

The Breaking Point of Love

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There was a slight shift in Heck's expression.
He glanced at Celeste.

Matthias didn't **notice** that Beck was staring at Celeste.
He was getting **into** the mood. Dramatically, he bent at the waist and offered his hand like a true gentleman. "May I have the honor of a dance with you, the beautiful and charming Ms. Rodriguez?"

Celeste knew how to dance as well.

She chuckled at Matthias's enthusiasm and said, "I'd be delighted. In fact, it's my pleasure."

Then, she placed her hand in his.

With her hand in his, Matthias led her onto the dance floor,

Upon seeing that, Beck offered his hand politely to the woman before him.

As Celeste and Matthias stepped onto the dance floor, their eyes fell on Trevor and Wynn.

They were about to dance too, and they just happened to look in Celeste and Matthias' direction.

When Celeste **was** about to look away, she caught a glimpse of Trevor smiling at her.

She frowned. Then, she realized it was just a fleeting misperception.

Trevor **was** smiling at Wynn.

He wasn't looking at Celeste at all.

Celeste shifted her attention back to Matthias, fully immersing herself in the dance.

Caleb, Jorge, and Miles were the kinds of bachelors that turned heads in elite circles.

. Hence, many ladies were eager to dance with them.

After greeting Matthias, Wynn was the only person Jorge was paying attention to.

Just like Caleb, Jorge had no plans to dance.

However, there were some young ladies from distinguished families who had good relations with theirs.

Thanks to the elders' matchmaking, they finally obliged, each taking a young lady's hand, and joined the dance floor.

Miles, on the other hand, was the one doing the inviting just as one would expect from a ladies' man.

Celeste's presence was effortlessly serene and elegant. Dressed in a cocktail dress, she moved with a classic, lyrical grace on the dance floor. With her **radiant** smile, she was undeniably the evening's shining star, Hence, many were eager to swap dance **partners** with Matthias, and Xavier was no exception..

He approached Matthias and Celeste with his dance partner in tow and asked, "Mr. Yoder, care to switch partners for a bit?"

Xavier's gaze was practically glued to Celeste.

Matthias' expression darkened. "I'd rather not."

Xavier was at a loss for words.

Just then, Celeste heard someone calling her name. "Ms. Rodriguez, right? Would you mind switching partners for the next dance?"

Celeste paused for a moment and glanced over, only to **find** Caleb's partner speaking to her.

She had a charming face, and she seemed more than a little intrigued by Matthias.

Celeste smiled. Then, **she** took a look at Matthias, who was clearly stunned for a second, and said, "I'm **fine** with it, but I'm not sure if Mr. Jennings..." Caleb responded, "I'm fine with either."

Matthias was speechless.

So, his opinions **weren't** necessary, were they?

But to be fair, Caleb did have impressive qualities, and he didn't seem like a bad match for Celeste.

With that, Matthias changed his mind.

After a wordless consensus, they smoothly exchanged partners.

It was quite uncomfortable for Celeste to place her hand in a stranger's and rest the other on him.

Even the gentleman, Caleb kept his touch light and respectful.

Noticing Celeste's instinctive discomfort, Caleb couldn't help but think she seemed inexperienced, as if she had never been in love.

They had seen each other before, but they weren't actually familiar with each other.

Thus, Caleb introduced himself, "Caleb Jennings. That's my name."

Celeste simply wasn't used to being this close with an unfamiliar man. After a brief moment to compose herself, she looked up and **said**, "Celeste Rodriguez."

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"Celeste?" Caleb paused for a brief moment and **continued**, "As in... celestial?"

"Yup."

The name suited her a lot, but Caleb didn't say it aloud.

Jorge, Miles, Beck, Wynn, and Trevor all noticed what **was** happening. Switching partners on the dance floor was nothing unusual.

But Celeste and Caleb?

Visually speaking, they looked incredible together.

Jorge furrowed his brows.

And Beck stilled for a second.

His partner looked at him and asked, "Mr. Harper?"

Beck averted his gaze. "I'm sorry."

"It's fine."

There was indeed nothing unusual about swapping partners on the dance floor.

To him, **even** swapping partners with **Trevor** was fine. But Celeste...

It was Wynn's first time seeing Caleb tonight.

Jorge had stopped by to say hello, but Caleb hadn't come with him.

Hence, she had no idea about Caleb's background.

But from the way Jorge and **Xavier** treated Caleb, she knew his status had to be at least equal to Jorge's.

Wynn frowned as she watched Celeste dance with Caleb, her face tinged with red, while Caleb seemed to treat her rather well.

Just then, Miles grinned and asked, "Let's switch up for a bit, Trevor."

Upon hearing that, Wynn snapped back to her senses.

Trevor gazed at her. "What do you say?"

Smilingly, Wynn replied, "Sure."

Then, Trevor swapped partners with Miles.

Miles's **dance** partner hadn't expected Wynn to genuinely agree to the swap. As Trevor held her hand and gently wrapped an arm around her waist, the lady gazed at his breathtakingly handsome **face**, her heart thudding uncontrollably—she even forgot to move.

The lady's cheeks burned as she realized her blunder. She gazed **flickered** to Trevor in a moment of awkward hesitation.

Trevor paused for a quick moment, looking at the lady before him. With a gentle voice, he said, "Don't be nervous."

Noticing Trevor's gentle demeanor, she calmed herself. After a quiet apology, she gradually fell in step with him.

Initially, Wynn didn't mind swapping dance partners.

She wasn't worried—Trevor wouldn't be stolen away over just one dance.

But when Wynn saw the lady's starry-eyed, bashful expression as she looked at Trevor, she instinctively frowned.

Miles had never entertained any romantic notions about Wynn as she was dating his good friend. 1

Swapping **had** been a spontaneous decision.

Yet, now that the swap was done, **Miles** felt oddly unsettled.

Wynn was his good friend's girlfriend, after all. Holding her hand was awkward enough, and he had no clue where to put his other hand.

Wynn stared at him and said, "It's just a dance. Trevor won't mind."

Miles eased up and laughed. "You're right."

As they talked, Celeste and Trevor were **slowly** getting closer. However, Celeste didn't notice it at all.

Soon, she heard Trevor speak next to her. "Caleb, feel like switching?"

Celeste tilted her head, meeting Trevor's gaze head-on.

Caleb looked at her. "Ms. Rodriguez, what do you..."

Before he could get another word out, Trevor had already made the exchange, handing his partner over.

If Caleb didn't catch her, she'd likely fall.

Seeing Trevor reach for Celeste and ensure she wouldn't fall, Caleb had no choice but to let go **of** Celeste and catch the other girl, steadying her by her **waist**.

It all happened so fast—before Celeste could react, she was already in Trevor's embrace securely.

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Realizing what had just happened, Celeste's immediate response was to push Trevor away.

"Relax," Trevor said casually.

As if he had expected her reaction, he gripped a little **firmer** on her waist. "You!"

She couldn't pull away, and she wasn't about attracting unwanted attention.

People didn't do things without a reason.

She figured he must have something to say, which was why he pulled this switch.

Hence, she stopped struggling. **In** a cold voice, she asked, "**What** do you want to tell me?"

Trevor glanced down at her cool expression but didn't seem bothered. Then, he asked in a relaxed tone, "When are you going to pick up Jo's calls?"

"Some time later."

Trevor smiled. "Which is like, around ten days then?"

Celeste paused for a brief moment. "Yeah."

Even though she and Trevor were getting divorced and she didn't have custody of Jordyn, she still had obligations as Jordyn's mother.

Hence, she had decided to carve out one day each month just for Jordyn.

In roughly ten days, it would mark almost a month.

"Alright," Trevor responded.

That was about all there **was** to **say**.

After all, they had nothing left to talk about.

Celeste cast him a look, signaling him to let go of her.

Yet Trevor didn't. Instead, he asked, "How are you doing these days?"

Celeste pursed her lips. She wasn't sure what he was up to.

"That's none of your business."

Whether she was okay or not was no longer his business.

It seemed like a casual question from Trevor. When she didn't reply, he didn't insist. Before she knew it, he had guided her off the dance floor and left.

Everyone else had no idea how Trevor and Celeste had become dance partners out of nowhere.

And when they saw it, they were all surprised.

Wynn, too, was biting her lip.

It didn't take long for her to calm down.

If Trevor was ever going to fall for Celeste, he would have done it a long time ago.

And it wouldn't have taken until now.

When she noticed Trevor had come back, she got off the dance floor and asked, "Did you say something to her?"

Trevor replied, "It was about Jo."

"Oh."

Wynn knew it. Trevor wouldn't **have** approached Celeste for no reason.

With **that**, she smiled and invited Trevor for a **dance again**.

Then, Trevor stepped onto the dance floor with her once more.

On the other side...

Matthias was shocked after seeing Celeste dance with Trevor.

Hearing that Trevor only wanted to **talk** about **Jordyn**, he felt a bit more at ease. "From now on, try to **keep** your distance with him if you can."

Celeste nodded. "I understand."

Just then, Caleb walked over. "Ms. Rodriguez, I'm sorry for switching partners without asking you first."

When they **swapped** partners, he noticed Celeste's dark expression. She seemed to be clearly unwilling to be around Trevor. She didn't want to dance with Trevor at all.

That was when Caleb realized Trevor was Wynn's boyfriend

Wynn and Celeste seemed to have a history of conflict.

So Caleb figured Trevor sought out Celeste to talk about Wynn—maybe even to defend her.

Celeste shook her head **and** said, "It's fine, and it's not ever your fault, anyway. I'd do the same if I were you, too."
She sounded calm and sincere.

He could tell she genuinely didn't blame him.

When they were **dancing** earlier, Caleb realized she wasn't particularly chatty or socially agile.

She was quiet and **reserved**. Her gaze held no ulterior motives—she saw him purely as her **dance** partner for the moment.

Caleb extended his hand. "**May** I have another dance with you then?"

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Celeste was stunned for a moment.

Even though Caleb invited her to dance again, she could tell that he didn't mean it **romantically**.

It was just a gesture of apology and friendliness.

Seeing **his** sincerity, Celeste obliged and placed her hand in his. Beck had already got off the dance floor.

His expression darkened when he noticed that Celeste and Caleb were back on the dance floor, dancing together.

Wynn, too, was a little surprised when she saw how Caleb had invited Celeste for another dance.

Trevor saw them as well.

He lifted an eyebrow, smirking. As though nothing had happened, he continued his dance with Wynn.

Moments later, Trevor received a call. He and Wynn stepped off the dance **floor**.

It just so happened **that** Miles didn't **want** to keep dancing either. Hence, Miles and Wynn made their way to Beck, whose gaze had hardly left Celeste.

Celeste and Caleb were still dancing

Miles took a sip of his drink, his gaze settling on Celeste. "Caleb seems pretty interested in her. But, **you**

know, **with** such a distinguished **family**, they would never approve of her, even if he really likes her," he said.

After all, Celeste had been married and even had a child. Given how the Rodriguezs were barely holding on, it'd be shocking if the **Jennings** ever accepted her.

Miles didn't say those words aloud, but Wynn knew what he was trying to convey.

Having stayed at Baumond for so long, she knew the Flemings, Harpers, Quintons, Jennings, and Robinsons were * among the most prestigious families in the city.

She had guessed before that Caleb came from an influential family—maybe even the Jennings.

And she was right.

Maybe Caleb did like Celeste, yet that didn't mean it was in a romantic way. As for Celeste marrying into the Jennings? That was nowhere near happening.

Just as Wynn was mulling over it, she saw Caleb and Celeste walk away from the dance floor.

After a brief nod to Celeste, Caleb walked away without a trace of reluctance.

Wynn smiled.

It seemed like she **had** guessed it right.

She knew Celeste simply wasn't the kind of woman who could make a man like Caleb fall for her at first sight.

Miles averted his gaze. "I'm a little hungry after all those dances. Wanna go for a bite?" he asked.

Seeing Celeste and Matthias walk to the buffet area, Beck answered, "**Okay.**" Wynn let Trevor—who was still on his phone—know where they were headed before leaving with Miles and Beck

to the buffet area.

As they arrived, **several** people at the buffet area came over to greet them. Some even took the opportunity to discuss potential business collaborations with Beck and Miles.

Wynn stood aside as she listened to them talk.

Just then, Caleb and Jorge came.

When Jorge noticed her, he walked over. "Hello, Ms. Locket

Wynn wore a faint smile, "Hi, Mr. Robinson."

"Where's Mr. Fleming? Why isn't he with you?

"He's busy making calls now."

Realizing that Wynn and Caleb hadn't been introduced, Jorge took the **initiative**. "Ms. Locket, this is my good friend, Caleb Jennings." Then, he turned to Caleb and said, "Caleb, this is Ms. Locker"

Caleb extended his hand. "Nice to meet you, Ms. Locket."

Wynn shook hands with him. "Likewise."

Celeste and Matthias were about to head to where they were as well.

When he saw them, Matthias clicked his tongue in annoyance.

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The pastries Matthias wanted were right over there.

Just as Matthias and Celeste were about to head **there**, someone called them over to talk business.

On the other side, after greeting Wynn, Caleb turned to Beck and Miles. "Hello, Mr. Harper, Mr. Quinton."

Beck nodded.

Just then, Trevor wrapped up his calls and made **his** way over.

Miles **recalled** how Caleb and Celeste **had** spent quite a while on the dance floor. He rubbed his **nose** and let out a quick cough.

After all, regardless of everything, Celeste was still Trevor's wife.

Beck's expression darkened a little as well.

Trevor, however, appeared completely unfazed.

He took the initiative to greet Caleb when he saw him. “Hello, Mr. Jennings.”

Caleb nodded. “Hello, Mr. Fleming.”

Trevor tapped his glass against his, took a sip, and said, “It’s been a **while**, huh?”

Caleb gripped his glass **lightly**. “Yeah, it has been.”

Miles was at a **loss** for words,

Well, that was a pointless concern.

The group of people then started chatting among themselves.

Celeste and Matthias were tied up in conversation for a good while.

They didn’t run into Trevor and the others again for the night.

As it was getting late, they greeted the host before quietly slipping **away**.

On Monday morning, just as Matthias arrived at the office, he was told that Ethan Yates from Fleming Group was already downstairs, hoping to discuss a collaboration.

Wynn had arrived alongside Ethan.

Matthias was at a loss for words.

Had it been Trevor personally seeking a meeting, he wouldn’t have bothered meeting him.

But he had **a** solid rapport with Ethan.

With Trevor sending him over, turning him down wasn’t exactly an option.

He had to admit that Trevor really knew how to pull the right strings.

Besides, Ethan had brought Wynn along

Matthias’s temples ached with an oncoming headache.

He bit back his frustration as he went to Celeste **and** filled her in

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Celeste said, “Seeing Wynn isn’t that big of a deal, though.

Meeting her didn't necessarily mean a deal was on the table, anyway.

"You're right," Matthias replied. Seconds later, he asked, "Do you want to come along?"

"Sure."

After letting Wynn and Ethan wait in the meeting room for a while, Celeste and Matthias finally made their way

over.

As Matthias stepped through the door, Ethan and Wynn rose in unison to greet him.

Wynn's expression flickered when she saw Celeste walk in with him, but she didn't dwell on it. After Ethan exchanged greetings with Matthias, she followed suit. "Hello, Mr. Yoder."

Matthias nodded. "Please, have a seat, Ms. Locket,"

Celeste's outstanding appearance, coupled with her years at Fleming Group, made her quite memorable to Ethan.

Before he took his seat, he blurted out, "It's you, Ms. Rodriguez!"

Ethan smiled. "I was wondering why I hadn't seen you in a while. So, you quit and came to YodaVision."

Back when Celeste was still working at Fleming Group, they did have the occasional work interaction.

She replied with a beam, "Yes, I've been working here for some time now."

"That's good to hear."

After the pleasantries, they moved on to the main topic.

When Ethan handed his proposal to **Matthias**, Wynn did the same.

Matthias took the proposals in hand and passed one of them to Celeste. "Cel, you can look at Ms. Locket's proposal. What do you say?"

"okay."

Wynn stilled for a brief moment, but she didn't utter a word

Celeste started to flip through the proposal

Though she couldn't read ten lines in a single glance, her speed was above average.

It only took her a few minutes to finish reading Wynn's proposal.

Then, she handed the proposal back to Wynn. Staring into Wynn's eyes, she said, "I can see that you put in a lot of effort, Ms. Locket. Still, there are quite a few issues. Compared to other companies seeking to collaborate with YodaVision, your proposal isn't in a favorable position."

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Upon hearing what Celeste had just said, Wynn **replied**, "I see."

With a sharp gaze fixed on Celeste, she added, "In that case, Ms. Rodriguez, will you please tell me what issues my proposal has so I can revise it accordingly?"

Celeste immediately **realized** that she was being challenged **on** purpose, with the intent to make things difficult for her.

Hence, she smiled and responded, "Ms. Locket, any issues with the proposal are yours to resolve. Do you think it's appropriate for us to pinpoint the issues for you? Let me remind you that we're not obligated to **work** with you. By **asking** that sort of question, are you **implying** that you want to collaborate with us but you have no clear understanding of our company's needs? If that's the **case**, I'm even more convinced that your team is incapable of meeting our standards."

Wynn's words indeed reflected her doubt **toward** Celeste and **her** deliberate attempt to put Celeste **in** a tough spot.

She was sure **that** Celeste wouldn't be able to point out the flaws in the proposal when she asked that question, and at the same time, she **set** a trap.

If Celeste took the bait and listed the issues, she'd have an easy way to strike back.

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However, to her surprise, Celeste didn't fall for it at all. Instead, she took the opportunity to set up a bigger trap for Wynn.

That was what Wynn **was** thinking. Keeping her cool, she said, "Ms. Rodriguez, I'm afraid there's a misunderstanding. What I'm suggesting is that collaboration should benefit both parties. If there are problems with the proposal, wouldn't it be best for both of us to discuss and solve them together?"

Celeste paused as she was drinking. She was caught off guard by Wynn's question.

Then, she asked, “Is this your first time negotiating a partnership, Ms. Locket?”

Wynn furrowed her brows. For a moment, she didn’t know why she had asked that question.

Without waiting for Wynn’s reply, Celeste went on with a smile, “What you’re suggesting, discussing and improving together, happens more in family or school settings. In business, people come together for profit; without it, they part ways. So, why would **we** choose the less than ideal option when there’s a better one available?

Celeste’s voice was gentle, **and** she **was** even smiling, but Wynn felt a cold shiver run through her as she listened

to her talk

She stared blankly at Celeste. She **knew**

she had underestimated the latter.

Celeste pushed the cup of tea closer to Wynn and said, “Have a taste of the tea, Ms. Locket.”

Wynn stilled for a moment.

With the way things were, she couldn’t refuse, even if she didn’t want any.

She lifted the cup of tea and muttered, “Thank you, **Ms.** Rodriguez ”

“You’re very welcome, Ms. Locket.”

Matthias had been paying attention to what **was** happening on their side.

Honestly, he **was** quite worried that Wynn would take advantage of Celeste again.

He was truly surprised when he heard that Celeste had so effortlessly rendered Wynn speechless.

After he had gone through the proposal, talked with Ethan, and seen them out, he gave Celeste a thumbs-up. That was impressive.”

Celeste lowered her gaze and chuckled. “Well, I worked as a secretary at Fleming Group for a reason.”

Although ordinary secretaries like her didn’t often interact with the major clients of Fleming Group, she had still dealt with plenty of people and situations over the years, and those had built up some **experience** for her.

Matthias forgot all about this,

He asked, “So, were there really flaws in the Lockets’ proposal?”

“Yes, there were.”

While the proposal was written in great detail, the technical aspects were also spot-on

Celeste suspected that Trevor had personally assisted the Lockets with it.

Yet, for some reason, when it was put into practice, it was just a little off.

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Once she was done discussing Wynn’s proposal, Celeste asked, “What about Fleming Group’s proposal?”

Matthias rubbed his nose lightly. “Well, you know, Trevor is in the same industry as us, so he’s pretty tech-savvy.

Besides, Fleming Group was financially strong

Their tech experts were **highly** sought after in the industry.

Not to mention that Trevor was an expert himself.

Thus, the proposal he sent over **wasn’t** just good—it was on a whole different level.

Perhaps that was why he could remain unruffled and only now make his move for a partnership.

It didn’t really surprise Celeste when she heard that.

She said, “Just assess the situation objectively when you make the decision.”

After all, working with a top-tier team took a lot of worries off the table.

Whatever had happened between her and Trevor was insignificant compared to the project.

Jorge came to YodaVision in the afternoon.

And this time, Matthias didn’t go and meet him.

Since Jorge didn’t manage to see anyone, he soon left on his own.

Then, Beck came.

Matthias and Celeste went to meet him together.

As they finished reading through Beck's new proposal, they exchanged a glance.

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Realizing their thoughts aligned, Celeste extended her hand to Beck and said, "Let's make this a successful partnership, Mr. Harper."

Beck noticed that Celeste had the final say over YodaVision. His gaze briefly flickered between her and Matthias before he stood and shook hands with both. "Looking forward to it. I believe this will be a great collaboration."

Then, they dove straight into the contract details.

As evening fell, they neared **an** agreement on the initial terms. Just then, Celeste's phone rang.

Jordyn's name flashed on the screen—two calls back to back.

Celeste dismissed them outright, and Jordyn didn't try a third time.

Trevor, on the other hand, answered the call from Jordyn.

He went back home half an hour later.

Jordyn was on an IV, looking pale in bed. Seeing Trevor, she mustered just enough energy to murmur, "Dad...."

Trevor **sat** by **the** bed. When he noticed the sheen of cold sweat on her forehead, he took out a handkerchief and wiped it carefully. "Does your stomach still hurt?"

"Slightly..

Though it was still quite painful to her.

Trevor didn't scold her for eating something bad. Instead, he picked up on her low mood. "Want me to ask Wynn to come by?" he asked.

In the past, she wouldn't have hesitated to agree.

But this time, she held onto Trevor's fingers, shook **her** head, and whispered, "I want Mom to come back."

Jordyn adored Wynn. Yet, even when her mother could get on her **nerves** sometimes, she was still the first person. Jordyn wanted to see **when** she wasn't feeling well.

More than anything, she wanted Celeste to be the one by her side now.

Upon hearing that, Trevor replied, "Okay."

He let Jordyn hold his hand as he used the other to call Celeste.

Celeste had just finished discussing the contract details with Beck, and they were about to go for dinner.

She thought of the two missed calls from Jordyn when she saw Trevor calling. After hesitating for a quick while, she answered the call, "Hello?"

"Jo has mild food poisoning, **and** she's currently on IV at home: She wants to see you," said Trevor.

Celeste's fingers tensed **around** the phone. "Got it. I'll come back now."

As soon as she hung up the call, she turned to Beck. "Sorry, something just came up. **We'll** have to do dinner another day."

Catching the shift in her expression and voice, Beck asked, "Did something happen to Jo?"

Celeste nodded.

"Is it something major?"

Trevor didn't explain much, **so** Celeste wasn't sure either. "She's probably okay now."

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"That's **a** relief."

Feeling slightly reassured, Beck dropped the subject.

After a brief word with Matthias, Celeste left the office.

When Celeste arrived at the villa, she entered Jordyn's **room** to find Trevor working at the desk.

Trevor looked up, noticing her. "You're back," he said.

Celeste murmured a soft reply.

She set aside her bag and went over to Jordyn's bedside.

Jordyn was still on an IV. She must have been tired, as she had dozed off with a slight frown.

Celeste didn't wake her up. Instead, she turned to Trevor and asked, "Is she okay now?"

"She was hurting pretty bad when I got home, but it's much better now."

"I see."

Celeste sank into the couch, book in hand, intending to read while waiting for Jordyn to wake up.

Then, Trevor asked, "Have you eaten yet?"

"No, I haven't."

Before Trevor could utter another word, Jordyn woke up.

She was very surprised to see Celeste. "Mom? You're back!"

"Yup."

Celeste closed the book she had barely started reading, walked over, and sat by the bed. Before she could speak, Jordyn sat up and threw her arms around Celeste's neck. "You're finally back, Mom!"

Feeling the warmth of her tiny body, Celeste paused briefly before hugging her back, making sure to avoid the IV

site.

Jordyn was feeling much better after being on the IV for more than half an hour. As the hunger set in, she said, "Mom, I'm hungry."

Trevor stayed where he was, glancing over. "Should I ask someone to bring you something to eat?"

Still curled up against Celeste, Jordyn lifted her head. "No, I want to eat Mom's cooking."

Upon hearing that, Celeste said, "Have something else for now, Jo. I'll make you something next time."

It was already too late to start preparing a meal.

“Alright,” she mumbled. “You have to eat with me then.”

“Okay.”

Jordyn’s joy was almost tangible after Celeste had come.

As her IV drip neared its end, Trevor carefully removed the needle for her, and she immediately asked Celeste to carry her downstairs for dinner.

Celeste lifted her, only to realize that Jordyn had gained some weight. She seemed to have grown taller as well.

It had only been 20 days had she really changed that much?

“Mom?”

Jordyn noticed that Celeste seemed lost in thought. Softly, she placed her hand on Celeste’s cheek.

Without a word, Celeste held her close and headed downstairs.

Trevor shut his laptop and trailed behind them. When he saw Jordyn bearing on Celeste’s shoulder, he reached out and gave her cheek a light pinch.

Jordyn was in such a good mood that she didn’t even protest

She sat next to Celeste, munching on her dinner while telling Celeste what she wanted for breakfast the next day.

“I have something to do later. I’ll cook these for you another time, Jo,” Celeste said, seeing that Jordyn was fine

NOW.

With that, Trevor glanced at Celeste but said nothing.

Yet, Jordyn wasn’t too happy about that. “But Mom, you’ve been so busy with work lately. I don’t want you to go! You just got home!”

Watching her pout in frustration, Celeste realized that visiting only once a month but staying for just a short while wasn’t exactly fair.

Hence, she gave in. “Alright, I’ll stay the night with you.”

Jordyn broke into a smile and added, “And you have to send me to school tomorrow!”

Celeste took another bite and nodded.

With so much to catch up on, Jordyn pulled Celeste upstairs right after dinner. Enthusiastically, she shared stories about her classmates, teachers, and all the things she had been enjoying

After listening for a while, Celeste noticed Trevor was leaning against the doorframe, watching them.

She had no idea how long he had been there.

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Celeste was about to wash up after helping Jordyn with her bath and drying her hair.

Since her toiletries weren’t in Jordyn’s room, she went to the master bedroom.

The master bedroom was all dim and silent. Trevor wasn’t there.

She switched on the light and immediately froze, for a second thinking she might have stepped into the wrong

room.

Having spent seven years in this room, she was intimately familiar with every part of it.

Yet, everything in sight felt so foreign to her.

Everything about the room was different. Well, almost—at least the floor remained unchanged.

The floor was the only thing left untouched. The chandelier curtains, bed, nightstand, small round table by the window, couch, coffee table, rug—everything had changed. Even the water dispensers and mugs were new.

On top of those, the vanity desk she had always used was nowhere to be seen, along with all her bottles and jars.

She could tell that every reminder of her had been deliberately removed.

Then again, it made sense. Their divorce was nearly a done deal, after all.

When Wynn got injured saving Trevor, he immediately rushed back and had Celeste sign a new divorce agreement. That alone made it obvious—he was eager to end their marriage and give Wynn a proper title.

Their divorce wasn't even finalized yet, and he was already so desperate to remove all traces of her?

Celeste took a step backward. Just as she was about to turn off the lights and leave, Hannah called out to her from behind.

She turned around and saw Hannah standing there with a tray. There was a cup of warm milk on the tray. "Oh, hi, Hannah."

Hannah smiled. "Mrs. Fleming Senior left this milk here when she visited before. She told me to make something with it for you when I get the chance."

"Thank you," Celeste replied.

"You're very welcome."

After a brief pause, she added, "Mr. Fleming asked me to pack up all your belongings at the beginning of the month Mrs. Fleming. I've moved them to the third floor. If you need anything, I can bring it down for you, or..."

It was early this month when she and Trevor signed the divorce papers.

Celeste responded, "It's okay, I'll go get them myself later."

"Alright."

Hannah then asked, "Do I take this cup of warm milk to Jo's room?"

This was a silent confirmation that she could no longer enter the master bedroom.

Celeste took the tray and uttered, "I'll take care of it."

Hannah nodded.

”

Then, Celeste switched off the lights in the master bedroom and went back to Jordyn's room with the tray in her hand.

As soon as she finished the cup of warm milk, she went to the third floor.

Her belongings were neatly arranged in a corner room on the third floor.

The room was clean and tidy as well.

She could tell that Hannah had been maintaining the room for her.

She took a fresh set of clothes and toiletries and went back to Jordyn's room for a bath.

After the bath and a short reading session with Jordyn, she got ready for bed.

Before bed, Jordyn asked, "I'm going to say goodnight to Dad. Do you want to come, Mom?"

Celeste shook her head. "No. You can go ahead."

"Okay."

Three minutes later, Jordyn came back. "Mom, Dad says goodnight too."

Celeste put away the book as she murmured a reply.

Yawning, Jordyn snuggled into Celeste's embrace. "We can sleep now, Mom. Goodnight!"

"Goodnight."

With that, she turned off the lights.

The next morning...

Celeste woke up just as dawn was breaking.

Jordyn, however, was still fast asleep.

Celeste washed up and went to the kitchen.

The Breaking Point of Love

Celeste went upstairs at around 7:00 am.

Jordyn had already woken up.

Seeing her return, Jordyn quickly switched away from the WhatsApp conversation.

Celeste pretended not to notice it and said casually, "Go wash up and get changed."

"Okay!"

Celeste packed up her things and was about to head downstairs when she saw Hannah gathering her pajamas from last night to wash.

Thus, she said, “There’s no need to wash them, Hannah. You can just throw them away.

“The other stuff as well, though. Please throw them away for me; I won’t be needing them anymore.”

Her divorce with Trevor should be finalized soon.

Going forward, even if she was meeting Jordyn, she wouldn’t set foot here again, let alone stay the night

These belongings were no longer needed, nor did she wish to keep them.

There had always been issues between Celeste and Trevor.

Over the last few months, Celeste’s rare visits had already hinted that their relationship was nearing its end.

When Trevor had her things cleared out of the master bedroom earlier that month, it was as good as confirmation.

Now, with what Celeste had just said, Hannah had no doubts left.

Hannah wasn’t sure what to say all of a sudden. Softly, she muttered, “Alright.”

Carrying her bag downstairs, Celeste ran into Trevor, who had just come back from a jog.

. He took the initiative to greet her. “Good morning.”

Celeste nodded, replying in a flat tone, “Morning.”

Then, she placed her bag on the couch and went into the kitchen.

Trevor, on the other hand, went upstairs.

With breakfast still in the works, Hannah took care of the rest. Celeste went into the living room, reading a book while waiting for Jordyn to come downstairs.

With time running short and Jordyn still not downstairs, Celeste sat still, asking Hannah to go upstairs and urge her.

Back then, Celeste used to handle these kinds of tasks herself.

Yet now, she seemed more like a guest, showing less concern for Jordyn than before.

Hannah noticed this and, with a resigned nod, went upstairs.

“A new book?”

Celeste was so engrossed in the book that she didn’t realize Trevor was already downstairs.

She nodded.

Trevor stretched out his hand. “Can I take a look?”

Celeste went still for a moment. “Don’t you have it?”

It was the newest journal in the AI field.

When they had just married, she wasn’t yet familiar with AI, but she had noticed many AI-related books in his study.

Naturally, the latest journals in the field were part of the collection.

He probably had a habit of subscribing to them.

“I’ve been busy lately and haven’t had the chance to check it out.”

He reached out his hand to her.

Just then, Celeste heard Jordyn’s footsteps approaching.

Since she was going to have her breakfast, she passed the journal to Trevor.

Jordyn came downstairs, spotted them, and went over to grab Celeste’s hand. “Is breakfast ready, Mom?”

“Yup.”

Celeste headed toward the dining room. As Jordyn followed her, she turned back to Trevor, who still had the journal in his hand, and asked, “Are you not coming, Dad?”

He responded, “I’ll join in a second.”

After Celeste and Jordyn had settled at the table, Trevor came.

Just as he started eating, his phone buzzed with a notification.

He put down his utensils and picked up the phone.

Celeste quietly savored the breakfast. Finishing most of her food, she left the dining room and placed the book Trevor had left on the coffee table back into her bag. Once Jordyn was done with her breakfast, Celeste left with her without saying anything to Trevor.