

The Breaking Point of Love

Chapter 291

So, faced with Zachary's indifference, Wynn didn't take it to heart.

After greeting Zachary, she politely took the initiative to greet Rowan and the others, saying, "Good evening. gentlemen."

She addressed them collectively rather than individually, which was the more appropriate approach.

After all, Rowan and the others hadn't made any effort to get to know her. If she had greeted them one by one, it would have felt more like an intrusion to them.

Kael and Rowan's attention was entirely on Celeste.

Like Caleb, they had also noticed Celeste's apparent dislike for Harvey and Wynn.

Kael even had detailed information about Celeste. He had recognized Harvey and Wynn the moment they showed

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When he heard Wynn greet them, Kael simply gave a small nod before turning to Zachary and Celeste. "Let's not just stand around here. We should head in," he said.

Zachary nodded, and the group turned and entered the restaurant.

Theodore turned to Jorge and reminded him, "Don't drink too much."

"I won't," Jorge replied.

Theodore didn't say anything further. He nodded at Wynn and Harvey, then followed after Zachary and the others.

Jorge didn't follow because Theodore hadn't invited him. His silence meant the upcoming conversation wasn't something Jorge was meant to hear.

But if he couldn't be there, how come Celeste could?

That thought made Jorge frown. Still, he didn't dwell on it. Instead, he turned his head toward Wynn and Harvey. Mr. Locket, Ms. Locket—are you two here for a business dinner as well?"

Wynn and Harvey nodded. “Yes. You too, Mr. Robinson?”

“That’s right.”

Harvey added, “I heard your company recently launched a new project. We’re quite interested. I wonder when you might have some time—”

The Robinson Group had indeed started a new project, though it was still in the planning stages. Nothing had been finalized yet.

Thanks to Trevor’s help and Harvey’s hard work over the past few months, the Locket family business had stabilized. If the right opportunity came along, a collaboration with them wouldn’t be out of the question.

With that in mind, Jorge added. “Let’s set up a time in the next few days to discuss it.”

Throughout their small talk, Jorge’s eyes kept drifting toward Wynn. Back at the forum, when he saw Trevor take the initiative to approach Celeste, he had considered reaching out to Wynn to let her know. But he knew it wasn’t his place. They weren’t that close, after all.

Besides, Wynn and Trevor were clearly very close—so even if he told her, she might not believe him. He had also heard about Trevor transferring shares of InnovaTech to Wynn.

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What he didn’t know was whether Trevor had always intended to give her the shares, or if Wynn had already found out something, and Trevor was compensating her with them.

There was something thoughtful, almost hesitant, in the way Jorge looked at her like he had something to say. But since he didn’t speak up, Wynn acted like she hadn’t noticed.

That aside, she was quite curious why Zachary and the others had shown up here today. But considering even Celeste was allowed to tag along, whatever they were discussing probably wasn’t anything all that important.

With that thought, she smiled and said, “The people we’re meeting have arrived, so we’ll head up first.”

“My guests are here too. Let’s go up together.” Jorge offered.

“Sure,” Wynn replied.

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The Breaking Point of Love

Chapter 292

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Meanwhile, in the private room, Kael smiled and said, “We’ve met plenty of prodigies over the years, but someone like **you**, Celso young yet already achieving so much—is still a rare find. That’s why Rowan and I both wanted to meet you. I hope it’s not been a bother.”

Despite his high status, Kael spoke with such courtesy that Celeste responded respectfully, “Not at all. It’s truly my honor to meet you.”

Rowan chuckled and said to Kael, “Alright, don’t go scaring the kid,”

Both he and Kael genuinely felt that Celeste was an exceptional young talent with limitless potential. They were impressed and optimistic about her future, which was why they had wanted to meet and get to know her.

Kael and Rowan both spoke with warmth and politeness, and with Harold and Theodore also present, the atmosphere in the room was quite pleasant.

After dinner, the group stayed and chatted for another hour.

Only after exchanging contact details with Kael and Rowan did they finally part ways.

Monday marked the start of the new school term for primary and middle school students in Baumond.

This semester, Jamie would begin boarding at school. Adeline had matters to handle with her family, and Ivan was busy, so on Sunday afternoon, it was Celeste who took Jamie to school.

When they arrived, Celeste saw members of both the Locket and Shaw families. Behind them were three maids, each holding large, heavy bags. The whole display was quite extravagant.

So, Calvin had transferred to Baumond as well?

At a school like this, transferring in was extremely difficult without the right connections and influence. It went without saying—Trevor must have played a key role in getting Calvin in.

With Calvin starting school, the entire Locket family had shown up to see him off, which said everything about how much they valued and doted on him. Calvin himself looked like a child raised in the lap of love—carefree, cheerful, and full of sunshine.

Watching Erin gaze at Calvin with such affection, Celeste couldn't help but recall how Erin had once taken her hand with firm conviction, swearing that Celeste was her only granddaughter. Even after all these years, the memory still struck her as bitterly ironic.

At that moment, the Locket and Shaw families also noticed her. The smiles on their faces faded the instant they saw her.

Just then, a passerby caught sight of one of the suitcases being held by the maids behind the Locket family and exclaimed, "Whoa, that suitcase costs over 300 thousand dollars! I didn't think anyone actually bought stuff like that. Rich people really are on another level."

As the Locket family turned their heads in response, the person quickly realized they had spoken too loudly. Embarrassed, they apologized and hurried off with their friends.

Of course, even without that outburst, Celeste had already noticed. It wasn't just that one suitcase—every bag and case they used for Calvin's things was made of genuine leather, with price tags in the tens of thousands dollar Altogether, Calvin's luggage alone must have cost hundreds of thousands dollars.

And the crossbody purse Lilian carried was a limited edition worth over a million dollars.

Hearing others admire them, Erin and Linda turned to glance at Celeste. Seeing that Jamie's luggage was only half

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the size of Calvin's, and that both her suitcase and duffel bag were the inexpensive kind just a few hundred dollars or maybe a thousand dollars at most—Erin gave it a single look before withdrawing her gaze indifferently. Linda, on the other hand, let out a scornful laugh.

In the eyes of the Lockets and Shaws, the Rodriguez Corporation might have managed to breathe again, but it would still be a while before it turned a real profit. And who knew whether Ivan's company would even make it in the long run?

As for Celeste, though she had gotten involved with Matthias, rumor had it that Matthias didn't actually value her as much as people had initially thought. In other words, the Rodriguez family no longer operated on the same level as them.¹

The Breaking Point of Love

Chapter 293

Besides, they still had Trevor. 1

Given how much Trevor valued Wynn, if the two of them got married in the future, then the Locket and Shaw families would quickly rise to another level. By then, the Rodriguez family probably wouldn't even have a place

near them.

Thinking of that, Ruby smirked and glanced disdainfully in Celeste's direction before heading off with the others to help Calvin move into the boys' dorm.

After helping Jamie settle her luggage, Celeste left the school and returned to her own place.

She had only just walked in when there was a knock at the door—it was Tilda and Sylvia, the mother and daughter duo. They had just returned from their hometown and, upon seeing that Celeste was *back*, came over especially to drop off some local specialties.

Celeste accepted them and said, "Thank you."

"You're welcome!" Sylvia replied sweetly.

Then she pulled a small ornament from her pocket. "I set this aside especially for Jordyn. Tomorrow, when school starts, I'll bring it to give to her!"

Sylvia really liked Jordyn. Ever since New Year's Day, when Jordyn had taken the initiative **to** call her, the two of them had gotten much closer. As she spoke, Sylvia happily shared with Celeste some things about the first day of school tomorrow.

Listening to her, Celeste couldn't help but think of how Jordyn hadn't called her at all lately. Tomorrow was the first day of the new term. Since Jordyn hadn't called, it was clear she had no intention of asking her to take her to school.

Which made sense—Jordyn had no shortage of people who could take her.

It wouldn't be surprising if it wasn't just Trevor, but Wynn also going with him to drop Jordyn off.

Celeste smiled and chatted with Sylvia and Tilda a bit more before heading into the living room with the specialty goods they brought.

Since she still hadn't finished hiring all the staff she needed, she continued with the recruitment of technical personnel when she returned to the office the next day.

During lunch, Tilda sent her several photos of Jordyn participating in school activities that day. One of the photos included both Wynn and Trevor in the frame.

So, Jordyn really hadn't asked her to bring her to school just because Wynn would be there.

Celeste glanced at Trevor and Wynn in the photo, just about to exit when she realized the photo was suddenly gone. Tilda must have accidentally included that one and deleted it right away once she noticed.

Celeste hadn't shared much about her marriage to Trevor with Tilda. After a divorce, it was common for the parent with custody to limit the other's access to the child. Tilda assumed it was the same for her and Trevor- that Celeste rarely had the chance to see Jordyn, and that she must miss her daughter a lot. That's why Tilda had deliberately sent over a few pictures of Jordyn at the event.

Explaining things to others could be such a hassle sometimes.

Knowing Tilda meant well, Celeste simply replied, "Thank you."

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On Wednesday, Celeste and Matthias were out handling some matters near Fleming Manor. After they finished, they had just gotten into the car when a vehicle pulled out from a side road nearby.

That road led only to Fleming Manor.

Celeste immediately recognized it as one of Trevor's regular cars. She was about to look away when it pulled over to the side-and then Trevor and Wynn both stepped out of the car.

Celeste paused.

They had come from Fleming Manor.

So, Trevor had taken Wynn back to the manor to meet Martha?

The Breaking Point of Love

Chapter 294

Matthias followed her gaze and saw Trevor and Wynn as well.

The Yoder family didn't have much of a relationship with the Fleming family, so Matthías had actually never been to Fleming Manor before and didn't even know it was nearby. Seeing Trevor and Wynn, he curled his lip slightly." What are they doing here?"

Celeste withdrew her gaze and said, "That's the only road leading into Fleming Manor,"

Matthias froze for a second, then suddenly realized, "So, Trevor brought Wynn back to meet the Fleming family?"

Before Celeste could say anything, Matthias let out a disbelieving laugh. "Your divorce papers aren't even finalized yet, and he's already bringing her to the manor? What's the rush?"

It did seem like Trevor was in a hurry. But she knew that he had actually tried bringing Wynn to meet the Fleming family a long time ago. It was just that Martha had refused to allow it, and with Arnold seriously ill at the time and opposition from all sides, Trevor had been forced to compromise.

Now that he was finally bringing Wynn back to the Fleming family, it was actually something he had held off on for quite a while. With their divorce now underway, Trevor clearly wasn't going to pass up the opportunity when it finally came.

Matthias looked at her and asked, "By the way, it's been a while—when are your divorce papers actually going to be finalized?"

Celeste replied, "I don't know. The last time I asked Trevor, he said soon."

But it had already been a while since she last asked, and there was still no word from Trevor.

Matthias curled his lip. "Who knows what he's doing. He's the one in a hurry to get divorced and marry Wynn, yet he's also the one who hasn't told you to go finalize the paperwork. Next time you see him, remind him to hurry up and get it done already. Just seeing him is annoying."

Celeste smiled slightly and said, "Alright."

Not long after she got back to the office, her phone rang. Seeing the caller ID, she paused for a second before quickly answering, "Mr. Yuvenhart."

Gideon Yuvenhart was an old friend of both Arnold and her grandfather. Ever since moving to the capital, whenever her grandfather met with Gideon, he would always bring her along. In a way, she had grown up under Gideon's watch.

Due to poor health, Gideon had gone abroad a few years ago to recover and hadn't been back since.

On the other end of the line, Gideon chuckled. “I’m back in the country. Celeste, why don’t you come have lunch with me over the weekend?”

Celeste eagerly agreed. “Of course!”

Gideon smiled again and added, “Oh, right, make sure to bring Trevor too.”

Celeste’s smile faltered slightly. Before she could respond, Gideon had to hang up because some guests had arrived.

Holding her phone, Celeste hesitated for a moment before sending Trevor a message, “Mr. Yuenhart wants visit him this weekend.”

After sending the message, she set her phone aside and went back to work.

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The next morning, just after arriving at the office, her phone buzzed—it was a reply from Trevor, “Okay.”

She had messaged him yesterday afternoon, and he was **only** replying now.

Just as she was about to put her phone down, another message from Trevor came in, “Saturday or Sunday? Morning or afternoon? Is there a specific time?”

Before she could even react, a third message arrived, “Can you call Mr. Yuvenhart to confirm?”

Celeste didn’t respond, but she did call Gideon to confirm the details, then forwarded the specific time to Trevor.

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The Breaking Point of Love

Chapter 295

Trevor replied quickly this time, “Alright, got it.”

On Saturday morning, Celeste drove to the Yuvenhart manor. Most of the Yuvenhart family lived overseas, so when she arrived, aside from a few maids, only Gideon was home.

When he heard she had arrived, Gideon personally came out **to** greet her. “Cel’s here?”

“Yes,” Celeste smiled. Seeing that he looked fairly well, she felt a bit more at ease, but she still couldn’t help saying, “You’ve lost quite a bit of weight.”

Gideon chuckled. “I have, but I’m in good spirits—don’t worry about me.”

They entered the house, and Gideon offered her some tea. When he saw she had come alone and Trevor wasn’t with her, he didn’t ask about him either. From that alone, Celeste could tell he was already aware that she and Trevor were preparing for divorce.

Not only did Gideon not ask about Trevor, he also didn’t bring up Jordyn—which meant he likely already knew that Celeste didn’t have custody either.

Since he didn’t ask, Celeste didn’t bring it up. The two chatted over tea, and about 20 minutes later, one Yuvenhart family’s maids came over to inform Gideon that a guest had arrived.

Gideon said nothing, clearly not intending to go out to greet them. He offered Celeste some pastries instead. Celeste nodded and tried a couple bites.

Just then, the butler’s voice came from the side entrance, “Mr. Fleming, this way please.”

Gideon glanced in that direction, but after just one look, his expression darkened.

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Celeste paused. The sound of high heels that followed confirmed her suspicion. She turned her head slightly—and saw Trevor and Wynn walking in.

Both of them spotted her. Trevor only gave her a glance before looking away and greeted Gideon with, “Mr. Yuvenhart.”

Gideon gave a cold grunt but didn’t respond. Trevor then introduced her, “Mr. Yuvenhart, this is Wynn Locket.”

Wynn acted as if Celeste didn’t exist. After Trevor spoke, she smiled politely and greeted him, “Hello, **Mr.** Yuvenhart.”

Since Gideon already knew Trevor planned to divorce Celeste, he clearly also knew about Trevor’s relationship with Wynn. Still, he hadn’t expected Trevor to actually bring her here in person.

Gideon let out a cold laugh and said, “I don’t recall that I invited you, so don’t call me that.”

“Mr. Yuvenhart,” Trevor said again, clearly unhappy with Gideon’s attitude toward Wynn.

But Gideon remained stone-faced and silent.

Trevor, familiar with the Yuvenhart manor, didn't care about Gideon's coldness. He simply led Wynn over to the couch and sat down on the other side.

Just two days ago, Trevor had taken Wynn back to the Fleming manor. Now, so soon after, he couldn't wait to bring her to see Gideon too?

With their divorce just around the corner, he was already in a rush to introduce Wynn to the people he considered important?

Celeste thought this to herself as she lowered her gaze and quietly sipped her tea.

Trevor acted as if he were back in his own home. Seeing that Gideon wasn't going to pour them tea, he went ahead and served a cup for himself and Wynn.

Gideon's face darkened as he reached out and slapped Trevor's hand. "Don't touch the tea I brewed!"

Trevor grinned, "Then should I brew it myself?"

The Breaking Point of Love

Chapter 296

Gideon was truly angry.

He ignored Trevor completely and looked at Celeste instead "Come on, Celeste. I'll take you out for a meal."

Celeste set down her teacup and stood up. "Alright."

With that, Gideon didn't spare Trevor another glance and left with Celeste.

Trevor remained seated on the couch, calmly, sipping his tea. He neither got up to follow them nor tried to stop them from leaving.

Wynn looked at their backs as they walked out. "This-"

Trevor said, "It's fine. Just give it some time."

In other words, after enough time passed, Gideon would accept reality and slowly start accepting her?

Gideon had witnessed the state of Celeste and Trevor's marriage during the first two or three years after they got married. He had seen clearly from the start that Trevor didn't like Celeste. And now, Trevor had someone else he cared for.

Though Trevor had always had a good relationship with elders like Martha and Gideon, he was never someone easily swayed by them. So, even if they disapproved of his relationship with Wynn, there was really nothing they could do about it—and no way they could talk him out of it.

As angry as Gideon was, he could only stew in silence.

With that in mind, Gideon gently patted the back of Celeste's hand. "These past few years... sigh."

Celeste knew he was expressing sympathy. She gave a soft smile and said, "I've already let it go. I have a new life of my own now, and I'm doing well. You don't have to worry about me, Mr. Yuvenhart."

Gideon smiled. "Good, that's good."

After lunch, when Celeste brought Gideon back to his manor, Trevor and Wynn were already gone.

Maybe after they had left the manor, Trevor and Wynn didn't bother checking in on Jordyn—because as Celeste was leaving, Jordyn called her. She looked at the call, but didn't answer.

That evening, when Celeste went back to the Rodriguez residence for dinner, she saw an invitation envelope sitting on the coffee table.

Opening it, she saw it was an invitation to Martha's 75th birthday celebration.

Technically, there was still some time before Martha's actual birthday. But a few years ago, a fortune teller had told her that she shouldn't hold a major birthday celebration within the next ten years, or she would face a life-threatening calamity.

Martha took it seriously. So, for the past decade, she always just had a simple meal with family on her birthday—never throwing a proper banquet.

Now that the ten-year period had passed, Lincoln, Trevor, and the others had already talked about throwing party for her this year.

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That was probably why, even though the event was still a while away, they had already finalized the details and started sending out invitations.

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Betty came out of her room and saw the invitation in Celeste's hand. "It was just delivered."

"Okay." Celeste gave a soft nod.

Betty added, "This is the first time in a decade she's hosting a proper birthday banquet. Technically, we should attend no matter what, but—"

But given the situation between Celeste and Trevor, it really didn't feel appropriate.

And honestly, she didn't want to go either.

Celeste understood exactly what Betty was thinking—she felt the same.

Besides, Trevor had already brought Wynn to the manor. When the party came, under pressure from Martha, there was no telling if he might show up with Wynn too.

She set that aside for now.

After dinner with the Rodriguez family, Celeste returned to her own place.

On Monday morning, she headed back to work at YodaVision as usual.

When work got busy, time always flew by and before she knew it, Thursday had arrived again.

The Breaking Point of Love

Chapter 297

That afternoon, Celeste was in the middle of a meeting when a call from Jordyn came through.

Without even thinking, she immediately declined it.

But the moment she hung up, Jordyn called again. Celeste frowned, but still didn't answer.

This time, Jordyn didn't call back.

Celeste continued with her meeting.

A few minutes later, her phone rang—this time, it was Trevor.

Celeste pressed her lips together and turned off her phone completely.

It wasn't until an hour later, after the meeting ended, that she powered it back on.

As soon as she did, she saw a message from Trevor, "Jo fell down the stairs at school and was taken to the hospital.

Celeste froze, her mind going completely blank.

She grabbed her phone and bag and rushed out of the office, heading straight for the hospital.

Once there, she quickly called Trevor to ask which part of the hospital they were in. He answered almost immediately and gave her the room number.

When she reached the VIP ward floor, she pushed the door open without hesitation.

Inside, she saw Trevor sitting by the bed, and Jordyn lying there.

Jordyn's face was pale, her head wrapped in bandages. When she saw Celeste, she brightened, even though she looked weak and drained. "Mom—"

Celeste rushed over. "How is she? What did the doctor say?"

Trevor answered, "The doctor said it's a concussion—not too serious."

Celeste let out a breath of relief. "That's good."

Then Trevor asked, "Have you eaten?"

She hadn't. The meeting had run late, and it was already past seven. Celeste shook her head.

Trevor didn't say anything more—he picked up his phone and ordered food to be delivered.

Jordyn hadn't seen Celeste in more than half a month. Now, she looked exhausted and listless. She lay in Celeste's arms without saying a word.

Celeste gently held her. "If you're feeling unwell, why don't you sleep for a bit?"

"Okay." Jordyn murmured.

She held onto Celeste's hand, closed her eyes, and lay down. But her brows were furrowed the whole time. It took nearly half an hour before she finally fell asleep.

Just then, the food Trevor ordered arrived. He said to Celeste, “You should eat something first.”

But Celeste didn’t accept it. “If I want to eat, I’ll order for myself.”

Trevor looked at her, but didn’t argue. Celeste picked up her phone and placed a new order on her own.

While Jordyn slept, Celeste sat quietly by her side.

Trevor seemed to have some business to take care of—he stepped outside to make a phone call and didn’t return for quite a while. When he came back, he sat down across from her.

It looked like he wanted to talk. Celeste noticed, but lowered her head to look at her phone instead.

Her posture clearly said she didn’t want to talk to him. Trevor saw that, smiled faintly, and didn’t say anything

more.

In the hospital room, they each sat in silence, doing their own thing.

As night deepened, Jordyn remained asleep. Trevor looked up at Celeste again and finally said, “I’ll stay tonight. You go home and get some rest.”

Celeste turned her head to glance at Jordyn. She said nothing—and didn’t leave.

Trevor looked at her and said, “Be mad if you want, but from now on, even if you don’t answer every call from Jo, at least pick up more often.”

What he meant was clear—no matter what, Jordyn was still her daughter. If something truly serious happened and she missed the call, it might be something she would regret for the rest of her life.

Celeste froze for a second—so he knew she had been deliberately ignoring Jordyn’s calls?

The Breaking Point of Love

Chapter 298

Celeste **was** just about to speak when Trevor’s phone rang again.

It was probably Wynn. As he walked toward the door, he picked up the call and said gently, “It’s not too serious, no need to worry too much-

After Trevor stepped out to take the call and returned, Jordyn had woken up. Seeing both of them, she sleepily called out, “Daddy, Mommy.”

Celeste and Trevor responded at the same time, “Yes.”

Maybe her head was still spinning—lying in bed, Jordyn glanced at Trevor, then at Celeste. Not long after waking, she frowned in discomfort and drifted back to sleep.

Worried about disturbing her rest, Celeste and Trevor fell into a natural silence. After Jordyn had fully settled into sleep again, Trevor turned to Celeste. “Are you staying?”

Celeste didn’t respond, but by remaining in her seat, she had already given her answer.

Trevor didn’t say anything more either. He simply went over to the other couch and sat down.

Celeste stayed seated in the chair by the bed, and after a while, without realizing it, she dozed off.

By the time she woke again, daylight had broken.

She was lying on Jordyn’s hospital bed.

Celeste blinked in surprise. Last night, she clearly—she paused and looked toward the couch.

Trevor was sleeping with his head propped against his hand. Whether it was a coincidence or he had felt her gaze, he suddenly opened his eyes and met hers.

Celeste looked away, saying nothing. She didn’t ask if it had been him who had carried her to the bed.

Trevor didn’t bring it up either.

He straightened his legs and asked, “Are you going home for breakfast or eating here?”

Celeste didn’t answer. She had her own plans.

Seeing that she didn’t want to talk to him, Trevor wasn’t upset, but didn’t press further.

A short while later, Jordyn woke up.

As the doctor came in to examine her, Peter and Hannah entered the room carrying breakfast.

When they saw Celeste, they greeted her in unison, “Mrs. Fleming.”

At the title, Celeste frowned slightly, but said nothing.

Peter and Hannah placed the breakfast on the coffee table. Trevor had instructed them to bring a portion for Celeste as well.

Peter said, “Mrs. Fleming, why don’t you come eat something?”

Celeste shook her head, then said to Jordyn, who was eating breakfast, “Mommy’s going home to take a sho I’ll come back and see you later.”

“Okay,” Jordyn, who was still woozy, replied weakly. “But Mommy, come back soon.”

“I will.”

Celeste picked up her bag, gave Jordyn one last glance, then turned and left.

Back home, she showered, ate breakfast, and returned to the hospital.

On the way, she called Matthias, told him about what had happened to Jordyn, and said, “I’ll check on the situation. I might not be back to the office until the afternoon.”

No matter what, Jordyn was her daughter. Something like this had happened—of course, Celeste should be there to care for her.

Matthias simply replied, “Alright.”

When she arrived at the hospital and entered the room, she saw Beck and Miles.

Miles glanced at her and curled his lips, but said nothing. Beck looked like he wanted to speak—but with Trevor here, it wasn’t his place.

He lowered his gaze and turned his head slightly toward Trevor.

Trevor looked at Celeste and took the initiative. “You’re here?”

Just then, Jordyn also called out, “Mommy.”

Celeste looked at her. “Yes.”

Beck and Miles had work to get back to and didn’t stay long. After saying goodbye to Jordyn and giving Celeste a glance, they left together.

Jordyn’s condition wasn’t too serious, and only one person needed to stay with her. Celeste thought Trevor would leave with them.

But he didn't. He remained in the room, staying by Jordyn's side while also handling work.

Celeste said nothing about it.

That afternoon, not long after Jordyn fell asleep, Celeste also closed her eyes and rested for a bit.

When she woke, she saw Peter in the room.

At that moment, she heard Trevor, typing on his laptop, say to Peter, "Mrs. Fleming is awake—go bring her the *soup*."

Peter responded cheerfully and walked over carrying a ceramic jar. "Mrs. Fleming, Mr. Fleming had someone prepare this for you. Would you like some?"

Celeste was still groggy from sleep. After a moment, once she had fully processed what was said, she frowned slightly and looked at Trevor.

It was understandable that Peter and Hannah, out of habit, still called her "Mrs. Fleming" without thinking. But Trevor—why was he joining in?

Just then, Jordyn woke up. Celeste didn't dwell on it any further.

The next morning, Jordyn was feeling much better. Her dizziness had eased up, and after the doctor examined her and confirmed she was fine, Trevor arranged for her to be discharged.

Though Jordyn was no longer in danger, she still needed two or three more days of rest.

Holding Celeste's hand, Jordyn asked, "Mommy, are you going back to work? Can't you stay home with me for a bit?"

Celeste said, "Next time."

Since Jordyn was alright, she had fulfilled her duty as a mother. As for Trevor's villa—she wasn't going back there again.

Jordyn pouted. "Okay then."

Trevor, who was standing to the side, finally spoke. "Jo, say goodbye to Mommy,"

Jordyn waved at Celeste. "Bye, Mommy."

"Bye."

Celeste replied, got into her car, and quickly drove away from the hospital.

The Breaking Point of Love

Chapter 299

The Scientific and Technological Academic Exchange Conference, jointly hosted by the Baumond Association for Science and Technology and other organizations, had officially begun two days ago.

This month-long conference would include nearly 200 individual sessions, drawing participation from many academicians and experts in the scientific and industrial communities. YodaVision was among the invited companies.

That afternoon happened to be the main session in the field of Advanced Materials, a topic both Celeste and Matthias were particularly interested in.

After returning from the hospital, Celeste went to the conference venue with Matthias and several YodaVision technical staff members.

Matthias was attending as YodaVision's representative and had a reserved seat near the front.

Celeste, along with the company's staff, followed the event organizer's arrangement and sat near the back. They arrived early. Not long after they took their seats, Celeste spotted Trevor, Wynn, and Miles entering. They saw her too. Neither Wynn nor Miles looked surprised to see her—though their reactions differed.

Miles assumed she was just there to join the crowd.

Wynn, however, didn't care. After a quick glance, she looked away.

Trevor also looked at Celeste briefly, then sat in the front row.

Matthias, upon seeing Trevor, curled his lips and acted like he hadn't noticed him.

Trevor, being rather forward, greeted him with a smile. "Mr. Yoder."

He pressed his lips into a thin line, silently questioning his life choices.

Had he not made himself clear enough? They weren't close, and there was no need to greet each other in the future. Why was it so hard for some people to take a hint?

About ten minutes later, the conference officially began.

An academician from the Academy of Engineering took the stage and began elaborating on the field of Advanced Materials, discussing theories while engaging with the audience.

Zachary held a unique status in this field.

Celeste and Matthias had encountered and studied countless types of Advanced Materials.

Many of the materials mentioned by the academician were ones they could immediately identify just by name,

already familiar with their properties, raw materials, and manufacturing conditions.

They had a broad knowledge base and a deeper understanding of advanced technologies than most. Still, the world was vast, and they couldn't know everything.

Gathering diverse insights helped spark new ideas—so they listened attentively.

Wynn was also listening closely. With the rapid advancement of technology, the field of Advanced Materials had become incredibly vast.

Many of the terms and materials being discussed were things she had never even heard of, let alone had experienced with.

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As she listened to the back-and-forth between the speaker and audience, she realized just how much she still didn't know. She noted down key points she needed and planned to study them in detail later.

Trevor sat quietly, seemingly deep in thought, but he, too, appeared to be paying attention.

When the academician from the Academy of Engineering, Morgan Hale, finished speaking, many of the science and tech professionals eagerly stepped forward to ask him questions.

Morgan responded to each one with patience.

Matthias left his seat and came over to Celeste to exchange ideas.

There were over 200 people in the hall. Some who didn't know Celeste or Matthias overheard their discussion and were surprised, gathering around to listen.

Before long, a small crowd had formed around them.

Someone recognized Matthias and said, "That's Matthias Yoder—Zachary Newman's student. No wonder he knows so much!"

More and more people came over to ask questions.

Since this was an academic exchange, as long as the questions didn't involve confidential material, Matthias was generous in answering them.

But the crowd kept growing, and he couldn't get to everyone—so he turned to the others waiting and said, "Celeste has a broad knowledge base too. You can ask her your questions."

And so, a number of people turned to Celeste with their inquiries.

Within just ten or 20 minutes, the crowd around them grew even larger.

Trevor, who knew Morgan personally, brought Wynn over to say hello.

Wynn took the opportunity to ask Morgan a few questions.

Listening to her, Morgan smiled and said to Trevor, "Ms. Locket is so young and already has such a wide breadth of knowledge. Quite impressive. You've got a good eye, Trevor."

"You might not know this," said Lucien Zandrell, who had come over as well, "but Wynn is a PhD graduate from a top-ranked university. It's only natural that she's this impressive."

Wynn had already attended several sessions over the past two days. She stood out on her own, and yesterday morning, Bryson had also been present—he admired her and introduced her to several influential people. Lucien was one of them.

After speaking, Lucien looked at Wynn and Trevor with a smile. So Wynn, you're Mr. Fleming's girlfriend? We talked so much yesterday, but you didn't mention that. So modest at such a young age—that's rare."

Wynn smiled. "You flatter me."

Their group had attracted a small crowd as well, and they engaged in a lively discussion for some time.

Just then, someone nearby exclaimed, "Matthias really lives up to being Mr. Newman's student—he knows so much! Ask him anything and he can answer!"

Right? And not just Matthias—even the beautiful Ms. Rodriguez standing next to him is amazing. I was standing there listening, and honestly, it felt like I was hearing a foreign language."

At that, Wynn's expression tightened slightly.

Morgan, hearing the comments, seemed intrigued. He was **of** course, already aware of who Matthias was. After hearing that, he turned to Trevor and Lucien. "I'm going to take a look over there."

Lucien also showed interest. Wynn paused for a second—then decided she wanted to go too.

She turned to Trevor. “Shall we go see?”

Trevor smiled. “Sure.”

Miles wasn’t interested in any of it—but followed them anyway.

The Breaking Point of Love

Chapter 300

There were quite a few people gathered around Celeste and Matthias.

When Morgan and Lucien approached, some people in the crowd were about to greet them, but Morgan smiled and gestured for them to stay quiet.

Then he and the others stood at the edge of the group, quietly listening to Matthias and Celeste answer questions.

Many attendees at the conference were graduates of prestigious universities. There was no shortage of capable, knowledgeable people.

Celeste and Matthias not only responded to others’ questions but also occasionally encountered a few individuals who could carry on more in-depth discussions with them.

Those with a similarly broad knowledge base were deeply engaged in the back-and-forth. Those who lacked the technical background—especially when it came to materials and manufacturing—felt like they were listening to a foreign language.

Lucien and Morgan clearly fell into the first group.

Wynn could mostly keep up, too.

In truth, after just a short exchange earlier, Celeste and Matthias had already sensed the gap between them and most of the crowd. So when they answered questions, they had unconsciously simplified their explanations.

Lucien and Morgan listened with great interest.

Just as they planned to keep listening, someone up front recognized them and exclaimed, “Ah—it’s Academician Morgan Hale and Professor Lucien Zandrell!”

Celeste and Matthias paused and followed the direction of everyone's gaze. Sure enough, they saw Morgan, Lucien -and Trevor, Wynn, and Miles.

Celeste and Matthias instinctively ignored Trevor and Wynn.

Now that Morgan had arrived, Matthias had no choice but to stop and, along with Celeste, walk over to greet them. "Mr. Hale, Professor Zandrell."

Morgan smiled and clapped his hands. "As expected of Mr. Newman's student—very impressive."

Matthias smiled, but before he could say anything, Morgan added, "Your talent doesn't surprise me. What surprises me more is that the young woman beside you is just as capable."

He laughed. "Aren't you going to introduce us?"

Matthias paused and said, "Celeste Rodriguez, a member of our technical team at YodaVision."

"Oh, a technician at YodaVision," Morgan replied. "So, your company doesn't just have you—it has another young talent just as impressive. No wonder YodaVision is doing so well."

Matthias said, "You flatter us."

Lucien also came forward to greet them.

Hearing how fluently Celeste conversed with others, Wynn was indeed surprised.

So, Celeste wasn't as clueless as she had assumed.

Matthias was Zachary's student and was exceptionally skilled. If Celeste had been following him closely, she

might have truly been learning something.

But materials were only one field.

If Celeste had graduated from college at 18 just like her, then her learning ability was definitely there. As long as she had the right mindset, it was completely reasonable for someone like her to pick things up under Matthias guidance.

Wynn recalled hearing years ago that Celeste had skipped three grades in high school and been admitted to one of the top universities in the country—Aurelia University. She had assumed Celeste must be quite impressive.

But in the two or three years that followed, she learned that Celeste's performance in college was far less remarkable compared to her entrance exam results. Celeste had never participated in any major international competitions.

Wynn, on the other hand, hadn't scored as highly on her entrance exam, but during university, she had won numerous awards—enough to get her a place in a top-tier graduate program, which she had completed all the way through her PhD without any setbacks.

Thinking of all this, Wynn looked at Celeste, listening to Morgan praise her. She smiled, but said nothing.

She turned her head and glanced at Trevor.

Trevor's expression was calm. He looked away, as if completely indifferent to the compliments Morgan and the others were giving Celeste. Like her, he didn't seem to think Celeste was particularly impressive.

That thought made Wynn smile a little.

As for things like Advanced Materials or AI—Miles had absolutely no clue what any of it meant.

Listening to Celeste converse so smoothly, and with Morgan singing her praises nonstop, Miles felt a little dazed.

He looked over at Trevor and Wynn. "Is she actually this capable?"

Before Trevor could respond, Wynn smiled and looked at him. "What do you think?"

He stared blankly for a second, utterly speechless.

How was he supposed to know?

If he had the answers, he wouldn't be standing here wasting time asking them.

But judging by Trevor and Wynn's reactions, it seemed like maybe Celeste wasn't quite as impressive as she seemed.

Seeing that Morgan probably wouldn't be done chatting with Celeste and Matthias anytime soon, Wynn said, Trevor, don't you still have things to take care of? Why don't we go first?"

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Trevor replied, "Alright."

With that, he took a few steps forward and said to Morgan, “Mr. Hale, we’ve got something to attend to, so we’ll be heading out first.”

Morgan nodded. “Alright.”

He smiled and gave Wynn a polite nod.

Trevor glanced at Celeste once more, then turned and left with Wynn and Miles.