

The Breaking Point of Love

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Zeke was one of Trevor's personal secretaries. When he saw Celeste's resignation letter, he was extremely surprised.

He was one of the few in the company who knew about the relationship between Celeste and Trevor.

Anyone familiar with Trevor knew that he didn't love Celeste. So, he had been cold to her and rarely went home after their **marriage**.

To get closer to and win over Trevor, Celeste had chosen to work at Fleming **Group**

Her initial goal was to become his personal secretary, but Trevor refused vehemently. Even when Arnold stepped in, he couldn't get Trevor to **agree**. In the end, Celeste **had** to settle for a position in the secretarial team, becoming one of Trevor's many ordinary secretaries.

At first, Zeke had worried **that** Celeste's presence in the secretarial team would create chaos. But to his surprise, she didn't bring them any trouble. Although Celeste used her position to get closer to Trevor, she was mindful of her timing and never overstepped her boundaries.

On the contrary, she worked diligently and performed exceptionally well, hoping to gain **Trevor's** respect. Whether during her pregnancy, childbirth, or any other time, she strictly adhered to company policies and never sought special treatment.

Over the years, Celeste rose to become the head of the secretarial team. Zeke had observed her feelings for Trevor from the sidelines all the while. To be honest, he had never imagined she would resign one day. He felt skeptical about her willingly giving up her position.

Something must have happened between Celeste and Trevor for her to resign **now**. Zeke understood that this was something he wasn't privy to—it must be something significant enough for Trevor to have ordered her to resign..

While he found it a pity, Zeke maintained a professional tone. "I acknowledge that I've received your resignation letter. I'll arrange for someone to take over your duties as soon as possible."

"Alright." Celeste nodded and returned to her workstation

After working for a while, Zeke started an online meeting with Trevor to report on company matters. As the conversation neared its end, he suddenly remembered Celeste's resignation.

"Oh, Mr. Fleming, there's one more thing--"

Although Zeke had told Celeste he would quickly arrange **for** someone to take over her position, he wanted to gauge Trevor's thoughts on the matter first. If Trevor **wanted** Celeste out immediately, he would make the arrangements right away.

But as the words left his mouth, he remembered that when Celeste first joined the company, Trevor had explicitly stated that all matters regarding her employment should be handled per company regulations. He made it clear that there was no need to report anything to him since he wouldn't concern himself with her.

And indeed, over the years, **Trevor** had never actively inquired about Celeste's work at the company.

Even when he **encountered** her at work, he treated her like she was a complete stranger.

When Celeste was set to be **promoted** a couple of years **ago**, the team had hesitated. Everyone **was** aware of Trevor's dislike for her. They had even brought it up with him to gauge his opinion back then

Trevor had frowned in annoyance and reiterated that he wouldn't interfere and that they should handle it according to company policy. He had emphasized that they shouldn't bring up Celeste's matters with **him** again.

Seeing Zeke's **hesitation**, Trevor frowned. "**What** is it?"

Zeke snapped **out** of his thoughts and quickly replied, "**Oh**, it's nothing."

Since Trevor was already aware of Celeste's resignation but hadn't brought it up, it was clear that **this** matter wasn't important to him. So, Zeke decided to proceed as usual and **handle**

the matter according to company regulations.

With that resolved, Trevor ended the call.

"**What** are you thinking about?" At noon, a colleague patted Celeste on the **shoulder**.

Celeste came back to her senses and smiled, shaking her head. "Nothing."

"Don't you need to call your daughter today?"

“No, not today.”

Typically, she called Jordyn twice a day once at 1:00 am and once at around 12:00pm.

Her colleagues at work were aware of this habit. What they didn't know was her daughter was the child she had with the company's CEO.

After work, Celeste went to the supermarket. She bought some groceries and a few potted plants before heading home.

After dinner, she browsed online for information about the upcoming technology exhibition.

After that, she made a call. “Please reserve a ticket for next month's tech exhibition for me.”

“Are you sure?” the person on the other end replied coolly. The last two times you asked me to reserve tickets, you didn't show up. Do you know how many people's lifelong dream is to get one of those tickets? You wasted them thoughtlessly.”

The annual tech exhibition was a major **event** in the industry, and tickets were not easily obtainable.

Their company had a limited number of slots, and many IT elites working for them eagerly vied for the opportunity to attend it.

“If I don't show up to the exhibition this time, I will never ask you to reserve a ticket for me ever again,” Celeste promised.

There was silence on the other end before the line disconnected.

Celeste knew that he'd agreed. The corners of her mouth tugged upward into a smile. **What** she **hadn't** said was that she wanted to return to the company.

Though she was one of the partners of her tech firm, she had stepped back during its early days to focus on marriage and family. Her decision had disrupted their development plans and cost them many opportunities.

Her colleagues had been both angry and frustrated with her. Over the years, they had rarely **been in** contact.

While Celeste was eager to return, she knew she had been out of the industry for too long. If she went back unprepared, she was worried she wouldn't be able to keep up with the company's current pace.

So, she planned to spend some time **familiarizing** herself with the industry's latest developments before making a concrete decision.

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For the next few days, Celeste focused on her **work** during office hours and spent her evenings tending to her own matters. She didn't reach out to Jordyn or Trevor, and they didn't contact her either.

Celeste wasn't surprised. For over half a **year**, her communication with them had been one-sided. They had only passively responded to her efforts.

every morning.

Meanwhile, in Andostan, Jordyn had developed the habit of calling Wynn first thing every

That day, she called Wynn right after waking up as usual. However, the call didn't last long before she burst into

Tears

Wynn had told her some bad news. "I'm going back to the country soon."

Devastated, Jordyn finished the call and immediately phoned Trevor. "Dad, did you know about this?"

At his office, Trevor flipped through some documents. "Yes"

"When did you **find** out?"

"It's been a while."

"Dad, you're so mean..." Jordyn hugged her pink stuffed pig and cried loudly. "I don't want Wynn to leave. If she's not here, I don't want to go to school here anymore. I **want** to go back too!"

Trevor's tone remained even. "It's already being arranged."

Jordyn didn't understand. "W-What do you mean?"

"We're going back next week."