

The Breaking Point of Love

Chapter 221

Jordyn absolutely loved Christmas.

Every year, she would decorate the Christmas tree at home with Celeste.

On Christmas Day, they would go out together, strolling through the streets and soaking in the festive atmosphere with everyone around them.

But ever since Jordyn went abroad with Trevor, they had never spent another Christmas together. No, it would be more accurate to say she had stopped celebrating Christmas altogether.

Celeste told herself she was moving on. But in the end, this was the daughter **she had** given birth to and raised with her own hands for many years.

Now, standing amidst the bustling crowds, watching the lively scene around her, memories of the past surged up, disturbing her peace.

“Ms. Rodriguez?”

Celeste turned around.

It was Caleb.

She gave a polite nod. “Mr. Jennings.”

“Why are **you** here alone?”

Celeste crossed the emotions in her eyes and smiled. “just came out to buy some plants for my home.”

Caleb had approached her because he had seen her standing alone in the crowd from a distance—her figure and expression tinged with solitude.

There even seemed to be an unshakable sadness about her.

He didn’t know much about Celeste. But whatever was troubling her, it was enough to weigh heavily on her heart. He asked, “Want to grab a drink?”

Celeste shook her head. “I’m just going to buy what I need and head home.” Then, out of politeness, she asked, What about you? Why are you here alone?”

Caleb replied, "I was out having dinner with a friend, but he had to leave early."

Since she had only come here on a whim, she might not know about the event later. So, he said, "There's going to be a big fireworks show here soon. Want to stay and watchi

He wasn't asking her out—just letting her know.

Celeste smiled. "Oh, so that's why it's so crowded here."

She wasn't very familiar with Caleb. Just as she was about to say something, her words stalled when she suddenly noticed three familiar figures emerging from the crowd.

It was Trevor, Wynn, and Jordyn. They were heading toward the plaza, seemingly there for the fireworks show as

well

Caleb noticed her change in expression and followed her gaze, spotting **Trevor** and Wynn—along with a little girl. He was momentarily stunned.

He had heard from Jorge that, recently, there was a growing rumor in their circle—Trevor had a child. For years, there had also been speculation that Trevor was married.

But those rumors were never confirmed.

Truth and fiction blurred together, and no one really knew for sure. Most people thought the claim about Trevor having a child was just hearsay.

Caleb had thought the same.

But now, seeing Trevor and Wynn out with a little girl on such a festive occasion, he was genuinely surprised.

Even so, that didn't necessarily mean the girl was Trevor's daughter, right?

Besides, Wynn was only about 25 and had supposedly been studying abroad all these years. She couldn't have been pursuing a master's and a Ph.D. while also having a child, could she?

That wouldn't make any sense.

While these thoughts ran through his mind, Trevor and Wynn had already disappeared into the crowd.

Caleb turned back to look at Celeste and saw that she had already averted her gaze.

Caleb recalled that she and Wynn never got **along**. But just now; when she saw Trevor and Wynn together, her expression had been... strange.

He asked, “Want to take a walk?”

Fireworks, huh?

Celeste had actually been looking forward to them. But now.

Still, avoiding the fireworks just because of Trevor and Wynn would be a pointless **loss**.

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Hearing Caleb’s invitation, Celeste smiled and said, “Okay,

They followed the crowd forward

Just as they reached the railing, brilliant fireworks exploded across the riverbank, drawing gasps and laughter from the crowd, though the sounds were quickly drowned out by the thunderous bursts.

Many people took photos, while others **made** wishes.

Noticing that Celeste was simply watching **in** silence without doing anything else, Caleb asked, “Do you want me to record a video for you?”

Celeste shook her head, “No need, just watching is enough

Caleb didn’t press further.

At that moment, Wynn’s gaze swept in their direction.

They were several meters apart, but Caleb’s tall stature and striking appearance made him easy to spot.

Having met him a few times before, they were at least acquaintances.

Wynn was about to mention him to Trevor, who was holding Jordyn, and go over to say hello—when she suddenly saw the person standing partially obscured behind Caleb,

It was Celeste.

Her smile froze instantly.

Why were they here together? Events like this were usually enjoyed by family members or couples.

Aside from a single dance at a banquet, Celeste and Caleb had barely any interaction. So, why were they here together?

She looked again and confirmed that it was indeed just the two of them.

“Wynn, look! It’s so beautiful!” At that moment, Jordyn noticed Wynn looking elsewhere.

Not wanting her to miss the spectacular scene, she bent down, cupped her hands around Wynn’s ear, and excitedly shared her joy.

Wynn turned back and smiled. “Yes, I see it.”

Trevor glanced at her and noticed she seemed distracted. “What’s wrong?”

Wynn quickly replied, “Nothing.”

Jordyn was so captivated by the fireworks show that she hadn’t looked in Celeste’s direction, and thus, didn’t **notice** her.

But when Trevor turned to speak to Wynn, his eyes happened to land on Celeste.

Since Caleb was talking to her, Celeste’s gaze was also turned in their direction.

Their eyes met across the distance.

Celeste froze for a moment, pressed her lips together, and looked away.

Just then, Caleb turned back toward the fireworks,

his profile becoming visible to Trevor.

+25 BONUS

Even with only a side view, Trevor recognized him instanti

Seeing Trevor take notice of Caleb and Celeste, Wynn said, I didn’t expect them to come watch the fireworks together.”

“**Mm**,” Trevor responded indifferently and withdrew **his** page.

Wynn, seeing his complete lack of reaction, smiled—but then her expression subtly shifted.

The idea of Caleb and Celeste being here together made the smile at the corners of her lips fade. Her eyes drifted back to Celeste.

At that moment, **Caleb** also glanced her way.

Noticing that Wynn had seen **him**, he gave her a polite nad

Wynn returned the gesture with a smile.

As acquaintances, Caleb would have gone over to greet her normally. But considering the apparent tension between Celeste and Wynn, he chose not to.

Wynn furrowed her brows slightly before slowly looking away.

After that one glance, Trevor never looked at Celeste again,

As for Jordyn, she was too busy happily taking pictures and watching the fireworks with Trevor's phone to notice that Celeste was standing nearby.

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"Miss, would you like some chocolate-covered fruit?"

Celeste turned around.

The plump fruits on the skewer gleamed temptingly in the light, stirring something in her heart. It had been a long time since she'd **had** chocolate-covered fruit.

With **that** thought, she glanced in Jordyn's direction.

As expected, she saw the little girl happily munching on a skewer of chocolate-covered fruit.

Aside from that, at some point, Wynn had acquired a bouquet of red roses.

She leaned against Trevor, talking to him, while Jordyn handed her the skewer **with** a bite taken out of it.

Wynn smiled as she accepted it and took a bite right from Jordyn's hand. After another bite, Jordyn passed it to Trevor.

Trevor shook his head, **said** something she couldn't hear, and declined. Celeste withdrew her gaze and said to the vendor, "I'll take a skewer of strawberries."

Just as she was about to ask Caleb if he wanted one, he spoke first, "I'll handle it."

Before she could react, he had already taken **out** his phone, paid for it, and accepted the skewer from the vendor before handing it **to** her. It was only ten dollars.

Seeing this, Celeste reached out to take it and **said**, "Thankyou."
"You're welcome."

As they exchanged words, neither of them noticed that Wynn and Trevor had turned to look in their direction just in time to witness Caleb paying for Celeste's chocolate-covered fruit.

Trevor's gaze **darkened** slightly, while Wynn's smile faded once again. Celeste and Caleb, however, remained oblivious to them.

The fireworks show lasted around 20 minutes.

As it continued, they turned back to watch

Jordynflugged on Trevor's sleeve. "Dad, Wynn, what are you looking at?"

Trevor retracted his gaze. “Nothing.” Wynn also smiled, brushing it off.

A few minutes later, the fireworks show finally came to an end.

Celeste turned to Caleb. “Thank you for watching the fireworks with me. And for the strawberries.”

“Heading back now?”

“Yeah, just going to buy some plants, then I’ll head home.

Caleb didn’t try to keep her. “Alright. Goodbye.”

“Goodbye”

Celeste walked away.

Caleb followed the crowd, heading toward the parking lot. But after only a few steps, someone called out to him.

“Caleb?” It was Jorge’s voice.

Caleb turned around. “Jorge.”

Jorge walked over. “What are you doing here?”

“Had dinner with a friend,” Caleb replied. “You?”

Jorge looked a bit uncomfortable. “Same here.”

“I was just about to head back. **What** about you?”

“1—” Jorge started to speak, but suddenly fell silent, his gaze locking onto something in the **distance**.

Caleb followed his line of sight and saw what he was looking at—Trevor and Wynn. They didn’t seem to be leaving but had instead entered a cafe.

Jorge’s eyes remained fixed in that direction. “That little girl... Could the rumors be true? Does Trevor really have a daughter?”

Caleb wasn’t particularly interested in this topic. “Maybe.”

Jorge stood still, lips pressed **into** a thin **line**.

If that girl really was Trevor’s daughter, then wouldn’t Wynn have to suffer a lot in the future?

Moreover, there had also been rumors that Trevor was already **married**. What if that were true?

If Trevor and his ex-wife became entangled again because of their child, wouldn’t Wynn suffer even more? 1

Caleb's phone rang. After a moment, he put it down and said, "I have something to take care of. I'm heading back first—want to come along?" Jorge snapped out of his thoughts, his eyes darkening slightly. "No, I'm waiting for someone. You go ahead. Let's catch up another time."

"Alright." Caleb left.

Once his figure disappeared, Jorge turned and walked toward the cafe.

As he pushed the door open, he happened to run into Wynn, who **was** about to take Jordyn to the restroom.

Both of them stopped in their tracks,

Wynn recognized him and **said**, "Mr. Robinson? What a coincidence."
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"Yeah." Jorge closed the door behind him, letting his gaze sweep across the cafe. Then, he spotted Trevor at the counter, ordering from the server.

Retracting his gaze, he let it fall on Jordyn.

It only took **a** single glance for him to be almost certain—Jordyn was Trevor's daughter. She resembled him by at least 50%.

Still, he asked, "And she is...?"

Wynn lowered her eyes slightly. "Trevor's daughter."

As expected.

Jorge's heart sank.

At that moment, Jordyn spoke up, "Wynn, who's this handsome man?"

Wynn bent down and tapped Jordyn's little nose, smiling gently. "A friend of mine."

"Oh..." Jordyn nodded.

Wynn then turned back to Jorge. "Mr. Robinson, are you meeting a friend—"

Before she could finish, Jordyn interrupted, shaking Wynn's arm. "Wynn, hurry, take me to the restroom."

She had milkshake earlier, and now the urge to go was becoming unbearable. Seeing that Wynn still seemed Inclined to chat, she couldn't help but cut her off.

And because she was so anxious, her tone came off as more like a command.

Jorge frowned slightly at the way **Jordyn** treated Wynn—it was as if she was ordering her around.

Yet, Wynn didn't seem to mind in the slightest. She remained as patient and gentle as ever, smiling warmly. Alright, I know. I'll take you right away."

Then, she **turned** to Jorge and said, "**We'll** head out first. See you later." Watching this, Jorge felt even more uneasy. But he wasn't in any position to say anything, so he simply **offered**, "I happen to need the **restroom** too. Why don't we go together?"

Wynn smiled. "**Sure.**"

+25 **BONUS**

Jordyn, truly desperate, couldn't wait for Wynn any longer. She let go of her hand and ran **toward** the restroom on her own

Seeing **this**, Wynn forgot all about Jorge and quickly followed. "Jo, wait for me!"

Jorge watched, his frown deepening. In his eyes, Jordyn was far too willful.

Jordyn was about to **say** something when she suddenly halted, turning to look off to the side.

"Jo?" Wynn caught up, noticing that she had stopped in her **tracks**. A thought flashed through her mind—could she have seen Celeste?

Glancing at Jorge, who was approaching quickly, Wynn's eyes flickered as she took Jordyn's hand.

"Jo, didn't you need the restroom? Let's—"

"Mm." Jordyn glanced around a few more times but didn't spot Celeste again

Convinced she must **have** imagined it, she didn't look any further and hurried into the restroom.

However, Celeste was indeed in the direction Jordyn had been looking, but she was blocked by the crowd.

Amidst the bustling shopping **mall**, neither of them noticed the other.

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A little while later, Wynn, Jordyn, and Jorge came out of the restroom.

Jordyn was at an age where her curiosity was at its peak. She was fascinated by everything along the way, looking here and there, chatting nonstop with Wynn.

Wynn responded with a gentle smile the entire time.

Jorge observed them and felt that Wynn was incredibly dedicated to Trevor's child. At the same time, he realized how difficult it was to take care of a kid.

Back at the cafe, the first thing Jorge did was glance toward Trevor.

He saw that Trevor was casually sipping his coffee while flipping through a magazine, looking completely at ease.

like someone who had simply delegated all responsibilities to others.

Jorge paused slightly.

Earlier, on the way to the restroom, Jorge had mentioned that he was also meeting a friend at the cafe.

Once they were inside, Wynn asked, “Has your friend arrived yet?”

Jorge shook his head. “Not yet.”

“Why don’t you come sit with us for a while?”

“You two are out on a date. It wouldn’t be right for me to intrude.”

Wynn chuckled. “It’s fine. Trevor wouldn’t mind.”

So, Jorge joined them and walked over to where Trevor was seated.

As soon as they got there, the first thing Jorge noticed was the vibrant bouquet of red roses placed beside Trevor’s

seat.

There **was** no doubt in his mind that Trevor had given them to Wynn. Perhaps Trevor wasn’t as indifferent toward Wynn as he had originally thought.

“Dad, we’re back!” Jordyn chirped happily, immediately returning to her seat.

Trevor acknowledged her with a hum, then turned his head toward Wynn—only then did he notice Jorge as well.

He greeted him, “Mr. **Robinson?**”

Jorge nodded. “I ran into Ms. Lockett at the entrance, and when I saw you were here as well, I thought I’d come over to say hello.”

After shaking hands and exchanging some pleasantries, Jorge observed how well the three of them interacted. He ultimately chose not to sit down and instead said, “My friend should be here **soon**, so I won’t join you. Next time.”

Trevor didn't press the issue. "Alright."

Jorge glanced at Wynn once more before turning and finding an empty seat nearby.

Trevor, Wynn, and Jordyn spoke in low voices, so he couldn't make out what they were saying

About 20 minutes later, Trevor and his group prepared to leave. Before leaving, he walked over to Jorge to say

+25 **BONUS**

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goodbye.

"Leaving already?" Jorge asked.

"**Yeah,**" Trevor replied. "See you next time."

As Trevor left, Jorge noticed that Wynn and Jordyn remained behind. So, he asked, "You're not leaving with him?"

Wynn smiled. "Trevor went to the underground parking lot to bring the car around."

Since the cafe was near the street but the parking lot was quite large, having him drive the car to pick them up was indeed a thoughtful gesture.

Jorge chuckled lightly.

Wynn

Wynn also smiled and asked, "Did your friend ever show up?"

Jorge shook his head. "No."

Wynn lowered her gaze slightly, a knowing look flashing in her eyes. But she didn't call him out on it and simply asked, "Are you going to keep waiting?"

"No," Jorge replied.

After chatting for a bit longer, Trevor called. Then, Wynn said, "Time for us to go."

Jorge nodded. "Alright."

As Wynn and Jorge said their goodbyes outside the cafe, Jordyn suddenly let go of Wynn's **hand** and turned to look to the side.

"Jo?"

Jordyn was convinced that this time, she had really seen Celeste. But the crowd was too dense, and she was too small—her view was quickly blocked.

She turned to Wynn and said, "Wynn, I think I just saw"

Wynn interrupted her, "Your dad is waiting for us. Let's

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Jordyn looked around again. After confirming that Celeste was nowhere to be seen, she left with Wynn.

Watching their retreating figures, Jorge was about to leave when he suddenly noticed Celeste standing not far to the side.

His steps faltered.

Realizing who it was, he initially decided to ignore her and walk away. But then, he noticed that Celeste's gaze was fixed on Wynn and Jordyn.

Her expression was cold, and her eyes **were** even colder. In fact, the way she looked at Wynn **almost** felt like she was looking at an enemy.

With that kind of stare, Jorge couldn't help but think that Celeste might **actually harbor** ill intentions toward Wynn.

He observed her silently, convinced that she was still holding a grudge against Wynn. So, he walked over.

Celeste was carrying quite a few things—two potted plants and several decorative ornaments. The ornaments **were** an impulse buy.

Ever since she moved into her current place, she had been too busy with her own affairs to decorate much, leaving her home looking rather empty.

This time, she had only planned to buy some plants, but when she saw a store nearby selling decorative pieces for display cabinets, she picked out a few.

Just as she was about to leave, she unexpectedly ran into Wynn and Jordyn again.

After they left, she was about to go on her way when she noticed Jorge approaching her.

He said, “What are you trying to do?”

Celeste stopped in her tracks. “What do you mean?”

Jorge **said** coldly, “She doesn’t even care about you. You mean nothing to her, yet you’re still holding a grudge? Don’t you think that’s pointless?”

“She doesn’t care about **me**?” Celeste’s gaze turned icy. “You really put her on a pedestal, don’t you?”

To Jorge, Wynn was indeed good in every way.

Before he could respond, Celeste continued, “So? What are **you** trying to say? Are you here to warn me not to harm her?”

That was exactly what Jorge intended

JFL

Celeste let out a cold laugh. “Even Trevor hasn’t said that to me. But you, Mr. Robinson, rushed over to do it... On what grounds? Are you Wynn’s secret admirer?”

Jorge didn’t bother to hide his admiration and feelings for Wynn in front of Celeste.

Hearing her taunt, he replied icily, “So, what you’re sayings—I should go remind Mr. Fleming to watch out for you?”

At that moment, he recalled what happened at a banquet before, when Trevor had asked Celeste for a dance. Back then, both he and Caleb felt that Trevor had approachest Celeste solely to warn her not to target Wynn.

+25 **BONUS**

With that thought, he added, “Or... Do you think Trevor’s previous warning was too gentle?”

Celeste didn’t respond. She simply looked at him, her gaze arrying a faint hint of mockery.

Before Jorge could react, she suddenly asked, “Are you really Theodore **Robinson’s** son?”

She hadn’t interacted with Theodore much, but in her eyes, he had the warmth of an elder while also possessing: the authority and depth of a **true** leader.

Aside from their resemblance in appearance, she saw nothing of Theodore in Jorge.

Then again, maybe it was just because Jorge was too blinded by his feelings for Wynn—so much so that he let his emotions cloud his judgment.

Jorge didn't expect her to bring up his **father**.

Her tone almost made it **seem** like she knew him. But **how** could she possibly know his father?

His expression darkened. "What are you trying to say?"

Celeste didn't answer. Instead, she said, "Aren't you going to have Trevor warn me? Fine, I'll be waiting."

With that, she turned and left without looking back.

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As soon as Trevor and Jordyn returned to the villa, Trevor's phone rang.

So, he answered the call.

A moment later, he put his phone away, slipped back into the coat he had just taken off, and told Jordyn, who was walking upstairs with **him**, "Your Nana accidentally fell and got injured. She's been taken to the hospital. I'm heading over now. You should get some rest early."

Jordyn said worriedly, "I want to go see Nana too-

"You **have** school tomorrow. You can visit after class."

"Alright then..." Jordyn said.

Trevor turned and left.

Just then, Jordyn's phone chimed. She quickly picked it up and checked.

Seeing that it was just a spam message, she pouted in disappointment.

On the way back, she had tried calling Celeste, wanting to ask if the person she saw at the mall was really her. But she didn't answer.

When she got a message just now, she thought for a moment that it might be from Celeste. But, it wasn't.

Still, thinking about it, if Celeste really had time to go shopping **on** Christmas, she definitely would have invited her along,

So, she must have been mistaker.

One hour later, at Baumond Orthopedic Hospital, Trevor spoke with the doctors about the situation.

Martha had suffered a fracture in her upper thigh, requiring surgery to
couldn't be done immediately.

replace the bone. However, the surgery

They needed to monitor her condition first and ensure she was stable before proceeding.

Most of the Fleming family members were currently out of **town**.

Aside from Trevor, the only ones present at the hospital were Peter and Samantha Russell, the maid who usually **took** care of Martha's daily needs.

As for the other family members, Peter had already informed them one by one.

Seeing Trevor arrive, Peter quickly got up to greet him.

Martha was lying on her side. When she saw him approach, she closed her eyes and ignored him.

Trevor pulled up a chair and sat beside her. "Still angry?"

He was referring to the recent project he had launched at Fleming Group, specifically for the Locketts and the Shaws. Ever since then, Martha never answered his calls.

She remained silent.

After a moment of silence, Trevor asked, "What do you want me to do?"

Martha finally opened her eyes. "Don't you know?"

Of course, Trevor knew. He responded indifferently, "I understand. I'll take care of it tomorrow."

By that, he naturally meant cutting ties with the Locketts and the Shaws, removing them from Fleming Group, and reclaiming the projects they had been given.

"And?"

Trevor knew exactly what she was referring to. His brows furrowed, “Grandma...”

Martha closed her eyes again.

Trevor didn’t say anything further.

After a while, Martha said, “You should go.”

But Trevor didn’t leave. Instead, he adjusted her blanket to make sure she was comfortable.

A little while later, the doctor came in to update him on Martha’s condition, informing him that the surgery could be scheduled for the day after tomorrow.

The **bone** replacement surgery carried a relatively low risk. If everything went according to plan, she would be able to walk with the aid of a walker within a month.

After the doctor left, in the corridor outside, Peter glanced at Martha’s figure in the hospital bed and said, “Mrs. Fleming Senior actually really wants to see Mrs. Fleming, but she won’t let me call her.”

What Martha meant was that she felt guilty toward Celeste. Now that she was injured, how could she ask her to visit?

Trevor said, “I understand.”

Peter said nothing more and returned to the hospital room.

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That night, Trevor did not **leave** the hospital.

The next morning, Queenie and **Teagan**, along with other family members, gradually returned and visited the hospital.

Upon learning that Trevor had stayed at the hospital all night, they urged him to go home and rest.

Trevor told Martha, “I’ll come back to see you tonight.”

However, Martha ignored him.

After leaving the hospital, Trevor made a phone call.

An hour later, the Lockets and the Shaws received the news that they had been removed from the project team.

They immediately contacted Wynn.

Wynn **said**, “It was Madam Daniels’ decision. She had a fall last night...”

The Lockets and the Shaws didn’t expect this turn of events

Mason asked, “Does this mean Madam Daniels also took the opportunity to demand that Trevor break up with you and forbid him from divorcing Celeste?”

Wynn pressed her lips together tightly.

After discussing a bit more, she ended the call.

Just then, someone knocked and entered her office. “Ms. Locket, the meeting is about to start.”

“Got it.”

Wynn put down her phone, left the office, and headed toward the conference room. As she walked, she happened to see Celeste discussing work with Henry.

She was aware that InnovaTech and YodaVision’s collaboration was still ongoing, and that YodaVision’s technical team needed to visit InnovaTech periodically for system maintenance.

But she didn’t expect to run into Celeste at InnovaTech today.

Celeste sensed someone looking at her. When she turned and saw that it was Wynn, she immediately looked away without a moment’s hesitation

At around 10:00 am, Celeste went to the restroom

As she stepped out, she saw Trevor.

She wasn’t sure when he had arrived, but **he** was leaning against the wall, seemingly waiting for someone. Without the slightest pause, she was about to walk past him when Trevor looked at her and said, “Grandma fell last night. She **fractured** her upper thigh bone and needs a bone replacement.”

Celeste abruptly stopped in her tracks and turned to face him.

Trevor then told her the name of the hospital and the ward number before adding, “She really hopes you’ll visit her.”

Celeste didn't say anything and was about to leave when Wynn happened to step out from inside.

Seeing Trevor there, Wynn was visibly surprised. She didn't expect him to be at InnovaTech. And he was talking to Celeste

She stopped in her tracks and pursed her lips.

Celeste, however, didn't concern herself with them and simply turned toward the restroom.

By the time she returned, Trevor and Wynn were both gone

Celeste resumed her work.

At around 11:00 am, after completing the maintenance and adjustments, Celeste and the other YodaVision staff left InnovaTech and returned to YodaVision.

At lunchtime, Celeste told Betty about Martha's fall

Betty was startled. She said, "Let's go visit her at the hospital tonight."

Regardless of what had happened between Celeste and Trevor, Martha had helped the Rodriguez family a great **deal** during their most difficult times.

One could say that without Martha's **assistance** back then, the Rodriguez family wouldn't be where they were today.

That kindness **was** something Betty would never forget.

Hearing this, Celeste nodded. "Alright."

In the afternoon, Celeste left work early, had dinner at home, and then took Betty with her to the orthopedic hospital.

"Mom!"

As soon as they arrived, Jordyn spotted them and ran over excitedly, throwing her arms **around** Celeste's leg

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Celeste wasn't surprised to see Jordyn at the hospital. She reached out **and** patted her head. "Came over after school?"

"Mm!" Jordyn was delighted to see her. She then called out to Martha, "Nana."

Just as Martha responded, Trevor walked out of the hospital room.

Seeing them, he nodded slightly in greeting.

Betty's expression remained indifferent, and she didn't say anything.

Celeste only glanced at him briefly before looking away.

Seeing **that** Jordyn seemed to have something to say to her, Celeste said, "Granny and I will go in first to see your Nana."

"Oh..." Hearing this, Jordyn reluctantly suppressed her urge to talk

She reached out to hold Celeste's hand and followed her into the hospital room.

Trevor took the flowers and fruit basket they had brought and followed behind them into the room.

When Martha saw Celeste and Betty, she was pleasantly surprised and smiled. "What brings you two **here?**"

Seeing her struggling to sit up despite the pain, Betty quickly stopped her and said, "How can you say **that**? Something this serious happened, and you didn't even tell us."

Hearing this, **Martha's** smile faded slightly. She glanced at Trevor, who was personally pouring water for Celeste and Betty, and said, "I can't face you...."

Celeste and Betty accepted the cups of water Trevor handed them.

Betty then said, "This is between them. How can we blame you?"

"But I" Noticing that Jordyn was present, Martha refrained from saying too much.

Betty patted the back of her hand. "I know."

After exchanging a few pleasantries, Martha turned her attention to Celeste.

Since the last parent-child event at school, Jordyn hadn't seen Celeste again. **So**

, now, she clung to Celeste, **even** squeezing between her legs, trying to climb onto her lap.

Celeste **had** no choice but to put down her cup and lift her onto her lap.

Seeing Betty looking over, Celeste softly called, “Granny.”

“Oh!” Betty’s face lit up with a smile.

Since Jordyn was there, they avoided discussing anything related to Celeste and Trevor. Most of the conversation revolved around Martha’s condition.

Martba explained everything in detail. When Betty learned that her surgery was scheduled for the next day, she said, “I’ll come keep you company tomorrow.”

“That would be a great help, my dear friend.”

With Betty there to chat, she would feel more at ease.

+25 BONUT.

After talking for a while, Martha suddenly remembered something. “You two haven’t eaten yet, have you? Trevor, make some arrangements-

“No need.” Betty interrupted her. “Celeste and I already had dinner before coming.”

After saying that, she coolly told Trevor, “If you and Jordyn haven’t eaten yet, go ahead and get something.”

Jordyn hadn’t had a meal with Celeste in a long time. Hearing this, she clung to Celeste’s neck and pleaded, Mom, I miss you so much. Come eat with us, okay?”

Thinking about everything she had seen the night before, Celeste lowered her gaze and gave a faint smile.

She gently declined her request. “I’ve been working all day and am too tired to walk around. You two go ahead.”

With that, Jordyn couldn’t insist any further. However, as she nestled in Celeste’s arms, breathing in her familiar scent, she was reluctant to let go.

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Jordyn turned to Trevor, **who** was sitting nearby, watching them. “Dad, I want to eat here. Can we have the food packed and brought back?”

Trevor **said**, “Okay.”

Jordyn immediately brightened up and hugged Celeste even tighter.

Betty and Martha had plenty to talk about. Celeste, on the other hand, mostly sat quietly, occasionally chiming in with a few words.

After a while, Jordyn started feeling tired and asked Celeste, “Mom, when will you be done with work?”

Not wanting Betty to hear, Celeste picked her up and carried her over to the couch near the hospital bed before answering, “I’m not sure, but if things go as expected, I will probably get even busier.”

“Huh?” Jordyn didn’t expect that answer and **was** visibly disappointed.

“Then when will you have time to take me skiing?” She hadn’t forgotten about it.

Celeste thought for a moment and said, “Next month.”

“Really?”

“Mm.” Celeste nodded. “When I have time, I’ll let you know.”

“Okay!” Jordyn instantly perked up.

Remembering last night, she suddenly asked, “Oh, Mom, did you go shopping last night?”

Celeste paused for a moment but still replied, “I did.”

“Huh? So, that really was you I saw last night?”

“Possibly.” As soon as Celeste finished speaking, she **noticed** Trevor glancing sideways at her.

Jordyn hadn’t gone shopping with Celeste in a long time.

There was a time when she thought just aimlessly walking around was boring, but **now**, thinking back, she actually missed it.

So, she said, “Then next time you **have** free time, can you take me shopping too? And we have to go to the arcade to play bumper cars!”

Celeste looked away. “Okay.”

Jordyn kept chattering away. Meanwhile, Trevor picked up the cup Celeste had been drinking from, poured out the now-cold water, refilled it with warm water, and placed it back on the coffee table in front of her.

Celeste looked at him and said a quiet, “Thank you.”

Trevor replied, “You’re welcome.” Then, he sat down on the couch beside them.

Mariba and Betty had been having a good conversation, but seeing the three of them sitting together as a family, Martha hesitated mid-sentence.

Following her gaze, Betty looked over but didn’t **show** any reaction. She simply withdrew her gaze.

Martha sighed. “You see-

“Since they’ve made their decision, let’s not force them,” Betty interrupted.

Martha sighed again.

Not long after, the food Trevor ordered was delivered.

It was a large spread—clearly more than just enough for two people.

Trevor turned to Celeste and said, “Have some too.”

Celeste noticed that half of the dishes were ones she liked. Not only that, but Trevor had instructed the staff to place them all closer to her.

Then, **he** said, “Jo, go **call** your Granny over for dinner.”

“Okay!”

Jordyn **finally** got down from Celeste’s lap and ran over to pull Betty’s hand, inviting her to eat,

Martha chimed in, “Go **have** a bite. Otherwise, I’d feel bad asking you to come keep me company again tomorrow.”

Left with no choice, Betty walked over and sat down at the table.

Seeing that the dishes in front of Celeste were all her favorites, Betty paused slightly and glanced at Trevor.