

The Breaking Point of Love

Chapter 111

After all, when Matthias had taken her to the previous banquet and the tech expo, Trevor had ignored her existence from beginning to end.

As she was thinking about this, the auction started. The host took the stage, and the hall quieted down.

Celeste had already gone through the auction catalog in detail. She had her eye on a set of emerald jewelry and an embroidered painting by a renowned artist.

Which one she would actually bid on depended on the situation.

The auction began quickly.

Celeste was focused—if the item wasn’t something she wanted, she didn’t raise her paddle.

Meanwhile, neither Trevor nor Wynn had placed any bids either.

After a while, both Celeste and Lottie noticed that Wynn finally raised her paddle. She was bidding on a diamond bracelet.

It was a piece from a famous international designer, and just from the style, it was clear that the bracelet was meant for young women.

There was no doubt—this bracelet was something Trevor was buying for Wynn.

The starting bid was one and a half million. Wynn raised the paddle and immediately doubled it to three million. Other bidders followed, pushing it up to four million.

At that moment, Celeste noticed Wynn leaning toward Trevor, whispering something. Then, Wynn raised her paddle again and called out clearly in the hall, “Eight million.”

As soon as her voice rang out, the auction hall buzzed with commotion.

The bracelet was indeed a beautiful piece, but in terms of actual value, it wasn’t worth eight million. Even four million was already too much.

But Wynn seemed to really love it. And Trevor, being wealthy and extravagant, clearly didn’t want anyone else competing with Wynn—so he directly raised the bid to eight million.

Everyone was shocked—not just at how casually Trevor spent money, but also at how much he pampered Wynn.

It went just as expected. Once the eight million bid was placed, no one else dared to compete. Wynn successfully won the bracelet.

Lottie, green with envy, gritted her teeth. “This is giving me a toothache.”

Before Celeste could respond, the next round had already started.

A while later, an antique vase was brought onto the stage.

Wynn raised her paddle again.

The Starting bid was five million.

Other bidders were increasing in increments of half a million or one million. But when it was Wynn’s turn, she directly raised it to ten million.

The number of competitors immediately dropped. However the room was filled with wealthy people.

Soon, a male voice chimed in, “15 million.”

Celeste turned to look. It was a young man with striking features.

“That’s Jorge Robinson,” Lottie whispered to her.

Celeste nodded slightly.

Wynn hesitated and turned to look at Trevor..

From this, both Celeste and Lottie could tell—Wynn really wanted this vase for herself.

It was only then that Celeste suddenly recalled—her paternal grandmother, Erin Nixon, had always been passionate about collecting antiques.

It wasn’t hard to guess that Wynn was bidding on this antique vase for her.

Trevor gave a slight nod, and Wynn raised her paddle again. “25 million.”

Jorge chuckled. “30 million.”

Wynn hesitated further, leaning in closer to Trevor, seemingly saying she wanted to give up.

But Trevor shook his head.

Wynn raised her paddle once more. “40 million.”

Jorge’s voice rang out again. “50 million.” After saying this, he smiled and glanced over to Trevor’s side.

Wynn frowned and whispered to Trevor, “Maybe... We should just forget it?”

50 million was simply too much.

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Trevor chuckled. “It’s fine. Didn’t you say your grandmother likes it? Go ahead and bid.”

Seeing his smile, Wynn felt a sweetness in her heart. She raised her paddle again. “60 million.”

Jorge immediately followed. “70 million.”

Then, he called out loudly to Trevor, “Mr. Fleming, my old folks at home love this kind of thing. How about showing me some courtesy and letting me have it?”

Trevor looked over and returned a polite smile. “Sorry, Mr. Robinson, but I also have elders at home who like this.” They made no effort to keep their conversation private, so naturally, Celeste and Lottie also heard it.

The vase was meant for Erin, Wynn’s paternal grandmother. Yet Trevor referred to her as his own elder, making it clear that he already considered the Locket family as his own.

That was a stark contrast to how he treated her family.

Wynn raised her paddle again. “85 million.”

This time, Jorge didn’t continue bidding.

In the end, Wynn won the antique vase for 85 million, once again drawing envious stares from the entire room. Even after the bid was secured, Wynn still felt a bit

uneasy.

The Locket family was wealthy, and her grandmother was a passionate antique collector who spent a fortune on artifacts every year.

But spending close to 100 million on a single piece? That was unthinkable. If her family found out, they'd probably be shocked senseless.

Not to mention, Trevor had actually instructed her to bid 100 million for it. But she had felt it was too much, so she had lowered it to 85 million.

Thinking about how generous Trevor was with his money, Wynn felt warm inside.

Lottie cursed, "Shit! That's almost 100 million!"

Adding up the two auction items, the total was nearly 100 million.

This time, it wasn't just her teeth aching—her whole body felt sore with envy.

Celeste pursed her lips tightly, her expression dark.

Lottie noticed and asked, "Cel, are you... okay?"

Trevor was treating his mistress so well. And that mistress was none other than the daughter of her father's mistress. How could she not be upset?

But Celeste's bad mood wasn't because of that. "Trevor can spend his money however he wants. It has nothing to do with me, and I don't care.

"What I care about right now is if he and Wynn want the same thing I do, with my financial situation, there's no way I can outbid them."

Lottie suddenly realized, "'That's true. But she's already won two items, right? She probably won't bid again."

Hopefully.

But Celeste knew that with Trevor's wealth, he could easily bid on a few more items tonight and spend another few hundred million without even blinking.

Just as she was thinking this, the embroidered painting she had been eyeing was brought onto the stage.

The starting bid was also five million.

Someone quickly placed the first bid. "Six million."

Celeste raised her paddle. "Seven million."

At first, Wynn hadn't even noticed Celeste. But the moment Celeste spoke, Wynn immediately recognized her voice.

She turned around—and locked eyes with Celeste.

Wynn's face remained expressionless. She quickly turned away again, then raised her paddle. "Ten million."

Celeste's heart instantly sank.

Wynn had recognized her. And Celeste refused to believe that Trevor hadn't recognized her voice too. But he didn't even turn around.

Lottie cursed outright. "Are you fucking kidding me? She's actually raising bids again?"

Jorge joined in. "15 million."

Celeste pressed her lips together and raised her paddle. "18 million."

Wynn didn't even look back. She simply called out, "25 million."

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Wynn just raised the bid by a huge margin again!

Celeste felt her heart sink further. She didn't have much money on hand.

At the start, her budget for this auction had been set at no more than 30 million. After all, the Rodriguez family's business was struggling, and they didn't have much disposable income to splurge.

But now...

Jorge raised the bid. "28 million."

Celeste raised her paddle. "30 million."

She had bid twice in a row after him, her voice soft and clear, carrying a gentle allure.

This made Jorge turn his head to look. When he saw Celeste he paused for a moment, then raised an eyebrow and smiled.

Celeste, noticing his gaze, nodded back politely.

Just then, Wynn raised her paddle again. "40 million."

Celeste no longer paid attention to Jorge. The moment she heard Wynn's bid, her hands clenched into fists.

Jorge raised again. “43 million.”

Celeste immediately followed. “45 million.”

Wynn bidded, “50 million.”

Celeste felt like her mind had exploded. Her initial budget had been 30 million, that was true. But the moment Wynn started bidding, she had mentally adjusted her limit to 50 million.

She could afford to go even higher.

She had considered selling the villa Trevor had given her just a few days ago. That property alone was worth at least a few hundred million. Since that money had practically fallen into her lap, why not spend it?

But deep down, she knew—this embroidery piece wasn’t worth 50 million.

She had the money, but she couldn’t afford to be reckless right now. If she really sold the villa, she could use that money for something far more meaningful.

With that thought, Celeste slowly put her paddle down.

Lottie whispered, “Why don’t you call Trevor?”

Celeste had thought about it too. But would Trevor stop Wynn just for her?

Impossible.

Even though she knew it was pointless, she still pulled out her phone and dialed his number.

At that moment, Trevor felt his phone vibrate in his pocket. He took it out and glanced at the screen.

Wynn happened to look over and saw the screen too

She asked, “A stranger?”

it was just a string of numbers, with no saved contact name.

Trevor chuckled, said nothing, and directly declined the call

Seeing her call get instantly rejected, the last sliver of hope Celeste had vanished completely. Her mind went blank. for a moment.

Lottie fumed, “Are you fucking kidding me? He actually ignored your call?”

Celeste said nothing and silently put her phone back into her bag.

By then, the bid had already reached 95 million.

Jorge rubbed his temples and turned to Trevor. “Mr. Fleming, how about letting me have this one?”

Trevor smiled politely. “Next time, for sure.”

Jorge was speechless. Frustrated, he raised his paddle again “120 million.”

Wynn followed immediately. “150 million.”

Jorge kept quiet.

Lottie gritted her teeth and whispered into Celeste’s ear, “This is the first time I’ve seen Jorge take a loss like this.

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The Robinson family was just as powerful as the Fleming family—both were top-tier aristocrats.

But tonight, with the way Jorge was bidding so conservatively, anyone unaware would think his financial strength was far beneath Trevor’s.

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But that wasn’t the case at all. Jorge was simply being rational and didn’t want to waste money. Meanwhile, Trevor was spending without hesitation, all for the sake of pleasing his woman.

With no one else bidding, the embroidered artwork was once again claimed by Wynn.

Trevor turned to Jorge and said, “Mr. Robinson, thanks for letting us have it.”

Jorge forced a smile. “Mr. Fleming, don’t mention it.”

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Lottie said, “At this point, we can only hope that Wynn doesn’t go after the emerald jewelry set.”

Celeste was thinking the same thing. But was that even possible?

The emerald jewelry set started with a price of ten million.

Someone bid 15 million.

Celeste was the second to bid. “18 million.”

“20 million.”

“25 million.”

Seeing that Wynn hadn’t bid yet, both Celeste and Lottie breathed a sigh of relief.

But just as Celeste was about to raise her paddle again, Wynn lifted hers. “50 million.”

The auction hall erupted in murmurs of astonishment as Wynn calmly lowered her paddle. Celeste clenched her fists, thought for a moment, and bid, “60 million.”

“65 million.”

“70 million.”

Hearing this, Celeste hesitated. Her grandmother’s seventieth birthday was a rare occasion—if she went up to 80 million...

Just as she was considering it, Wynn raised her paddle again. “120 million.”

Celeste felt a tightness in her chest. After taking a slow breath, she silently put down her paddle.

By now, everyone had witnessed Trevor’s insane wealth, No one else dared to bid further.

And just like that, the emerald jewelry **set** went to Wynn.

There was nothing else in the auction that interested Celeste, but since the rules required all guests to stay until the auction ended, she had no choice but to remain seated.

The remaining items were even more expensive, and by the time Trevor had spent a staggering 360 million in a single night, Lottie couldn’t hold back anymore.

“No way he’s still bidding, right? Even if he’s ridiculously rich, this is absurd! He’s really spending without hesitation on that mistress!”

Celeste had no answer for Lottie’s outburst. But soon, the answer revealed itself—Trevor did not bid again. When the auction ended, Celeste and Lottie left the hall. Celeste didn’t

glance in Trevor's direction even once. Lottie, on the other hand, kept an eye on them and saw that Jorge had walked over to greet Trevor and Wynn. Just as Celeste and Lottie stepped outside, a well-dressed older woman whom Lottie knew approached them.

After exchanging pleasantries with Lottie, the woman's gaze landed on Celeste. With a polite smile, she asked, "Lottie, this young lady seems unfamiliar who is she?"

Lottie introduced **Celeste** to **her**.

Upon hearing her background, the woman's smile faded slightly. "Oh, so she's Mr. Rodriguez's niece. She is quite beautiful..."

The woman knew a bit about the Rodriguez family's situation.

It was said that Mr. Rodriguez's sister had suffered depression in her youth, leading to mental instability, and had spent most of her years in a nursing home.

Celeste was indeed stunning, and she appeared well-mannered. If her education was decent, then even with a mother who had mental issues, it wouldn't be a dealbreaker.

However, the Rodriguez family's business had been declining for years.

Despite Ivan's relentless efforts to save the company, the chances of reviving Rodriguez Corporation were slim.

With these two major flaws, no matter how perfect Celeste seemed, she was still unworthy of marrying into their family.

What a pity...

The woman didn't say anything outright, but both Celeste and Lottie picked up on her meaning. The woman continued chatting with Lottie, so they didn't leave immediately.

At that moment, Trevor, Wynn, and Jorge emerged from the auction hall.

Jorge extended a hand toward Trevor and Wynn. "I have something to take care of. Let's talk next time." "Next time."

Jorge nodded and left with his friends.

Soon, more people came to greet Trevor.

As he shifted his stance, he ended up facing Celeste directly. Their eyes met.

Celeste froze for a second—then quickly looked away.

Trevor also withdrew his gaze and resumed chatting with the people greeting him.

Wynn, noticing his indifference toward Celeste, slowly curved her lips into a satisfied smile.

After socializing for over ten minutes, Lottie felt parched. She and Celeste headed to the drink station to grab something to quench their thirst before leaving.

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There weren't many people around. Just as Lottie was about to speak, a conversation suddenly drifted over from the side.

"Jorge, are you interested in Trevor's girlfriend?"

"Interested? Not quite. But she is rather intriguing."

Celeste and Lottie froze. It was Jorge and his friends.

However, they had their backs turned, and a row of drinks blocked most of their view, so they didn't notice Celeste and Lottie standing nearby.

"At the auction, I noticed you were also quite taken with that gentle beauty next to Lottie. She's probably still in the hall—aren't you going to go say hello?"

Celeste hadn't expected the conversation to suddenly shift to her.

Before she could react, Lottie arched an eyebrow, already thinking about dragging Celeste over to play matchmaker.

But before she could act, Jorge shook his head, sounding uninterested. "Nah."

Lottie paused.

"Huh? What's this? Lost interest all of a sudden?"

"Yeah. She's pretty, sure. But she seems so quiet and gentle like she has no personality. That just makes her boring."

“Oh, come on! And you say you’re not into Wynn?”

It was obvious—he had just talked to Wynn and found her even more captivating, making him lose interest in anyone else.

“That’s not it. It’s just—”Jorge hesitated.

His friend laughed. “I get it. Wynn’s your new type now, huh? But that still proves you’re into her, doesn’t it? Hahaha!”

Before Jorge could reply, his friend added, “To be fair, Wynn has that cold, haughty beauty. She’s got that challenge, that edge—she’s way more exciting.”

“Ever since Wynn showed up in our circle, a lot of guys have been into her—some even obsessed. Too bad, though. She belongs to Trevor. Gotta admit, that man’s got an eye **for** women.”

Lottie’s smile stiffened.

Then, her expression darkened. She wanted to march over and teach those two a lesson, but Celeste stopped her. Celeste shook her head and said calmly, “It’s fine.” Maybe she wasn’t special. Maybe she wasn’t exciting.

But she was herself. She knew who she was, and whether strangers liked her or not wasn’t something that mattered to her.

After finishing their drinks, Jorge and his friends left.

Lottie was still fuming. “I used to think Jorge had great taste and a fun personality, but even he’s fallen for Wynn?”

Before Celeste could respond, a sleazy-looking man swaggered over. His puffy, tired eyes roamed over Celeste with an unmistakable leer. “Lottie, is this your friend—”

Before he could finish his sentence, Lottie cut him off coldly. “You? Do you think you have a shot at my friend? What trash. Get lost!”

The man’s expression darkened. “Lottie, you—

Lottie shot him a sharp glare.

The Cruz family wasn’t to be trifled with, and he knew better than to truly provoke her. So, with an ugly expression, he walked away.

Lottie downed a huge gulp of her drink, so angry that her chest ached. “How many disgusting guys have hit on you tonight? And why is it that all the high-quality men only go for Wynn?”

Celeste gently patted her back to help her calm down.

She thought—because Wynn really was outstanding. But before she could say anything, Lottie’s face suddenly turned cold.

Following her gaze, Celeste turned her head and saw Wynn standing not far away. She was holding two cups of

water.

No one knew when she had arrived, but judging by the smirk on her lips, both Celeste and Lottie could tell she had heard Jorge’s conversation.

As they looked at her, Wynn’s smile deepened.

She didn’t say anything. She just shot Celeste a cold, disdainful glance and then turned and walked away with her drinks.

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“What the hell!” Lottie was even more furious, itching to tear Wynn apart on the spot.

“She’s just the daughter of a mistress—and a mistress herself! What the hell is she so smug about? Miss Popular? Pfft! She’s nothing but trash!”

Celeste poured her another glass of water and asked, “Miss Popular?”

“Wynn is just like what that friend of Jorge, Xavier, said earlier—those brainless second-generation rich kids are all bewitched by her for some reason.

“Now, everyone calls her ‘Miss Popular,’ like she’s some kind of goddess that everyone loves!”

Lottie kept grumbling, “Fine, let those idiots fawn over her but even Trevor and Jorge?”

She got a little too heated, then suddenly realized that Celeste might feel hurt hearing that. She immediately shut her mouth. “No, Cel, I didn’t mean-”

Celeste shook her head. “I’m fine.”

Ever since she was a child, Harvey, Lennox, and even her paternal grandmother, Erin, had sided with Wynn. Then, two years ago, Trevor fell for her at first sight, and even Jordyn wanted her as a mother.

She had never spoken to anyone about how she really felt about all of it. She had never even truly cried over it.

If she were going to break down, any one of those things would have been enough to make her cry her eyes out. But after all these years, she had gotten through it just fine.

Compared to those things, what did Jorge and his friends even matter? Listening to their conversation earlier, she didn't feel a thing.

Lottie paused, then said nothing more. Instead, she reached out and hugged her. "Cel..."

Celeste smiled. "It's getting late. Let's go home."

"Okay! And about your grandma's birthday gift—I'll go shopping with you another day. There's no way we won't find something perfect!"

Celeste smiled. "Alright."

She held Lottie's hand, and the two of them left together.

As they walked out of the building and headed to the parking lot, they ran into Trevor and Wynn, who were also leaving

Trevor and Wynn glanced over, but Celeste acted as if she hadn't seen them and got into the car first.

Lottie huffed at them and pulled open the passenger door.

The car quickly drove away.

Wynn looked at Trevor.

Trevor simply said, "Let's go."

Wynn smiled sweetly. "Okay."

As she spoke, she glanced in the direction Celeste had left, and her smile grew even deeper.

After dropping Lottie off at home, Celeste was just about to leave when she received a call from Jordyn.

“Mom, when are you coming back?”

Celeste started the car and replied, “Not tonight. Go to bed early. I’ll visit you when I have time.”

“Oh... Okay.”

Hearing Jordyn’s tone, Celeste could tell she was just bored.

Lately, she had been sticking to Wynn all the time.

But tonight, since Wynn and Trevor were at the auction, she had no one to accompany her. So, now that she was lonely, she suddenly remembered Celeste.

Celeste said, “Goodnight.”

“Mmm, goodnight, Mom.”

For the next two days, Celeste was extremely busy with work. She had planned to go shopping for her grandma’s birthday gift but never found the time.

After working non-stop, on the third day at noon, Matthias treated their team to a big lunch as a reward.

After eating, Celeste went to the restroom. On her way back to the private dining room, she suddenly stopped in her tracks.

Not far away, Wynn and seven to eight others were leaving another private room. They quickly entered an elevator and didn’t notice her.

“Was that...?” Matthias had unknowingly walked up beside her and also spotted Wynn along with Harvey, Lennox, and the others.

Besides them, there was also a beautiful woman and an elderly lady.

The beautiful woman and Harvey were acting close, making it clear that she was Harvey’s current wife.

As for the elderly woman, Wynn was supporting her arm.

Celeste withdrew her gaze and simply said, “The Locket family.”

Matthias understood immediately. He looked at her and hesitated. “That elderly lady... Is she-”

That was Erin.

“She has nothing to do with me anymore.”

Matthías gave her a hug. “Shall we head back?”

“Sure.”

She had changed her last name long ago and cut ties with the Locket family. They really had nothing to do with her anymore. And she didn’t care about them either.

But she did care about something else.

A while back, Wynn’s uncle’s family—the Shaw family—had been buying property na—
planning to settle in Baumond.

She had suspected the Locket family would follow suit. However, she just hadn’t been paying attention to their movements.

But seeing almost all of them in the city, it seemed like they were already making the move.

That afternoon, Celeste finished work early.

She and Lottie grabbed dinner, then went shopping together. But after an hour of browsing, they still found nothing.

While Lottie was trying on clothes, Celeste’s phone rang again.

It was Jordyn. “Mom, when are you coming back?”

Celeste asked flatly, “What’s wrong?”

“Dad’s on a business trip, and I’m so bored!”

Usually, when Trevor was away, it didn’t stop Jordyn from going to Wynn. But tomorrow was the weekend, and instead of going to Wynn, she was calling her.

Most likely, Wynn was too busy to entertain her.

After all, Erin and the others were in town now. With Trevor away, Wynn definitely had no time for Jordyn.

“Play by yourself for now. I’ll come back tomorrow.”

“Okay!” Jordyn perked up immediately. “Promise you’ll be back tomorrow morning, okay?”

“Okay.”

That night, she still hadn’t found a satisfactory gift.

Her grandma’s birthday was approaching fast, and Celeste considered settling for something decent. But in the end, she couldn’t bring herself to compromise.

The next morning, Celeste returned to Trevor’s villa.

While Jordyn was eating, Celeste remembered something she needed to take and went upstairs to the master bedroom.

The moment she walked in, she noticed two exquisitely crafted brocade boxes sitting on her vanity table.

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Just like the previous property deed, since these items were placed on her vanity table, it meant they were meant for her.

Feeling puzzled, Celeste opened one of the round brocade boxes.

The moment she lifted the lid and saw what was inside, she froze for a second. It was the set of emerald jewelry she had wanted to bid on at the auction a few days ago!

The other box was a rectangular one that looked heavy. Could it be...

She put down the round brocade box and opened the rectangular one. Inside, as expected, was a scroll.

She picked up the scroll, placed it on the round table in the room, and slowly unrolled it. A stunningly lifelike embroidered painting, shimmering with brilliance, was revealed before her eyes.

Looking at the two auction pieces she had wanted just days ago, now both in her hands, Celeste remained silent for a long time.

She thought, if she wasn’t mistaken, these two items had been bought by Trevor as birthday gifts for her grandma.

One would be given in Martha’s name. The other would be given in their name as husband and wife.

“Mom, I’m done eating! We can go now!” Just then, Jordyn came running up the stairs, looking for her.

Seeing the two open brocade boxes, she peeked inside and then casually remarked, “Oh, Dad brought these back a few days ago. He said they’re for you.”.

Celeste responded with a soft hum before carefully rolling up the scroll and placing it back into the box.

After putting the brocade boxes away, she and Jordyn headed out.

Jordyn wanted to try shooting, so Celeste took her to a shooting range. Then, she accompanied her on a roller coaster ride. After spending most of the day with Jordyn, the remaining time was for herself.

Jordyn was still having fun and wanted to keep playing.

In the past, Celeste would have never been able to bear dampening her spirits—she would always prioritize her daughter, putting her own matters last.

But now, Celeste calmly said, “I still have other things to do. If you want to keep playing, you can have the bodyguards accompany you.”

Jordyn didn’t want the bodyguards to tag along. She pouted unhappily and clung to Celeste, acting spoiled. “Mom...

#1

This tactic had always worked—Celeste could never resist her sweet pleas.

Jordyn thought her mother would surely give in again. But this time, Celeste gently pushed her away and said, “I really have something important to do. I’ll take you out again next time.”

Seeing Celeste’s firm stance and the slight furrow of her brows, Jordyn assumed her mother’s business must be serious. In the end, she reluctantly agreed, “Alright then...

After instructing the bodyguards to take care of Jordyn, Celeste got into her car, set the navigation, and drove to an antique market a little farther away—one she had never visited before.

She browsed for a long time before finally spotting an exquisite scholar’s writing set—a fountain pen, a bottle of iron gall ink, blotting paper, and fine handmade paper—crafted from the rarest materials with extraordinary

craftsmanship.

At first glance, she was captivated and bought it for over ten million dollars.

Though this scholar's writing set had cost only a little over ten million, a fraction of the price of the embroidery painting and emerald jewelry set she had considered before, she knew her grandmother well.

Compared to the embroidery and jewelry, this set would bring the old lady far greater joy.

Gently running her fingers over the specially textured paper and the fine carvings on the fountain pen, Celeste

could already imagine the delighted expression on her grandma's face when she received it.

Yes, this scholar's writing set was her personal birthday gift for her grandma.

As for the ones Trevor bought...

Just as this thought crossed her mind, Lottie's call came through.

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"Lottie?"

"Sorry, Cel. I have to leave town tomorrow for something, so I won't be able to go with you to pick out a birthday gift for your grandma."

"It's fine. I've already bought something."

She had never been to this antique shop before. And she originally came just to try her luck, thinking that if she didn't find anything suitable, she could continue shopping with Lottie the next day.

She didn't expect to find the perfect gift.

Lottie was pleasantly surprised. "Really? That's great!"

Celeste smiled. "Mm."

Then, Lottie suddenly said, "Oh, right, Cel. A few days ago, you told me you saw the Locket family. I did some digging for you over the past couple of days.

"It turns out they really are planning to settle in Baumond. Apparently, they've been house-hunting these past few days."

Hearing the mention of the Locket family, Celeste's smile faded slightly. "Alright, I got it."

“As for Wynn’s mother’s side of the family, I heard they’ve already picked out a house. They’ll be moving in soon. Supposedly, they’ve even started sending out invitations for a housewarming banquet.”

“Alright, I got it.”

After hanging up, Celeste drove back to the city.

Next week was her grandma’s birthday. On Sunday, Celeste took Jordyn back to the Rodriguez residence to discuss the banquet preparations with Ivan and his wife.

Trevor didn’t return that Sunday, so Celeste stayed at the villa.

He only came back on Tuesday.

Since she wouldn’t be coming back to this villa in the next few days, she took the two brocade boxes with her before leaving.

She had initially thought the gifts left on her vanity table were for her.

But after seeing what was inside, she realized that Trevor wanted her to hand them over to her grandma on her birthday.

After dropping Jordyn off at school, Celeste headed to the office.

YodaVision was launching three to four new projects at once, making the new week even busier for both Celeste and Matthias.

Trevor had likely returned on schedule since Jordyn hadn’t called her in the past two to three days.

On Wednesday night, Celeste and Matthias were having dinner with a client.

Just as they were about to enter the private dining room, she saw Trevor with Wynn, Harvey, Erin, and the others. This **time**

, both Erin and Wynn’s mother, Lilian, had **come** to Bautnond. Naturally, as their soon-to-be grandson-

in-law and son-in-law, Trevor had to show some courtesy

Look at that he had just returned from a business trip yesterday, and today, he had already made time to have dinner with them.

He was so attentive when it came to Wynn.

Last time, Erin and the others didn't notice her. But this time, all of them saw her.

They hesitated as if they wanted to say something, but perhaps because Trevor was there, they ultimately remained silent.

As for Wynn and Trevor, due to the way they were standing, they didn't see her.

Without any expression, Celeste withdrew her gaze and walked away.

Erin and the others saw her leave but didn't follow.

Over an hour later, after finishing dinner, Celeste and Matthias were leaving the restaurant when they ran into Wynn and her group again.

They were also in the parking lot, seemingly about to leave

However, Trevor was no longer with them—he had likely already left.

Before Celeste and Matthias could react, their client, Oscar Fletcher, spotted Wynn and her family and enthusiastically walked over.

“Ms. Locket, Mr. Locket!”

The Breaking Point of Love

“Oh, it's Mr. Fletcher.”

Seeing Oscar approach, Harvey and Wynn politely shook hands with him and exchanged pleasantries. “Mr. Fletcher, are you here discussing business with Mr. Yoder?”

“Yes, Mr. Yoder's company has a few projects I'm quite interested in, so I came over to talk to him about them.”

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Harvey paused when he noticed that Matthias and Celeste remained standing in place without coming over, but he didn't think much of it.

Oscar, unaware of the underlying tensions, found Matthias reaction a bit odd. After all, as a businessman, even if Matthias didn't know the Locket family personally, it wouldn't hurt to go over and greet them, maybe even make a new connection.

While Wynn and Harvey chatted with Oscar, Erin greeted him briefly before walking toward Celeste and Matthias, accompanied by Lilian.

Matthias glanced at Celeste.

However, Celeste watched them approach but didn't move

Erin spoke kindly, "Cel, it's been a long time."

Celeste said nothing.

Seeing her stubborn expression, Erin sighed. "Cel, you-

Before she could finish, Lilian interrupted her coldly. "Cel, no matter how many misunderstandings or grievances you have against me, that's just between me, you, and your mother.

"It has nothing to do with Harvey or your grandma. I hope you won't push away those who truly care about you."

Lilian Shaw.

Celeste remembered how, before divorcing her mother, Harvey had once spoken of Lilian with deep affection. He had said that Lilian was just like her name—pristine and serene, proud yet elegant.

She was his unattainable dream; his forever crush.

He had said that only after meeting Lilian did he understand what love truly was. That their feelings for each other were mutual,

He had told her that although Lilian seemed indifferent, she was actually a wonderful person. He had urged her not to cause trouble like her mother and to acknowledge Lilian's excellence.

Unlike most mistresses, Lilian had always treated her well. But her demeanor had always been cold and distant, as if she were far superior to her.

Years had passed, but Lilian was still as stunning and aloof as she had been in her memory.

So, when she spoke these words—not in the gentle, conciliatory tone of a stepmother trying to win favor, but in her usual detached manner—it almost sounded sincere. It made her words seem even more persuasive. After all, a woman as proud and distant as her wouldn't stoop to making things difficult for a stepdaughter.

If there were conflicts, surely it was the stepdaughter who was being unreasonable.

Lilian claimed that the past issues between herself, her mother, and her father shouldn't affect the love Harvey

and Erin had for her.

However, Celeste craved her father's love and family affection. And that desire only grew stronger after her parents' divorce.

Back then, Celeste had been just around nine years old. She had loved both of her parents and couldn't bear to choose between them.

But deep down, she had sided with her mother. She felt sorry for her.

So, when her parents fought for custody, even though her mother had already suffered a mental breakdown, Celeste still refused to stay with Harvey and Erin. She had insisted on following her mother.

Even after choosing her mother, she had still held onto feelings for Harvey and Erin. But to avoid making her mother sad, she had hidden those feelings.

A year after the divorce, Erin had come to Baumond for some business and secretly had someone contact her, saying she wanted to see her.

It had been over a year since she last saw her grandmother. She had missed her, so she had snuck out to meet her, hiding it from Ivan and the others.

But what she didn't know was that Erin had also brought Wynn along.

Erin had told her that she and Wynn were sisters and should get along well.

She didn't want to.

But when she saw the disapproving look in Erin's eyes and heard her say that she was still too much like her mother, too stubborn, too unforgiving—she felt upset and started to doubt herself.

Was she really just an ungracious child?

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Chapter 120

More than ten years had passed, yet Celeste still remembered everything clearly.

She recalled that day—how she had gone to the restroom, heartbroken, and when she returned, she saw Erin holding two ice creams, one for her and one for Wynn.

One of them had been slightly scraped when a waiter carrying a dirty tray accidentally brushed against it, leaving a bit of grease on it.

Wynn immediately picked the untouched one.

Erin had merely ruffled her hair with a smile. She didn't bother to replace the dirty one with a new one.

When she returned, Erin handed her the damaged ice cream without saying a word about why a chunk was missing.

At that time, given the Locket family's financial status, buying not just one but a thousand, even ten thousand ice creams, would have been no issue at all.

Yet, she simply didn't replace it.

It was at that moment that she became acutely aware—Erin's feelings for her had long since changed.

She would also never forget the look on young Wynn's face as she watched her hold that tainted ice cream—so full of malice.

As for Harvey, there were even more incidents like this.

Thinking about it now, she no longer cared about Trevor.

Looking at the ever-kindly Erin and the self-righteous Lilian, who spoke as if they truly had her best interests at heart, she chuckled and responded to them through the matter of Trevor and Wynn.

"You both claim you genuinely care about me. I really want to believe that. But if your idea of caring is helping Wynn interfere in my marriage, then what does that say?"

Upon hearing this, neither Erin nor Lilian showed the slightest hint of embarrassment. They must have expected her to say this.

Erin sighed, "Cel, you know the situation between you and Trevor. Why force someone who doesn't love you to stay by your side? Getting a divorce allows you to start over. Grandma is—"

"You want to say you're doing this for my own good, don't you?" Celeste cut her off.

She looked at them both and said, “You’ve repeated this so many times—don’t you ever get tired of it? Even when you’re trying to brush me off, couldn’t you at least come up with something new?”

“How do you expect me to believe you if you don’t even put in that much effort? Maybe next time, try coming up with something new?”

Before they could respond, Celeste continued, “Not that it would make a difference. After all, words are empty. What really matters is what you’ve actually done, right?”

Her retort left Erin and Lilian momentarily speechless.

But Erin remained unfazed. Just as she was about to speak again, Celeste turned to Oscar, who had returned, and said, “Mr. Fletcher, are you done? Shall we leave now?”

Oscar had already sensed that the atmosphere here was off e let out an awkward chuckle, nodding. “Sure.”

Then he turned to Erin and Lilian. “Madam Locket, Mrs. Locket, we’ll be taking our leave now.”

Erin smiled and nodded, but when she looked at Celeste, she let out another sigh.

Ever since Harvey had decided to divorce her mother, every time she didn’t do as they wanted, he and Erin would sigh when speaking to her.

It was as if she was disobedient and troublesome, and as if all the problems were her fault.

It was so much so that after her parents divorced and she moved back to the Rodriguez family with her mother, Celeste developed a conditioned fear of people sighing at her.

For years, up until she was around 12 or 13, even though everyone in the Rodriguez family treated her well, she had been excessively well-behaved—too afraid to make mistakes, too afraid to be herself.