

The Breaking Point of Love

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“Okay.”

Celeste went back to the Rodriguez residence for a meal on Saturday morning. She asked Ivan about the new

project.

After confirming there were no issues with the new project. Celeste finally felt at ease.

At 2:00 pm, she drove to the campsite.”

Beck and Shanice had just arrived as well when she did.

Beck’s people were working on pitching the tents and preparing the grill.

It had been showing for the past few days. Thus, there was a thick layer of snow stretching across the mountains.

The moment she arrived, Shanice tugged at her excitedly, saying she wanted to build a **snowman** together.

Celeste used to build **snowmen** with Jordyn as well.

Hence, it wasn’t a complicated task for Celeste.

Before long, Celeste and Shanice put together a small snowman.

Shanice even prepared a **scarf** for the snowman. When the snowman **was** done, she asked the helpers to look for the scarf and carrot for her.

Beck **walked**

up to Celeste.

Celeste didn’t say anything upon seeing him.

Beck crouched beside **her** and asked, “So, are you working in YodaVision now?”

Celeste was still making some final touches to the snowman. “Yes, I am.”

Beck recalled their encounter at InnoVaTech. Her cold, dismissive attitude toward Trevor and Wynn made it seem like she **had** already moved on. “When did you start working there?” he asked.

Celeste replied, “It has been **a while** now.”

Beck wanted to dig deeper into the details, but Celeste was clearly not in the mood for it. Thus, he changed the topic. “Just a total of five times.”

Celeste paused for a moment. She knew he was asking her to accompany **Shanice** a total of five times.

“Okay,” she answered.

Shanice took two scarves over. She suggested building a bigger **one** next **to** it, so the two could stand together- one big, one small, just like her and Celeste. She even asked Beck to help them out.

Beck quietly did as she asked.

When the big snowman was done, **Shanice** asked Beck to take a photo of her **and**

Celeste together with the

snowmen.

Beck took **out his phone**. Watching Celeste’s smile through the screen, he snapped several **photos** in **a row**.

Time slipped away quickly in the midst of their laughter and fun. By the **time** they finished taking the photos, the sky had turned dark. The smell of grilled food drifted through the air, and the tents glowed softly in the evening

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Beck asked, “Would you like some of these?”

Celeste nodded,

Then, he handed a couple of skewers to her.

The campsite was bustling with winter campers. Though the tents weren't overcrowded, the energy of the placé made it feel alive. There was also a bonfire party scheduled for later in the evening.

“**Shall** we go to the bonfire party?” Beck asked.

“I'm fine either way,” Celeste said.

Just when Beck was about to speak, his phone rang suddenly.

It was a call from Miles.

Beck walked off to a quieter spot to take the call.

Miles said through the phone, “Let's get some drinks tonight.”

“I'll pass. You guys **can** go ahead.”

“Why...”

At that moment, Shanice ran over with a skewer in her hand. “Uncle Beck, this grilled chicken is for you!”

Beck stooped down and took the skewer from Shanice.

Miles heard Shanice's voice. “Are you having a barbecue?”

“Yes.”

“Where are you

“Outside,” he replied **in a** flat tone. “I went camping.”

“Damn, that's genius! Heavy snow, camping, snowball fights, and a bonfire sound like the perfect plan. Why didn't I think of it?”

As Miles' words fell, it hit him, and he added, “Wait, you went camping without telling us?”

Beck answered nonchalantly, “I won't forget next time.”

“Wait, wait. The lady Shanice mentioned is there, too, right? Where are you guys? I'll head over right **away**. No, actually, let me tell Trevor as well. We can all...”

“I'm hanging up now,” Beck interrupted.

Beck hung up the call before Miles could **speak**.

Today's Bonus Offer

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The sky was now completely dark, and the mountain air had turned even colder.

After hanging up the call, Beck turned around and walked back to their tent. He saw Celeste and Shanice huddled together, sharing food and conversation. **Hence**, he went into the tent and returned with two warm coats—one big, one **small**.

He passed the big coat to Celeste.

She said, "It's fine, I'm not **cold**..."

"Just drape it over your shoulder."

Beck unfolded the coat and casually wrapped it **around** her, then made sure Shanice was bundled up in the **small**

one.

Celeste hadn't really felt cold, but with the coat blocking most of the mountain **wind**, it was undeniably warmer, **so** she chose not to refuse.

They went to the bonfire party after dinner,

As they approached, someone blurted out, "Oh my, this little family is almost too good-looking to be real!"

Celeste paused for a brief moment and explained, "We're not a family."

The group of people chuckled among themselves. They joked that even though the three weren't a family yet, it was only a matter of time until they became one.

Then, Shanice wandered off to play with kids her **age**.

Everyone else was there with their close friends and family, sitting in groups chatting, playing games, building snowmen, and having snowball fights—it was a lively scene.

Celeste wasn't close with Beck. **Hence**, they went quiet after Shanice ran off to play with the others.

Well, there wasn't much to talk about, anyway.

Any talk of family that touched on Trevor and Wynn was a sore spot for Celeste.

Work talk? That might stir up memories of what had happened in InnovaTech.

At last, Beck asked, “Settled in at YodaVision yet?”

Celeste found the conversation dull, but she had no intention of getting too involved with Beck

So, the quiet between them was just the way she liked it.

When Beck asked that question, she was toying with dried grass, **shaping** it into a butterfly.

“Yes, I have,” she answered in a flat tone.

“Matthias seemed to be looking out **quite a** lot for you, huh?”

“Yeah.”

“You studied AI in college?”

She gave a quiet hum in response.

“How did you and Matthias meet?”

Celeste remained silent.

Beck could tell that Celeste wasn’t keen on **chatting** with him. She had always maintained this level of **distance**

with him.

He knew the reason, so he let it be.

In the middle of everything, he answered a few calls at a quieter spot.

By the time he got back, it was already late.

Celeste weaved a few butterflies with the dried leaves. Shanice loved them so much that she carefully kept them all in her pocket.

Her smile froze upon seeing Shanice like **that**.

Once, Jordyn had been just as enthusiastic as Shanice in everything Celeste did.

But it was all in the past now.

That night, Shanice insisted on sleeping together with Celeste.

Beck turned to Celeste, silently waiting for her take.

She agreed to it.

Thus, Shanice snuggled into her warmth, looking content.

They were technically sleeping together—just under the same tent.

Besides, they slept separately in their own sleeping bags, so there was no way Shanice could get Celeste to cuddle her tonight.

Shanice was prone to sickness. And after a night of strong winds, she woke up the next morning with a cold.

Celeste didn't sleep well last night, either. She woke up looking drained.

Beck decided to bring Shanice to the hospital. Celeste, on the other hand, **wanted** to drive back on her own. **Then**, Shanice clung to Celeste, whining for her to go to the hospital with her. Seeing **how** sickly Shanice looked, Celeste gave in.

They hopped onto Beck's car.

Shortly after, they both fell asleep.

Beck's gaze fell on Celeste's delicate face. He instinctively wanted to tuck the few strands of hair on her face away. But when her lashes fluttered slightly, he withdrew his hand at the last second.

The Breaking Point of Love

Celeste dozed off for a few minutes in the car. She couldn't rest well. As she opened her eyes and noticed Beck pulling his hand back, she didn't dwell on it and simply asked, "Are we there yet?"

"Almost."

Two minutes later, their car pulled up in front of the hospital. Beck got out of the car with Shanice in his arms. Do you need someone to send you back?" he asked Celeste.

She shook her head. "It's fine. I can drive back."

Beck didn't insist.

When Celeste almost reached home, her phone rang. It **was** a text from Trevor. He texted, "Grandma will be visiting your Granny later, and **she** asked us three to go to the Rodriguez residence together."

She had to respond to the text.

Hence, she gave Trevor a call.

He picked up right away. "Hello?"

"Pll go and pick Jordyn up now," Celeste said.

She didn't think Trevor would want to go back to the Rodriguez residence with her, and that was why she said that.

After all, he had been coming up with different kinds of excuses whenever she asked him to head back with her.

Besides, her family members probably weren't keen on seeing him either.

Trevor paused for two seconds and went on, "Okay."

With that, Celeste hung up the call and drove to his villa.

When she arrived at the villa, Jordyn was already waiting for her, carrying a small backpack.

As soon as Jordyn spotted Celeste, she snuggled close to Trevor, staying still and avoiding eye contact.

Thus, Celeste thought Jordyn was still upset at her for not bringing her to ski last week.

Trevor looked **up**, staring at Celeste. "Didn't you sleep well last night?"

Celeste didn't expect him to ask her that at all.

It was probably because she hadn't put on any makeup, and her hair was a bit messy, making her exhaustion a little too obvious.

Nonchalantly, she hummed a reply. She didn't plan to explain it in detail. Just then, Peter asked, "Are you having trouble sleeping? We have some great incense here. I'll leave it in your room later."

Celeste then explained, “It’s fine, Peter. I don’t have trouble sleeping. I went camping last night, and I wasn’t used to sleeping in a tent.”

Peter furrowed his brows. “Camping in this cold winter? I hope you don’t catch a cold, though.”

Celeste replied with a smile, “It’s fun, actually. You can have snowball fights, build snowmen, and play hide-and- seek around the bonfire.”

Everyone else at the campsite last night did have a wonderful time.

And she was quite envious of them.

Upon hearing that, Trevor put away the newspaper. His gaze lingered on her, filled with thought..

Jordyn, on the other hand, became even more upset.

The last time she got mad, Celeste didn’t even bother to cheer her up.

How could Celeste not take her camping when it was such a fun thing to do?

Jordyn dragged her backpack and jumped off the couch. With a snort, she bolted up the stairs.

Seeing that, Celeste frowned. Before she

could speak, Trevor said in a flat tone. “Come back here, Jo.”

Trevor’s tone showed no signs of **anger**.

Still, Jordyn instantly froze in **place**.

She pursed her lips, turned around, and stood frozen.

Trevor glanced at her.

Seconds later, Jordyn lowered her head and trudged back, dragging her small backpack.

Yet she didn’t walk to Celeste.

Instead, she went to Trevor and tugged at his hand. “Can you come along too, Dad?” she asked sweetly.

The Breaking Point of Love

Trevor didn't look at Celeste. He gently rubbed Jordyn's nose. "I'm busy, Jo. **Be** a good girl and listen to Mom, okay?"

"Okay," Jordyn replied nonchalantly. She cast Celeste a look and walked to her. Then, she extended her hand, signaling Celeste to grasp it.

This was basically her initiating the reconciliation.

Celeste took her hand, exchanged a quick greeting with Peter, and left.

By the time they reached the Rodriguez residence, Martha had been there for a while.

When Martha noticed Trevor's absence, she frowned. "Where's Trevor? Busy again?"

"Yeah," Celeste replied.

Martha took out her phone angrily, wanting to give Trevor a call. On the other hand, Betty felt that there was no need **for** Trevor to be here after knowing Celeste and Trevor were about to get a **divorce**.

Hence, Betty stopped Martha. "He's tied up with work, I get it. You don't need to force him to come."

Jordyn and Hector went upstairs to play games.

And Celeste was chatting with both Betty and Martha.

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Martha was so impressed by the two new art pieces Betty had made. When she found out they were done exquisite scholar's writing set Celeste had **given**

Betty on her birthday, **she** showed a great interest in **it**.

She **was** very fascinated by the writing set when she finally saw it herself. Then, she asked, "What about Trevor? He wouldn't have forgotten to prepare anything for your birthday, would he?"

"He did get me something."

Betty became a little upset whenever she mentioned Trevor Still, she **said**, "He gave me a gorgeous emerald jewelry set, and the embroidery painting he brought on behalf of you is just as impressive."

Martha chuckled. "That's more like it. Looks like he listened to me after all."

Celeste stayed quiet as she listened to them chat.

After staying in the study for a while, Martha and Betty headed out to the courtyard for some tea.

Betty stared at the house across from them. “Oh, by the way, Isn’t it weird that the renovations for the house just stopped unexpectedly? The renovations were going on day and night; and I thought the owner was in a rush to move in.”

Martha smiled as she replied, “Maybe something happened, and they **ended** up not moving in.”

“Well, maybe.”

Celeste wanted to get rid of the house at first, but she was worried it might end up in the hands of someone from the Lockets or the Shaws.

Hence, she didn’t do anything about it.

Besides, given that the Shaws were involved, she didn’t feel like going in to check the house out.

As a result, it was simply put aside.

Just then, Celeste sneezed, a cold shiver running down her spine.

Martha and Betty asked in unison, “Are you okay? Did you **catch** a cold?”

Celeste grabbed a tissue to wipe her **nose**. “Maybe,”

She likely caught a **cold** last night as well, though her symptoms weren’t as obvious as Shanice’s.

Betty and Martha had been friends for years.

However, she never told Betty anything that happened at her birthday party, nor anything regarding Trevor and **Wynn**.

The two of them were just having a joyful conversation about anything and everything.

Moments later, Celeste received a call from Lottie, saying that she had bumped into Trevor again, **who** was dining with the Lockets.

“Seriously, why is it always me who runs into this kind of thing? I don’t want it at all!” Lottie exclaimed.

Then, she asked Celeste where she was.

“I’m at my Granny’s.

“You went back alone?”

“No, I’m here with Mrs. Fleming Senior.”

Lottie understood right away. “Oh, so instead of going back to the Rodriguez residence with you, Trevor is accompanying Wynn’s family now?”

The Breaking Point of Love

Celeste **remained** silent.

She sneezed again after hanging up the call.

Adeline was worried Celeste might have a cold. Hence, she cooked chicken soup for Celeste. After drinking it, she felt her head getting heavier, and before long, she was **fast** asleep.

Celeste then realized she had a fever after waking up.

Moreover, she was running a high fever, and her head felt all woozy.

Jordyn approached her, looking worried. “Are you sick, Mom?”

Celeste murmured a response.

Martha was worried about her as well. She suggested bringing Celeste back to Fleming Manor to see their family doctor, Bill, who would help her recover quickly.

Betty, too, thought that the illness had hit Celeste too suddenly, so she urged Celeste to go back with Martha to see Bill.

Soon, they arrived at Fleming Manor. Bill came over and gave Celeste some medication. After taking the medicine, Celeste headed upstairs and quickly dozed off again.

When she woke up, she felt a lot less sluggish.

She opened her eyes, only to realize the small lamp beside her was on. Turning around, she saw Trevor sitting there, reading.

She was stunned for a brief moment.

It then dawned on her that she was at **Fleming** Manor, in Trevor's **room**, the place where he had spent his childhood.

Hearing a sound, Trevor turned and asked, "You're awake?"

With her throat sore and her mood low, Celeste didn't feel like speaking, so she kept silent.

She put on a jacket, wanting to get out of bed. Just then, Trevor handed her a glass of water.

Celeste paused briefly, then took it after a couple of seconds without a word of thanks.

Trevor just shrugged it off. He extended his hand to her forehead. Even with a foggy mind, she wasn't slow, and she dodged his hand in time.

Trevor hesitated, pulled back his hand, and got up. "Bill is still downstairs. I'll go get him for you."

Without a reply from her, he went straight downstairs.

Moments later, Bill, Martha, Trevor, and Jordyn all came to her room.

Bill assessed Celeste's condition and said she was recovering well, though she still had to keep taking her

medicine. He explained that her body was weak, and **stress** made her prone to falling ill when exposed to cold. weather. A good nutritional boost would help her regain her strength.

Celeste nodded.

"Are you hungry, Cel?" Martha asked.

Celeste wasn't feeling great at noon, so she hardly ate and went straight to bed.

It was getting late, and while she felt hungry, she had little appetite.

Martha convinced her to have a few bites. Hence, she asked Trevor to go to the kitchen and get Celeste the dinner they had prepared for her.

With that, Trevor went downstairs again.

Then, he came back up with a tray of food.

Martha and Bill left.

Trevor, however, stayed in the room. While Celeste was having her dinner, he was reading.

Celeste cast him a glance and realized he was reading the book she had read in the hot spring retreat.

It wasn't until now that she realized he still had her book.

She furrowed her brows. "You..."

Trevor replied with a smile, "I spent about half an hour reading it that day and found some of your ideas really interesting. They gave me some new perspectives, so I kept the book, and I skim through it occasionally."

Celeste bit her lip, ignoring him.

She didn't have much of an appetite before, and now it was completely gone.

Trevor propped his chin up and observed her. "Even after all these years, you still don't know how to fight back?"

Celeste turned away.

He sighed. "Alright, I'll leave you alone. Eat up."

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The Breaking Point of Love

Celeste made it clear in the divorce agreement that she wouldn't take anything

Since it didn't involve property division or custody of Jordyn, she assumed Trevor would quickly proceed with finalizing the divorce.

However, it had been almost three months since she had handed him the agreement and left the country, and he still hadn't responded.

With that in mind, Celeste looked up, wanting to ask Trevor about it.

Just then, someone knocked on the door. Tucker's voice broke the silence. "I heard you're sick, Celeste. Are you feeling better now?"

Trevor responded before Celeste could, "Come in."

With all the people coming and going just now, the door was left ajar.

Upon hearing Trevor's voice, Tucker entered the room. "Hi Trev."

"Hello, Tucker."

Tucker's gaze settled on Celeste. They hadn't spent much time together, and though Celeste knew he was concerned, he wasn't sure what to say. So, she spoke first. "I'm feeling much better now."

Tucker rubbed the back of his head. "Oh, okay. That's good to hear."

"It has been a while since you came back, hasn't it?" Celeste asked with a smile.

"Yes, it has. I missed the food here, so I decided to come back for a bit. Just as I got back, Grandma told me you were running a fever."

At that moment, Martha came up as well. She felt more at ease when she saw Celeste looking better. "The soup is ready, and Bill said you can have some. Would you rather come down for it, or should I ask Trevor to bring it up?"

Celeste barely ate and wasn't feeling hungry anymore. The room felt a bit stuffy to her, and she didn't want to stay in, so she joined them downstairs.

As they came downstairs and didn't see Jordyn, Tucker asked, "Where's Jo?"

"She had something earlier and can't have anymore soup at the moment. Let her have it a little later,"

Celeste sat down at the table. She took the bowl from the butler, cooled the broth with soft breaths, **and** had it slowly.

Trevor took a seat beside her. When he received a text, he subtly turned to the side, creating some distance, and started texting back—perhaps to keep her from seeing.

Celeste watched in silence, slowly drinking her soup.

Unable to tolerate it any longer, Martha said, "Can't you wait until you finish the soup?"

"I'll be quick," Trevor replied.

Celeste finished the soup in no time.

Martha asked, "Do you want **some** more?"

Celeste shook her head **and**

stood up. “I’m good, thank **you**

Although Trevor shifted his body slightly, she still caught a glimpse of his conversation with Wynn. He seemed to be advising Wynn on a project.

Noticing her attention, Trevor scooted **a** bit farther.

Celeste had already averted her gaze. She made her way to the living room, sat down, and read through the newspaper.

Moments **later**, Tucker walked over with a plate of freshly washed fruit and offered them to her.

Celeste looked up. “No thanks, you **have** it.”

Then, she realized Trevor was walking upstairs, his phone still in his hand.

She turned away.

Tucker sat down beside her, casting her a quick look. **Celeste** noticed it. Thus, she **asked**, “What’s wrong?”

“Well, **I’m** not as smart as you and my brother, and I’m not the best at studying. I need help with a few physics questions.”

Celeste was taken aback for a moment. Before she could speak, Tucker continued, “I was going to ask my but he said he had something to do and told me to ask you instead.”

The Breaking Point of Love

Celeste paused for a brief moment and took Tucker’s test papers **over**.

Tucker had a good academic record and a strong foundation Celeste skimmed through the questions and gave him a bit of guidance, and he understood right away.

“**Whoa**, you’re amazing! Thanks, Celeste!”

Once it clicked, Tucker casually crouched at the coffee table and began answering the **questions**.

As soon as he finished, he kept away the test papers and pens. “Okay, **I** can get back to my phone now!”

Celeste smiled, set aside the newspaper she had almost finished, and, feeling a bit more refreshed, decided to head upstairs for a book to kill some time.

Then, Tucker leaned in and whispered, “My dream girl was in another car race recently, Celeste, and she was even cooler this time. I got a video. Wanna watch?”

The smile on Celeste’s face faded a little. “I’ll pass, I’m not really into car **racing** ”

“Oh?”

Tucker was slightly surprised when he heard that. He brought it up because he thought Celeste was interested in it. “You were watching the race through the binoculars for so long that day. I really thought you were into it **too**.” Celeste replied, “I wasn’t watching the race. I just saw a few people I know.”

Since she clearly wasn’t interested, Tucker dropped the subject. He turned back to Wynn’s race replay, commenting as he watched, “I heard she’s not participating in the next race. I missed seeing her race, though. When will I get to see her again if she’s not racing this time”

Tucker sighed

“I’m heading upstairs to get a book,” Celeste interrupted.

“Okay!” Brimming with energy, Tucker responded, “Glad you’re doing better, Celeste, but you should still take it easy!”

“Thank you, I will.”

As soon as she finished her sentence, she stood up and went upstairs.

Trevor wasn’t in the room when she went back to the room.

Celeste noticed the book Trevor had taken. It was on the table. She went to take it and put it back into her bag.

She used to bring one to two books over whenever she came to stay the night.

But she didn’t manage to find the books in the room. Thinking that they might be in Jordyn’s room, she turned and walked to Jordyn’s room.

Jordyn didn’t close the door.

Just as Celeste was approaching her room, Jordyn’s voice drifted out. “I’m so bored, Wynn! Stay and chat with me for a bit.”

Celeste stopped in her tracks and leaned against the wall.

Seconds later, Jordyn chuckled. “Don’t worry, Wynn. I’ll make sure to **have** the soup later!

“Okay, goodbye, Wynn!”

She even blew kisses to Wynn.

Jordyn didn’t leave her room right away after hanging up the call.

Celeste’s throat was still uncomfortable from being sick. She let out a few coughs before stepping into Jordyn’s room. That was when Jordyn finally looked up.

She **was** sprawled on the bed, swinging her legs back and forth in delight. When she saw Celeste, she hopped out of **bed**. “Why are you here, Mom?”

“I’m looking for a book,” Celeste replied in a flat tone.

Jordyn walked to her and grabbed her hand. “Nana said the soup is ready. Do you want to head downstairs together, Mom?”

Celeste withdrew her hand. “I’ve had the soup already. If you haven’t yet, go get yours downstairs.”

After finishing the call with Wynn, Jordyn was in such a good mood that she didn’t pick up on anything off about Celeste.

“I’ll head downstairs now then!”

Celeste only murmured a soft reply.

The Breaking Point of Love

Celeste found her book after Jordyn had left. With the book in **hand**, she sat by the large window on the second floor and started reading.

Half an hour later, Martha brought up a bowl of herbal medicine. “Oh, there you are, Cel.”

Celeste put away her book and took the bowl. “You didn’t have to bring it up, Grandma. I would’ve **come** down if you’d called me.”

“It’s better for you to rest rather than walk around too much.”

Martha sat down on the other couch. Frustrated, she complained, “I wanted to ask Trevor to bring this up for you, but he was busy tapping away on the keyboard in the study. It’s the weekend. What’s keeping him so busy?”

Earlier, Trevor had been walking Wynn through some project work. Hence, Celeste assumed he went to the study since it’d be easier to type on a keyboard.

Remaining silent, she took the bowl and drank it.

The medicine had cooled in the cold air, and Celeste downed it in just a few gulps. Martha wrinkled her brow." That's so bitter, Cel. Take it slow."

Celeste set the bowl aside. "It's not too bad, really."

She rinsed her mouth with a sip of water, and Martha handed her a piece of candy.

Celeste didn't eat it.

Dinner was almost ready. Since Celeste had had her dinner just now, she decided to continue reading.

Martha then went downstairs for dinner.

About half an hour later, Martha and Jordyn came upstairs with grim expressions.

"Trevor is still heading to the office at this hour. He's going to burn himself out!" Martha said with a stern face. Engrossed in her reading, Celeste hadn't even noticed the noise of the car outside.

If Trevor was going out at this hour, it must be an issue with Wynn's project that he had been helping her with. Jordyn flopped onto Celeste's lap, pouting "Dad refused to bring me along"

Trevor clearly wasn't going to bring her along.

If he did, everyone at InnovaTech would know he was married—and that he had a daughter this old.

It would be **so** humiliating for Wynn.

There was no way Trevor would allow Wynn to be criticized

Celeste pushed Jordyn away lightly. "I'm still sick, Jo. Go sit somewhere else."

"Okay..."

Since Celeste was still feeling a little unwell, she washed up and went to bed at around 10:00 pm.

The next morning, **she** realized Trevor had stayed out last night.

Thanks to Bill, Celeste recovered quickly.

Martha had Bill check on Celeste again, and he prescribed two more doses of medicine to help with her recovery. Celeste planned to return to work, and **Martha** realized she couldn't talk her out of it. Hence, she insisted that Celeste come back in the evening to take her medicine, saying she wasn't able to brew it **herself**.

Seeing the determined look on Martha's face, Celeste had no choice but to agree.

Jordyn asked Celeste to send her to school, and the latter rejected. "Next time, Jo. I didn't drive here."

She shrugged. "You can drive Dad's car, Mom! I'll give **Dad** a call **now**. I'm pretty sure he'll say yes to this." Without a reply from Celeste, Jordyn called Trevor,

It didn't take long before the call connected.

Upon hearing the voice, Jordyn almost called out the person's name. However, when she noticed Celeste was staring at her, she swallowed her words.

With a "forget it", Jordyn ended the call.

Jordyn assumed she had hidden it well, but Celeste caught how she had almost blurted out Wynn's name when the call connected.

The Breaking Point of Love

Clearly, it was Wynn who answered the **call**.

Jordyn felt a little uncomfortable lying right in front of Celeste. "Mom, how about you take me to school next.

time?"

Celeste replied, "Okay,"

Celeste and Tucker were going the same way, so they shared a car.

Having missed his morning study session, Tucker made up for it by studying in the car.

Celeste **noticed** his hesitations and gently corrected him on a couple of points.

Tucker gave her a thumbs up. "You've got a sharp memory Celeste!"

They arrived at Tucker's high **school**.

Celeste, too, graduated from the **same high** school.

The familiar campus brought back a flood of memories for er.

Her thoughts were cut short as Tucker quickly got out of the car. “Bye, Celeste!”

“See you.”

The car rejoined the bustling road.

Arriving at YodaVision, Matthias pinched her cheek lightly “Your face looks **pale**. Are you sick?”

“Yeah, I was running a fever yesterday,”

“And you still **came to** work today?”

Celeste shrugged. “But I’m feeling much better now.”

“I’m heading to InnovaTech later. Do you want to follow?”

“Why not?” Celeste replied as she went through the latest test data

“Alright, I’ll come to you later.”

“Okay.”

Celeste noticed some problems with two sets of data, so she went to Yandel to have them corrected.

Matthias came to her when she was about to go through the documents on her desk, telling **her** it was time to go.

Once they arrived at InnovaTech, they didn’t waste time with pleasantries, Jumping right into work.

About an hour later, when the work was mostly done, Henry handed them a cup of coffee **each**.

Matthias took a sip of the coffee and commented, “This coffee is really good, even richer than the ones I’ve had before. Looks like your company’s benefits are getting better and better.”

With that, Henry flashed a mischievous grin. “It’s all thanks to Ms. Locket.”

Matthias rolled his eyes.

“Wynn again?” he thought.

He placed the cup back on the table and glanced at Celeste

“I’m thirsty,” Celeste uttered as she continued to sip on the coffee.

Matthias was at a loss for words.

Henry’s penchant for gossip was still evident. “Didn’t Mr. Heming give Ms. Locket full control over a project?”

Matthias nodded.

Henry went on, “Ms. Locket’s probably a bit anxious since it’s her first big project, so her team has been working overtime during the weekend. I heard they were working until past 10:00 pm last night.”

“I see,” Matthias responded coldly.

“Honestly, don’t you think she’s quite dedicated and responsible? She didn’t treat the project as a game just because she’s Mr. Fleming’s girlfriend.”

Matthias scoffed. “Could it be that she lacks **the** skills, which is why she needs so **many** people working overtime with her?”

Henry knew what he was talking about.

“It takes time for people to improve, right?”

“Maybe,” Matthias said nonchalantly.

He glanced at Celeste. “When Cel led her first big project at the company, she managed it with impressive poise from beginning to end.”

After working with Celeste a few times, Henry discovered that Celeste was way more capable than Matthias.

Hence, he believed what Matthias had just said.

He then added, “At **least** she has a great attitude. With that, plus Mr. Fleming’s support, she’s **sure** to accomplish great things down the road.”

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Then, Henry sighed. “Ms. Locket sure is lucky, huh?”

Without waiting for a reply from Celeste and Matthias, Henry leaned in and whispered, “Even though Ms. Locket’s team worked over the weekend, the project wasn’t progressing much. Last night, Mr. Fleming came back to the office around 7:00 pm to help her with the key aspect of the project, and things **finally** started to progress.

“And, here’s the thing: ”

Henry continued, “Apparently, Mr. Fleming and Ms. Locket spent the night in the office **upstairs**, and they haven’t gotten out of bed yet.”

As his words fell, he shot Matthias a teasing look, raising an eyebrow.

Matthias instantly grasped **what** Henry was implying

Basically, Henry was saying that last night, after Trevor and Wynn finished work, they were at the office upstairs and...

Matthias covered Celeste’s ears immediately. “Oh dear, what did I just hear?”

Celeste had heard it all. It was a little too late to cover her ears.

Besides, it was Wynn who had answered the call when Jordyn called Trevor this morning. That explained **everything**

Just as Matthias was about to speak, Wynn appeared out of nowhere.

He withdrew his hands and scoffed. “Didn’t they already get up now?”

Henry noticed Wynn, too. Awkwardly, he let out a few dry coughs. “Yeah, it seems like they did.”

Wynn appeared in good spirits, though she looked quite exhausted.

She had been working overtime for the past few days, and she had spent the night upstairs with Trevor...

Henry shifted his gaze away in a stiff manner.

Given everything, it was normal for her to be tired.

After Wynn gave Matthias a quick nod, she joined her team for a meeting.

Having rested for a while, Celeste and Matthias dove back into work.

When it was almost lunch break, they talked about where to grab a **meal**. Just then, Trevor came in.

He glanced at Celeste and then quickly looked away and went into the meeting room to meet with Wynn.

Everyone stood up and greeted him when they saw him entering.

Wynn, however, remained in her seat. She looked up and smiled at Trevor. "You're here."

Trevor nodded and asked, "How's it going?"

"I've got a clearer picture now, and things are starting to come together."
"That's good to hear," Trevor replied.

"It's all thanks to your help last night," said Wynn

Trevor flashed her a smile. "It's the least I could do.!!

Then, he turned to everyone else. "Thanks for pushing through the last couple of days. **Let's** get together for a meal later."

He was offering to treat them to a meal.

Hearing this, everyone in Wynn's team was excited, realizing how many advantages there were to working with her.

Suddenly, Wynn asked, "Shall we ask Mr. Yoder as well?"

In other words, Wynn was suggesting to invite Matthias, Celeste, and Henry, along with their team members, for

a meal.

Though Trevor proposed a meal, Wynn was thinking of inviting others as well. Such suggestions typically came from people in very close relationships, like lovers or spouses.

"Okay."

Trevor had no problem with it.

Hence, Wynn left the meeting room and walked to Matthias and Celeste.