

# The Breaking Point of Love

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Celeste knew that smile of his was a subtle jab at Jorge and nodded. “Mm.”

Wynn noticed that Matthias was genuinely good to Celeste and frowned.

Although Jorge and the others had said they were busy and couldn't join the dinner, their work there was already done, so they headed downstairs with Celeste and Matthias, preparing to leave InnovaTech.

At that moment, Wynn received a phone call. After hanging up, she said, “Trevor is almost here too. I'll leave with you.”

By the time they reached the ground floor, Trevor was already waiting outside.

When he saw them, he got out of the car and greeted both Jorge and Matthias. He also glanced at Celeste but didn't say anything to her.

Meanwhile, Wynn had already moved to stand beside him the moment he stepped out of the car. Seeing them together, they truly looked like the perfect couple.

As Jorge exchanged pleasantries with Trevor, Matthias smirked slightly and said in a detached tone, “Mr. Fleming, we have dinner plans, so we'll be heading off first.”

Trevor replied, “Take care, Mr. Yoder.”

With that, Matthias and Celeste left.

After having dinner with Jonathan and the others, Celeste drove home.

The moment she arrived, Beck's call came in. She hesitated briefly before answering, “Mr. Harper.”

“The contract has been signed,” Beck said. “You can call your uncle to confirm and then get back to me.” Before she could respond, he had already hung up. Celeste didn't expect Beck to move so quickly. Even so, she didn't trust him completely.

After a brief thought, she called Ivan. “Uncle Ivan, did the company just sign a project deal with the Harper family?”

“Yes.” Ivan sounded quite pleased with the company’s progress but was also a bit puzzled. “Cel, how did you find out about this?”

“I heard it from someone,” Celeste replied vaguely before changing the subject and asking about him and his family briefly before ending the call.

Then, she called Beck back. He answered immediately.

Celeste said, “I’m free on Saturday and Sunday.”

Beck responded, “Alright. Do you want to set the time, **or** should I?”

“You set it.”

“Okay.”

After hanging up, Celeste took a shower. Since it was still early, she caught up on the latest global AI industry

news.

The next morning, Celeste had a simple breakfast and was about to leave the house when Beck called again.

“I talked to Shanice last night,” he said. “She wants to go skiing. Ms. Rodriguez, do you ski?”

Celeste replied, “Yes.” She knew how to ski.

Beck asked, “Do you need me to prepare ski equipment for you?”

“No need. I’ll get my own.”

“Alright, see you on Saturday.”

“Okay.”

After ending the call, Celeste headed to the company. At 5:00 pm, Jordyn called, saying she was craving Celeste’s cooking.

So, Celeste went over that evening.

Trevor wasn’t home—apparently, he was on a business trip. So, she ended up staying the night.

The next day, before taking Jordyn to school, Celeste remembered her skiing plans with Shanice on Saturday and grabbed the ski equipment she had left there earlier.

This way, she wouldn't have to go out and buy new gear later.

Seeing this, Jordyn asked, "Mom, are you going skiing?"

"Yes, in a few days."

Jordyn's eyes lit up. "I want to go too!" She had gone to the ski resort with Wynn and the others a few days ago but hadn't had enough!

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Celeste paused and asked her, "When do you want to go?"

"Um..." Jordyn hesitated.

Celeste knew she was waiting for a time when Wynn and Trevor weren't available so she could ask her instead. But she had no way of knowing when they'd be busy, which was why she was hesitating.

Celeste withdrew her gaze and said, "It's okay. Just tell me when you want to go, and if I'm free, I'll take you."

Jordyn beamed. "Okay!"

Celeste was busy with work for the rest of the week.

On Friday evening, she finished work early. Just as she got home and was about to make something to eat, her phone rang—it was Jordyn calling. She hesitated for a moment before answering.

"Mom, I'm free on Saturday! Let's go skiing!"

Celeste had promised that Jordyn could let her know when she wanted to go skiing. But she didn't plan on taking

her tomorrow.

Her schedule for the day was essentially half a social obligation, and she didn't want to be distracted by taking

care of her.

So, she said, "I'm not free tomorrow. Pick another day."

Jordyn whined, "Nooo, I really want to go on Saturday. Please, Mom?"

"This Saturday won't work. Next week, if you still want to go, I'll take you."

Unwilling to give up, Jordyn kept trying to act cute to make Celeste relent. "Mommy..."

But Celeste didn't budge. "If you still want to go next week, just let me know. And remember to eat well; don't be picky with food." With that, she ended the call.

Jordyn didn't call back.

Based on what Celeste knew about her, she was probably mad. But she didn't care and simply went into the kitchen to start making dinner.

The next day, when she woke up, Beck called again, asking if he should send a car to pick her up.

Celeste declined.

After breakfast, she drove to the ski resort. By the time she arrived, Beck and Shanice were already there.

Seeing her, Beck glanced over while Shanice happily let go of Beck's hand and ran toward her. "Ms. Rodriguez!"

As Shanice threw herself into her arms, Celeste gently hugged her back.

Looking at Shanice's bright smile, she touched her face and said, "You've grown a little taller, and your cheeks are a bit rounder. You're even prettier now."

Hearing Celeste's praise, Shanice nodded excitedly. "Mm! I've been eating lots of meat!"

Celeste smiled. Just as she was about to speak, Shanice suddenly pulled a crystal keychain out of her pocket. "Ms. Rodriguez, this is for you."

It was a miniature pink cat-shaped bag with a tiny white kitten inside—delicate and adorable.

It looked very similar to the one Jordyn had attached to her backpack zipper a while ago, except in a different color.

Since Beck often spent time with Trevor, Wynn, and the others, it wasn't surprising that Shanice and Jordyn had matching keychains.

Celeste paused for a moment but didn't ask further.

She smiled and said, "It's beautiful. I love it. Thank you, Shanice."

Hearing that Celeste liked it, Shanice was even happier and tugged at her hand. "Ms. Rodriguez, let's go skiing!"

Celeste nodded. "Alright."

As they walked inside, Beck asked, "Have you had breakfast? We brought some for you. If you haven't eaten, you should have a little first."

Celeste replied, "No need, I already ate."

"Alright."

Once they were dressed and had their goggles on, they headed for the slopes.

Shanice wasn't very skilled at skiing yet, but Celeste had been skiing for years and patiently guided her.

The ski resort was quite crowded that weekend.

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Worried that they might get bumped into by other people, Beck stayed close to them so he could protect them.

However, the crowd was just too large today.

They had only been skiing for a little over an hour when two girls accidentally bumped into them.

Shanice was fine, but Celeste ended up crashing directly into Beck.

He instinctively wrapped his arm around her waist, pulling her securely into his embrace.

Pressed against his broad chest, Celeste froze for a moment and immediately felt uncomfortable. She tried to push him away, only to realize that her foot hurt.

Beck didn't let go. "Did you twist your ankle?"

"I think... yeah."

He called over a staff member to help Shanice and then bent down and picked Celeste up.

She had assumed he would let the staff assist her. So, being suddenly lifted into his arms, she was caught off guard and instinctively resisted. “Put me down, I—”

Beck interrupted, “The doctor is already waiting. Let’s take care of your foot first.”

Celeste hesitated but stopped struggling.

Inside the lodge, Beck set her down.

The waiting doctor examined her foot and found that it was just a mild dislocation. After a quick adjustment, she was fine.

Beck asked, “Do you still want to ski?”

“I’m fine, I can continue.” Since she was already here, she didn’t want to dampen Shanice’s excitement.

Hearing from the doctor that her leg was fine, Beck didn’t stop her.

Meanwhile, from a distance, someone was watching them,

“Linda? What are you looking at?”

Linda squinted. “I think I just saw someone I know.”

The man in the distance looked a lot like Beck from the side But he was with a woman and a child. That couldn’t be Beck, could it?

Just as she took two steps forward to get a clearer look, the man put his hat and goggles back on and walked away.

Over the next hour, Celeste and Shanice got bumped into twice more, but neither of them got hurt.

When Beck reached out to steady her, holding her hand, Celeste lightly pulled away and said, “I’m good now, thanks.”

Only then did Beck release her wrist.

At noon, they left the ski resort and went to a nearby restaurant for lunch. He handed her the menu, letting her choose the dishes.

It was then that Shanice suddenly remembered something and asked, “Ms. Rodriguez, what’s your first name?”

“Celeste. My full name is Celeste Rodriguez. You can call me Ms. Celeste.”

Shanice nodded. “Ms. Celeste.”

Celeste smiled and gently patted her little face.

Perhaps she was too exhausted from skiing—before they even finished eating, Shanice started dozing off. Beck picked her up and wiped the corner of her mouth.

Celeste had also finished eating. Setting down her utensils, she said, “Shall we call it a day?”

“Alright.” But instead of getting up immediately, Beck looked at her and asked, “Can I invite you out again next time?”

Celeste replied, “Sure.”

He had helped her today, and since Shanice needed her company, returning the favor a few times seemed only fair.

“Thanks.”

“You don’t have to thank me.”

Since Shanice was already asleep and she felt they had nothing more to talk about, Celeste didn’t say much and simply turned to leave.

Beck stood there watching as she drove away. Only after a while did he get into his own pre

Shanice woke up when they reached home. “Ms. Celeste already left?”

car.

“Yes.” Holding her in his arms, Beck suddenly said, “Oh, Shanice, from now on, just call her ‘Ms. Rodriguez,’ okay? Also, keep her name a secret for now. Don’t tell anyone else, alright?”

Shanice obediently nodded. “Okay.”

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Celeste drove off after the meal with Beck and Shanice. On the way home, she received a call from Lottie.

“Cel, where are you? I’m exhausted! Hurry up and come pick me up for dinner.”

Celeste didn’t mention that she had already eaten. “Where are you?”

“Yorkshire Garden,” Lottie said. “It’s that classical courtyard-style residential complex developed a few years ago. I’ve been here all morning with my aunt, looking at houses. I’m dead tired.”

“Okay.”

After hanging up, Celeste adjusted her GPS and headed toward Yorkshire Garden.

About ten minutes later, Lottie called again. “Damn! Guess who I just ran into?”

Celeste paused. Lately, there was only one person who could make Lottie curse right off the bat.

“Trevor and Wynn with her whole family! He’s here showing the Locket family around!”

Staring straight ahead, Celeste’s expression remained unchanged as she let out a neutral hum.

Most of the time, when Trevor and Wynn went out, they would bring Jordyn along. So, the reason he had left Jordyn home alone today was because he was busy showing the Locket family houses.

It made sense. The Shaw family had already settled into their new home. If the Locket family planned to stay in Baumond, they would need to buy property as well.

Upon arriving at Yorkshire Garden, Celeste parked her car and sent Lottie her location.

Lottie texted back that she would be out in a bit.

Celeste asked where she was. She said she wanted to stop by the sales office to use the restroom. So, Lottie sent

her the location.

Just as Celeste was about to step out of the car, she spotted Erin, Harvey, and Lilian walking toward the parking

lot.



They were all smiling brightly, clearly in a great mood.

Celeste got out of the car, but the three of them entered the parking lot from the other side and didn't notice her.

A few minutes later, as Celeste reached the entrance of the sales office, she ran into Trevor and Wynn. They were walking out surrounded by seven to eight senior executives from the sales team.

Trevor glanced sideways at her while Wynn, holding onto his arm, also gave her a cold look.

Celeste withdrew her gaze indifferently. She walked past them and headed straight toward Lottie.

Seeing her, Lottie gritted her teeth and whispered, "The houses here start at 300 million. I just heard from the staff that the villa Trevor bought for the Locket family is the highest-end model—over 600 million!"

Celeste responded with a simple hum.

Observing her expression, Lottie continued, "And, I also heard that the reason they came here to buy a house is because Wynn's mom likes the style..."

**Celeste's** steps paused slightly, almost imperceptibly. No wonder Lilian had been smiling, so happily earlier.

Suppressing her emotions, Celeste said calmly, "I'm going to the restroom."

"Okay."

Inside the restroom, Celeste clenched her hand into a fist. She no longer felt anything when people talked about how much Trevor adored Wynn.

But hearing that he was trying to please Lilian still-

Just then, voices from outside the restroom caught her attention.

"That Mr. Fleming really has good taste. His girlfriend is gorgeous."

"Right? And her mother, too—elegant and classy. The best part? Her husband and in-laws let her do whatever she wants. Everything revolves around her preferences. She's so spoiled!"

"Ugh, looking at her and then at my own husband and in-laws just makes me mad."

“Exactly! And Mr. Fleming treats his girlfriend so well. They’re not even married yet, and he just spent over 600 million to buy her family a villa. Seriously, some women just win at life.”

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When Celeste came out of the restroom, ten minutes had already passed.

After having dinner with Lottie, she suddenly felt the urge to visit the nursing home.

But remembering Isabelle’s condition and the director’s instructions that she shouldn’t see familiar people, she hesitated.

She had already driven to the entrance of the nursing home, but in the end, she didn’t go inside and just drove back home.

Once she got home, she locked herself in her room and focused on her work. She wasn’t sure how much time had passed when her phone rang.

It was a call from Trevor.

Celeste glanced at the screen, noted down the data she was working on, and ignored the call.

The call naturally disconnected. However, a few minutes later, he called again.

She still didn’t answer.

Shortly after, a message from Trevor came through: “Grandma wants us to go back to Fleming Manor for dinner.”

Celeste didn’t reply.

On the other side, Trevor saw that she hadn’t responded and silently stared at his phone for a moment.

Just then, Jordyn’s voice came from the staircase. “Dad, you’re back!” As she spoke, she had already run downstairs and thrown herself into his arms.

Trevor steadied her and responded with a simple hum.

Noticing that he was holding his phone, seemingly about to send a  
doing?”

Trevor said, “Your mom isn’t answering my calls.”

message, Jordyn asked, “Dad, what are you

Hearing him mention Celeste, Jordyn let out an annoyed huff and turned her little face away.

Trevor pinched her soft cheek. “You get mad every time I mention your mom. Did you upset her?”

Jordyn widened her eyes and huffed, “It was Mom who made me mad!”

Trevor propped his face on his hand, seemingly curious. “Oh?”

Fuming, Jordyn tattled, “She promised to take me skiing, but when I called her today, she said she was busy and told me we’d go next time!”

“If your mom was busy and couldn’t take you out, shouldn’t you be understanding instead of getting upset? Isn’t that your fault?” Trevor chuckled, pressed his large hand against her head, and stood up. “Let’s go.”

Jordyn paused. “Where to?”

“Your great-grandma wants us to go home for dinner.”

“Oh...” Pouting, Jordyn muttered under her breath and ran to catch up with him.

Meanwhile, on the other side, Celeste ordered takeout, and just as she finished eating around 7:00 received a call from Martha.

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She could ignore Trevor’s calls, but Martha had been kind to her family—her call was one she had to take. “Hello, Grandma.”

“Cel, Trevor told me you’re busy. When will you be done?”

Celeste didn’t want to go back to the manor.

Since Trevor had already lied for her, she simply said, “I’ll be busy for the next couple of days. Sorry, Grandma, I don’t think I’ll have time to visit you.”

Martha didn’t mind and said warmly, “That’s alright, dear. I just worry that you’re overworking yourself.”

“I won’t, Grandma. I know my limits.”

“That’s good.” Martha added, “Trevor is going back tomorrow. I’ll have him bring you something good to eat.. Make sure you eat well, okay?”

“Alright.”

After hanging up, Martha glanced at her grandson, who was sitting on the couch reading the newspaper, and said with a smirk, “Next time, if Celeste doesn’t come back with you, don’t bother coming back either.”

Trevor raised an eyebrow. “Then should I just leave?”

Martha was speechless.

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After hanging up, Celeste went back to work.

After a full mental workout, she was already feeling much better.

At that moment, Matthias called. “Wanna hang out?”

Half an hour later, Celeste arrived at the bar.

Matthias came out to meet her and asked, “Want a drink?”

Celeste hesitated for a second before saying, “Yeah, a little.”

Matthias leaned in to take a closer look at her. “Not in a good mood?”

“I’m much better now.”

Matthias didn’t press further and ordered her a low alcohol cocktail.

Celeste held the glass, taking small sips while listening to Matthias chat with his friends. Neither of them noticed that someone upstairs at the bar counter was watching them.

Xavier commented, “So, it’s her and Matthias.”

The man next to him followed his gaze. Seeing Celeste, he paused.

Xavier noticed and smirked. “Is she your type?”

His friend didn’t answer but asked, “You know her?”

“Yeah,” Xavier replied. “She’s the woman I told you about the other day—the one Jorge was into at first, but then suddenly lost interest in.”

His friend studied Celeste. Though this bar wasn’t exactly chaotic, her cool and pure aura stood out against the flashing lights and heavy music.

Instead of blending in, she exuded an air of quiet elegance, as if she had accidentally wandered into this place.

Matthias turned to Celeste. “Wanna dance?”

Celeste didn’t know how to dance, but she was interested in trying. “Sure.”

Stepping onto the dance floor, she followed Matthias’ lead, moving along with the music. After about a minute, she gradually got used to it, relaxing as she swayed lightly,

The alcohol was starting to hit, leaving her slightly tipsy. A flush crept onto her cheeks, making her look even more radiant.

Her eyes were bright and glistening, and with every glance, she unknowingly carried a subtle allure—more captivating than usual.

Xavier let out a low curse. “Damn. Ms. Rodriguez might not have that conquer-me vibe like Ms. Locket, but she’s got that pure-yet-seductive charm. She’s practically a walking temptation.”

**His** friend didn’t respond.

At that moment, Celeste felt her phone vibrate. She didn’t stop dancing but pulled out her phone to check. The moment she saw the caller ID, she immediately froze.

Matthias noticed her change in expression, glanced at her phone, and instantly felt a chill down his spine. “How come it’s Mr. Newman?”

Celeste and Matthias quickly left the dance floor.

As they were heading out, Celeste happened to glance up and saw Xavier and the handsome young man sitting beside him.

She wasn’t familiar with Xavier and quickly looked away, stepping outside with Matthias to take the call.

The moment she answered, her tone was instantly meek. “Mr. Newman.”

“Come pick me up tomorrow at noon.”

Celeste was stunned. “Huh?” But the call had already ended

Matthias hurriedly asked, “What did he say?”

“He told me to pick him up tomorrow at noon.”

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“He didn’t say why? And he didn’t ask for me to come too?!”

Celeste shook her head.

Matthias checked his phone. Zachary hadn’t messaged him at all. Instantly, he felt a little betrayed. “He’s playing favorites.”

The lively atmosphere of the bar did help ease the mood.

Feeling much better, Celeste playfully patted Matthias’s chest. “Feeling any better now?”

“No. But if you cover tonight’s bill, I might.”

“Got it.”

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Of course, that was just a joke. There was no way Matthias would actually let Celeste pay.

Besides, he was also worried that Zachary might find out he had taken Celeste out drinking at a bar. So, after settling the bill at the counter, he left with her.

The next day at noon, Celeste drove to Zachary’s villa to pick him up.

Once Zachary got in the car, she asked, “Mr. Newman, where are we going?”

Zachary gave her an address.

Half an hour later, they arrived at a restaurant. A waiter led them to a private dining room.

When they pushed the door open, two men were already seated inside. Both were middle-aged men with imposing presences.

Seeing them enter, the two men stood up. “You’re here.”

Zachary, as indifferent as ever, introduced them, “Theodore Robinson, Harold Jennings. My student, Celeste Rodriguez.”

Celeste had seen them in the news before. One held a high-ranking position in the military, while the other was a major figure in politics.

But despite their status, their demeanor toward Celeste was warm. They extended their hands to shake hers.” We’ve heard a lot about you.”

Although Celeste was a little caught off guard, she remained composed and shook their hands respectfully. ” That’s something I should be saying to you.”

Theodore and Harold chuckled and gestured for her to sit.

Once she was seated, Theodore said, “We’ve heard about you for years. We’ve always hoped Mr. Newman would introduce us, but everyone’s been busy, and there was never a chance.

“Recently, our team has been studying the system you developed, and since we happen to have some free time these days, we thought we’d invite you to a meal and finally meet you in person.”

After some polite conversation, they began discussing more serious topics—systems, chips, energy....

Zachary just sat quietly, eating and drinking tea, rarely joining in.

Over an hour later, Theodore poured Celeste a cup of tea, which she quickly accepted.

He set down the teapot and gazed at her with deep, experienced eyes. Yet, his expression remained gentle. “If I remember correctly, Cel, you’re in your 20s, right?”

Celeste nodded. “Yes, I’m 25.”

“Young indeed.” Harold, catching on immediately to Theodore’s meaning, interjected with a smile, “Do you have a boyfriend?”

Celeste froze for a moment before answering, “I’m married” Though she’d get a divorce soon.

But given who she was speaking to, it wasn’t appropriate to discuss her personal affairs, so she didn’t elaborate. Theodore and Harold were clearly surprised. However, they were not ordinary men.

When Celeste mentioned she was married, a flicker of emotion passed through her eyes—subtle but telling. It suggested her marriage had issues. Which meant there was a good chance she'd be divorced.

That meant their sons might still have a shot.

There was no shortage of prestigious young ladies eager to marry into the Robinsons and Jennings.

Typically, even the daughters of wealthy families would struggle to gain entry into their circles, let alone a divorcee.

But Celeste was different. She was far too talented.

With the technology YodaVision currently possessed, the company's growth in the coming years would be unstoppable.

Not to mention, Zachary's position would very likely be passed down to her in the future. In other words, Celeste's potential was limitless.

And beyond all that, despite her young age and remarkable achievements, she remained composed and graceful, without a trace of arrogance—an extremely rare quality in someone so young.

The more they observed her, the more they liked her.

Zachary, who had been listening in silence, finally lifted his gaze and shot them a cold, warning look.

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After lunch, as soon as Celeste got home, Matthias called.

After hearing why Zachary had asked to see her, he said, "Theodore and Harold? Yeah, I know them."

Then he added, "By the way, that Jorge is actually Theodore's son. Tsk, with a father that impressive, I really don't get how the son ended up being blind at such a young age."

Celeste didn't expect Jorge to be Theodore's son. But it didn't concern her.

On Tuesday, InnovaTech conducted the initial test of its self-driving car.

Celeste and Matthias went over to InnovaTech early in the morning. By the time they got there, Jorge, Xavier, and the others had already arrived.



When they saw Celeste and Matthias, they glanced over briefly before looking away.

Matthias didn't care to acknowledge them either and pulled Celeste along to focus on the test preparations.

Seeing that everything was set up, but the test hadn't started yet, Matthias asked, "Why hasn't it begun?" Henry replied, "Mr. Fleming is coming to observe the test personally. We'll start once he arrives." "Oh."

Something occurred to him, and he asked, "By the way, where's Ms. Locket today?"

Didn't Wynn say she was coming to InnoVAtech to refine her skills? Why had she disappeared after just a few days? Henry chuckled. "Oh, Ms. Locket said she wanted to improve herself, right? Mr. Fleming said the fastest and best way to do that is to lead a team and work on a project.

"So, last week, Mr. Fleming had one of the company's shelved projects reorganized. In the past few days, Ms. Locket has gathered a team and is currently in a meeting upstairs."

Matthias was dumbfounded. He turned to glance at Celeste, only to see her jotting down notes on previous test results, showing no reaction whatsoever to Henry's mention of Trevor forming a team for Wynn.

So, he sighed and ruffled her hair.

Celeste swatted his hand away. "Don't mess with me." Her tone sounded fine—so she probably didn't care anymore. That put him at ease.

Just then, Trevor arrived. With him were Beck and Miles.

Beck and Miles were clearly surprised to see Celeste there. They both looked at her in shock.

Celeste, however, remained expressionless, sparing them only a glance before looking away.

Trevor was polite as he greeted them. "Thank you all for your hard work."

"Mr Fleming, should we begin now?" Henry asked.

"Wait a moment, we're still waiting for someone." Trevor checked his watch. "I'll head upstairs to take a look. Please wait a bit."

With that, he left.

Celeste didn't overthink things. Instead, she knew the person Trevor was waiting for was Wynn. Which meant that they couldn't begin the test until Wynn finished her meeting and came downstairs.

Matthias obviously realized this too—he clenched his jaw, barely holding back a curse.

Soon enough, Trevor and Wynn came downstairs. And tagging along with them was Linda.

Linda wasn't surprised to see Celeste. Wynn had already told her in advance.

Seeing Celeste—Trevor's wife—reduced to standing around like a subordinate, waiting for Wynn to come down before she could continue working, Linda's gaze carried a hint of mockery and satisfaction.

Celeste didn't bother questioning why Linda was at InnoVaTech in professional attire. She simply looked away indifferently.

Wynn, meanwhile, politely apologized, "Sorry to keep everyone waiting."

Her apology was sincere. However, when she spoke, her eyes only met those of Jorge, his group, and Matthias— never once looking at Celeste.

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Wynn didn't even spare Celeste a glance. Clearly, Celeste wasn't included in her apology.

Jorge wasn't paying attention to Celeste at all, so he naturally didn't notice these details. He simply said, "It was just a few minutes, it's fine."

"How generous of you, Mr. Robinson," Matthias stood up, his tone chilly. "Now that everyone's here, let's not waste any more of our time. Let's get started."

Trevor maintained his politeness. "That was our mistake, Mr. Yoder. Please, go ahead."

Matthias let out a cold huff, grabbed Celeste, and walked out of the meeting room first.

Trevor saw how closely Matthias held onto Celeste, but he quickly looked away, showing no reaction, as if he didn't care.

However, Beck glanced at them a couple more times.

Among the group, Trevor and Wynn were undoubtedly the center of attention.

When they arrived at the test track, the staff respectfully reported, "Mr. Fleming, Ms. Locket, everything is ready."

The way they acted made it clear they regarded Wynn as the boss's wife.

"Start the test," Trevor ordered.

"Yes, sir."

They could clearly observe the driving conditions through the monitors.

After the test driver had successfully completed a round, the staff asked if Trevor and Wynn wanted to experience it firsthand.

Trevor agreed. So, he and Wynn got into the same car.

On the monitors, they could be seen chatting happily. When they looked at each other, their gazes seemed practically intertwined.

Celeste watched the screen without looking away, her expression calm.

Matthias, on the other hand, looked thoroughly disgusted.

Miles also wanted to try and was about to ask Beck when Linda approached him. "Mr. Harper, shall we-

Before she could finish, Beck cut her off. "You guys go ahead. I'm not interested."

Linda choked on her words.

Meanwhile, Henry turned to Matthias and Celeste. "Mr. Yoder, Ms. Rodriguez, would you like to give it a try?"

They knew the car's specs better than most of the InnovaTech staff. They had originally planned to try it, but now, after everything that had happened, they were already fuming. What was the point?

Matthias snorted. "No thanks."

Celeste chuckled and leaned in to whisper to him about the car's engine **specs**. Then she asked, "Are you sure you don't want to try it?"

Matthias glared at her. "How do you know all this?"

Celeste touched her nose. "I happened to glance at the data they brought over earlier." Having a good memory had its perks.

Matthias' mood instantly improved. "Go back and replicate it with me."

"Alright." With that, she pulled him into the car.

Half an hour later, they were done with the test.

Trevor said, "Thank you all for your hard work today. How about we grab a meal together?"

“Sounds good,” Jorge answered.

Matthias scoffed and said flatly, “Sorry, we’re busy. Enjoy your meal. We have things to do, so we’ll be heading out first.”

Trevor nodded. “In that case, let’s do it another time.” Then, he turned to Henry. “See Mr. Yoder and Ms. Rodriguez out.”

Henry quickly responded, “Of course.”

Matthias curled his lips in mockery but didn’t say anything. He simply walked out with Celeste.

Meanwhile, Xavier lowered his voice and whispered to Jorge, “Why do I get the feeling that Matthias really can’t stand Mr. Fleming and his people?”

Jorge had already noticed this the last time they ran into them here.

Back then, he thought maybe he was overthinking it and that Matthia

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## The Breaking Point of Love

As they left InnovaTech and got into the car, Matthias was still fuming.

Something suddenly occurred to him, and he turned to Celeste. “By the way, who was that woman in the business suit standing behind Wynn? She looked at you strangely. Do you two know each other?”

Celeste replied, “Wynn’s cousin.”

“So, it’s already bad enough that Trevor brought Wynn into InnovaTech, but he actually took in her family too? At this rate, I wouldn’t be surprised if InnovaTech changes its name to Locket in a few months.”

Celeste felt the same way. But she simply hummed a response.

Given how much Trevor adored Wynn, she wouldn’t even be surprised if he handed InnovaTech over to her entirely. Letting the Shaw family work at InnovaTech was nothing.

Matthias decided to stop talking about it before he got even more frustrated.

That night, Celeste and Matthias stayed out late, working on replicating the engine specs of Trevor’s self-driving

car.

On the way home, snow began to fall.

When they arrived, Celeste was just about to take a shower when her phone rang.

It was Trevor.

She ignored the call, picked up her clothes, and went into the bathroom.

When she came out, she checked her phone and saw that Trevor had called twice. Since she didn't answer, he had sent a message.

"Jordyn has a parent-teacher meeting tomorrow."

Celeste read it and typed a short reply, "I'm not available tomorrow." Then, she put her phone aside and didn't think about it anymore.

Meanwhile, Trevor was busy while Jordyn was playing with his phone. When she saw Celeste's reply. She lit up with excitement.

"Dad! Mom said she's not available tomorrow! That means can ask Wynn to go to my parent-teacher meeting, right?"

Without looking up, Trevor responded with a simple hum.

"Yay! Awesome!" Jordyn jumped up from the couch, cheering and flailing her arms in excitement.

Trevor added, "I will be going too."

Jordyn grinned. "I know! If Wynn is going, **of** course, you'd go too."

The next day at YodaVision, Celeste was at work, discussing **a** project with Yandel, when her phone suddenly **chimed**.

**It** was a message from Jordyn's homeroom teacher: "Mrs. Fleming, will you be attending today's parent-teacher meeting for Jordyn?"

Celeste saw the message and replied, "I'm busy. **I** won't be attending."

A while later, the teacher sent another message: "Jordyn's father and another woman came to the meeting in your place today..." Attached to the message was a photo.

In the picture, Trevor and Wynn were sitting together. Jordyn sat beside Wynn, clinging affectionately to her arm. Celeste wasn't surprised. After all, Jordyn had been hoping she

wouldn't go and that Wynn would take her place. Since Wynn was attending in her stead, how could Trevor possibly let Wynn go alone?

While the teacher seemed concerned for her, Celeste simply replied, "I know, it's fine. Thank you, Ms. Alper." Then, she put her phone down and went back to work.

Busy days always passed quickly. Before she knew it, it was Friday.

That morning, not long after she woke up, she got a call from Beck. He said that Shanice wanted to go camping. Celeste paused. "The kind where we stay overnight?"

"Yes." Beck reassured her, "Don't worry, I'll arrange for security. I'll prepare everything—sleeping bags, tents, heaters. You just need to show up."