

The Breaking Point of Love

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Henry's face was full of smiles as he immediately greeted Wynn. "Ms. Locket."

Wynn smiled and nodded before turning to both him and Matthias. "Trevor is treating my team to a meal. Would Mr. Yoder and Mr. Quinn like to join us?"

She deliberately ignored Celeste.

Henry naturally wanted to agree, but he glanced at Matthias and Celeste first.

Matthias immediately declined, "Ms. Locket, we appreciate the invitation, but we already have plans."

Wynn frowned. "Mr. Yoder..." She didn't expect that despite her repeated efforts, Matthias still showed no sign of wavering.

She glanced at Celeste, who was sitting nearby, sipping water.

Celeste noticed her gaze and coldly returned it.

Then, Wynn looked away.

Aside from being pretty, what did Celeste have that made Matthias so determined to stand by her? Was she as outstanding or as dazzling as herself?

Since Matthias refused, Wynn simply smiled, maintaining her polite demeanor. "Alright, next **time** then." With that, she didn't spare Celeste or Henry another glance before turning and **leaving**

Henry felt **like**

he had just been completely ignored. "Ms. Locket can be quite arrogant sometimes."

Sure, Wynn had the right to be proud. But even **Trevor**, the real boss of InnovaTech, was always polite and courteous whenever he met with employees.

Matthias shrugged. "I noticed."

Wynn carried herself like she already owned InnovaTech. But even without Trevor backing her up, she was still quite full of herself, probably because she believed in her own value.

Not long after, Trevor, presumably after **hearing** from Wyn that Matthias had **declined**, came over.

He shook hands with Matthias in a courteous manner and said, “We’ll be heading out now. Mr. Yoder, I hope you’ll join us next time.”

Matthias hesitated for a moment. “...Of course.”

Trevor smiled, glanced at Celeste briefly, then turned and left with Wynn and her team, who were waiting at the

entrance.

After lunch, Celeste and Matthias returned to InnovaTech.

Wynn and her team didn’t come back until some time later

At around 6:00 pm, Celeste and Matthias finished their work and were ready to leave. There was still plenty to handle, but they had time over the next few days to take care of it. There was no rush.

Wynn and her team, however, seemed to still be busy, showing no signs of wrapping up.

Henry commented, “I heard they’re planning to work **overtime** tonight.”

Matthias replied, “Oh.”

Celeste said, “Let’s go.”

Matthias chuckled. “Let me treat you to dinner.”

Celeste shook her head. “It’s okay, I have other plans.”

Martha **had** told her to return to the Fleming Manor for dinner.

When she arrived, Trevor and Jordyn were **already** home.

she didn’t expect Trevor to be **back**. She had thought he would stay at the company with Wynn.

When Trevor saw her come **in**, he gave her a brief glance before continuing his work on his laptop.

During dinner, Trevor sat down beside Celeste. Noticing that he **was** busy on his phone, she suddenly said, “Do you have time later? **I have** something to discuss with you.”

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Trevor didn't lift his eyes from his phone when he replied, "Alright."

Hearing his agreement, Celeste felt relieved.

Martha was talking to the housekeeper and didn't catch their conversation, but seeing that they actually had something to discuss, she smiled happily.

After dinner, Martha had someone bring over Celeste's herbal medicine.

Trevor had the dining room to take a call.

After finishing her medicine, Celeste had just stepped out of the dining room when she heard the sound of a car outside.

She paused. "Is he going out?"

What he's off

Martha huffed, annoyed. "Yes, he left in such a hurry. Who knows to do?"

Celeste frowned, suspecting that he **had** gone to InnovaTech to help Wynn again. But he had promised to have a talk with her later.

She hoped he would come back that night. But he didn't.

Things had been busy at InnovaTech the past few days.

After having breakfast at the Fleming Manor, Celeste and Matthias met at the entrance of InnovaTech. By the time they arrived, Wynn's team was already there.

Matthias remarked, "You guys are here early. Didn't you work late last night?"

"They did," Henry replied. "But to stay on schedule, they still came in first thing in the morning. Pretty intense, huh?"

Matthias didn't bother commenting further, and Celeste simply focused on her own work.

Over an hour later, just as Celeste was about to head to the restroom, Trevor **showed** up. But, it didn't seem like he was here for Wynn.

After greeting Wynn from afar, he walked straight toward them.

Matthias asked, “Mr. Fleming, is there something we can do for you?”

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Trevor said, “I **took** some time to look into the system you’ve been developing these past few days. It’s quite impressive, but I have some additional ideas I’d like to discuss with both of you.”

Matthias glanced at Celeste before saying, “Please, go ahead, Mr. Fleming.”

Celeste hesitated before excusing herself. “Sorry, I need to **step** out to the restroom. You two go ahead.”

Both **men** nodded in acknowledgment.

On her way back, Celeste was only a few steps away from them when a sharp voice rang out from the direction of the conference room.

“Ms. Locket!”

Then,

a commotion erupted.

Celeste instinctively **turned** to look, but before she could fully take in the scene, Trevor’s expression changed drastically.

He rushed past her toward the conference room, bumping into her shoulder with such force that pain shot through her, nearly knocking her over.

Matthias quickly stepped in to steady her. “Are you alright?”

Celeste clutched her shoulder where she had been hit, shaking her head. “I’m fine.”

As she spoke, she watched Trevor carry Wynn out of the conference room, swiftly disappearing from sight.

Henry, witnessing the scene, asked, “What happened to Ms Locket?”

“She fainted,” Albert replied. “Probably from overworking and exhaustion.”

Matthias’s face darkened. Remembering how Trevor had been so anxious about Wynn that he didn’t even notice nearly knocking Celeste over, Matthias gritted his teeth. “She won’t die!”

Seeing how furious Matthias was, Henry chuckled awkwardly. “Matthias, Mr. Fleming was just too worried about Ms. Locket. There’s no-

Matthias snapped, “Shut up!”

Henry could only shut his mouth.

Celeste genuinely didn’t care anymore. Seeing Matthias’s concern for her, she smiled lightly. “It’s not a big deal. It doesn’t hurt much now.”

Matthias pressed his lips together. “Do you want to go home and rest?”

Celeste shook her head, patted his shoulder, and said, “I’m not that fragile. Let’s get back to work.”

“Alright,” Matthias mumbled in response, then hesitated before asking, “It’s been a while... Why haven’t you and Trevor finalized your divorce yet?”

Celeste said, “I’d like to know that too.”

Last night, she had wanted to discuss exactly that with Trevor—when they could officially finalize their divorce.

But he had left abruptly and completely forgotten about their conversation.

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Matthias said, “Hurry up and finalize the divorce.”

Celeste replied, “I know.”

During lunch, Albert came over and informed them that Wynn was fine—Trevor had already taken her home to

rest.

Celeste still hadn’t finished the herbal medicine that Bill had prepared for her. That evening, after leaving InnovaTech, Celeste returned to the Fleming Manor.

But Trevor did not return that night.

Celeste pursed her lips, thought for a moment, and called him. But no one answered. She could only put the matter to rest for a while.

While things were still going on in InnovaTech, Matthias and Celeste couldn't ignore their responsibilities at YodaVision either.

The next morning, after handling some matters at YodaVision, they headed back to InnovaTech in the afternoon. By the end of the day, InnovaTech's matters would largely be wrapped up, meaning they wouldn't have to come here often anymore.

Thinking about this, Matthias felt relieved and told Celeste, "I'm never coming to InnovaTech again. I refuse to endure this kind of mistreatment."

Celeste chuckled. "Alright."

When they arrived, Wynn and her team were finally not in a meeting. However, Wynn had already returned to work and seemed quite busy.

However, neither Celeste nor Matthias cared about her situation. They only wanted to finish their work and say goodbye to InnovaTech.

At last, by around 5:00 pm, their work was done. Moving forward, their involvement with InnovaTech would be minimal.

However, **there**

were still matters to handle at YodaVision, so Celeste and Matthias needed to head back.

As they reached the ground floor, they ran into Trevor and Wynn stepping out of another elevator. For a moment, all of them froze.

Trevor walked over and said, "I heard the system matters have been mostly settled. Thank you for your hard work, Mr. Yoder,"

Matthias replied indifferently, "Mr. Fleming, you're too polite. This is just part of my job."

Trevor continued, "I'm very satisfied with the system you developed. I **hope** we'll have more opportunities to collaborate in the future."

Matthias replied, "Mr. Fleming, you're flattering us." Though he said that, in reality, he and Celeste had already blacklisted InnovaTech.

As they spoke, they made their way to the underground parking lot.

Just as **Trevor** was about to say something else, a figure suddenly dashed out from the side—wielding a knife—

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charging straight at him.

Celeste and Matthias had been preparing to leave and didn't notice immediately.

By the time Celeste registered what was happening, her eyes widened in shock. "Watch out!"

She was too far from Trevor, but Wynn, who was closer, reacted instantly and shoved him aside. The knife plunged straight into her chest.

The metallic scent of blood spread rapidly.

The assailant was quickly subdued.

Trevor's face turned ashen as he scooped up the injured Wynn and rushed her into the car. In the blink of an eye, the vehicle sped off, disappearing from Celeste and Matthias's sight.

Matthias tugged at Celeste. "Let's go."

Celeste snapped back to reality. "Alright."

That night, when Celeste returned to the Fleming Manor, Trevor hadn't returned. In fact, he didn't come back for the next two days.

Jordyn must have also heard about Wynn's injury on the night of the incident, she had secretly sneaked out of the manor.

Meanwhile, Celeste's herbal medicine was down to the last batch.

On Friday, she planned to **take** the medicine at the **manor** and leave right after.

However, to her surprise, Trevor had returned.

She paused briefly, then, remembering the divorce, headed upstairs.

Trevor was in the second-floor lounge, and surprisingly, Miles was there too.

When they noticed her, Trevor spoke first. "You're back."

Celeste hummed **a** response. She had no **intention** of asking about Wynn's **condition**.

So, without hesitation, she got straight to the point. "**That** day, I said-

Before she could **finish**, Trevor interrupted her. "Take a look at this. If you have no objections, sign it."

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Celeste took the document. It was a divorce agreement.

The very first clause stated that Trevor would have full custody of Jordyn. The rest detailed the division of assets several pages listing everything he was giving her.

She had been planning to ask him about the progress of their divorce.

Now, seeing the agreement, she casually flipped through it without looking **too** closely, then placed it back on the table and said, "I have no objections."

As she spoke, she opened her bag, took out a pen, and prepared to sign.

Back when Celeste married Trevor, her methods had been less than honorable.

Although neither Trevor nor Miles thought highly of her, they had also **seen** firsthand how deeply she **loved** Trevor over the years.

Given how much she loved him, Miles **had** assumed that she wouldn't be able to accept the divorce—that she'd be heartbroken and refuse to go through with it no matter what.

But to his surprise, not only did she readily agree, but she didn't even object to Trevor taking custody of their daughter.

This was completely beyond Miles' expectations. He turned to Trevor in disbelief.

Trevor **was**

also **watching** Celeste, his gaze deep and unreadable, as if he didn't expect her to agree so easily either.

Just as Celeste bent down to sign, she paused, hesitated for moment, and withdrew her pen.

Miles smirked when he saw that. He knew it—there **was** no way she'd actually-

"I'll have my lawyer review this tomorrow," Celeste said. there are no issues, I'll sign it within two days and have my lawyer contact you."

The agreement listed many assets he was giving her. While casually flipping through earlier, she even noticed he was transferring some of his company shares to her.

In the divorce agreement she had initially given him, she didn't ask for anything.

But now that he was offering it, she wouldn't refuse. They had been married for years he had never loved her, **but** he had also never set her up for failure.

So, when she saw how much he was giving her, she had been tempted to sign immediately. But now, she hesitated.

She was worried about potential loopholes in the clauses.

If his company ran into trouble in the future, she might end up being used as **a scapegoat** just because she held those shares.

Trevor might not have intended to harm her when drafting this agreement. But she couldn't guarantee that once he married Wynn, she wouldn't use those very loopholes to destroy **her**.

Trevor seemed surprised by her caution. He paused for a moment before saying, "Alright."

Celeste nodded, put the agreement back into her bag, zipped it up, and without another word, stood up and left.

Miles watched her retreating figure, still in disbelief. He **turned** to Trevor. "Is she okay?"

Trevor watched Celeste disappear down the hall. Only then did he lower his gaze and reply coolly, "I don't know."

She didn't even react when you took custody of Jo. That's really strange

Trevor fell silent for a moment. "Mm."

"Does she not want custody? That's impossible! Jo is her whole world!"

Then, **as if** something had suddenly occurred to him, Miles looked at **Trevor** sharply. "**Wait**—did you two already agree on custody beforehand?"

Trevor's expression darkened. He hesitated before replying, "No. We never discussed it."

"What the hell? Then why?"

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Miles was really starting to doubt reality.

Just then, Martha came up in the elevator and said, "Dinner is ready. Cel has already gone downstairs. Why are you two still sitting here? Come down and eat."

Miles snapped back to his senses. “Oh! Got it, coming”

Trevor also stood up.

Downstairs, Jordyn was happily sitting on the sofa, leaning against Celeste and chatting with her. Celeste just sat beside her, watching and listening attentively.

It was a **warm** and loving mother–daughter moment.

But when Miles remembered **that** Celeste had given up custody of Jordyn without a word, the scene before him suddenly felt incredibly fake.

Martha was still unaware of the divorce. She smiled and called out to Celeste and **Jordyn**, “Cel, Jo, come eat.”

Celeste and Jordyn responded in **unison**, “Okay, coming.”

Jordyn held onto Celeste’s fingers, happily leading her toward the dining room.

Miles only watched in silence. Since he was already here, he sat down beside Trevor at the dinner table. Meanwhile, Celeste sat with Jordyn.

Martha beamed and said, “**Miles**

, it’s been a while since you visited. When I saw you come in earlier, I had the **kitchen** prepare two more of your favorite dishes. You must eat plenty tonight.”

Miles grinned. “Of course, Grandma! I’m claiming all this meat for myself!”

Martha laughed. “Alright, alright.”

Meanwhile, Celeste was carefully picking food for Jordyn, deboning her fish with meticulous attention.

At first glance, nothing seemed out of the ordinary.

But...

Miles couldn’t help but take a closer look.

Noticing his gaze, Celeste shot him a cold **glance**.

This made Miles freeze.

In the past, because he, **Trevor**, and Beck were particularly close, Celeste had always tried to get along with him and Beck. But they had never taken her **seriously**.

Still, she **never** gave up easily.

She wasn't the best at socializing, but she **made** an effort—always greeting them **warmly**, speaking **with** a gentle smile.

But now, her eyes were indifferent, as if she were looking at **a** stranger with no connection to her. That was when he realized—Celeste's attitude toward Jordyn seemed to have changed as well.

On the surface, she was still gentle and attentive. But the deep affection in her gaze... **was** no longer there.

There was only detachment. That couldn't be real, could it?

Miles could understand her change in attitude toward him. After all, no one would keep throwing themselves at people who always ignored them.

But Jordyn was her daughter. How was that possible?

Maybe this was just another one of her tactics. Was it a way to **pel** Trevor's attention—retreating in order to advance and win him back?

As this thought crossed his mind, Miles **shifted** his gaze toward 'Trevor. And sure enough, Trevor was watching. Celeste too.

What was more was that he didn't **seen** in any hurry to look away. That was something the old Trevor would never have done.

Miles scoffed in amusement. He knew it.

Martha suddenly cleared her throat. "Miles, what are you staring at?" She had noticed him glancing at Celeste all night and frowned slightly.

Miles quickly realized she had misunderstood and deliberately said something she would like to hear.

"I just noticed that Celeste seems especially quiet tonight. She's not even talking to Trevor like she used to. I found it strange, so I couldn't help but **look** at her."

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Martha had also noticed that Celeste was no longer as proactive with Trevor as before.

Hearing this, she couldn't help but sigh, giving Trevor a sidelong glance. "It's all your fault!"

Celeste had taken the initiative for so long, and he still hadn't responded. Wouldn't she eventually feel disheartened and withdraw?

Trevor only smiled faintly without saying a **word**.

Celeste, on the other hand, remained silent as much as possible. Even after hearing this, she simply continued eating, showing no intention of speaking.

Before dinner was even finished, Trevor's phone rang. He glanced at the caller ID, got up, and walked away to

answer it.

But he returned quickly.

After dinner, he told Martha, "I have something to take care of, so I'll be leaving first."

Jordyn was sharp enough to guess that the call had likely come from Wynn. She also wanted to go to the hospital to see her, so she said, "Daddy, I **want** to go too."

"Alright."

Martha added, "Take Cel with you. Tomorrow is Saturday. It's a good chance for you all to get out and relax."

Only then did Celeste speak. "Grandma, I have to meet a friend later."

Martha hesitated. "Alright then."

Jordyn had been worried that Celeste might follow them, but hearing **this**, she felt relieved. As they got into the car to leave, she said to Celeste, "Mom, goodbye."

Celeste replied, "Alright, goodbye."

The car door closed, and soon, Trevor's car drove away.

Celeste also got into her car and left. Once she was out of the Fleming Manor, she made a call to Matthias while driving.

As soon as he answered, she got straight to the point. “I’m divorcing Trevor. He just gave me a divorce agreement. **He’s** dividing some assets to me. I want **a** lawyer to review it and check for any legal loopholes.”

Matthias was in the middle of dinner when he heard this.

Overjoyed, he immediately said, “I’ll get you a reliable lawyer right away!”

Celeste chuckled. “Alright.” After hanging up, she drove home.

Meanwhile, at the hospital, Jordyn and Trevor were still in the ward talking with Wynn.

Miles, however, had stepped out into the hallway **to** make a **call**. He told Beck, “Trevor is going through with **the** divorce.”

Beck was currently out of town. Hearing **this**, he stopped in his tracks. “What?”

Then, after a brief pause, he asked, “Are you sure?”

“Of course, I’m sure, I was there when it happened. What’s there to doubt?” Miles added, “And Trevor didn’t give her custody of Jo either.”

Beck gripped his phone tightly.

Miles continued, “But-“Before he could finish, Beck cut him off.

“I have something to do. I need to make a call.” Without waiting for a response, he hung up.

“What’s so urgent?” Miles muttered.

Meanwhile, Beck had already found Celeste’s number. He hesitated for a moment before dialing.

At that moment, Celeste had just arrived home. Seeing his call, she casually answered. “Mr. Harper, what’s the matter?”

“You...” He wanted to ask about her and Trevor, but it wasn’t his place to interfere

Even a simple “**Are** you okay?” felt inappropriate, given his current position.

Celeste, however, assumed he was calling to arrange a meeting with Shanice.

Noticing his hesitation, she spoke first. “If it’s about seeing Shanice, I have things to take care of tomorrow, so I might not be available. Could we do it the day after tomorrow or next week?”

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Just now, Matthias had called her to say that he had arranged for a lawyer, and she would be meeting them tomorrow morning

Celeste needed to finalize the divorce as soon **as** possible.

Beck knew she had misunderstood, but he didn't correct her. He simply responded, "Alright."

At this point, Celeste assumed he was about to hang up. But when he didn't, she asked in confusion, "Mr. Harper, is there anything else?"

Beck could tell that her voice was calm—there was no **trace** of the pain, sorrow, or turmoil he had expected.

But... Was that really the case? Or was she just suppressing her emotions?

When he remained silent for two or three seconds, Celeste prompted, "Mr. Harper? Are you still there?"

He snapped back to reality and replied, "Yes."

Celeste asked again, "Is there anything else?" Then, without hesitation, she added, "I have other matters to handle. If there's nothing else, I'll be hanging up."

Beck had no choice but to say, "Alright."

Without further conversation, Celeste ended the call.

Zachary had taken a liking to one of her recent research ideas. A few days ago, he had messaged her, asking her to organize her content.

He offered to review it and, if there were no issues, guide her in submitting it to a journal.

She had been very busy with InnovaTech and YodaVision recently, so this project had seen little progress. Now that she finally had some free time, she wanted to get it done as soon as possible.

With that thought, she put her phone aside **and** opened her laptop.

After hanging up, Beck called Miles back and asked, "Trevor **wants** a divorce and full custody of Jo. She must have disagreed, right? Are they preparing for a legal battle?"

The reason Miles had called him earlier was precisely to discuss this matter.

He quickly replied, “No! She agreed! Whether it was the divorce or custody, she didn’t object at all. She just signed the papers. She was completely calm—I swear, it’s like I saw a ghost!”

Hearing this, Beck was equally shocked. This wasn’t something Celeste would do.

Just like Miles, he also found it hard to believe that Celeste would **so** easily give up custody of Jordyn. It didn’t make sense.

Miles asked, “So, what do you think is going on?” Before Beck could answer, Miles continued, “Could it be that she’s using this to gain Trevor’s sympathy? Trying to make him feel guilty?”

Beck had no answer. He couldn’t deny the possibility—knowing how deeply Celeste felt for Trevor, it wasn’t out of the question.

After a moment of silence, he asked, “What about Trevor? How did he react?”

Miles said, “Trevor was definitely surprised. During **dinner** at the manor, I could tell he was paying more attention to **Celeste** than usual.

“Damn, if my guess is right, Celeste is really playing a smart game here. Can’t underestimate her!”

Beck replied coolly, “Or maybe... She truly wants a divorce.

Miles paused. “You mean Celeste?” He let out a dismissive laugh. “No way. She’s liked Trevor since she was a teenager. After all these years, there’s no way she’d willingly leave him.”

Beck’s words carried a deeper meaning. “People change.”

Miles **insisted**, “I still don’t believe it.”

Then, changing the subject, he said, “Anyway, this is good news for Trevor. When you get back from your trip, **and** once Wynn has recovered a bit, we should celebrate.”

Only then did he notice that Beck had fallen **unusually** silent

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Miles asked, “Beck? Are you busy?”

“No.”

Miles continued, “Oh... Right, you’re coming back on Tuesday?”

Beck hummed a response. Before Miles could say anything else, Beck took the initiative. “Let’s leave it at that.” “Alright, let me know when you’re back. I’ll pick you up so you can come see Wynn.”

Beck agreed, “Okay.”

The next day, after getting up, Celeste went for a run for over half an hour and then came back for breakfast before heading out.

By the time she arrived at the law firm, Matthias **was** already there.

Seeing her, he **waved**.

Jason Payne was the lawyer Matthias found for Celeste. As she took a seat, Jason’s assistant poured her tea.

Then, she handed the divorce agreement to Jason.

He took it, **and**

Matthias, being a long-time friend of his, leaned in for a look.

The first clause, concerning Jordyn’s custody, caught his eye. Seeing that, he glanced up at Celeste.

He had seen Jordyn a few times years ago. Back then, Celeste had treated her like the most precious thing in the world—whenever they talked, it was always about her daughter.

But ever since she had decided to divorce Trevor and return to YodaVision, she had never brought up Jordyn in front of him again.

Noticing this, he had already guessed that in the past year or so, while Jordyn had been living abroad with Trevor, she must have grown attached to Wynn—or perhaps even done something **that** deeply hurt Celeste.

Seeing that Celeste only asked the lawyer to focus on **financial** loopholes and didn’t even mention custody, Matthias knew she had made up her mind to give up her daughter.

He didn’t ask further. In his eyes, Celeste was a gentle yet deeply emotional person.

For her to willingly let go of her own daughter meant that she must have reached an extreme level of disappointment.

With that thought, he no longer dwelled on it and instead continued scanning through the agreement.

A moment later, he raised an eyebrow. “So many real estate properties... Tsk, I have to admit, Trevor is being pretty generous,”

Celeste sipped her tea without responding.

Matthias casually flipped through a few more pages but didn’t interrupt Jason. Instead, he moved over to Celeste’s side and started chatting with her about her research paper.

They spoke in a way that only the two of them could understand, discussing a small section of it..

Jason’s assistant was completely lost. As for Jason himself, he was carefully reviewing the details of the divorce agreement.

An hour later, Jason looked up and said, “I’ve gone over everything thoroughly. There are no issues with the agreement. In fact, it’s extremely favorable to you.”

Celeste paused. “What do you mean?”

“The cash portion is straightforward, and the real estate properties are all clearly stated to have no ownership disputes,” Jason explained.

“As for the company shares Trevor is giving you, the agreement explicitly states that you’re only entitled to dividends each year. If anything happens to the company legal liabilities, compensations, or any other obligations Trevor himself will be solely responsible. You won’t be affected.”

Celeste froze for a moment.

Matthias, on the other hand, widened his eyes. “Are you sure you didn’t misread that? Trevor being this considerate?”

Jason chuckled. “Are you doubting my professional skills, Matthias?”

Matthias hesitated. “Not really.” It was just... way too shocking

Celeste was a little surprised but not overly so.

Throughout their marriage, Trevor had always been cold to her and had **never** truly helped her.

But based on what she knew about him, if he had decided to give her something, he would likely ensure she had nothing to worry about.

That was why she had asked for the agreement to be reviewed—not because she suspected he would try to deceive her, but because she was concerned about any potential loopholes

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Hearing this, Celeste said calmly, “As long as there are no issues, that’s good.”

With that, she picked up the pen beside her and signed her name without any hesitation.

She then turned to Jason and said, “I’ll leave the rest of the divorce proceedings in your hands, Mr. Payne,”

Jason nodded. “I have a meeting in a bit, but this afternoon, I’ll contact Mr. Fleming to follow up on the next steps for your divorce,”

“Alright.”

It was almost lunchtime. After **having** a meal with Jason, Celeste and Matthias headed to her place to continue working on her research paper.

Meanwhile, at Fleming Group, Trevor had just returned to his office and was about to review some documents when his phone rang.

He answered it casually. “Hello, who is this?”

“Good afternoon, Mr. Fleming. I am Ms. Rodriguez’s lawyer, Jason Payne. Ms. Rodriguez has already signed the divorce agreement, and she has entrusted me to handle the remaining proceedings. Do you have time to discuss this now?”

Trevor paused for a moment before lowering his gaze and saying, “I have two meetings this afternoon, so I won’t be available. You can come to Fleming Group tomorrow morning at around ten.”

Jason replied, “Understood. Thank you for your cooperation. Mr. Fleming Goodbye.”

After hanging up, Trevor returned to reviewing his documents.

That night, Matthias left Celeste’s place to attend to other matters.

Celeste planned to have dinner at the Rodriguez residence, **so** she grabbed her bag and headed out.

Just as she got into her car, her phone rang—it was Jordyn. She didn’t need to guess to **know** why Jordyn was calling.

Not in the mood to deal with her, Celeste ignored the call.

Jordyn called two more times. Seeing that Celeste wasn't answering, she **eventually** gave up.

By the time Celeste arrived at the Rodriguez residence's gated community, it was during peak hours for vehicle entry and exit.

She stopped her car and waited behind other residents for the system to recognize their vehicles.

Just then, someone knocked on her car window. Celeste turned her head to look.

It was Beck

She **froze** for a second, not expecting to run into him there. Lowering her window slowly, she greeted him. "Mr. Harper."

Beck's gaze re

rested on her face. Seeing that she looked calm—without the exhaustion or distress he **had** expected—

he paused briefly.

Celeste asked, "Is there something you need, Mr. Harper?"

He responded, "I had something to take care of here. I saw your car and thought I'd come over to say hello."

But given their level of familiarity, even if they did run into each other, he didn't necessarily have to go out of his **way** to greet her.

Celeste thought about it but didn't say anything after all, he had helped her before.

Besides, **she** would still be seeing him later when she met Shanice.

They weren't friends, but there was no need to **make** things awkward between them. With that in mind, Celeste simply nodded. "Alright then, I'll—

Before she could finish, Beck **said**, "I heard there's a well-known bakery around here. I haven't been to this area much and couldn't find it. Do you know where it is?"

Celeste didn't suspect anything and replied, "**There** is a famous bakery, but it's not in this area. It's about a mile away on another street."

She pointed him in the right direction.

Beck said, “Got it. Thanks.”

“No problem.” At that moment, it was her turn for vehicle recognition. As her car rolled forward, she said, Goodbye.”

“Goodbye.”

The Breaking Point of Love

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Beck actually knew the location of the bakery.

After Celeste left, he didn’t go there.

Instead, he got into his car, hesitated for a moment, and then dialed a number. “Miles, I’m back. I have another flight to catch later, but I want to visit Wynn at the hospital before I leave. See if Trevor is free. If he’s not, come with me.”

Miles was stunned. “You’re back? When did **you** get back?”

Beck ignored his question. “Call Wynn and check if she’s available.”

Miles was about to ask why Beck wasn’t calling Trevor or Wynn himself, but after a **second** thought, he figured Beck must be busy and in a rush.

Since he hadn’t visited Wynn yet either, he didn’t question it further and agreed. However, Trevor wasn’t available. After hanging up, Beck bought a bouquet and a basket of fruit before heading to the hospital to meet

Miles.

Inside the hospital room, Wynn smiled and asked, after seeing Beck, “Why did you suddenly come back?”

Beck replied coolly, “Had to take care of something.”

Wynn looked down, gently stroking the flowers he had just given her. “I see...”

Did he really come back to handle business, or did he make a special trip just to see her?

Although he hadn't rushed back immediately after she was injured, the fact that he came as soon as he found time still meant a lot.

That night, Celeste stayed at the Rodriguez residence.

The next morning, she woke up early. Looking at the healthy succulents on the windowsill, she stretched lazily, feeling in a good mood.

When **she** went downstairs, Adeline was already up, busy preparing breakfast for her, Jamie, and Hector.

Seeing her, Adeline smiled. "Cel, you're in a good mood today?"

Celeste went over to help knead the dough and smiled. "Yeah, pretty good "

A steaming batch of buns was soon ready. Just as she sat down to eat, her phone rang.

It was Jordyn again.

She didn't pick up. But Jordyn called again.

So, Celeste turned off her phone entirely **and** focused on her meal.

Seeing that her calls were no longer going through, Jordyn pouted and ran to the master bedroom to find Trevor.

Trevor had just finished his morning run and was about to shower when he saw her sulking. He asked, "What's wrong?"

"I called Mom yesterday and wanted her to come home and cook for me, but she didn't answer. I just tried calling twice again, and she still didn't pick up. When I was about to call a third time, it said the number was unavailable."

Trevor said, "She probably turned off her phone."

"Huh?" Jordyn frowned. "Did her battery die?"

Trevor neither confirmed nor denied it. "Maybe."

"What do I do then? I wanted to go skiing today. Mom said before that if she had time, she'd take me."

Originally, she hadn't been in the mood to play because Wynn was injured, and she wanted to stay with her at the hospital.

But hospitals had too many germs, and everyone kept her from going too often. Now that Wynn was getting better, she **wasn't** as worried.

Since she had free time and no one to go with, she naturally wanted to find her mom. But when she called, her mom wouldn't answer.

"Try again later. She'll probably turn her phone back on."

Jordyn pouted. "Okay..."

Celeste didn't plan to keep her phone off all day. After all, she still had things to discuss with Matthias.

And Jason might contact her later as well.

About half an hour later, she powered her phone back on.

Not long after, Jordyn called again.

Celeste opened her laptop, ignored the call, and continued working on her research paper.

Seeing that her mother still wasn't answering and that Trevor was about to leave, Jordyn said, "Dad, Mom still isn't picking up. Can you call her for me?"