

# The Breaking Point of Love

## C 21-30

The Scent of 21

When Trevor returned home after celebrating Wynn's victory, it was nearly 1:00 am.

Peter noticed Trevor carrying a sleepy Jordyn and asked with concern, "Why were you out so **late**, Mr. Fleming?" **Trevor** responded with a hum and offered no further explanation.

After settling Jordyn into her room, **Trevor** returned to his own, turned on the light, and noticed Celeste's absence. He asked Peter, "She didn't come home tonight?"

"Mrs. Fleming? No, she hasn't."

Trevor raised a brow in mild surprise.

Celeste had rarely been staying at home the past few days. Frequent nights away were unusual for her. Could something serious have happened with the Rodriguez family?

The next morning, Jordyn **woke** up beaming, still feeling the joy of her time spent with Wynn, Hugging her stuffed doll, she happily made her way to the master bedroom.

"Mom! **Mom!**" she called out cheerfully.

But the room was empty.

The smile on Jordyn's face faltered.

Just then, Trevor stepped out of the walk-in closet, already dressed for the day.

“Where’s **Mom**?” Jordyn probed.

Trevor adjusted his tie with practiced ease while replying nonchalantly, not home.”

“She’s

“Huh? Why?”

“Ask her yourself.”

“Okay.”

Jordyn called Celeste.

Celeste had just returned from her morning jog. Seeing Jordyn’s name on the screen, she answered it.

Jordyn piped up eagerly, “Mom! Where are you?”

Instead of answering, Celeste asked, “What’s wrong, Jo? Did you i something?”

Aside from Lottle, no one knew where Celeste was staying she enjoyed the peace of living alone and wasn’t ready to let anyone disrupt that just yet.

For now, she wasn’t planning to tell Jordyn where she was staying.

With the phone on speaker, Jordyn lay sprawled across Celeste and Trevor’s bed and whined, “I miss you. Can you take me to **school** later?”

“My place is a bit far. I won’t be able to pick you up in time. Maybe next time, okay?”

“Okay,” Jordyn replied, visibly disappointed. Then, she added expectantly, “But you **have** to take me tomorrow morning, promise!”

Celeste hesitated. She wasn't eager to return to that **house**.

"Mom?"

Their conversation was on speaker, so **Trevor** overheard every word.

Celeste's unusual hesitation caught his attention. Knowing Celeste's devotion to Jordyn, he assumed she would immediately agree.

After a moment, Celeste suggested, "How about you let your dad take you?"

Jordyn truly missed Celeste.

When her request wasn't immediately granted, she felt wronged and her eyes reddened. "No...

than yesterday, you **haven't** taken me to school in so long!"

Since she was so insistent, Celeste finally relented. "Alright, I'll take you."

I you! Other

Her agreement wasn't out of sentiment. Instead, it was a matter of responsibility. She had chosen to bring Jordyn into the world, so she owed it to her daughter.

Jordyn's tears gave way to a bright smile.

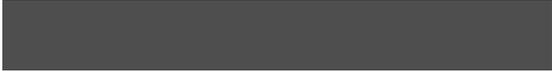
As Trevor fastened his watch, he noticed Jordyn was still engrossed in the conversation and reminded her, "If you don't go down for breakfast now, you'll be **late**."

Jordyn gasped. "Oh no! I haven't brushed my teeth or washed my face yet. Mom, talk later!"

Without waiting for Celeste to reply, she hastily ended the call.

Setting her phone aside, Celeste finished her breakfast before heading to Fleming Group for work.





There was an important meeting in the morning that Trevor would also attend..

When Celeste and the others had been seated for more than ten minutes in the conference room, Trevor finally walked in.

The moment he appeared, Naomi gasped, and her eyes shone with admiration as she couldn't tear her gaze away from him

When the meeting officially began, she snapped out of her daze and tugged on Celeste's sleeve.

Mr. Fleming is really handsome!"

Celeste had only glanced up when Trevor entered the room. At Naomi's comment, she merely responded without lifting her head, "Mm."

Naomi was surprised by Celeste's apparent lack of interest but quickly reminded herself **that** Celeste was already married and had a child.

Throughout the meeting, Naomi's heart fluttered as she couldn't stop staring at Trevor. She barely heard anything discussed during the meeting

Celeste, on the other hand, was diligently taking notes on her laptop.

Once the meeting, ended, Trevor left first, and the others slowly followed.

Naomi's heart still raced for a while after Trevor's departure. It wasn't until Zeke came over to pick up Celeste's notes that she finally snapped back to reality.

Zeke flipped through the **notes** and couldn't help but compliment her. "Not bad. Good work."

Celeste responded, "It's nothing."

After Zeke left, Naomi remembered she hadn't been paying attention to what was said during the meeting, so she quickly asked Celeste to send her a copy of the materials.

Naomi felt a headache coming on as she looked at them. "Ms. Rodriguez, did you study architecture?"

Celeste shook her head. "No."

"Then how do you know so many of the industry's terms?"

"I found some books on my own and learned a bit, but it's only surface-level."

The projects Fleming Group invested in were diverse, and to do this job well, Celeste had spent years studying various industries.

"Really? Have you looked into medical books as well?"

Yes."

**Naomi** was taken aback

Tax

After two days of working with her, Naomi realized that Celeste's ability to become the head of the secretarial team **at** such a young age was due to her genuine competence.

"Which books **have** you read? Can you send me a list? I'd like to check them out when I have time."

"**Sure**, I'll send it to you later."

By noon, Celeste filtered through some of the books that Naomi might find **useful** and easier to start with, then sent her a list.

Naomi stared at the lengthy list of 50 books, feeling a bit overwhelmed.

In the afternoon, around 3:00 pm, **Trevor** had a client meeting, and Zeke asked Celeste to make a few cups of coffee and he would bring them over himself.

Naomi was surprised to learn that Celeste was the one who made Trevor's coffee.

But Zeke had insisted on delivering it himself instead of letting Celeste do it. Naomi thought this must be Trevor's way of preventing his subordinates from getting too close to him.

Naomi tentatively asked, "Have you never personally delivered coffee to Mr. Fleming?"

"Not exactly. Sometimes, if Zeke or the others are busy, they'll ask me to deliver it."

Naomi, who loved coffee but never intended to learn how **to** make it, had an idea. She asked eagerly, "Ms. Rodriguez, could you teach me how to make coffee the way Mr. Fleming likes it?"

Even if opportunities were scarce, Naomi was determined to seize them.

Celeste saw through Naomi's intentions but didn't mind. She replied, "Sure."

She had already given up on Trevor, so there was no harm in sharing these skills with others.

Спарте 23

The Scent of 23



At that moment, Zeke had just arrived in the break room and paused when he overheard Celeste and Naomi's conversation

He and Jacob had always thought that Celeste wouldn't be able to leave the company. They were confident that she would find a way to stay.

When Naomi took over Celeste's duties, they expected Celeste to make a move. After all, Naomi was stunning. How could Celeste let her stay so close to Trevor?

However, during the past couple of days, Celeste had not only accepted Naomi but also gotten along well with her. **Now**, she was even willing to teach Naomi how to make the coffee Trevor liked.

What on earth was going on?

Celeste was oblivious to Zeke's thoughts. She was focused on finishing her work and politely turned down Naomi's offer to go out for dinner that evening.

She planned to head home for a quick meal and continue researching AI-related topics.

Just as she left the company, her phone rang. It was Jordyn calling

"Mom, are you done with work?"

Celeste got **into** the car and replied, "What's up?"

"I want you to cook dinner. Can you make it when you come home?"

Celeste paused.

She and Trevor weren't officially divorced yet, and he hadn't called to ask her to move out. So, he probably wouldn't mind her going back to make dinner for **Jordyn**.

But... She was feeling a little tired and had her plans.

Even though Jordyn was her responsibility, Celeste also had her own life. She wasn't willing to sacrifice her time unconditionally anymore just because of Jordyn.

She replied, "I have something to do today, maybe next time."

Celeste had always prioritized Trevor and Jordyn in the past and had almost never said no to them. But for the second time on this day, Celeste **had** to refuse Jordyn's request

Although Jordyn simply assumed her mother really was busy, she had grown used to being the number one priority in Celeste's life. She felt a little hurt.

"**Mom**, why are you always so busy lately? I don't care, I want you to make dinner!"

"Jo..." Celeste felt a headache coming on

Jordyn huffed and hung up the phone angrily.

Celeste teared up. She covered her eyes and sat in silence for a while before finally starting the car.

**At home**, she grabbed a quick meal and hopped onto work. Just as she opened her laptop, she received a call from Matthias.

"There's an event in a few days. Want to come with me? I'd like to introduce you to a few people."

"Sure."

Matthias then asked, "When will your handover be complete?"

"Soon, it should be in the next few days."

"Great."

Meanwhile, Jordyn thought Celeste would hurry home to comfort her **and make** dinner. But an hour had passed, and it was **already** close to 8:00 pm. Celeste still **hadn't** come home.

Peter was concerned that she might be starving and suggested, "Since Mrs. Fleming is busy, why don't you eat something to hold you over until she comes back?"

"I don't want to!" Jordyn pouted.

When Celeste hadn't even called, she finally felt truly upset Peter's suggestion only made her cry harder. "I want Mom to make it for me!!!

"But..." Peter thought Celeste was truly busy and had no choice but to call Trevor.

It **took** a while before Trevor answered the phone. "What is it?"

After Peter explained the situation, Trevor replied, "Give her the phone."

Jordyn sniffled as she picked up the phone. "Dad..."

"Have dinner first."

**Jordyn** wiped her tears but stubbornly stayed silent.

Trevor fell silent as well.

Jordyn cried harder.

"I'll take you out this weekend. You can choose where you want to go."

Her sobbing stopped immediately. "Really?"

"Yes. Now, eat your dinner first."

"Have you eaten, Dad?"

"I'm at a social event."

"Okay..."

"Go eat."

"Got it."

Jordyn pouted but felt better and hung up. She went downstairs to eat without further complaint.

After the call, Trevor returned to the private room, where someone joked, "Mr. Fleming, you sure have many calls

to **take.**'

Trevor took a sip of his drink.

“My daughter was throwing a **tantrum** and refused to eat.

## The Breaking Point of Love

The others exchanged glances.

**For** years, there had been rumors that Trevor had been married for some time, but no one knew **who his wife** was. Some even said he **was** never married at all.

The truth remained unclear, and they dared not ask too many questions. Now that Trevor had casually mentioned having a daughter, many were surprised, but most didn't dare to probe.

After dinner, Jordyn continued waiting for Celeste to return home.

By 9:00 pm, after taking a shower, Jordyn was still anxiously awaiting. She kept listening for any sounds outside. When she heard a car approaching around 10:00 pm, she rushed downstairs excitedly.

“Mom-”

Her cheerful voice halted when she saw Trevor walking in instead.

“Dad?”

Trevor handed his coat to Peter and noticed the disappointment on Jordyn's face. “What's wrong?”

“I thought Mom was back...”

Trevor wasn't bothered by the typical “kids only care about their mom” sentiment. He paused for a moment and said, “She's not back yet?”

“Yeah...”

He shrugged. “She must be busy. Didn't she promise to take you to school tomorrow morning? Go to bed early, and you'll see her when you wake up.”

Hearing this, Jordyn cheered up a little.

“Okay.”

After that, Trevor went to the study to take care of some work. By the time he was finished, it was already close to midnight. He had assumed that Celeste had returned while he was busy.

But when he got back to their room, he realized that Celeste still hadn't come home.

It seemed like something was going on with the Rodriguez family.

Thinking **this**, Trevor calmly entered the bathroom.

The next day, Celeste woke up early because she had to take Jordyn to school. She had a **quick** breakfast and then **drove** off

As the car entered the familiar neighborhood, Celeste experienced a brief moment of disorientation.

She had lived there for nearly seven years, and although it had only been about 20 days since she left, it felt as if she hadn't been back for half a lifetime.

In reality, nothing in the neighborhood had changed. Yet, Celeste already felt a sense of unfamiliarity.

Peter **saw** her and quickly came out to greet her. "**Mrs.** Fleming, you're back."

Celeste paused at the form of address but ultimately didn't correct him..

She nodded and asked, "Where's Jo?"

"She **should** still be asleep."

+26 BONUS

The timing was tight. If Jordyn didn't come downstairs soon, she'd miss breakfast. But Celeste didn't pla upstairs herself. Instead, she had Hannah go upstairs to hurry Jordyn along

Peter asked, "**Mrs.** Fleming, have you had breakfast? It's ready, would you like some?"

Celeste smiled faintly and shook her head. "No need, I've already **eaten.**"

"I see, okay then"

At that moment, **Trevor** came downstairs..

Celeste glanced at him and merely gave him a brief nod as a greeting.

to go

Trevor paused in his steps, but before he could say anything, Jordyn came running down the **stairs** and threw herself into Celeste's arms.

Celeste held her and gently ruffled her hair. "It's getting late, you should go eat breakfast."

"Okay!"

Trevor was right when he'd said she would see Celeste when she woke up!

Jordyn was delighted and snuggled closer to Celeste, breathing in her familiar scent. Feeling content, she pulled Celeste toward the dining room and said, "Mom, come eat with me."

Celeste didn't move. "I've already eaten. You go **ahead.**"

Jordyn whined, "Then at least talk to me."

While the two chatted, Trevor had already sat down at the dining table.

Celeste couldn't resist Jordyn's request and sat down across from Trevor.

Peter poured a glass of water for her, and she quietly listened to Jordyn enthusiastically recounting **events** from school the day before. She completely ignored Trevor,

Naturally, Trevor noticed the change in Celeste's attitude. The last time they had been at Fleming Manor, she had acted the same way.

Frowning, Trevor paused his eating.

## The Breaking Point of Love

Just then, **Trevor's** phone rang. Celeste happened to glance over and saw that the incoming call displayed the word "Babe" on the screen.

She had convinced herself that she no longer cared, but after loving someone for so many years, it wasn't easy to let go completely.

The sight of those two words stung her eyes, and she quickly averted her gaze.

Trevor noticed her reaction when he looked up, but without hesitation, he answered the phone right in front of her and spoke in a gentle tone, "Yes?"

Jordyn also noticed Trevor's actions.

In Jordyn's memory, Trevor only showed this kind of tenderness when speaking to Wynn. For a moment, she forgot that Celeste was there and excitedly asked, "Dad, is that Wynn?"

Trevor calmly replied, "Yes."

Jordyn wanted to say that she **wanted** to chat with Wynn too but hesitated, remembering that Celeste didn't like Wynn. She swallowed the words back, her good mood slightly dampened.

Wynn"

She furrowed her brow and couldn't help but think, "If only Mom could get along

om could get along with W

Wynn must **have** said something that made Trevor frown with **concern**. **He**

didn't even finish his breakfast and left in a hurry.

Jordyn noticed how urgently Trevor was leaving and felt concerned too. But because Celeste was there, she didn't ask any questions.

However, she had lost her appetite and stood up saying, "Mom, I'm done, let's go now."

Celeste had observed every subtle reaction from Jordyn and knew the latter was anxious to find out what was going on with Wynn.

But she said nothing about it.

"You haven't eaten much, take some with you in the car."

"I'm not hungry."

Celeste didn't insist.

As soon as Jordyn got into the backseat, she sent a message to Wynn.

Celeste saw it but didn't comment,

A little while later, Wynn replied, saying it was just **a** fever and a cold, nothing serious.

But her voice sounded a little hoarse, which made Jordyn even more worried. She quickly sent a **message** telling Wynn she would visit her after school.

The moment the message was sent, Jordyn felt a twinge of guilt.

She hadn't had Celeste's cooking in a **long**

time, and she had planned to have dinner with her later that night. But fortunately, she hadn't mentioned it yet.

Thinking about it, she sneaked a glance at Celeste in the driver's seat. When she saw Celeste wasn't paying attention to her, **she** felt relieved.

When they arrived at **school**, Jordyn gave Celeste a warm hug. "Mom, I'll go in now."

"Alright."

Jordyn didn't notice Celeste's indifference and cheerfully bounced off to school.

Not long after returning to the company, Celeste received a message saying Trevor had an urgent matter, and the meeting scheduled for 10:00 am was postponed to the afternoon.

Trevor's "**urgent** matter" was, in fact, that he went to care for the sick Wynn.

Celeste didn't react much and continued to focus on her work.

Around 2:00 pm, it seemed Trevor had returned to the company because Zeke told everyone that the meeting would start at 3:00 pm and asked Celeste to make Trevor a cup of **coffee**.

When Trevor entered the conference room, Celeste's fingers suddenly froze over the keyboard.

He had changed clothes. It wasn't the same outfit he wore this morning.

He had gone to see Wynn earlier, and though they might not have done anything, Trevor might have gone to comfort her, maybe even staying in bed with her...

At this thought, Celeste momentarily lost focus.

Perhaps Trevor assumed she was making an inappropriate display of infatuation toward him. When she snapped out of her daze, she found Trevor staring at her with a steely gaze,

Recalling his tenderness and care for Wynn in contrast with the impatience and indifference he showed her, Celeste clenched her fists and quickly looked away

The meeting ended soon after, and Zeke came to find Celeste, saying that her handover work was nearly finished and that she didn't need to come to the company the next day.

Celeste replied, "I know."

Even if Zeke hadn't mentioned it, she'd already planned to bring it up after completing her remaining tasks. It was a relief he came in person, so she wouldn't have to make the trip herself.

## The Breaking Point of Love

Zeke didn't expect her to agree so decisively. "You..."

Celeste stretched out her hand as she **said**, "Thank you for taking care of me over the years."

Zeke hadn't yet recovered from his surprise but still reached out to shake her **hand**. "It was nothing."

Then, Celeste packed her things and left.

Zeke was still in disbelief as Celeste walked away.

"Why are you zoning out?" Jacob patted him on the shoulder.

"Celeste left the company,"

Jacob paused for a moment. "Really?"

He couldn't believe it.

He then said with a snort, "She might be leaving now, but that doesn't mean she won't find a way to come back. I bet not long from now, she'll be back with help from Mrs. Heming Senior."

Zeke didn't say anything. Though it seemed unbelievable, he was starting to think Celeste might actually be serious about leaving after the way she had been acting recently.

After leaving Fleming Group, Celeste went straight home. She didn't receive any calls from Jordyn in the next two days as the latter was probably occupied with Wynn.

Late into the night the following day, Lottie developed a fever.

Celeste hurriedly closed the book she was reading, grabbed the car keys, and left the house.

It had been raining all day, and the rain showed no signs of letting up even at this hour.

Lottie lived in the old town area, and there were hardly any people or cars on the road.

Celeste stopped by a pharmacy near Lottie's neighborhood to pick up some medicine. As she was getting into the car, she suddenly heard the passenger side door **open**

, and a tall figure got in.

Celeste's heart skipped a beat. As she turned her head, a black gun barrel was pointed straight at her.

Don't move."

The man was dressed in black and wore a mask. The brim of his hat was pulled **low** to obscure his face, though she could see his cold and sharp gaze.

Celeste raised her hands slightly and remained still.

He took her bag and phone. "I won't harm you. You can leave after you take me where I need to go."

Before Celeste could react, he ordered coldly, "**Drive.**"

The area around them was completely deserted and the pharmacy was a bit of a distance away.

**While** Celeste assessed the **situation**, she noticed a strong, pungent smell of blood in the car. She paused, then started the engine **and** asked, "Where to?"

"Silverleaf Wharf. I'll tell you the specific directions."

"No need, I know the **way**," Celeste responded and drove off

For the rest of the ride, Celeste focused on driving while the man remained silent.

Silverleaf Wharf was about half an hour **away**, and Celeste drove with steady precision. The man kept his gun up, and the way he looked at her slowly **changed**

.

But Celeste didn't notice.

After a while, he spoke again. "Stop under the tree ahead."

"Okay."

Celeste smoothly pulled over. The man's gun was still aimed at her. As he got out of the car, she retrieved her bag and calmly started to go through it.

"I **have** some medicine for your wound," she said.

The strong scent of blood in the car grew more intense during the drive, and Celeste knew the man must have been seriously injured.

The man hesitated but ignored her offer. He got out of the car and quickly disappeared into the darkness. Since he hadn't accepted her help, Celeste didn't push it. She turned the car **around** and left.

A few minutes later, the man boarded a boat that had come to pick **him** up. He removed his **hat** and mask, **and** his phone rang. As he had someone tend to his wound, he answered the call.

you. Where

Before he could speak, Miles hurriedly asked, "Beck, are you alright? My men said they didn't get to you. are you?"

"There was a little incident, but I'm at the wharf now."

"Good, that's a relief. What happened? You scared me to death!"

After a brief exchange, Beck hung up the phone and looked at the tree in the distance, deep in thought.

Celeste had returned to Lottie's place about half an hour later.

After taking her medicine and eating some food, Lottie felt a little better.

"Why do I smell blood? Cel, did you get hurt?" she asked with a frown.

"No."

It was the man who had been injured. When he took her phone and bag, some of the blood had gotten on them. She had wiped it when she got back, but apparently, she hadn't cleaned it all off.

After Lottie's fever had completely subsided, Celeste returned home. She hadn't yet prepared a dress for the upcoming banquet, so in the afternoon, she headed out to shop for one.

At a high-end boutique, the store manager and several attendants were busy with a particular dress. It wasn't until Celeste approached that they noticed her presence.

"Sorry, miss, how can **we** help you?"

"I'm just looking around."

"Of c

**course.**

Though Celeste had become part of an affluent family like the Flemings, she's attended very few banquets over the years. After all, Trevor and Queenie never took her along to any formal events.

As for Martha, she'd stepped out of the limelight long ago and had no interest in the social scene.

Celeste wasn't an expert on dresses, but Lottie worked in high-end fashion. Hence, she had developed a basic sense of style.

However, the boutique was filled with so many beautiful dresses that it was hard **to**

choose.

She wasn't looking to be too picky and just wanted something simple.

Just as Celeste thought so, the dress the attendants had been busy with earlier caught her **eye**.

It was a light purple semi-sheer chiffon gown with a waist-cinching design, adorned with intricate floral details. The model's neck **was** graced with an elegant, luxurious necklace.

Without **thinking**, Celeste walked over.

As she was about to reach out and feel the fabric, the store manager suddenly grabbed her hand forcefully, causing her to wince in pain.

He quickly released her hand and explained, “I’m so sorry, miss, I didn’t mean to hurt you. This dress is a custom piece for one of our high–end clients, and there’s only **one** in the world. It’s quite expensive, and if anything happens to it, we can’t cover it...”

“It’s fine,” Celeste said, though she was a little disappointed that the dress was taken.

The boutique had dresses ranging from several tens of thousands to over a million dollars, and even the most expensive dresses seemed mundane next to the one she had just seen.

In the end, **Celeste** chose a delicate Ivory silk gown with floral embroidery. When she was paying and having the dress wrapped up, she overheard two attendants talking son ly nearby.

“They say the necklace and the dress together are worth over 30 million dollars, That’s like wearing a mansion on your body. Rich people really are extravagant.”

“Tell me about it. Plus, they’ll probably **only** wear it once...”

Celeste hadn’t expected the dress to be that expensive. Even if it weren’t claimed by anyone else, she certainly couldn’t have afforded it.

Celeste shook her head and turned to leave.

Back at home, Lottie called to tell **her she** would be taking her out for a big meal the next night.

When she found out that Celeste **was** attending the banquet Lottie hurried over in the afternoon to help do Celeste’s styling

Celeste had a good eye for fashion, and with Lottie’s skillful makeup, Celeste’s elegant and graceful appearance was beautifully enhanced.

When Matthias came to pick her up that evening, he was immediately taken aback when he saw Celeste. “You look stunning. The dress suits you perfectly.”

“Thank you.”

As the

they got into the car, Matthias asked, “So, you’re officially returning to the company tomorrow?” “Yeah.”

“Just in **time** for Wynn.” Realizing she didn’t know who Wynn was, he added, “She’s the algorithm genius I mentioned before. She’ll be starting tomorrow. I’ll introduce you to her.”

Chapter 20.

The Scent of 28

Celeste’s expression **stiffened**. “Wynn? Do you mean Wynn Locket? The one who returned from Andostan recently?”

Matthias nodded, surprised. “Yes. Do you know her?”

“She’s my **half**-sister.”

**Matthias** was dumbfounded. Although he knew a little about Celeste’s family situation, he hadn’t expected such a coincidence.

Celeste’s gaze turned cold, and she added, “She’s **also** Trevor’s lover.”

The car suddenly screeched to a halt..

Matthias’ eyes widened in shock. “You-”

Celeste shook her head and kept a cool composure. She said “I’m fine. I just don’t agree with her joining our company.”

Matthias agreed without **hesitation**

. “I support your decision.”

Celeste felt touched. “Thank you.”

After a pause, she said, “But that means you’ll be losing a genius.”

Chuckling, Matthias shook his head and glanced at her. He replied with utmost sincerity, “She may be an algorithm genius, but compared to you, she’s nothing.”

Celeste was stunned. She thought Matthias was exaggerating, but he stated, “I’m just being honest.”

Celeste hadn’t expected him to say that. After thinking for a **moment**, she asked, “It’s been a while since she last did her interview. Why **hasn’t** she started yet?”

Matthias shrugged. “She said she had some things to take care of. I didn’t press her for details.”

After more than ten minutes, they arrived at their destination.

Matthias noticed Celeste was lost in thought and **asked**, “What’s on your mind?”

“I just don’t understand why she would want to join our company.

Their company was doing well, but there were bigger companies in the country. With Wynn’s background **and** education, she had plenty of options. While Celeste **was** a major shareholder, her identity wasn’t made public for specific reasons. Wynn probably didn’t know about her connection to the company, so she couldn’t possibly be targeting **her**.

Matthias rubbed his chin and suddenly grinned. “During our chat the other day, she mentioned our company’s programming language and said she was very interested in Cuap.”

Cuap was the programming language Celeste had designed with a team when she was 17.

At the time, many people thought it was ordinary. In recent years though, it had become the company's most formidable asset.

Many professionals had tried to analyze it, but none had succeeded. Now, it was considered a benchmark in the Industry.

It seemed that Wynn had come for this programming language.

“Now that you mention it, many talented people have joined our company because of Cuap over the past few years, ” remarked Matthias.

Celeste hadn't realized this.

Matthias ruffled her hair with a smile. “**That's** why I say she's nothing compared to you.”

He knew better than anyone how **much** of a genius Celeste was, having worked with her for years. Especially since before Celeste's **arrival**, he had been regarded as the genius in their field.

E

The Scent of 29

Celeste and Matthias arrived at the banquet hall, where most guests had already gathered. Celeste's outstanding appearance and graceful presence immediately attracted many of their attention.

The host of the **event**, **Joshua** Simpson, was familiar with Matthias. He smiled and made his way over to greet them. Just as he was about to approach, however, more guests arrived at the entrance of the hall.

Seeing the newcomers, Joshua froze, **his** disbelief apparent.

The other guests, too, **were** stunned by the unexpected arrival.

Celeste and Matthias were still facing away from the entrance and were puzzled at the sudden expressions of surprise and delight from the other guests.

As they **were** about to turn around to see what was happening, Joshua shot them a brief apologetic look before **moving** past them and heading toward the **entrance**.

“Good evening, Mr. Fleming, Mr. Harper, and Mr. Quinton

Celeste’s heart skipped a beat as a sudden realization formed in her mind. She turned around and her smile faltered for a moment.

Indeed, it **was** Trevor, **Beck**, and Miles.

Wynn had arrived too.

To Celeste’s surprise, Wynn was wearing the same gown Celeste had seen in the boutique the day before, the one valued at over 30 million dollars.

Wynn’s tall, curvaceous figure, paired with the elegance and grace of the gown, made her appear both sensual and regal. She seemed almost untouchable in the eyes of those present.

“Is that Trevor, Beck, and Miles? They rarely attend events. Why are they here today?”

“Seriously, what’s going on?”

“And who is that stunning woman with them? Is she Trevor’s girlfriend? She’s so beautiful! If I could have a woman like that, I’d willingly trade ten years of my life!”

“I prefer the one in the ivory gown, though. She’s quiet and graceful. I think compared to Mr. Fleming’s her type of beauty is much rarer. It’s a shame she’s already with someone.”

Celeste overheard another conversation.

girlfriend,

“Oh my god, that gown! I was in awe when I saw it yesterday! The store manager mentioned it was a custom piece for someone’s girlfriend. I was wondering who the big spender was. Turns out it was Trevor! 30 million dollars, **can** you believe that?”

“What? 30 million?!”

Celeste’s gaze lowered slowly.

When she saw Wynn in the gown, she had already suspected that it might have been a gift from Trevor. Despite the Locket family’s thriving business, they could hardly afford such extravagant expenditures for an event. On the other hand, 30 million dollars might be nothing to Trevor.

Admittedly, Trevor was very attentive to Wynn. The gown had been custom-ordered **two** weeks in advance, meaning he had planned to bring Wynn to this event long before it happened.

Matthias was aware of how rarely Trevor participated in such events and was also caught off guard by the **coincidence**. Similarly, he couldn’t believe Trevor had even brought Wynn along

He looked at Celeste with concern. “Cel...”

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

## The Breaking Point of Love

At first, Celeste was indeed shocked, but she had already let it go.

As the crowd swarmed around Trevor and his group, Trevor didn’t notice Celeste’s presence.

Celeste appeared gentle and calm, but Matthias **knew** she was a person of great **resolve**, willing to take risks and pursue her desires.

In her professional life, once she had an idea or interest, she would dedicate all her energy to it and fully immerse herself in the work, even if the outcome had no market value.

For her, the only way to find out if something worked was to try it.

The same applied to her personal life. She had loved Trevor deeply, enough to gamble her future on him by giving up the chance for further education and diving into family life with determination.

Now, though the cost had been high, Matthias had never once seen regret in Celeste's eyes. So **when** Celeste said she was fine and ready to move on, Matthias believed her.

He smiled and asked, "Want something to drink?"

Celeste nodded with a smile. "Sure."

They moved against the tide of the crowd toward the drinks area.

"How about some wine?" Matthias asked.

"Okay. Just a little."

Though Celeste didn't particularly enjoy drinking, her tolerance wasn't bad.

They clinked glasses and quietly stood to the side, sipping their drinks.

After a **while**, someone approached them. "Matthias, you're here too?"

"Professor Leonard," Matthias greeted the newcomer warmly, "I was just about to look for you, but I couldn't find you."

Bryson Leonard chuckled teasingly. "Really? I don't quite believe that."

"It's true. I came here today specifically to introduce someone to you."

"Oh?"

When Bryson's gaze landed on Celeste, he was impressed by her striking appearance and elegant aura. Nonetheless, he was also puzzled as to why Matthias would want to introduce her to him.

If Matthias weren't known for his integrity, Bryson might have thought something else entirely.

“You mentioned that the language programming project you’ve been working on recently was stuck in a bottleneck.” Matthias gestured to Celeste and introduced, “This is Celeste, my junior. She’s a genius in language programming. I can guarantee she’ll be able to help you.”

“

**Your** junior?” Bryson was taken aback.

Matthias’ mentor, Zachary Newman, was a big name in the domestic AI field. All of his students, though still young, were already pillars of the country’s tech industry.

However, Celeste’s name was unfamiliar to Bryson.

+25-BONUS

Chapter 1

Matthias smiled. “Yes, the programming language Cuap was developed by her team eight years ago.”

When it came to programming languages, few had as much weight in the industry as Cuap

Bryson was bewildered. “Really?”

“Really. If you chat with her, I’m sure you’ll find out soon enough.”

Now eager, Bryson asked Celeste a few questions to gauge her expertise.

After a brief conversation, they dove into the challenges he was facing, and the more they discussed, the more excited he became. The conversation flowed effortlessly, and he could hardly stop.

Matthias sipped his drink as he watched them with a smile, content not to interrupt.

Just then, Matthias looked up and saw Wynn walking toward him.

As soon as Wynn noticed him looking, she nodded and gave a polite smile.

Matthias froze as he recalled Wynn’s status. Before he could react, Wynn **had** already reached him.

“Mr. Yoder,” she greeted.