

# The Breaking Point of Love

## C 11-20

Celeste couldn't help but find it laughable as she listened.

Wynn and Trevor had met only after her marriage to him. So, Wynn **was** fully aware of her relationship **with** Trevor. There was no way Harvey didn't know that Trevor was her husband. He had definitely known about it all along.

Yet, he shamelessly encouraged a **relationship** between Wynn **and** Trevor. It **showed** just how little regard Harvey had for her despite the fact that she was also his daughter.

Trevor agreed to Harvey's request.

They then exchanged a few more pleasantries. Celeste watched as Trevor waited for Harvey to get into his car and leave. Only then did Trevor get into his own car and drive away.

**Given** Trevor's status, he rarely extended such courtesy unless it was to a few select elders of the Fleming family. Clearly, he held Harvey in high regard because he was Wynn's father

Celeste thought back to the times Trevor had met Betty and Ivan. His attitude had always been cold and indifferent. Even when she cautiously brought up Ivan's difficulties in the past, he had refused to help.

**Yet**, for those who Wynn cared about, his attitude was entirely different.

His treatment of her compared to Wynn's was worlds apart. This was the stark difference when someone loved or didn't love another person.

A while later, Trevor left.

Celeste stood where she was for a long time before finally heading into Luxe Haven.

In the evening, after Celeste was done with work, she went home to retrieve the gifts she had prepared for the Fleming family elders. She then drove to Fleming Manor.

Located on the outskirts of the capital, Fleming Manor was surrounded by lush mountains and **serene** scenery, making it an ideal dwelling place for the elderly. The only drawback was its distance from the city center.

It took Celeste an hour and a half to get there.

After parking her car, she picked up the gifts and was about to enter when she heard Jordyn laughing happily inside.

Martha was seated near the entrance. She noticed Celeste immediately and beamed widely. “You’re finally here, Cel. Come sit with me.”

While Martha greeted her warmly, the same couldn’t be said for Trevor’s mother, Queenie Scott. Teagan and Nicholas didn’t look pleased as well. All of their smiles visibly faded upon seeing Celeste.

Celeste noticed but didn’t **care** as much as she once might have.

She smiled faintly and handed the gifts to the approaching, housekeeper. Then, she walked over to Martha and greeted, “**Good evening**, Grandma.”

“Good evening,” Martha replied, her face lighting up. She took Celeste’s hand and guided her to sit down. But as she looked more closely, her smile faltered “You’ve lost weight! Has Trevor been mistreating you?”

Celeste lowered her gaze and shook her head. “No, I’ve just been busy lately.”

Her response **was** partly true. Trevor hadn’t mistreated her directly, but her mood often suffered h

Moreover, she had been immersing herself in AI research every night after work. Sometimes, she even stayed up. until the early hours.

Her recent weight loss was partly due to this.

Before Martha could say **more**

, Teagan scoffed. “From the way you put it, anyone would think your job is so important that the entire Fleming Group depends on you.”

Queenie, ever the elegant **and** composed lady, sipped her drink and remarked coolly, “If you find working at Fleming Group so exhausting, you might **as** well quit. Afterall, no one begged you to work there.”

Teagan laughed. “Exactly! **Maybe** someone just can’t bear to leave.”

Martha didn’t like how they were taking sarcastic jabs at Celeste.

She was about to intervene when Celeste spoke first. “I’ve already submitted my resignation. Once I finish handing over my duties, I’ll leave Fleming Group.”

Her words caught Queenie and Teagan off guard, and they froze momentarily.

Martha frowned and started, “Cel-

“Is Mom here?” Jordyn’s voice cut through the tension. She had just come down from the second floor via the

elevator.

When she **saw** Celeste, she looked genuinely happy. After all, it had been over two weeks since they last spoke. She ran over and threw herself into Celeste’s arms. “Mom!”

Celeste hesitated for a moment before gently hugging her back and murmuring, “Hey there.”

Martha decided to drop the earlier topic since Jordyn was here now.

With a warm smile on her face, she said to Celeste, “Cel, it’s been ages since I had your tea. Make me a cup, **would** you?”

Growing up with Betty, Celeste had developed a talent for making tea. Her skills were refined, and she excelled in brewing tea.

Celeste replied warmly, “Well, I can do that, but dinner is almost ready...”

Teagan preferred coffee over tea. Moreover, she disliked seeing Celeste show off her tea-making skills. So, she interjected, “Exactly. Dinner will be served as **soon**

as Trevor and Tucker are back.”

As if on **cue**, Trevor entered.

He greeted Martha and Queenie first. When his gaze landed on Celeste, he quickly looked away and sat on a single-

seat couch far from her.

Upon seeing Trevor, Jordyn immediately moved away from Celeste and ran over to him. “Dad!”

Trevor hugged her briefly and glanced around the room as if about to say something when Tucker arrived. He was much younger than both Trevor and Teagan. Presently, **he** was still a teenager with **a** lively personality,

The moment he **entered**, he playfully leaped over the backrest of a couch and landed neatly on the cushions. Observing that everyone was **gathered**, he grinned and said “Were you all waiting for me?”

Teagan smacked his head playfully. “Of course! We’ve all been starving because of you.”

While Trevor was reserved and Teagan had a fiery temper, Tucker was the one who brought joy to the family. He was especially close to his parents, and his arrival brought an evident smile to Queenie’s **face**, while Martha

looked even more delighted.

Noticing the late hour, Martha instructed the staff to serve dinner.

The nine of them dined in the dining room. Martha sat at the head of the table. Trevor, Jordyn, and Celeste sat in one row beside her.

Martha smiled as she turned to Jordyn. “Jo, switch places with your dad **so** that your mom and dad can sit together.

Martha had always tried to bring Celeste and Trevor closer. The others were used to her blatant efforts, so they didn’t react. Most thought it was futile. After all, despite years of her meddling, Trevor’s attitude toward Celeste hadn’t changed one bit.

Everyone knew her attempts were pointless. Even Teagan merely smirked sarcastically and chose a random seat without comment.

Though Trevor disliked Martha’s arrangements, he rarely contradicted her on minor matters. He remained silent, which signaled his agreement.

Unlike in the past, Celeste didn’t feel any joy or hope at Martha’s matchmaking.

She kept her expression neutral, though her smile was gentle as she addressed Martha. “It’s alright, Grandma. This seating arrangement is fine.”

## The Breaking Point of Love

Martha sighed, feeling helpless. She thought Celeste lacked assertiveness and always let Trevor have his way. This caused her to miss out on countless opportunities to improve their relationship. That was why, after all **these** years, there had been no progress between them.

**However**, since Celeste had spoken, Martha didn’t press further.

Once dinner officially began, the family chatted as **they** ate. The **atmosphere** was lively. Celeste, however, spoke very little and quietly focused on her **meal**.

From the moment Trevor entered Fleming Manor until now, over ten minutes had passed. Still, he and Celeste hadn't exchanged a single word. There had been no interaction whatsoever.

This was typical of their relationship. Everyone else was used to it and didn't find it unusual.

When Jordyn wanted to eat something, she usually relied on Celeste. However, by now, she was accustomed to asking Trevor to get what she wanted for her instead.

But when she wanted to eat shrimp, she instinctively looked at Celeste. In the past, Celeste would always peel shrimp for her and Trevor.

"Mom, I want some shrimp," Jordyn whined.

Even though Celeste had decided to divorce Trevor and didn't plan to fight for custody of Jordyn, she was still her daughter. It was her duty to **care** for her and fulfill her needs whenever possible. I

Upon hearing her request, Celeste responded, "Alright."

She set down her fork and began peeling the shrimp for Jordyn

Martha glanced at her hands and suddenly paused. "Cel, where's your ring?"

At that, everyone—including Trevor—looked at Celeste's hand.

Since their wedding, Celeste had always worn the ring Martha had prepared for them despite their icy and loveless marriage. In contrast, Trevor had never worn his wedding ring—not even once. No one knew where it had ended

1. up.

Over the years, Celeste had never taken hers off. Her attachment to the **ring** had even become a source of ridicule from Teagan.

But today, Celeste wasn't wearing it. Initially, no one noticed. After all, people didn't normally pay close attention to others' hands. It was Martha's remark that drew everyone's attention.

Celeste paused briefly in her task but quickly resumed peeling the shrimp with a composed expression. She explained, "I hurried out this morning and accidentally left it at home."

In truth, she had removed the ring, when she prepared the divorce papers. She had placed it in the same envelope. that held the divorce papers. But since she and Trevor hadn't

officially divorced and knowing that Martha **would** he strongly opposed to the idea, she chose not to reveal this just yet.

Martha was satisfied with her answer. She smiled and responded, “Ah, that **explains** it.”

The conversation soon shifted back to normal, and everyone resumed eating

After dinner, the group moved to the living room for dessert. Martha, ever eager to bring Celeste and Trevor closer, arranged for them to sit together.

As usual, Trevor didn’t even glance at Celeste. Celeste didn’t want to sit next to him but didn’t want to outright refuse Martha either, so she quietly took the seat beside him.

It was the closest they **had** sat to each other in months. She could smell the faint, familiar scent of his cologne, but her heart remained calm. She focused on her dessert, taking small bites of her fruit pudding without attempting to initiate conversation.

Martha, on the other hand, was delighted. She looked at the **pair** and smiled. “You **two** look perfect together.”

Visually, they did make a striking couple. Trevor was tall and handsome, while Celeste was demure and beautiful. But their appearances were where their compatibility ended. In every other aspect, Celeste felt woefully inadequate.

Teagan and Queenie refrained from dampening Martha’s enthusiasm even though they thought she **was** just wasting her time.

That night, per Martha’s wishes, everyone stayed overnight in Fleming Manor.

At around 8:00 pm, Trevor accompanied Martha to her study to discuss business matters.

Meanwhile, Jordyn tugged on Celeste’s hand, saying she wanted to bathe and sleep. Celeste went upstairs with her to help her get ready for bed.

Sitting in the small bathtub, Jordyn looked at Celeste and hesitantly asked, “Mom, are **you** busy tomorrow morning?”

Though she was willing to let Celeste take her to school the next day, she secretly wished Wynn could go instead. Celeste shook her head and replied, “I’m not busy. Why?”

Jordyn pouted slightly in disappointment upon hearing that She muttered, “Never mind.”

Celeste didn’t press her further.

After Jordyn was done taking a bath, Celeste dried her hair gently. Once her hair was dry, Jordyn yawned and said she wanted to sleep.

Celeste noticed her gaze lingering on her phone, so she reminded her, “You can look at it for a little while, but you need to sleep by 9:30 pm. Don’t stay up too late, okay?”

“Okay,” Jordyn replied, though she felt a bit annoyed.

She wanted to message Wynn about the change in **plans** for tomorrow, but she didn’t want **to** upset her. Hence, she hurriedly pushed Celeste toward the door irritably.

“Mom, you can go now. I’ll turn off my phone and sleep by 9:30.”

Jordyn **was** usually disciplined in such matters, so Celeste nodded and bid her goodnight before leaving the room.

As soon as Celeste was gone, Jordyn locked the door behind her. Celeste paused for a moment when she heard the soft click of the door lock. She didn’t think that Jordyn was guarding against anyone else—it was likely only her. Jordyn probably wanted to discuss something with Wynn.

As Celeste thought, Jordyn immediately opened her phone and messaged Wynn on WhatsApp.

Celeste had no way of knowing what they talked about, nor did she care to find out. She returned to her room.

Having spent years visiting Fleming **Manor**, she had many of her belongings stored there. She **found** pajamas and took a shower. Afterward, she sat on her **usualled** a

+25 **BONUS**

Chapter

brought in her bag.

Time passed unnoticed, and her eyes grew tired. She checked the clock **and** realized it was already 11:30 pm, but Trevor had yet to **return**.

She wondered whether he wasn’t planning to come back at all or if he was busy with work.

Lost in thought, Celeste found herself leaving the bedroom and heading downstairs. That was when she heard a voice from the shadows.

“Everyone else has gone to bed. Are you avoiding going back because Celeste is there? You don’t want to face her, do you?”

# The Breaking Point of Love

## Chapter 13

It was Teagan's voice.

Celeste turned toward the source **and** saw both Teagan and Trevor.

She stopped in her tracks.

Trevor was smoking in silence.

The distance between them was too far, and with Trevor standing against the light, Celeste couldn't make out his expression.

Teagan said, "Honestly, I understand. I've met Wynn a few times. She's only 25 and already has a PhD from one of the top universities in the world. I hear she's also handling her family's business quite well.

"She's beautiful, wild, and untamed. Her brilliance and allure are rare. I get why she'd attract you. But her background is... less than respectable. Trevor, **have** you really thought this through? You

Trevor cut her off. "I know what kind of woman I want."

Teagan frowned. While she didn't think highly of Celeste, she wasn't impressed by Wynn either.

"But-"she began, but the displeasure in Trevor's eyes stopped her short.

She scoffed. "Fine, fine. You're so protective; I can't even say a word. I'll shut up, okay?"

Celeste stood there, clutching her hands, the night wind stinging her cheeks. She let out a bitter chuckle and lost all interest in eavesdropping further.

Quietly, she turned to leave.

As Celeste walked away, Teagan seemed to recall something. "Oh, by the way, Celeste mentioned she's submitted her resignation and plans to leave the company?"

Trevor replied, "Jacob told me she made a mistake two days ago, and he was pretty upset. I told him to follow company protocol and terminate her."



Teagan snorted and said, “That explains it. When she mentioned it earlier, she made it sound like she was resigning voluntarily. I knew there was no way she’d willingly quit. Turns out she got fired. Ha!”

Trevor didn’t respond, as if the matter had nothing to do with him.

Upstairs, Celeste was heading to her room when she almost collided with Tucker, who was coming down. Both of them were startled.

Once they regained their composure, Tucker apologized first and **asked** worriedly. “Are you okay?”

Aside from Martha, Tucker was the only member of the Fleming family who treated her kindly.

Celeste shook her head and smiled. “I’m fine.”

**When** Celeste and Trevor got married, Tucker **was** just a kid and didn’t understand much of what had happened. Over the years, he’d always thought Celeste was beautiful and kind. After their marriage, she had never started arguments with Trevor and was always tolerant of him.

If his future wife were like Celeste, Tucker thought, he’d treat her with nothing but care. Thus, even **after** he grew up and learned the full story, he was still fond of Celeste.

Noticing that she seemed slightly upset, he figured it had to do with Trevor.

Tucker scratched his head and said sincerely, “Celeste, you’re a wonderful person. Trevor will see that one day. Don’t let it get to you.”

Celeste paused. She didn’t want to explain that she and Trevor were on the brink of divorce, so she smiled and said, “Thank you, Tucker.”

“I’m heading downstairs to grab a drink. It’s late. You should get some rest.”

“Okay. Goodnight,” Celeste replied with a smile.

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Once back in her room, Celeste turned off the main light, left only the dim bedside lamp on, and lay **down**. Not long after, she heard Trevor’s footsteps as he entered the bedroom.

Celeste opened her eyes and met Trevor’s gaze.

She stared at him.

In the past, she would've gotten up to hang his jacket, cheerfully found his pajamas, and prepared a bath for him. But now, she stayed in bed and slowly closed her eyes.

Though indifferent to her usual care and attention, Trevor noticed the stark difference in her behavior. He seemed surprised but dismissed it, assuming she was just throwing a tantrum.

He didn't care enough to figure out why and stated coolly, "Jo's enrollment paperwork is finalized. Take her to school tomorrow morning."

"Got it."

Trevor said nothing more and turned toward the closet to grab his clothes for a shower.

That was how he treated her.

Watching his back, Celeste thought of their divorce. She wanted to ask when they could finalize it, but Trevor was busy. And knowing his personality, he'd handle everything himself without needing her to remind him.

After all, he wanted the divorce more than she did. That was why, for the past two weeks, she had silently waited for him to bring it up and never urged him.

Just then, Trevor's phone rang.

Celeste saw him answer it. His tone was noticeably **softer** compared to when he spoke to her on the phone. She immediately guessed it was Wynn calling.

As she had suspected, whatever Wynn said on the other end made Trevor say, "I'll come over now."

Then, he immediately hurried out of the room.

Celeste didn't call out to him. Moments later, she heard the sound of a car driving off.

Trevor had left Fleming Manor.

Celeste closed her eyes, calmly turned off the light, and went to sleep.

Celeste woke up at around six the next morning since she needed to take Jordyn to school. Trevor hadn't **returned** after leaving the previous night, but Celeste no longer **cared**

Her **expression** remained calm as she glanced at the time. Realizing Jordyn wasn't up yet, she walked over to her room to wake her.

Jordyn's door was locked, and Celeste **had** to knock

After a while, Jordyn finally opened it with her lips pursed in annoyance, “Mom, why did you have to knock **so** loudly? My head’s pounding now.”

Last night, Jordyn had told Wynn about the situation. Although Wynn reassured her that it was only natural for Celeste, as her mother, to take her to school, she could tell Wynn had sounded disappointed.

Jordyn had felt guilty about it all night, so much so that she had several nightmares. Being woken up by Celeste now only soured her mood further.

Celeste looked at Jordyn’s pouty face but didn’t get angry. She replied nicely, “The school’s far. If you don’t get up soon, we won’t make it in time.”

Jordyn huffed but said nothing.

As much as she disliked the arrangement, she knew better than to throw a tantrum over going to school. She flopped back onto the bed, grumbling, “Fine. I know.”

After a while, she peeked at Celeste. “Mom, can you squeeze toothpaste on my brush for me?”

“Alright

After Celeste entered the bathroom, Jordyn picked up her phone and sent Wynn a good morning text before going to brush her teeth.

By the time she finished brushing, Celeste had wrung out a hot towel for her and handed **it** over.

“Which outfit do you want to wear?” Celeste asked while glancing through the closet.

Jordyn gave the options a quick glance and said, “Mom, I can change on my own. You can go now.”

Celeste closed the closet. “Alright.”

Once Celeste left, Jordyn dug out an outfit she had brought from home the day before—a flashy camouflage shirt Wynn had chosen for her.

She couldn’t wait to wear it to show her support for Wynn!

## The Breaking Point of Love

The thought of Wynn’s racing competition tonight and seeing her looking as cool as ever lifted **Jordyn’s** spirits. After putting on the outfit, she grabbed her phone for another look.

Almost immediately, **she** frowned.

Normally, Wynn replied to her texts quickly. But this **time**, she hadn't responded at all, not even after Jordyn had finished getting ready

Could Wynn be upset?

Panic bubbled up in Jordyn as she quickly typed out another message. "Wynn, are you mad at me? You know I didn't want Mom to take me to school but you! Please don't be mad at me, okay?"

Even after a while, there **was** no **reply**.

Celeste came back to check on her. "Jo, are you done? It's time to go down for breakfast."

Frustrated, Jordyn snapped, "I know! **Mom**, do **you have** to always nag? You're so annoying!" With that, she grabbed her bag **and** stormed downstairs.

Celeste quietly followed. She did notice, however, that Jordyn's outfit looked unfamiliar.

Celeste had always been the one to prepare Jordyn's clothes While she'd always ensured Jordyn liked what she picked, Jordyn's preferences had shifted drastically since visiting Andostan with Trevor.

Apparently, it was because Jordyn had taken up climbing and skateboarding under Wynn's influence.

Wynn was **not** only academically accomplished but also an adventurous, charismatic woman with many hobbies. Jordyn idolized her, to the point of adopting her style and interests.

Celeste was saddened by Jordyn's growing attachment to Wynn but never voiced her feelings. She even adjusted her choices when buying clothes for Jordyn, tailoring them to her current tastes.

Yet, Jordyn barely touched anything Celeste bought. She only wore outfits Wynn **selected** for her.

Seeing Jordyn in the camouflage outfit, Celeste could guess exactly where it came from. Nonetheless, she simply acted as though she hadn't noticed and walked downstairs with her usual composure.

Teagan and the others were still asleep, but Martha was already awake.

"**Cel**, Jo, you're up early."

Celeste greeted with a smile, “Good morning, Grandma.”

Jordyn mumbled, “Morning, **Nana**,”

Martha noticed her tone lacking enthusiasm and asked, “Jo, are you **upset**? What’s wrong?”

Jordyn didn’t respond. She didn’t feel like talking.

Peter, **who** had heard Celeste knocking on Jordyn’s door earlier, chimed in with a chuckle. “**She’s** probably just grumpy from being woken up too early.”

Martha **smiled** at Peter’s comment but turned to Celeste. “Where’s Trevor? Is he still asleep?”

Celeste remained composed. “He went out last night for something.”

Martha’s face darkened. She had a good **idea** of what that “something” might be. However, since Jordyn was present, she refrained from criticizing Trevor openly and let it go.

After breakfast, as they were preparing to leave, Jordyn realized she had forgotten something and **ran** upstairs to fetch it. Celeste stayed downstairs, waiting for her.

Moments later, Jordyn’s phone buzzed on the table. The screen lit up, displaying the contact name “Wynn” with a heart emoji.

Celeste froze for a moment.

Though Jordyn was still young, Celeste had always respected her privacy. She’d never once snooped through her phone. But now, Celeste couldn’t help picking up the phone

She quickly scanned their chat history and pieced together why Jordyn had been irritable all morning. Jordyn messaged Wynn each morning to say good morning, and they chatted frequently at length.

Hearing the elevator, Celeste swiftly placed the phone back where it had been.

When Jordyn returned and saw that Wynn had replied, her mood shifted instantly. Wynn’s message reassured her that she would never be mad at Jordyn and that she had only woken up earlier.

Jordyn beamed with happiness after reading the message.

Celeste glanced back subtly. She knew exactly what had brightened Jordyn’s mood but said nothing.

Meanwhile, Jordyn was too engrossed in her joy and didn't notice Celeste's glance.

After that, Jordyn sat in the backseat of the car and happily chatted with Wynn on her phone. Occasionally, she would sneak glances at Celeste to see if she was paying attention.

However, Celeste remained focused on driving. Satisfied, Jordyn continued messaging

The distance to the school was considerable. After about half an hour of chatting, Jordyn set her phone aside. As her mood was now entirely lifted, she began talking to Celeste.

"Mom, are you free this afternoon?"

Celeste asked without looking back, "Why?"

Jordyn, avoiding the question, whined playfully, "Just tell me."

"There's a lot going on lately. I don't have time. What is it?"

Jordyn grinned. "**Oh**, it's nothing."

She thought **giddily**, "If Morn is busy, she won't have time to pick me up **after** school. That means I can go straight to Wynn after class without worrying about being caught."

At **school**, Celeste accompanied Jordyn to speak with her homeroom teacher, Donna Alper. Donna then led them to Jordyn's classroom.

Just as they were about to enter, a sweet, childlike voice called out, "Ms. Rodriguez!"

Celeste paused and turned, only to see a tiny figure barreling toward her. Hastily, she crouched **to** catch the child so that they wouldn't fall.

When the child looked up, Celeste quickly recognized her.

"Sylvia?"

+25 **BONUS**

It **was** indeed Sylvia, the little girl she had saved **from** a dog attack several days ago.

"Mm-hmm!" Sylvia smiled brightly, looking particularly adorable with her twin braids.

Celeste's voice softened instinctively. "Sylvia, do you go to school here too?"

Before she could finish, **Jordyn** abruptly pushed Sylvia aside

"**Jo**" Celeste exclaimed as she caught Sylvia from falling. Sylvia, are you okay?"

Sylvia shook her head and looked at Jordyn confusedly. “Why... Why did you push me?”

Jordyn had initially been confused by Sylvia’s sudden appearance. But when she noticed how close Celeste seemed to be with Sylvia, she became annoyed.

Sylvia was on the verge of tears, and Jordyn’s face twisted with disdain.

“You’re so weak. You look ugly and disgusting in pink!”

## The Breaking Point of Love

Sylvia looked sweet and adorable, and her outfit **was** perfectly suited to her age. Anyone would want to hug and shower her with affection.

It was out of place to be associating her with words like “ugly” or “disgusting”.

Sylvia had grown up surrounded by compliments, and this was the first time someone had ever said something so mean to her.

Sylvia burst into tears and clung tightly to Celeste.

Celeste immediately held her and said, “That’s not true, Sylvia. You’re not disgusting at all. You’re beautiful and so, so cute. Don’t you think so too?”

Sylvia’s sobs softened as her spirits lifted a little. Before she could respond, Jordyn’s reddening eyes filled with Indignation as she watched Celeste continue to hold Sylvia and praise her.

“I... I don’t like you anymore! I don’t want you to be my mom!” Jordyn shouted before running off.

Celeste quickly reached out and caught her.

Jordyn’s hurtful words had taken her by surprise. While Celeste was upset, she didn’t want to scold her in public and cause her further embarrassment.

Pulling her into a hug, Celeste kissed her forehead. “Alright, don’t be upset...”

Jordyn felt her anger subside slightly at the kiss. But now, her frustration turned into a flood of tears, and she demanded petulantly, “Then... then you can’t hug her anymore! And you can’t say she’s cute!”

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It finally dawned on Celeste why Jordyn was acting out—she was jealous.

Though she'd just declared she didn't want Celeste as her mom anymore, the moment someone else seemed to take her place, Jordyn couldn't stand it.

The realization amused Celeste.

She didn't promise anything but kissed Jordyn again to calm her. She carried both children away from the crowd for some privacy.

Taking the opportunity, Jordyn shoved Sylvia out of Celeste's arms.

Sylvia had a gentle temperament despite her young age. While she adored Celeste, she didn't harbor the same possessiveness Jordyn did. Besides, Jordyn's fierce demeanor intimidated her a little.

Still holding Jordyn, Celeste spoke softly, "Jo, I know you're very cool, but everyone has different tastes. You love being cool and stylish, but some people like being sweet and adorable.

"You can't call someone ugly or disgusting just because their style isn't **the** same as yours. We should respect everyone's preferences. Do you understand what I mean?"

**Celeste** knew her daughter was exceptionally smart. While some children might not grasp **what** she was saying, Jordyn certainly **could**.

Jordyn did understand. She knew she had been wrong to say that about Sylvia. But deep down, she couldn't stand seeing Celeste holding and being kind to other children.

She pursed her lips,

refusing to speak.

Celeste gently tousled her hair and pulled out a **handkerchief** to wipe her tears. "It's okay to make mistakes as

long as we learn from them. But you can't say things like that to others again, alright?"

Celeste's continued warmth **and** care cased Jordyn's temperat **last**. She **leaned** into her embrace and nodded while sniffing "Okay."

Celeste smiled and kissed her cheek before turning to Sylvia **and** saying, "Sylvia, this is Jo, my daughter. She knows she made a mistake. Would you forgive her?"

Sylvia hesitated as she was still a little wary of Jordyn. However, Celeste's gentle tone reassured her, and she nodded obediently. "Okay, I forgive her.



“Thank you, Sylvia,” Celeste said with a **smile**, then **looked** at Jordyn “Jo, what do you say?”

Jordyn lifted her head from Celeste’s arms. “I’m sorry.”

Sylvia offered a shy smile. “It’s... It’s **okay**.”

With the situation resolved, Celeste breathed a sigh of relief and led both children to the classroom.

Donna came to take Sylvia, and Celeste crouched down to speak gently to Jordyn. “It’s over now. Head into your classroom, okay?”

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Jordyn wasn’t embarrassed or timid about having pushed or insulted Sylvia publicly earlier, and she didn’t care what other kids thought of her.

Yet as Celeste prepared to **leave**, she found **herself** reluctant to let go.

“Mom...”

“Yes?” Celeste hugged her back, her voice warm. “What is it?”

“I want to

Jordyn suddenly remembered how long it had been **since** she last had one of Celeste’s home-cooked meals. The thought made her feel a pang of longing. But before the words left her mouth, she recalled she had plans to watch Wynn’s competition that evening. Her eyes flickered with hesitation, and she let go of Celeste.

“It’s nothing.”

Celeste’s cooking, could wait as she could enjoy it anytime. Watching Wynn’s competition, on the other hand, a rare opportunity.

Without much deliberation, Jordyn made her choice.

“Alright, then. Hurry inside and don’t keep your teacher waiting.”

“Okay.”

**was**

Jordyn finally released her hold, but before stepping into the classroom, she turned back and added, “Mom, don’t forget to call me at lunchtime.”

Celeste nodded with a smile. "I won't."

Only then did Jordyn enter the classroom.

Celeste stood for a moment and watched as Jordyn confidently introduced herself to the class and then quietly took her seat

Then, after waving goodbye, Celeste left the school and headed to Fleming Group for work.

At the office, Celeste found Zeke waiting at her desk with someone else in tow.

"This is Naomi," Zeke said. "She'll be taking **over** your position."

Naomi Sanders was strikingly beautiful and dressed in designer brands from head to toe. She gave Celeste a once- **over**, noting her polished and clean-cut demeanor.

Though Naomi's gaze carried a hint of scrutiny, she masked it with a bright smile and extended her hand in greeting "Ms. Rodriguez, it's a pleasure to meet you, I'm Naomi, and I'll be learning from you for the next few days."

Celeste **shook** her hand politely. "The pleasure's mine."

Naomi continued, "I **just** graduated from Trellis College this June with my master's degree. Ms. Rodriguez, where did you study? Were you "

Celeste raised an eyebrow at the mention of Naomi's recent graduation. It suggested she might not have much work experience. Still, Celeste didn't jump to conclusions.

Naomi could very well have unique strengths that made her suitable for the role. After all, Celeste herself had

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become the team leader despite her colleagues' higher academic qualifications.

At this thought, Celeste cut her off softly.

"Ms. Sanders, we **have** a meeting shortly. Let's focus on work for now.

Naomi laughed coquettishly. "**Oh**, of course! Sorry for getting sidetracked. Let's discuss work."

While on their way to the meeting, Naomi leaned closer and asked in a low voice, "I've heard Mr. Fleming is incredibly handsome. Is that true?"

Celeste answered honestly, "He is."

Naomi beamed with excitement. "Now I'm even more eager to meet him! But Mr. Jackson mentioned he wouldn't be coming to the office today... such a shame."

That was news to Celeste, though it wasn't unusual. Trevor had multiple businesses to manage and rarely spent every day at Fleming Group.

By lunchtime, Naomi dragged Celeste to the cafeteria for a meal. Once their trays were filled, Celeste took out her phone to call Jordyn.

Naomi teased, "Calling your boyfriend?"

"No, my daughter."

"Your daughter? You're married?"

"Yes."

Meanwhile, Jordyn was on a video call with Wynn. Trevor was there **too**. Jordyn pouted as she looked at the two of them. "You two are so mean! Eating together without me!"

"That's because you're at school. I'll pick you up after school, and the three of us can have dinner together. Deal?" said **Wynn**.

"That's better."

Jordyn then glanced at Trevor, who had just placed some food on Wynn's plate.

"What do **you** want for dinner?" Trevor asked casually. "I'll have someone prepare it."

## The Breaking Point of Love

Trevor's **words** cheered Jordyn up, and she eagerly rattled off a list of her favorite dishes while Trevor listened attentive

When she finished, Wynn complimented her outfit.

"Jo, your clothes look amazing today. They suit you so well

"Really?"

Wynn smiled. "Of course! How was school today? Did you get along with your classmates?"

The two chatted happily, while Trevor remained mostly silent as he calmly ate at a leisurely pace.

A passing waitress who was unaware of their dynamic saw the trio and mistakenly assumed they were a family. She glanced enviously at Wynn.

At that moment, Jordyn saw an incoming video call from Celeste.

It was the call she had requested that morning. However, she was in the middle of an animated conversation with Wynn and was reluctant to end the call.

Earlier that morning, seeing Celeste hug another child had upset her.)

But during class, the teacher had explained that parents always loved their **children** the most and that every child held a unique and irreplaceable place in their mother's heart.

This reassurance had put Jordyn at ease.

When Celeste noticed Jordyn hadn't answered her call, she grew concerned and decided to contact Donna.

Donna was in the children's rest area and answered with a snide after hearing Celeste's concern, "Jo's fine. She's on a video call with her dad and a woman. If you'd like, I can go let Jo know-"

"No need," Celeste interjected.

She could deduce that Jordyn was chatting with Wynn and Trevor, who were likely having lunch together. She spoke softly. "It's alright. Let them enjoy their chat."

After ending the call, Celeste sent Jordyn a message instead to ask how her day at school was, whether she'd made any new friends, and what she had for **lunch**.

She also reminded her to listen to the teacher and nap when it was time.

Over ten minutes later, Celeste finally received a voice message from Jordyn.

"Got it, Mom."

By the afternoon, after spending a full day with Naomi, Celeste realized the latter was outgoing, sociable, and quite capable at her work.

At around 6:00 pm, as Celeste was about to head home, Nagini approached her and offered to take her out to dinner as thanks for her guidance.

"That's part of my job. No need to be so formal, Ms. Sanders." Celeste replied with a polite smile.

Naomi tried to persuade her further, but Celeste's phone rang

It was from Queenie Scott, her mother-in-law.

Celeste almost thought she had read the caller ID wrong.

Queenie had always looked down on her and barely interacted with her unless absolutely necessary. In all these years, she could count on one **hand** the number of times Queenie had reached out.

Puzzled, Celeste answered, “Mom?”

“Tucker’s been secretly racing cars. I don’t trust him. I’ll send you the address. Go bring him back.”

Then, Queenie promptly hung up. Moments **later**, a text with the address followed.

Celeste glanced at the message and saw that the location was a racetrack on the outskirts of the city. Turning to Naomi, she said, “Sorry, something urgent came up. I **have** to get going.”

Over an hour later, Celeste arrived at the racetrack. The venue was expansive, bustling even at night, with the loud noise of engines and chatter filling the air.

Celeste called Tucker’s phone repeatedly, but he didn’t pickup.

Left with no choice, she began searching for him on foot.

After nearly 20 minutes of weaving through the **crowd**, she **finally** spotted him.

Tucker looked stunned when he saw her. “Celeste? What are you doing here?” Celeste proceeded to explain that Queenie had told her to bring him back.

## The Breaking Point of Love

Tucker raised his hand as if taking an oath.

“Today is CC’s first race since returning to the country. She’s the top **female** racer in the **continent** and my idol. I can’t miss it! I swear I’ll head back right after the race. So don’t worry about me and go home.”

“But “Celeste began, only to be interrupted by a chorus of excited voices ahead, shouting “CC.”

“My idol is coming out?” Tucker exclaimed, completely forgetting about Celeste. He joined the crowd in cheering and raised his binoculars to focus on the starting line.

Celeste was taken aback by Tucker's fanatical excitement. "Since when were you into racing?"

Though they **weren't** exactly close, she knew he hadn't shown any prior interest in racing

"I wasn't into it before, but that's because I hadn't met CC! Do you have any idea how gorgeous and cool she is? You'll get it when you see her, Celeste. I'm telling you, you're going to fall for her too! She's perfect. Everyone. loves her!!!

At that moment, CC made her entrance.

Tucker started screaming again and momentarily forgot about Celeste's presence.

Celeste hadn't **had** dinner yet.

Considering how passionate Tucker was about CC and the fact that the deafening noise made conversation impossible, she decided to watch the race with him and take him home afterward.

A while later, Tucker handed her the binoculars enthusiastically. "Celeste! Look, it's her! Number 38, in the red racing suit! Isn't she unbelievably sexy and wild?"

Though Celeste **had** no interest in racing, she couldn't resist Tucker's infectious excitement. She reluctantly took the binoculars but froze after a glance.

CC turned out to be **Wynn**.

She'd heard that Wynn dabbled in all sorts of extreme sports, but she had no idea Wynn raced professionally and garnered legions of devoted fans.

Wynn stood tall and poised in a **red** racing suit, her figure athletic and curvaceous. Her presence exuded confidence, and her mix of wild elegance and striking allure made it impossible to look away.

Celeste adjusted the binoculars and scanned the audience across from her. There she saw Trevor. He seemed equally mesmerized by Wynn, his eyes fixed intently on her,

Celeste's grip on the binoculars tightened.

As the race was about to begin, Tucker impatiently reclaimed the binoculars. Meanwhile, Celeste continued to glance toward Trevor's side.

Trevor wasn't the only familiar face. Jordyn and Trevor's close-knit circle of friends were also there, all undoubtedly gathered to cheer for Wynn.

The race began with a deafening roar as the cars sped past in a blur, prompting a wave of cheers and screams from the crowd.

Tucker shoved the binoculars back at Celeste.

“Look, Celeste! My idol is so bold yet precise. She’s super cool! Watch her!”

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Celeste took the binoculars again and found Wynn. A moment later, Wynn executed a daring yet flawlessly calculated overtake on a sharp turn which left the audience awestruck.

Celeste, who had **never** paid much attention to racing, found herself captivated. She remained motionless for a long while.

Suddenly, she understood why Trevor was infatuated with Wynn. It made perfect sense.

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## The Breaking Point of Love

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Even Trevor, typically composed and reserved, wore an expression of admiration and awe. Next to him, Jordyn and Miles leaped from their seats in excitement.

The race reached a fever pitch. Tucker reclaimed the binoculars once more, oblivious to the fact that Trevor and his group were also present.

As the race paused, Wynn temporarily took the lead.

Celeste **asked** Tucker for the binoculars again.

Tucker beamed with delight. “You’ve fallen for CC too, haven’t you? I told you, nobody can resist her!”

Celeste smiled faintly without responding

She was thinking of calling Trevor. She wanted to see how he would react but then dismissed the thought as **she** knew he’d likely decline the call, as he **always** did.

Still, just one last time, she thought.

In the end, Celeste **dialed** Trevor's number and raised the binoculars again. Through them, she watched as Trevor glanced at his phone and unhesitatingly ended the call before refocusing on Wynn.

His eyes held only Wynn.

Celeste inhaled deeply, smiled to herself, and returned the binoculars to Tucker. She didn't watch the rest of the race or glance in Trevor's direction again.

By the race's end, Wynn had taken first place.

Tucker **was** ecstatic. He and his friends excitedly discussed approaching Wynn for an autograph.

"But CC's a wealthy heiress and a PhD holder from a prestigious **university**. Racing is just her hobby. She doesn't need fans, nor does she cater to them. She usually leaves right after a race and never gives autographs. It's basically impossible to get one.

"Yeah, and since this was a private event, we had a better shot. But the racers have **their** exclusive passageways, and we don't have any connections to get inside. Alas..."

As Tucker and his friends lamented, word spread that Wynn had already left with her group to celebrate. Queenie called to check in, and Celeste turned down Tucker's plea to join his friends to take him home.

Before leaving, Celeste stopped by the restroom.

On her way out, she accidentally bumped into someone.

"Sorry," both of them apologized simultaneously, stepping back.

Celeste looked up and froze.

It was Beck, one of Trevor's close friends.

Beck recognized her too, and his already indifferent expression grew even colder.

Celeste noticed this at once.

She had met Trevor when she was ten, but Trevor and Beck had been childhood friends, inseparable **since** their school days. Their bond had always been unshakeable.

Yet, Trevor had always excluded her from **his** circle, even after their marriage. **So**, even though she had known Beck and Miles for more than ten years, they were barely acquaintances.



But despite knowing Wynn for only a short time, Trevor had already introduced **her** to his friends.

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So, when Wynn celebrated her birthday, **Trevor** had Beck and the others help her celebrate. This time, when Wynn had a competition, Beck and the others also came to watch

It was said that Wynn's relationship with Trevor's **circle** of friends had become very close. They were so close that even when Trevor **wasn't** around, they would always invite Wynn to any gatherings.

Beck and the others had completely accepted her as one of their **own**. Perhaps because of this, in the past couple of **years**, when they saw Celeste, they had grown more and more indifferent.

In the past, Celeste had wanted to build a good relationship with them. However, they had looked down on her and never gave her a chance.

She had her pride, so she didn't force the issue once **they** had made their stance clear. But whenever they met, and when necessary, she would still greet them politely.

Nonetheless, most of the time, she was either ignored or even looked down upon. This time, Celeste didn't intend to speak up. She bypassed Beck and left directly.

"Ms. Rodriguez, I didn't know you were interested in racing." Beck remarked coolly.

He thought she had followed Trevor here.

Celeste turned to face him, her voice icy, "What are you trying to say?"

Beck didn't bother hiding his disdain as he replied, "Just thought someone like you doesn't seem the type to enjoy racing. I was curious."

"Someone like me?" Celeste met his gaze steadily. "Mr. Harper, do we know each **other** well? Do you think you understand me? If so, why don't you enlighten me what kind of person am I?"

Celeste had always given Beck the impression of being quiet, gentle, and even a bit shy and reserved.

But he believed this was just her facade. In reality, he thought Celeste **was** very calculating; otherwise, she wouldn't **have** done such a despicable thing back then to win Trevor's affection.

**However**, she pretended to be innocent and refused to admit that the whole thing had been her doing.

Beck said nothing, his silence laden with judgment.

He couldn't be bothered to comment on Celeste, nor did he find her worth the effort.

But today, the way Celeste spoke to him felt different from before. It was as if she had torn off her mask of pretense, no longer wanting to keep up the act.

Yet, it still didn't seem entirely that way. While her gaze was cold, sharp, and clean, **there** was an undertone of mockery.

It was as if she was mocking him for thinking he had seen through her and for standing on some **moral** high ground while passing judgment on her without understanding the situation fully.

Celeste didn't care what Beck thought. She averted her gaze and left.

Queenie had rented Tucker an apartment near his school. By the time Celeste dropped him off, it was already 11:00 π

Tucker was hungry again despite having eaten dinner earlier. He suggested, "Celeste, there's a spot nearby with great late-night snacks. Let me treat you."

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Celeste hadn't had dinner yet. She was also in the mood for something warm to fill her stomach, hence she agreed. As soon as they sat down, her stomach let out a faint growl

Tucker froze for a moment before it clicked. "Wait, you didn't **have** dinner?"

"No," she replied.

Tucker immediately looked sheepish. "I'm so sorry, Celeste, It's all my fault..."

"It's fine. I wasn't hungry **earlier**."

Looking at her gentle and reassuring smile, Tucker felt awful. He thought Celeste was truly wonderful. It was just

a pity that Trevor didn't feel the same way about her. What **a** shame.

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