles and the others were thinking. After leaving the hot spring retreat, she headed straight to YodaVision and worked until nightfall.

After two days of non-stop work, she was planning to go home early to rest when she received a call from her uncle, Ivan.

Half an hour later, Celeste arrived at the Rodriguez residence.

Ivan and his wife were there, along with their two children, Jamie and Hector.

Celeste smiled and hummed a response.

Hector asked, “Where’s Jo? Didn’t you say she’s back in the country? Why didn’t she come to dinner?”

“She went to the hot springs and hasn’t come back yet.”

“Thinking that Jordyn was probably there with Trevor, Hector didn’t ask further.

Before entering the house, Celeste glanced at the villa across the street and hesitated for a moment.

When she went to the hot spring retreat, she hadn’t thought to bring the keys to this villa. If she had, she could’ve started clearing out all traces of the Shaw family and had it renovated...

Ivan and his wife had been preparing for Betty’s birthday banquet.

They had called Celeste back not only to get her input but also because there was something they needed her to take care of.

“These two invitations are for the Fleming family and Teagan. Cel, find some time in the next few days to deliver it to them.”

Celeste hesitated briefly before taking them. “Alright.”

After dinner, she chatted with Betty and Ivan for a while.

At around nine in the evening, she decided it was time for her to leave.

Before she left, Betty walked her to the door, held her hand, and said, “If the Fleming family doesn’t want to come, don’t force them. Whether they come or not, I don’t really care!”

GETAT NOW

X

Chapter **107**

Chapter **107**

Although Ivan had lowered his voice and avoided Betty when handing over the invitation, Celeste understood everything perfectly.

She replied, “I know.”

Betty and Martha were close friends. By right, Martha would attend Betty’s birthday celebration.

However, since Martha was older than Betty, according to their customs, elderly guests older than the birthday celebrant would not attend.

For the past few years, Betty’s birthdays had not been grand affairs. It was just a simple family dinner.

And in all those years, Trevor had never once attended Betty’s birthday. He excused himself by saying he was busy from the beginning.

But Celeste knew that even if he had free time—enough to go out and have fun with friends—he still wouldn’t show up.

Even so,

every year as Betty’s birthday approached, she would always hold onto a bit of hope and ask him in advance if he was available, if he could accompany her back to the Rodriguez residence to celebrate.

But every time, she was met with disappointment. This year, she didn’t want to ask Trevor anymore. However, this year was different—it was Betty’s 70th birthday, and Ivan had invited many business partners. Besides the fact that she and Trevor weren’t officially divorced yet, even if they were, given the deep friendship between the two old ladies, the Fleming family still had to be invited.

Whether they chose to attend or not was up to them.

Tonight, Celeste had originally planned to return to her own place. But thinking about this, she turned the steering wheel and headed back to Trevor's villa instead.

When she arrived, she realized that neither Trevor nor Jordyn had returned yet. And since Martha had some matters to attend to, she had gone back to the Fleming Manor a few days ago.

Celeste set down her bag and went into the bathroom.

Half an hour later, just as she stepped out of the bathroom, she heard the sound of a car pulling up outside. Unless she was mistaken, Trevor and Jordyn had returned.

She remained unfazed and simply sat down to dry her hair.

Upon hearing that Celeste was home, Jordyn was the first to run upstairs. She rushed straight into the master bedroom and jumped into Celeste's arms. "Mom, we're back!"

She carried the scent of Wynn's perfume.

Celeste remained expressionless and responded with a simple hum. She turned off the hairdryer and gently stroked Jordyn's little face. "Have you taken a shower?"

Jordyn shook her head. "Not yet."

"It's already past ten. Go take a shower now you have school tomorrow."

Just as Celeste finished speaking, Trevor walked into the bedroom. Their eyes met.

Celeste only glanced at him briefly before coldly looking away.

At that moment, Jordyn tried to pull her up from the chair. "Mom, help me shower!"

Celeste replied, "Alright. Let me dry my hair first."

"Okay!" Jordyn happily ran off to her room to prepare her pajamas.

Trevor sat down on the other side of the room and asked, "When did you get back?"

"Not long ago," Celeste answered without looking at him, still focused on drying her hair.

Trevor didn't press further. He stood up and headed into the walk-in closet, preparing to take a shower.

Just then, Celeste remembered something important.

She turned off the hairdryer and, before he entered the bathroom, pulled out one of the invitations from her bag and handed it to him.

“My grandma’s birthday is coming up. This is an invitation for the Fleming family.”

As she approached him, she also noticed that the scent of Wynn’s perfume lingered strongly on him.

Jo

Chapter 108

Celeste lightly covered her nose for a moment before casually letting go and taking a small step back, subtly increasing the distance between them.

Trevor didn’t seem to notice her small movements. He opened the invitation and glanced at it. “70th birthday?”

“Mm.” This time, she didn’t ask if he was free that evening, nor did she plead with him to make time for it. She simply said, “Please tell your parents.”

It was unclear whether Trevor noticed that she hadn’t asked him this time.

He glanced at her, then casually set the invitation aside and said, “Got it.” With that, he turned and walked into the bathroom.

Celeste looked at his back for a moment, then put away the hairdryer and headed to Jordyn’s room to help her shower.

By the time she finished washing Jordyn’s hair, drying it, and getting her ready for bed, nearly an hour had passed. Jordyn clung to her arm and snuggled into her embrace, asking, “Mom, can you sleep with me tonight?” Given the current state of things between her and Trevor, was that even a question?

Celeste returned to the master bedroom, gathered her things, and said to Trevor as she was leaving, “I’m sleeping in Jordyn’s room tonight.”

Trevor was reading a book. When he heard her, he simply responded with a hum without looking up, asking no further questions, nor making any attempt to stop her.

The next day, after breakfast, Celeste took Jordyn to school as requested, then headed to the company.

Betty’s birthday was approaching, but she had been so busy with work over the past month that she hadn’t even bought a gift.

During lunch, she called Lottie and asked her to go shopping with her that evening to pick out a gift. When Lottie heard it was for Betty, she immediately agreed.

Meanwhile, Celeste still hadn't delivered the invitation to Teagan.

So, after ending her call with Lottie, she called Teagan.

The call went through, but no one picked up.

Celeste knew that Teagan didn't like her. In fact, she didn't like anyone from the Rodriguez family. So, it was entirely possible that she was deliberately ignoring the call.

Still, out of respect for Martha, Celeste had to go through the motions.

When the call disconnected, she tried again. This time, it was directly declined. Celeste understood then—Teagan was intentionally avoiding her calls.

She didn't mind. She was just following protocol.

She sent Teagan a message explaining the reason for her call and asking when she would be available to receive the invitation.

After sending the message, she didn't bother checking for a reply and continued with her work.

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That evening, after dinner, Celeste and Lottie spent a long time shopping but couldn't find a gift she was satisfied with.

Suddenly, Lottie suggested, "There's a charity auction the night after tomorrow. Maybe we could check there?" "But I don't have an invitation..."

Lottie hesitated. "The invitations were sent out half a month ago. Getting one now won't be easy. But maybe you could..."

Her meaning was clear—she was suggesting that Celeste ask Trevor for help.

At around nine, after parting ways with Lottie, Celeste returned to Trevor's villa.

When she arrived, she found that he was already home—he was busy with work in the study.

Celeste knew that he didn't allow her near his study, so she stayed in the bedroom, reading while waiting for him..

It wasn't until nearly 1:00 am that Trevor finally returned to the room.

Seeing him come back, Celeste put down her book and looked at him. Trevor noticed and asked indifferently, "Something wrong?"

Celeste didn't beat around the bush and said directly, "I heard there's a charity auction at Hearthside in two days-

Trevor elegantly removed his tie. Hearing this, he glanced at her and said, "You want an invitation?"

Celeste was slightly surprised. "Yes."

"Got it." With that, he turned and walked into the walk-in closet.

A moment later, he entered the bathroom to take a shower.

He agreed so readily that Celeste was a little surprised. But since he said yes, she felt relieved.

It was late. So, she set her book aside and laid down on the bed. Before Trevor finished showering, she had already fallen asleep.

Since the auction was the day after tomorrow, Celeste returned to the villa after leaving YodaVision the next day. However, Trevor wasn't home when she arrived.

Jordyn was, though. Seeing her return, Jordyn clung to her, begging her to make something delicious.

Celeste agreed.

After dinner, Peter suddenly approached her and said, "Mrs. Fleming, someone just delivered this for you." Celeste opened it and took a look. It was an invitation to the Hearthside Charity Auction for tomorrow.

Trevor had actually gotten it for her. And not just one, but two.

But since he had someone send it over instead of giving it to her himself, did that mean he wouldn't be coming home tonight?

Just as she was about to take a shower, her phone suddenly chimed twice.

It was text messages from Lottie.

Celeste opened them and froze for a moment. It was a screenshot from an Instagram post.

In the screenshot was a photo—beneath a sky full of fireworks, Wynn’s face was turned slightly to the side, with a sweet, radiant smile, while Trevor’s back was facing the camera.

The caption read, “Tonight’s fireworks festival is beautiful.

In the background, there were faint outlines of other couples enjoying the scene. Clearly, the so-called fireworks festival was a popular date spot.

Wynn’s caption said the festival was beautiful, but from her blissful expression, it was obvious—more than the fireworks, what truly made the night beautiful was her mood.

Because Trevor was there with her.

So, that’s why he hadn’t come home—he had been out on a date with Wynn. And he hadn’t even brought Jordyn along.

Celeste stared at the screenshot, feeling nothing in particular. She was only a little curious, so she sent a message back to Lottie.

“You added Wynn as a friend?”

Otherwise, how did she get this screenshot?

“A friend of mine knows her. When she mentioned it, I asked her to send me a screenshot.” What Lottie didn’t say was that her friend was utterly envious of Wynn.

Because almost everyone in their circle now knew that Wynn had managed to latch onto Trevor. And not just that -he seemed to truly love her, treating her like a precious treasure.

Thinking of the extra invitation, Celeste sent another message to Lottie, asking if she wanted to go to the auction with her tomorrow.

Lottie immediately replied, “Of course! I wouldn’t miss it for the world!”

That night, Trevor didn’t come home. Celeste had already expected that.

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After all, he was out on a date with Wynn. Most likely, after the fireworks festival, they would go on to have an even sweeter and more intimate night together.

With him not coming back, she actually found it quite nice to have the bedroom all to herself.

The next day, after dressing up, Celeste and Lottie headed to the auction.

Neither of them dressed particularly extravagantly, but their striking looks still drew plenty of attention when they entered the auction hall.

Lottie had attended a few auctions before and was fairly active in their social circle, so many people recognized her. But Celeste was someone they had never seen before.

Seeing her attend the auction with Lottie, many people began speculating about which prestigious family she belonged to.

Their seats were in the middle-to-back section.

They didn't arrive early. Just a few minutes after they sat down, the auction was about to begin.

At that moment, a sudden commotion broke out in the front row. Hearing the noise, Celeste and Lottie turned to look.

When they saw what was happening, Celeste froze for a second.

Lottie whispered, "It's Trevor and Wynn. They're here too. Then she turned to Celeste. "Did you know they'd be attending?"

Celeste shook her head. "No."

She didn't expect him to be here. And Trevor hadn't mentioned anything about attending.

After the previous banquet and tech expo, Wynn had gained quite a bit of recognition in high society. Now that she was appearing alongside Trevor again, she naturally attracted a lot of attention.

"Last time, when Mr. Fleming brought her to that banquet, her outfit was worth over 30 million. Looking at her tonight, she's not holding back either."

"Forget the diamond jewelry—just her dress alone was personally designed by Imes, one of the world's top fashion designers.

"Everyone knows that in the past decade, Imes has been semi-retired and only creates three dresses per year, each worth over ten million."

"Over 30 million last time, another several million this time... In just these two appearances, Mr. Fleming has spent tens of millions on her. He's really willing to splurge

“Exactly.”

Wynn’s shimmering blue satin gown sparkled under the lights, complemented by dazzling jewelry. Combined with her striking beauty, there was no doubt—she was the most eye-catching woman at the auction tonight.

Everyone knew that the front-row seats were a symbol of status and power.

Amidst the envious whispers, Wynn and Trevor took their seats in the very center of the front row.

This triggered another wave of admiration and jealousy from the surrounding guests.

“The center of the first row... That’s some serious prestige’d love to know what it feels like to sit there.

“If they’re seated at the front, it not only means they have high status but also that they’re probably planning to spend a fortune tonight. My god-”

“Stop talking. The more you say, the more envious I get. Comparing ourselves to them is just self-torture.”

Hearing this, Lottie leaned in closer to Celeste and whispered sourly, “He and Wynn get to sit in the front row while we get stuck in the back.”

It wasn’t the first time Trevor had blatantly favored Wynn over her. Celeste had long grown used to it. And she no longer cared.

Regardless, her reason for attending the auction was to buy a birthday gift for her grandma. The seating arrangements weren’t something worth worrying about.

Lottie continued, “Does Trevor not even know where we’re sitting? He hasn’t looked this way even once.” The tickets had likely been arranged by Trevor’s people. He probably didn’t care where she was seated. As for him not looking their way, or whether he knew their seat numbers, it didn’t really matter. Even if he did know, it wasn’t like he’d make a point to check in on her.