

# The Breaking Point of Love

## Chapter 131

Neither Celeste nor Trevor spoke again.

Celeste's younger cousins had rarely seen Trevor before. Now that they were seeing him in person, they couldn't help but look at him with curiosity.

As someone who had held a position of power for years, Trevor exuded authority effortlessly, even without trying. When he noticed their gazes, he glanced at them briefly.

Unable to meet his eyes, they instinctively looked away, not daring to stare any longer.

Trevor showed no reaction to this, nor did he make any effort to exchange pleasantries. He simply shifted his gaze away, calm and indifferent.

Trevor was the man Celeste loved. She had thrown herself into this love headfirst, and after all these years, she still couldn't escape.

Given the way Trevor had treated his own niece for so long, it was impossible for Ivan not to harbor resentment toward him.

However, what could he do?

The Rodriguez family was powerless against Trevor.

Now that Trevor was here, as the host, Ivan had no choice but to extend the standard courtesies given to any guest.

He stood up, raised his glass, and said, "I wasn't expecting Mr. Fleming to come. If there's anything lacking in our hospitality, please forgive us."

Hearing this, Trevor also picked up his glass and stood up. He clinked glasses with Ivan and replied, "Mr. Rodriguez, you're too polite."

He addressed him as "Mr. Rodriguez" not "Uncle Ivan".

As soon as the words left his mouth, everyone noticed the deliberate choice. He had no intention of acknowledging the Rodriguez family as his own.

Celeste had known this for a long time. And now, she neither wanted nor needed him to accept her family.

She knew he had only come because of Martha.

With a cold tone, she said, “We appreciate Grandma’s kindness. If you have other matters to attend to, you may leave.”

If he stayed, he would only make the atmosphere more uncomfortable.

Trevor responded flatly, “I’m not in a rush.”

Celeste frowned, unsure of what he meant.

But Trevor didn’t continue speaking to her. Instead, he turned to Zachary and said, “Recently, our company has been developing a new feature that enables products to achieve complete invisibility, evading all radar detection. Mr. Newman, would you be interested in learning more?”

“All radar?” Zachary paused, his expression turning serious

Then, he looked over and said, “Go on.”

Trevor didn’t seem worried about revealing sensitive information and began discussing the details with Zachary.

Celeste hadn’t expected Trevor to start talking to her mentor about such things. But just by listening to their conversation, she could tell that Trevor had an exceptional understanding of AI technology.

If it was something that even Zachary found intriguing, how could Celeste and Matthias not be interested?

At first, they had only been half-listening. But before they knew it, they had become so engrossed that they even forgot to eat.

Initially, Ivan wanted to remind them to eat while listening but seeing how focused they were—afraid of missing even a single detail—he decided not to interrupt them.

Before this, aside from Celeste, no one here had been particularly familiar with Trevor. Moreover, his presence wasn’t exactly welcomed.

Under such circumstances, one would expect him to feel awkward. Yet somehow, he had managed to turn the conversation into his domain.

Of course, tonight’s main focus was Betty.

Trevor knew better than to steal the spotlight.

After a few minutes of discussion, he said, “If Mr. Newman is interested in learning more, perhaps we can schedule a time to continue this conversation in detail?”

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Zachary said, "Sure."

Trevor nodded and turned to Celeste. "Are you going home tonight?"

Celeste had still been going over the conversation between Trevor and Zachary in her head. When he suddenly spoke to her, she paused for a moment before responding, "No."

Trevor nodded again. "Got it." Then he stood up and said, "I'll come by later to pick Jo up."

That meant he was leaving.

Celeste replied coldly, "Got it."

Trevor didn't say anything else to her. Instead, he walked over to Betty and said, "Madam Klein, I have things to attend to, so I'll be leaving now."

Betty didn't stand up, and her tone was equally cold, "Sure I won't

see you off "

Trevor didn't seem bothered *by*

her indifference. He turned to Ivan, gave him a slight nod as a form of greeting, and then left the banquet hall.

Outside the hotel, Beck had just stepped out of his car when he saw Trevor walking out. His movements stalled for a brief moment.

Trevor quickly got into his car and drove off.

Beck watched but remained seated in his car, not making a move.

It wasn't until after the banquet ended that Zachary and Matthias left together.

Meanwhile, Jordyn had eaten too many snacks earlier in the day. By the time the banquet started, she had only picked at a few bites of food before heading upstairs to play video games.

Once most of the guests had left, Celeste finally went upstairs to look for her.

When Jordyn saw her come in, she took off her headphones. “Mom, are you done?”

“Yes.” Remembering what Trevor had said before leaving, Celeste added, “Your dad said he’s picking you up tonight. Call him and ask when he’ll be here.”

Thinking about how she’d get to play with Wynn tomorrow once she got back, Jordyn happily agreed. “Okay!”

She dialed the number, and the call was answered almost immediately. A moment later, she put down the phone and told Celeste, “Dad said he’ll be here in fifteen minutes.

“Alright, I got it.” Celeste then said, “Pack up your things. I’ll take you downstairs to wait for him.”

Jordyn wanted to act spoiled and have her mom help her pack. After all, most of the time, Celeste was the one who helped her with her things.

But seeing that her mom didn’t seem to be in a good mood, she swallowed back her words.

When it was almost time, Celeste took Jordyn downstairs.

In the elevator, Jordyn held onto Celeste’s hand and swung it lightly. “Mom.”

Celeste looked down. “Hmm?”

“Mom, you don’t talk as much lately.” She had already noticed that her mom no longer called her every day like she used to, nor did she constantly ask about her whereabouts.

She actually liked this change in her mom. But recently, she realized that beyond those things, her mom didn’t even talk to her as much when they were together.

It was like... her mom had become quieter.

Celeste had raised Jordyn herself and knew that she wasn’t an oblivious child. The fact that it took her this long to notice her change in demeanor only meant one thing—she had grown used to ignoring her.

Celeste looked away and simply said, “I’m tired.”

“Oh...” Seeing how exhausted her mom looked, Jordyn didn’t ask any more questions.

The night wind was particularly cold.

As they stepped out of the hotel lobby, the icy gusts stung their faces.

-Jordyn shivered from the chill, refusing to move any further. She clutched Celeste's hand and turned around,

burying her small face against her mother's stomach. "It's so cold, Mom. Carry me."

Jordyn was almost six years old and already quite heavy.

It was difficult for Celeste to carry her, but she still bent down and picked her up.

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Jordyn wrapped her arms around Celeste's neck, burying her small face against it to shield herself from the cold wind.

Celeste's clothes were soft and warm, and Jordyn snuggled into her embrace, rubbing her face against her neck with enjoyment.

Trevor was always punctual. By the time Celeste carried Jordyn to the parking lot, his car had pulled in.

Seeing them, the car stopped right beside Celeste.

Even though her dad had arrived, Jordyn didn't get down from Celeste's arms. Instead, she playfully said to Trevor, who had lowered the car window, "Dad, carry me inside."

Trevor didn't say anything. He simply got out of the car and took Jordyn from Celeste's arms.

Happily, Jordyn swung her legs in the air while nestled in his hold.

-As Trevor leaned in to take her, Celeste caught a familiar scent-Wynn's perfume.

When he had been sitting beside her earlier, he hadn't smelled like this.

This meant that after leaving them, he had gone to the Shaw family.

Trevor looked at her and said, "The night wind is cold. Go home."

Celeste took a step back. "I will."

Jordyn cheerfully waved. "Bye, Mom!"

Celeste nodded and hummed a response.

After Trevor had carried Jordyn into the car, Celeste didn't wait for them to drive off. She simply turned and walked toward her own car.

Watching her retreating figure, Trevor stared for a moment before finally looking away and instructing the driver, "Drive."

With that, his car quickly merged into the traffic.

Just as Celeste was about to reach her car, Beck stepped out of his own vehicle. "Celeste."

She hadn't been paying attention, assuming it was a stranger. But upon hearing her name, she turned and saw that it was Beck.

She thought it was just a coincidence. After all, they hadn't booked the entire hotel, so it wasn't impossible for Beck to be here for his own reasons.

Giving him a slight nod as a greeting, she unlocked her car and prepared to leave.

Seeing how she still treated him like a stranger, Beck remained where he was.

Celeste had just opened her **car** door when she noticed he was still standing there, looking at her. He seemed like he had something to say.

Her expression turned colder and more distant. "Do you need something?"

Beck hesitated for a moment.

In the end, he didn't bring up tonight's events. Instead, he said, "Shanice has a gift for you. Can we find time in the next couple of days to have a meal together?"

Shanice seemed to have been through some major trauma, both physically and emotionally. She had once mentioned to Celeste that she resembled her mother a little

But her mother had already passed away.

So, Celeste understood that Shanice had some attachment to her. To be honest, she liked Shanice too.

If they ran into each other on ordinary occasions, she would put aside her personal grievances with Beck and spend more time with her.

But to meet up just for Shanice...

Just then, Beck suddenly said, "There's a project your uncle is working on. I can help."

Celeste froze for a moment.

. He didn't elaborate. Instead, he simply said, "Think about it. Once you've decided, feel free to call me anytime."

Celeste didn't respond. To be honest, she didn't trust him. He was close to both Wynn and Trevor.

Even if Beck was genuinely offering help now and the project ended up being successful, if she ever had a conflict with Wynn in the future, who was to say he wouldn't turn around and use this project against her, just like Trevor did?

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Perhaps guessing the reason for Celeste's hesitation, Beck said, "I can guarantee you that personal matters will never interfere with business between me and your uncle."

Hearing this, Celeste asked, "Are you sure?"

"I'm sure."

Celeste knew Ivan's company was in a difficult situation. So, after a moment of hesitation, she said, "Alright."

"Let me know when you're free, and I'll arrange a time to meet."

"Alright," Celeste replied.

At that moment, Beck looked at her dark hair, slightly tousled by the cold wind, and said, "The night wind is chilly. You should head inside."

Celeste paused. Those were the exact same words Trevor had said to her just moments ago.

She nodded without saying anything else and got into her car.

Beck remained where he was.

As her car passed him, Celeste rolled down the window, nodded to him as a farewell, then stepped on the gas and drove away.

Only after watching her car disappear into the distance did Beck get into his own car and leave.

Betty, Ivan, and Adeline were still awake, though Jamie and Hector had already gone upstairs to rest.

When they saw her return, they all looked over at her in unison. It was obvious they had been waiting for her. Betty said, "You're back?"

"Mm." Seeing her grandma extend her hand, Celeste set down her bag and walked over to sit beside her. Holding her hand, Betty asked, "Cel, have you decided to let go of Trevor?"

Her attitude toward him today was drastically different from before. It was impossible not to notice. "Yes," Celeste replied. "We're planning to get a divorce."

Hearing this, Betty smiled. "Good, good. Divorce is a good thing."

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But then she frowned and said, "**Jo** is very attached to him, and to be fair, he has treated her quite well these past two years. He probably won't give you custody that easily. This..."

Celeste didn't want custody of Jordyn. But she didn't say it outright.

Celeste simply responded, "I know. I'll talk to him properly about that. It's getting late—everyone should rest."

The others went to bed, but Celeste couldn't rest yet.

Zachary and Matthías had been discussing various topics on **their** way home, and by the time she got back to her **room**, she had already received a task list from Matthias.

He had even noted, "This is for the professor. It needs to be completed by six tomorrow morning."

Celeste **set down** her **bag**

, took a sip of water, and replied, "Got it."

Without removing her makeup or taking a shower, she immediately turned on her laptop and got to work.

Finally, at around 4:00 am, she finished the tasks and sent the completed files over.

Matthias was also swamped with work, but he was nearly done as well. He then sent her a message: "The professor wants us at his place before nine."

Celeste replied, "Alright."



They didn't chat any further.

After shutting down her computer, Celeste went to the bathroom to remove her makeup and shower.

By the time she finished everything, it was already past 5:00 am.

She set an alarm for three hours later before finally turning off the lights and going to bed.

Later, she was jolted awake by the alarm. Her body felt weak and exhausted, but she forced herself up immediately and went to freshen up.

When she came downstairs, her fatigue was evident.

Betty looked at her with concern. "Why don't you sleep in?"

I have to go see my professor."

Betty knew that Zachary was strict with students. So, she simply said, "I'm worried about you driving in this state. Let the driver take you."

"Alright," Celeste agreed.

When she arrived at Zachary's villa, the three of them went straight into the study and got to work.

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It wasn't until noon, when it was time for lunch, that Matthias and Celeste finally got a chance to take a breather..

At that moment, Celeste's phone suddenly rang. It was a message from Lottie, asking if she wanted to go skiing with her in the afternoon.

Celeste replied via voice message, "I have things to do today, so I won't be going. You go ahead and have fun."

"Alright then."

In the evening, while Celeste stepped out of Zachary's study to get some water, Lottie sent her another message.

This time, it was a few photos. And the people in the photos were none other than Trevor, Wynn, Jordyn, Beck, and Shanice.

Then, Lottie sent another message: “My friends and I were having such a great time skiing, but then we ran into them. Totally ruined the mood!”

Celeste only clicked on one photo. Once she confirmed who was in them, she didn’t bother looking at the rest.

Seeing Lottie’s complaint, she calmly replied with a voice message, “Just enjoy yourselves and ignore them.”

Lottie quickly sent another voice message: “We might stay until the late evening. Do you want to come?”

“No, I’m busy.”

“Alright then.”

Celeste put her phone away, picked up her glass of water, and returned to the study. They remained busy for the rest of the day.

By night time, Matthias stretched and suggested, “Mr. Newman, let’s go out for dinner! We’ll treat you.”

Zachary didn’t even look at him before saying, “I have plans.”

Both Celeste and Matthias were surprised.

“I’m having dinner with Trevor tonight.”

Matthias glanced at Celeste, who simply took a sip of her water without any reaction.

Zachary grabbed his car keys and left, reminding them, “Make sure to lock up when you leave.” Then, as if remembering something, he added, “But I won’t be gone for long.”

“Got it, professor.”

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Meanwhile, on the other side, Jordyn, Trevor, Wynn, and the others had been skiing for most of the day and were in high spirits.

As they left the ski resort, Jordyn happily said to Trevor, “Dad, I want seafood for dinner.”

Trever replied, “Wynn and I have something important to do later, so we can’t have dinner with you. The driver is already waiting in the parking lot. When you get home, just tell the chef what you want.”

Hearing this, the smile on Jordyn’s face instantly disappeared. “What is it? Why can’t I go too?”

**Trevor** gently pinched her cheek and smiled. “It’s something very important.”

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After watching Jordyn and Beck leave, Trevor and Wynn also got into their car and headed to the restaurant.

A few minutes after they arrived in their private dining room, Zachary also arrived.

“Mr. Newman.” Seeing Zachary push the door open, Trevor and Wynn both stood up to greet him.

Zachary showed no surprise upon seeing Wynn.

Wynn politely reintroduced herself, “Hello, Mr. Newman. My name is Wynn Locket. We met before at the technology exhibition-”

“I know.” Zachary’s expression remained neutral as he briefly shook her hand.

After he had sat down, Wynn took the seat beside him and said, “I greatly admire you. I’ve always hoped for the opportunity to meet you in person and discuss the AI industry face-to-face.”

“Mm.”

At that moment, Trevor’s phone buzzed. He stood up and said to them, “I need to take a call. You two go ahead and talk.”

Wynn nodded.

After Trevor had stepped out, Wynn picked up the menu and handed it to Zachary. “Mr. Newman, shall we order first and discuss things over dinner?”

Zachary pushed the menu aside and said, “No need for now.”“

Wynn paused, slightly caught off guard.

Before she could react, Zachary asked bluntly, “You want to be my student?”

Wynn didn’t expect him to be so direct. But she wasn’t intimidated by the fact that he was one of the top figures in the AI field.

With confidence and composure, she admitted, “Yes. I have a strong interest in AI and hope to study under you to further improve myself.”

Since she had come to meet Zachary, she had naturally prepared in advance.

After speaking, she took out her laptop and said, “May I show you the project I developed for my PhD?”

Zachary scrolled through her work, reviewing the data. After examining a few sets of figures, he commented in an indifferent tone, “For a PhD dissertation, it’s certainly above average.”

Hearing this, Wynn’s smile deepened, and she felt even more confident.

Just as she was about to speak, Zachary let go of the mouse, shifted his gaze away from the screen, and asked, “Did you complete this project this year?”

“Yes.”

“That’s all?”

Wynn hesitated for a moment, unsure if he was satisfied and expecting more impressive work from her, or if he was unimpressed but willing to give her another chance.

However, she had always been a top student at her university, had won numerous awards, and her PhD advisor

had spoken highly of her.

It was worth noting that her advisor was a highly influential figure in Andostan’s AI research community and had even participated in several of the nation’s aerospace projects.

His praise carried significant weight.

Thinking of this, Wynn regained her composure and said, “I conducted a technical analysis of the AI products showcased at the last technology exhibition. Would you like to hear about it?”

“Go ahead.”

Wynn then began an in-depth technical discussion on an autonomous vehicle exhibited at the event, focusing on its three core aspects of perception, planning, and control.

She spoke for over ten minutes.

During this time, Trevor briefly returned, only to say that he had another important call to take.

A while later, just as Wynn was about to continue speaking, Zachary suddenly looked up and said, “That’s enough.

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Wynn immediately stopped.

Zachary stood up and gave his final assessment.

level for me to take you on as a student.”

foundational knowledge is decent, but you’re not at the

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Wynn was momentarily stunned before she pressed her lips together.

This wasn’t the answer she’d wanted.

Zachary was about to push the door open and leave when Wynn quickly stepped forward and asked, “Mr. Newman, how do you think I should improve?”

Zachary paused for a brief moment and replied indifferently, “Do more research. Keep up with the latest developments in the industry.”

Just as he finished speaking, Trevor returned.

Before he could say anything, Zachary stated, “I’ve done what I needed to do. I’ll contact you in a few days.”

“Alright.”

With that, Zachary left.

Trevor looked at Wynn and noticed her expression wasn’t great. “Didn’t go well?”

Wynn nodded frankly. “He didn’t accept me.”

“What did Mr. Newman say? Tell me about it.”

Wynn recounted the entire conversation, including Zachary’s evaluation and advice.

“You’re definitely capable,” Trevor said. “And I think his advice is quite fair.”

Wynn paused. Lately, she had indeed spent less time diving into professional research and rarely followed the latest developments in the industry.

Did Zachary see that she wasn’t putting in enough effort and focus? Did he think her attitude toward her profession was lacking and that she wasn’t worth mentoring, so he rejected her?

Realizing that it was her professional attitude rather than her ability that had led to his decision, Wynn felt significantly better. (1

Trevor said, “You can always try again.”

“I will.” Wynn believed that once she corrected her attitude, her professional abilities would be enough to meet Zachary’s standards.

Thinking about it, she regretted spending so much time on racing in recent months. Otherwise, she might already be Zachary’s student by now.

Zachary soon returned to the villa.

Inside, Celeste and Matthias had just finished buying and washing ingredients, preparing to make stew.

Seeing him return, Matthias said, “Back so soon?”

Zachary took off his coat, his tone as cold as ever. “Mm.“.

Matthias glanced at Celeste, who was coming out of the kitchen with bowls and utensils, then asked gossipily, “So, I guess we don’t have a new junior, huh?”

Zachary ignored him, took the bowl Celeste handed him, and sat down.

Silence meant no.

Matthias chuckled, raised an eyebrow at Celeste, and said, “See? I figured her out the first time I met her.”

Celeste smiled and sent him back to the kitchen to bring out the rest of the meat. “Yep, you’re the smartest.” Matthias brought the meat over and curiously asked, “Mr. Newman, what level do you think she’s at in the field?”

“Above the average PhD graduate by a small margin.”

“Great minds think alike.”

Over the past decade, the country’s AI field had advanced rapidly, likely surpassing the world’s top standards for some time now.

As one of the most pivotal figures in this industry, Zachary was constantly exposed to the most cutting-edge products, technology, and talent.

Wynn’s level was undoubtedly impressive among ordinary people. But among top-tier students, she was merely above average.

Compared to the people around Zachary, she was still far behind.

As for Matthias and Celeste? That was another level entirely.

After all, Wynn was already 25, yet she still couldn’t even come close to what Celeste had achieved years ago with

CUAP.

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Maybe because he saw how exhausted they were, Zachary let Matthias and Celeste go home early that night.

After a long day, Celeste took a shower as soon as she got home and went to bed early.

There was something that needed their attention at InnovaTech the next day.

In the afternoon, Celeste and Matthias found time to make a trip there. As soon as they arrived, they started discussing technical issues.

Not long after, Jorge and Xavier walked in, led by InnovaTech staff. Both of them looked surprised to see Celeste.

Xavier raised an eyebrow. “She‘

actually an employee at InnovaTech? What a coincidence.”

Jorge shrugged. He didn't even really know her, so how would he know if she worked at InnovaTech?

Hearing their conversation, one of the InnovaTech staff members said, "Are you talking about Ms. Rodriguez? She's not an employee here. She's a tech specialist from YodaVision, and she's here today to help with some technical issues."

Sensing that someone was looking at her, Celeste turned her head.

When she saw Jorge and Xavier, she immediately recognized them as the ones who had commented on her at the auction that day.

She only glanced at them before looking away, her expression completely neutral.

Xavier chuckled. "Whoa, she's ignoring us.

Jorge, however, wasn't interested in talking about Celeste any further.

Just as he was about to speak, Wynn walked in from outside

Seeing them, Wynn was also a little surprised and stopped in her tracks.

"Ms. Locket." The moment he saw Wynn, Jorge's demeanor changed. He was no longer as indifferent as when Xavier had mentioned Celeste.

Wynn gave a slight nod, her expression calm. "Mr. Robinson, Mr. York."

Jorge took the initiative to walk over. "Ms. Locket, do you work at InnovaTech?"

"No," Wynn replied. "I specialize in algorithms, and I came here recently to improve myself and learn a few things from everyone."

Although Jorge was a native of the capital, he rarely stayed in the city. He had only returned recently.

After getting to know Wynn, he realized that she was frequently talked about in their circles.

She was rumored to be highly intelligent—graduating from university at 18 was already impressive, but she was also a PhD student at a top-tier global university.

That kind of resume made him feel inferior.

On top of that, she was supposedly skilled in both racing and esports—at a level where she could win competitions. And besides that, she enjoyed rock climbing, skydiving, and other extreme sports.



The more he learned about Wynn, the more he realized she was even cooler and more attractive than he had initially thought. His interest in her only grew.

Unfortunately, she was Trevor's woman.

At that thought, he kept a respectable distance and said, "Ms. Locket, you're really ambitious and eager to improve."

Wynn responded, "You flatter me, Mr. Robinson. It's precisely because I've recognized my shortcomings that I need to work harder, don't you think?"

Even though Wynn was already outstanding, she remained humble. Jorge couldn't help but admire her even more.

Jorge and Xavier were also at InnovaTech for business.

Their company, CodeFlux Inc., was collaborating with InnovaTech as well.

In fact, YodaVision, InnovaTech, and CodeFlux were all working on the same project—except YodaVision was responsible for the system technology while CodeFlux focused on materials.

Seeing that Jorge and Xavier had arrived, another project leader at InnovaTech, Albert Stafford, came over to greet them.

Their group walked over to where Celeste and Matthias were.

Albert smiled. "Mr. Yoder, these two gentlemen are..."

Matthias looked up, raised an eyebrow upon seeing them, and said, "So, it's Mr. Robinson, Mr. York... and Ms. Locket."

Celeste had glanced at Jorge earlier but didn't look toward the door again, so she didn't notice Wynn was there. But the moment she heard Matthias mention "Ms. Locket", she immediately knew

*it*

s Wynn.

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However, Celeste didn't look up and continued discussing technical matters with the InnovaTech staff.

Albert smiled. “Mr. Yoder, do you know Mr. Robinson and Mr. York?”

Matthias replied, “Yeah.”

After all, they were all second- or third-generation elites in Baumond’s upper circles, so naturally, they knew each other.

It was just that he had taken a different path from them, so they weren’t particularly close.

After exchanging brief greetings with Matthias, Jorge and Xavier followed Albert to another area to discuss their business.

Wynn, however, stayed with Matthias.

She had also noticed Celeste, but after just one glance, she quickly withdrew her gaze, uninterested, and refocused – on Matthias.

“Mr. Yoder, did you just arrive?” she asked.

Matthias was highly capable in his own right, and on top of that, he was Zachary’s student.

Even though she could tell that he held some bias against her because of Celeste and had always been somewhat cold toward her, she still wanted to maintain a good relationship with him.

After all, once she became Zachary’s student as well, they would be spending more time together..

“I’ve been here for about half an hour,” Matthias replied absentmindedly while jotting down notes. “Ms. Locket, you look like you’ve been here for a while.”

Wynn said, “I arrived at InnovaTech this morning, but I was busy for most of the day. I got a little tired, so I went upstairs for a glass of water and a short break.”

That “going upstairs for a break” obviously meant going to Trevor’s office.

Hearing this, Matthias paused, and his tone grew even more indifferent. “Oh? So, Mr. Fleming is at InnovaTech too?”

“No, he’s at Fleming Group.”

In other words, even if Trevor wasn’t around, she could still come and go from his office freely? Did Trevor have no secrets from her at all?

Matthias gave a noncommittal “oh” and said nothing more. Instead, he stepped forward, notebook in hand, and approached Celeste, pointing at something in his notes.

Celeste glanced at it, nodded to indicate she understood, then turned back to her work.

Seeing this, Wynn asked, “Which part of the content has issues? Would you mind discussing it with me?”

Matthias replied coolly, “Ms. Locket, I’m working. It’s not very convenient.”

Wynn was about to speak when Celeste walked over and reported a set of data to Matthias.

The moment Wynn saw Celeste approach, her expression turned cold.

Celeste didn’t plan on looking at her, but when she noticed Wynn staring icily at her, she gave her a similarly cold

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Jorge asked, “Are you familiar with that woman?”

Hearing him mention Celeste, Wynn’s fingers briefly tightened on the keyboard. She instinctively thought he might be interested in her.

Celeste was indeed beautiful. But recalling what she had overheard at the auction that day, along with Jorge’s current attitude, she quickly realized she had been mistaken.

Expressionless, she replied, “Not really. Why?”

Jorge glanced in Celeste and Matthias’s direction and said, “Judging by how she talks with Matthias, she seems quite capable.”

Wynn said indifferently, “I’m not sure, but I heard she only has a bachelor’s degree.”

“Only a bachelor’s degree?”

“Mm.”

That explained a lot. With a lower academic background than Wynn and lacking the same striking charm, it was understandable that she would feel insecure about Matthias being taken away.

Jorge could understand Celeste's nervousness about losing Matthias.

But seeing someone better than herself and instantly treating them as an enemy, always assuming other women were trying to seduce her boyfriend? That was a real turn-off.

With that thought, Jorge's neutral attitude toward Celeste shifted into mild dislike.

Meanwhile, Matthias, now free for a moment, glanced through the glass window at Jorge and Wynn inside the conference room.

After watching for a few seconds, he leaned in close to Celeste and murmured, "Jorge likes Wynn?"

Celeste was focused on processing data, and it took her a second to register who he was referring to. Then she replied in a flat tone, "Probably."

She genuinely didn't care about the matter. After answering, she simply pulled Matthias back to work, reminding him to quit gossiping.

The sooner they finished, the sooner they could leave.

Matthias smirked. "What a poor choice." That was the end of his gossiping.

Jorge, noticing Matthias glancing their way, assumed he was looking at Wynn. And when he saw Celeste frown and pull Matthias away, he thought she was annoyed that he kept staring at Wynn.

Wynn ran into a technical issue and paused.

She wanted to ask Matthias for guidance, but when she looked over, she found that both he and the InnovaTech engineers were completely focused on listening to Celeste.

The way they looked at her—if she didn't know better, she would have thought Celeste was some kind of top-tier technical expert.

At that thought, Wynn averted her gaze.

Celeste and Matthias worked straight through until after 5:00 pm before finally wrapping things up.

Jonathan invited Celeste and Matthias into the conference room to take a break and have some water.

Meanwhile, the contract between CodeFlux and InnovaTech had also been finalized.

Seeing that Jorge's team had also finished their work, Jonathan said, "It's getting late. How about grabbing dinner together?"

Jorge's heart stirred, and he looked at Wynn.

Wynn, as if not noticing his gaze, replied, "Sorry, Trevor is coming to pick me up from Fleming Group. We have other plans, so I won't be joining. Enjoy your meal."

Hearing that Wynn wouldn't be going, Jorge instantly lost interest in the dinner as well. "I've got things to do as well. Let's do it another time."

Wynn wasn't surprised by his response, but she showed no reaction on her face.

The more Matthias observed, the more convinced he became that Jorge liked Wynn.

It was also obvious that Jorge only backed out of the dinner because Wynn wasn't going.

With both of them declining, Jonathan found himself in an awkward position and turned to Matthias. "Mr. Yoder, what about you?"

Matthias clinked his teacup against Celeste's and grinned. "We're free, right, Cel?"

A