

# The Breaking Point of Love

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Over the years, **Matthias** and Celeste had rarely seen each other. Yet, even from just a few encounters, Matthias could tell **that** she was no longer the confident and spirited person she had once been.

Matthias thought back to the Celeste he knew from the past. He could never have associated the word “insecure” with **that** individual. He didn’t know much about Celeste’s marriage to Trevor, but he was completely clueless about her sorry state which was essentially an open secret.

He had his suspicions but didn’t voice them. Instead, he sincerely encouraged, “Falling behind for a time doesn’t matter. Your ability and talent surpass that of most geniuses. As long as you’re still passionate about this field, it’s never too late to start again.

“Don’t forget that you **were** our teacher’s favorite student throughout his entire career.”

Celeste smiled as she listened to him. “If he heard that, he’d probably scoff and say **that** he didn’t have much of a choice and could only settle on the least bad one.”

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As she thought of her wise but sharp-tongued mentor, Celeste’s smile faltered. “I saw on the news.

also came back for the celebration. How has he been?”

“He’s doing well, though he’s often annoyed by us—his ever-disappointing students—popping up in front of him from time to time,” Matthias replied.

Celeste chuckled, her mind wandering back to the days when she toiled away working on thesis papers under her mentor every day.

“Come back, Cel,” Matthias urged.

Celeste gripped her cup tightly. After taking a deep breath, she nodded and said, “Alright.”

She had been passionate about artificial intelligence since she was a child, and she loved anything related to this field. But because of her love for Trevor, she had put her dream on hold for seven years.

It would take time to catch up after such a long absence. But she believed that with hard **work**, it wasn't too late for her.

Matthias asked, "When do you think you'll return?"

"I still need to transition out of my current job. It might take a while," Celeste explained.

"That's fine. There's no rush."

**As** long as she was coming back, a little more time wouldn't matter.

They talked for a while longer before Matthias checked the time. "I'm meeting someone who's supposedly a genius in algorithms. They just returned to the country recently. Since we bumped into each other, why don't you come along and meet them?"

Celeste shook her head. "I don't **know** your team well. Maybe next time."

"Alright."

As Matthias left, Celeste saw Trevor's sister, Teagan Fleming, walking toward her. She had seen Teagan in the news but hadn't expected to run into her here..

Celeste greeted, "Hello, Teagan."

Teagan didn't respond to her polite greeting. She frowned hard instead. "What are you doing here?"

"It's Trellis College's 100th anniversary today. So, I came to **visit**."

It Celeste hadn't brought this up, Teagan would have forgotten that she graduated from Trellis College too. But aside from current students and staff, the attendees today were mostly honorary alumni invited by the school.

What was an unknown nobody like Celeste doing here?

Still, as long as she didn't embarrass the Fleming family, Teagan couldn't be bothered to say much.

Getting straight to the point, she said, "Nicholas **says** he misses your cooking. I'll **have** someone send **him** over to you and Trevor later."

Nicholas was Teagan's son, and he was a year or two older than Jordyn. With her strained marriage and demanding career, Teagan **had rarely** been involved in her son's life. Over the years, his rebelliousness had only grown, making it even harder for her to manage him now.

Upon learning that Nicholas liked Celeste's cooking, Teagan had frequently sent him **over** to Celeste and Trevor's place over the past two years.

Aside from Martha, the Fleming family didn't take Celeste seriously. Even Nicholas looked down on her and treated her like a maid despite liking her cooking.

In the past, Celeste had tolerated this for Trevor's sake. She did her best to care for Nicholas and didn't chastise or correct him whenever he was disrespectful.

But now, as she and Trevor were preparing for divorce, she no longer felt the need to endure it. She rejected Teagan without hesitation. "I'm sorry, Teagan. I'm not available tomorrow."

As she planned to return to the AI field, she intended to dedicate her time to meaningful pursuits. After the divorce, she would have no ties to Trevor or his family. She wouldn't waste her time on them anymore.

Teagan hadn't expected Celeste to refuse her. After all, Celeste had often humbled herself to please the Fleming family for Trevor's sake.

Nevertheless, Teagan didn't dwell on it. She assumed Celeste must have something important going on. Otherwise, she wouldn't have passed up the chance to curry favor.

Even so, she felt annoyed. "What could possibly be so important? **Trevor and** Jordyn aren't even with you now." Upon hearing this, Celeste couldn't help but smile bitterly to herself. For years, she had abandoned her own Identity and centered her life around them. And now, this was how Teagan viewed her.

It wasn't undeserved, but Celeste wouldn't live that way anymore.

Just as she was about to respond, a group of people approached them. "Ms. Fleming!"

They were clearly there for Teagan.

When they saw Celeste standing beside her, they looked her over before asking, "**Ms.** Fleming, who is this?" Teagan, of course, didn't tell them that Celeste was her sister-in-law. She replied indifferently, "A friend." "Oh, a friend..." These people, all prominent figures attending Trellis College's celebration, had assumed Celeste must be **someone** important upon seeing her with Teagan.

But Teagan's dismissive attitude dispelled that impression. Aside from one or two people admiring Celeste's striking looks **and** slender legs, the rest paid her no attention. They quickly resumed their focus on Teagan and

moved on

In the past, Teagan's refusal to acknowledge her would have hurt Celeste deeply. But now, she didn't care

**anymore.**

After Teagan left, Celeste picked up her bag and walked away.

That night, at around 10:00 pm, the plane carrying Trevor and Jordyn **landed** on time. By the time they got home, it was nearly midnight.

Jordyn had fallen asleep before **they** arrived. When Trevor carried her upstairs, he passed the master bedroom and noticed the door was open, but the room was pitch black.

After putting Jordyn on her bed and tucking her in, he returned to the master bedroom and turned on the light. Then, he glanced at the bed and found that it was empty—Celeste wasn't there.

Just then, **the** butler, Peter **Hawk**, came upstairs with his luggage.

Loosening his tie, Trevor asked, "Where is she?"

Peter replied, "Mrs. Fleming is on a business trip."

Half a month ago, Peter hadn't been around when Celeste had left with her suitcase. The other maids told him that Celeste left with a suitcase, so he had assumed she was traveling for work.

Now that he thought about it, this was unusual. Celeste rarely went on business trips. Even when she did, they typically lasted only two or three days.

This time, she had been gone for over two weeks.

"Alright," Trevor responded indifferently, asking no further questions.

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