

The Breaking Point of Love

C 171

Trevor didn't say much and simply used his phone to call Celeste.

Celeste saw the call and directly cut it off.

Trevor paused for a moment before saying, "Your mom didn't answer my call **either**."

"She must have been busy, so she didn't see it." Otherwise, there was no way Celeste wouldn't answer Trevor's call.

"Maybe." Trevor put on his suit jacket, picked up a black coat, and said, "I'm heading out. If you want to go out, **have** the bodyguards take you."

"But I want Mom to go with me..." Even though she didn't like it when Celeste disciplined her, she still wanted her company sometimes.

She pouted and asked, "Dad, are you going to the hospital to see Wynn, or are you heading to the office?"

"I'm stopping by the hospital first, then going to the office. **Trevor** lightly tapped her forehead. "I'm off. Have fun

She called Celeste two more times but still got no answer. With no other choice, she had the bodyguards and Hannah take her out.

But without the person she wanted to be with, even skiing felt boring. She quickly lost interest and went home.

After leaving the hospital, Trevor returned to Fleming Group.

Not long after he arrived, Miles showed up. Trevor glanced at him, and Miles grinned. "I came to watch the show."

Before Trevor could say anything, Jacob walked over and said, "Mr. Payne is here."

Trevor said, "Bring him up."

Led by Jacob, Jason entered the reception room.

Trevor shook hands with him. "Please, have a seat."

Jason didn't waste any time. He sat down and took out the signed divorce agreement from the previous day, sliding it across the table to Trevor.

Trevor took it.

Since it was the weekend, Miles had specifically come to see if Celeste would really sign the papers. Seeing the document, he leaned in and, spotting Celeste's signature, exclaimed in surprise, "She actually signed it?"

Trevor glanced at her signature without any visible reaction and then continued discussing matters with Jason.

Once their conversation was wrapping up, **he** said, "There are a lot of assets involved—properties, shares, and so on. I need some time to handle the necessary transfers. Once everything is settled, I'll contact you again."

Jason nodded. "Understood."

Trevor turned to Jacob. "Jacob, see Mr. Payne out."

After leaving Fleming Group, Jason contacted Celeste and updated her on the situation.

She frowned. "How long will it take?"

"That depends on Mr. Fleming's progress."

"Got it." Celeste said, "Thank you, Mr. Payne,"

The next day, she went to work at YodaVision as **usual**.

In the afternoon, she was discussing something with Matthias when his phone suddenly rang. Matthias glanced at the caller ID and frowned.

Celeste asked, "What's wrong?"

He handed her the phone. "It's Jorge Robinson."

Everyone in the industry knew each other. Though they didn't interact often, they at least had each other's contact information.

Since their last encounter at InnovaTech, Matthias didn't expect to have any further dealings with **Jorge**

So, why was he suddenly calling? Puzzled, Matthias answered.

A moment later, he hung up and turned to Celeste. “He wants to collaborate on a new project.”

The two projects Celeste was leading had gained a lot of attention, and it was already confirmed that they would be involved in close cooperation with the government

With such a promising future, it was only a matter of **time** before potential partners lined up at YodaVision’s door.

The news hadn’t even gone public yet, and Jorge had already reached out.

Matthias smirked. “Theodore really is a sly old fox.”

The Breaking Point of Love

Chapter 172

But considering Theodore’s position, having access to first-hand information and giving his own people an advantage was only natural,

That was just how things worked in high society. Matthias was used to it.

He gritted his teeth and said, “Our company does need partners to expand the project, but I just can’t stand Jorge...”

Celeste knew he was upset because Jorge liked Wynn. But she didn’t care.

She remained calm. “The priority is making sure the project runs smoothly and maximizing our benefits. Everything else is secondary.”

She had met Theodore once. He might **have** his own agenda, but judging by how Zachary treated him, he was someone trustworthy.

Matthias sighed. “I **know**.” He was just venting.

Then, with a smirk, he said, “Anyway, there’s still time before we officially start seeking investors. I’ll keep him hanging for a while.”

Celeste chuckled. “Alright.” As long as he was happy.

After Jorge’s call, Celeste and Matthias went back to business. But half an hour later, his phone rang again.

When he saw the caller ID, his expression was a mix of disdain **and** satisfaction.

Celeste knew it was another familiar face and asked, “Who is it?”

Matthias grinned. “Beck.”

“Also looking to collaborate?”

“Most likely.”

Just like it was with Jorge, Matthias didn’t usually have much interaction with Beck, Miles, and their friends. **So**, there **was** no reason for Beck to call him out of the blue.

Besides, the Harper **family**, like the Robinson family, had strong connections in both politics and the military.

They were always well-informed.

Matthias turned to Celeste. “Should I answer?”

Celeste was Trevor’s wife, and Beck, as one of Trevor’s childhood friends, had never thought much of her. Instead, he had accepted Wynn, the mistress, and was even close to her.

In Matthias’s eyes, Beck was even more detestable than Jorge.

Celeste said, “Answer it.” She didn’t want Matthias to act out of spite.

So, he picked up the call.

As expected, Beck, just like Jorge, was also calling about a potential partnership.

After explaining his intentions, he said, “I’m currently out of town on a business trip. I’ll be back in Baumond tomorrow at noon. How about dinner tomorrow **night**?”

Matthias responded indifferently, “I appreciate the offer, Mr. Harper, but our project is still in early development, and the company has a lot on its plate. I really won’t have time tomorrow. Maybe next time.”

“What about Thursday?”

Matthias replied, “I might not be available then either. But if I am, I’ll be sure to contact you.”

Beck knew their company’s lining up.

projects were in high demand, and Matthias had no shortage of

So, he said, “Alright, I’ll be waiting for your call.”

After hanging up, Matthias happily smacked the table and burst into laughter. “That felt great!”

Celeste smiled as **well**.

But as he laughed, Matthias suddenly quieted down and looked at her. “Do you think Trevor might also want to collaborate with us?”

YodaVision was in the same industry as InnovaTech, meaning they were technically competitors. But competition didn’t **rule** out the possibility of collaboration.

And given the nature of these two new projects, there were quite a few aspects where they could work with InnovaTech.

Celeste responded calmly, “I don’t know. But we should focus on the project itself. Personal grievances can be set aside.”

“I get it.” A little bit of attitude **was** fine, but when it came down to serious business, he never acted on impulse.

Thinking about it, Matthias **was** actually **looking** forward to a call from Trevor. But it never came.

Instead, he received several other calls—all from people wanting to collaborate. But none were from Trevor.

However, just before the end of the workday, he got a call from an unknown number. After glancing at it for a moment, he decided to answer.

A voice spoke first. “Mr. **Yoder**, correct? I’m **Harvey** Locket, Wynn’s father.”

Matthias immediately stopped walking. He pulled the phone away slightly and told Celeste, “It’s Harvey.”

Celeste looked at him without saying anything

Having known her for so many years, Matthias understood **her** meaning instantly.

With others, they could put personal grudges aside for the sake of business. But when it came to the Locket family there was no need to do that.

Putting the phone back to his ear, he replied with a smile, though his eyes remained **cold**. “Oh, Mr. Locket. What can I do for you?”

As expected, Harvey was also looking to collaborate. After listening to him, Matthias **said**, “I understand, Mr. Locket. If your proposal is a good fit, we’ll definitely consider it. You can rest assured about that.”

Harvey wasn’t stupid. He could tell Matthias’ words were perfectly **diplomatic**, but whether he actually meant them was **another** matter entirely.

He wanted to find an opportunity to invite Matthias to a meal, but Matthias declined, saying he was busy, and hung up.

Turning to Celeste, he scoffed, “I can understand Jorge **and** Beck being the first to get wind of this—**they** come

from the top elite families. But the Locket **family**...?”

The Locket family was an outsider in Baumond, barely having established their footing. If they had caught wind of the news so early, that could only mean...

Celeste knew he was implying that either Trevor or Beck had tipped them off. Given Trevor’s feelings for Wynn and Beck’s close friendship with her, it wasn’t surprising that they’d pass along the information.

Matthias scoffed. His good mood had been ruined.

But he also knew that Celeste probably felt worse.

So, he said, “Let’s go. Your senior has plenty of money—I’m taking you out for a feast!”

In truth, Celeste wasn’t as upset as he thought. She had already come to terms with many things. Those people no longer had the power to sway her emotions so easily.

Besides, this **time**, she was the one holding the reins. She had nothing to worry about.

But s

since Matthias was offering her a **meal**, she wouldn’t refuse.

She smiled. “Thank you.”

Then, the two of them walked out together.

The Breaking Point of Love

At the restaurant, seeing the Locket and Shaw families approaching, Celeste remained expressionless.

Matthias, on the other hand, muttered under his breath, “What a small world.”

The Locket and Shaw families were delighted to see Matthias.

Harvey greeted him with a smile, “Mr. Yoder, we meet again.”

Matthias responded with a faint smile, “Yes”

Harvey suggested, “Since we’ve run into each **other**, why don’t we dine together?”

Earlier on the phone, Harvey had already wanted to invite Matthias for a meal. Now that they’d met by chance, he naturally didn’t want to miss the opportunity.

Matthias replied, “No need. This is my personal time. Maybe **next** time.”

“Well... Alright, next time then.” Since Matthias had declined, Harvey couldn’t insist.

Matthias nodded and said to Celeste, “Let’s go.”

Celeste nodded as well. Without sparing the Locket and Shaw families another glance, she followed him upstairs.

Watching them leave, Lennox frowned. “Wynn told me that Matthias has always kept his attitude lukewarm toward her because of Celeste. Do you think he’ll refuse to work with us on the YodaVision project because of her?”

Given Matthias’ Indifferent attitude, it was a real possibility.

Lilian commented lightly, “There’s still some time before the bidding for the YodaVision projects. Nothing is set In stone yet, so anything is possible.”

Mason chuckled, “Exactly. Wynn and Trevor’s relationship couldn’t progress because of Mrs. Fleming Senior’s interference. But now, things have suddenly turned around, haven’t they? So, we shouldn’t lose hope. There’s still a chance.”

The turnaround he was referring to was Trevor and Celeste’s impending divorce.

Hearing this, Patricia’s mood brightened.

None of them, including Wynn, had known about this until **Miles** had casually mentioned it to her.

Later, they found out that the divorce papers were taking longer than expected to process.

Trevor hadn’t told Wynn because he didn’t want her to worry. He had planned to surprise her once everything **was** finalized.

Thinking of this, Patricia beamed. "Trevor has wanted a divorce for a long time. Now that Wynn got injured **saving** him, he's ignoring his grandma's objections and insisting on divorcing Celeste. He truly cares for Wynn."

"Yes, all of Wynn's patience is finally paying off. Her happy days are just around the corner."

"Indeed."

Hearing this, Lilian and Harvey also smiled.

But then, looking in the direction where Celeste **and** Matthias had left, Patricia's smile faded a little. "That Celeste surely doesn't want a divorce. What if, in the end, it doesn't go through?"

Gillan 1 equeson uned aid. "Too viat Vyom told me Trevor usually makes his own decisions. The reason He hadn't dived befom was that he was waiting for the right time—he didn't want to upset his grandma.

"gur be has always been despded to Wyn, and now that she almost lost her life for him, he's directly demanding a donnes Souq. Oriente. That means he's no longer willing to let Wynn suffer.

divorce

"He's made in his mind, so the chances of the dice going through are very high."

"I don't date. Dzer's restive Patricia said flachy. "What'm worried about is Celeste causing trouble and Janine Tarvart back down

to

Stedt Farey and En "Too might need to talk to her."

Samey and Erin hat already been considering that

Tertter Celeste Matthias knew what the Locket and Shaw families were plotting

Aher stepping out of the elevato, Crest and Mathias were about to head to their private dining room when three tall figuntes walked toward them.

Seeing them. Matthias's face deckened "Am I cursed today?" he muttered. Why did he keep running into people

Calasta sacred at the thres ment

1. Tad and another familiar-looking man... Somehow, she couldn't recall where she had seen him before.

The free men space them as well and greeted Matthias Matthias, what a coincidence.”

Matthias formed a smile “Yeah quite the coincidence.”

a afternoon. Jorge had called Marnies, hoping to invite him to dinner and discuss a potential collaboration.

But now they can into each other ignoring Celeste, Jorge suggested, “Since we're all here, why not have a meal

Later added with a laugh. “Teah, it's been a while since we last had one together.”

“No stanics. “Marnies said with a smile. “I have things to. It's not convenient.”

Then he looked at the third min. “Caleb, how come you're free today?”

Caleb Fennings strongly handsome face remained impassive. “I took a few days off.”

Marnies nodded, not wanting to continue the conversation. “Let's leave the meal for another time. We have

sno do.”

Caleb simply nodded in response

Then Marnies and Celeste beaded into their private dining room.

they had walked some distance away, Caleb finally spoke. “Did one of you offend him?”

Manishad made it obvious, but his attitude clearly showed he wasn't interested in engaging with them.

Interlocked puzzled “I don't think so.”

Jorge frowned but said nothing

Inside their private room, Xavier took a sip of tea and commented, “I have to say, Matthias is pretty impressive. If those two projects go through, his net worth will skyrocket.”

Caleb responded coolly, “He's always been smart. He **was** mentored by Zachary, and his field of study happened to align perfectly with industry trends, and he's highly capable. His success is only natural. ”

Then he turned to Jorge. “I heard from Xavier **that** you were once interested in the woman by Matthias’ side but quickly moved on.

“Moving on is **one** thing, **but** why do you seem to dislike **her** now? Did she do something?”

Earlier, Jorge hadn’t even looked at Celeste. His dislike was so apparent that it was impossible to ignore.

Mentioning how he had once been captivated by Celeste’s beauty and presence was now something Jorge didn’t want to hear. It annoyed him.

He frowned and said, “Can we not talk about her? Let’s just order.”

Caleb shrugged and dropped the topic.

The Breaking Point of Love

There **were** a lot of things going on in YodaVision.

That evening, after dinner, Celeste and Matthias returned to YodaVision to work.

On Wednesday morning, while they **were in a** meeting, **Matthias’** secretary walked in and informed him that Beck was there.

He didn’t even need to think to know why Beck had shown up unannounced.

Given Beck’s status, it wouldn’t be appropriate to ignore him since he was already there.

Matthias had no choice but to say to Celeste, “You continue with the meeting. I’ll go see him.”

“Alright.”

When Matthias arrived, Beck was already seated in the reception room.

Seeing that Matthias had come alone, Beck’s deep eyes flickered slightly. He stood up and took the initiative to shake hands. “I came unannounced—hope you don’t mind, Mr. Yoder.”

Matthias had no choice but to say, “Mr. Harper, you’re too polite.”

Once seated, Beck got straight to the point, handing over a document. “This is my offer of cooperation. Do you want to take a look?”

Matthias took it and began reading. The more he read, the more serious he became.

Finally, he put down the document and said, “Mr. Harper, your sincerity is clear, but I still have other considerations. I’ll need some time before I can give you an **answer**.”

Beck remained courteous. “No problem. Comparing options is understandable. If you **have** any concerns about my offer, feel free to contact me anytime. I’m open to discussions and adjustments.”

Not staying long, Beck left after saying his goodbyes.

His sincerity and attitude left no room for criticism, so Matthias had to personally see him out.

When he returned, Celeste had already finished the meeting

Matthias couldn’t help but say to her, “Beck is really efficient.”

Just two days ago, he had turned him down over the phone, and now Beck had shown up with a well-prepared proposal and no unnecessary words, just straight to business.

He continued, “Honestly, his offer is very tempting.”

Celeste said, “You can observe for a while. If it truly works for us, there’s **no** harm in working with him.”

Matthias had the same thought. The only problem **was** that it would make it harder for him to make things difficult for Beck

That left him feeling a bit frustrated, like having nowhere to vent his irritation.

At **around five** in the evening, Celeste’s phone suddenly rang while she was still busy with work

She glanced at it and saw that it was Jordyn again.

Jordyn hadn’t called her for the past two days. However, she still didn’t answer and continued with her work.

Two days later, on Friday morning, not long after Celeste get up, Jordyn called her again.

Celeste looked at the screen, set the **phone**

on the table, and ignored it. Then, she headed into the kitchen to make breakfast.

Seeing that her mother still wouldn't pick up, Jordyn felt so upset that she wanted to throw away her phone. But in the **end**, she held back.

Her eyes reddened slightly as she quietly took small bites of breakfast.

Sitting across from her, Trevor was also **eating**, so **she** said to him in a muffled voice, "That was the fourth time. Since last Saturday, I've called Mom four times, but she hasn't answered **once**...."

Trevor said, "Then **wait** a while before calling again."

She lost her appetite. "What if she still doesn't pick up?"

"Then **wait** a bit longer. Eventually, **she'll answer**."

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Hearing this, Jordyn felt a little better and asked expectantly, "How long is that?"

Trevor paused slightly and said, "Within two weeks."

Jordyn immediately pouted. "Two weeks? That's so long!"

Trevor nodded. "Yeah, it is."

"But I want to go out this weekend. Wynn's injuries haven't healed yet, so she can't go with me. Dad, can you take me?"

Trevor seriously negotiated, "I'm busy on Saturday, but I'll be free on Sunday. If you want to go out on Saturday, you can go with Beck and Shanice."

The Breaking Point of Love

Jordyn nodded. "Okay." As long as she didn't have to go out alone, that was fine.

Trevor made a call to Beck, asking him to take care of Jordy on Saturday.

Beck agreed. "Sure."

On Saturday, Beck took Jordyn and Shanice to Happy Valley

The amusement park had a variety of attractions. But no matter what ride it was, Jordyn didn't seem very interested. Unlike before, **she** wasn't having as much fun

She looked a bit preoccupied.

Beck handed the ice cream cones he had bought to both her and Shanice.

Looking at her face, which bore some resemblance to Celeste's, he asked, "Jo, are you feeling down **today**?"

Sitting on a swing, Jordyn licked her ice cream in small bites and softly said, "I miss my mom a little."

Back when they were abroad, sometimes she wouldn't see her mom for two to three months. But she would call her every day and chat with her.

Lately, **her**

mom had been busy with work, but even when she called every few days, her mom would always answer and even rush home to cook for her.

But now, no matter how many times she called, her mom wouldn't pick up. That had never happened before.

Beck knew that Celeste and Trevor had already signed the divorce papers, with custody of Jordyn awarded to

Trevor.

But he wasn't sure how things **had** been between them since the agreement was finalized.

Hearing what Jordyn said, Beck asked, "Did something happen?"

Jordyn had no choice **but** to tell him about her mom not answering her calls.

Beck knew that Jordyn was still unaware of **her parents'** impending divorce.

For a moment, he didn't know what to say. Instead, he simply reassured her, "Your mom definitely isn't ignoring your calls on purpose. She's probably just really busy. Things will go back to normal soon."

Jordyn nodded. "**Mm**, that's what Dad said too."

Beck paused and didn't say anything else.

Seeing that Jordyn was upset, Shanice also tried to comfort her. "I miss my aunt too, but Uncle Beck said she's been really busy lately and doesn't have time. Grown-ups are always busy. It'll get better soon."

Jordyn nodded. "Okay."

Beck hadn't contacted Celeste recently—not because she was busy, but because he knew the divorce was a big change for her.

On top of that, losing custody of Jordyn must have been tough.

He worried that if he asked her to help accompany Shanice now, it might only make her feel worse.

At around 5:00 pm, after finishing work, Trevor called Beck “Where are you guys now?”

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Beck gave him the location, and Trevor drove over to meet them.

“Dad!” Even though Beck had treated her well, Jordyn was still visibly happier when she saw Trevor.

Dressed in a sharp suit, Trevor had left his long **coat** in the car. He bent down, scooped her up, and pinched her little cheek. “Did you have fun with Beck and Shanice today?”

Jordyn was in a much better mood now. So, she nodded. “Mo, it was fun!”

She clung to Trevor, unwilling to let go.

Trevor carried her into the restaurant and only put her down once they entered their private dining room. He then turned to Beck and said, “Thanks for today.”

“No trouble at all,” Beck replied. “They played on their own most of the time. I barely had to do anything—it was actually pretty easy.”

Seeing that the two kids were preoccupied and not paying attention to their conversation, Beck looked at Trevor and asked, “I know you have custody of Jo, but how are you handling visitation rights?”

Trevor immediately understood what he **was** implying. He chuckled. “You think I’m stopping her from seeing Jo?”

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The Breaking Point of Love

Beck did indeed think that way.

Trevor took a sip of tea. “Although I have custody, the agreement clearly states that she can see Jordyn anytime she wants—there are no restrictions.”

Beck didn’t expect that.

At that moment, the two children looked over, so they dropped the topic.

Trevor suddenly said, “I heard you’ve been in contact with YodaVision recently?”

Beck paused. “Yeah.” Then he asked, “What about you? Not interested?”

Trevor replied, “I haven’t decided yet. There’s still time, **and** I’m not in a rush.”

Beck hummed a response.

Celeste still hadn’t finished her thesis.

After spending a day **and** a half working on it, she went out for dinner with Lottie on Sunday evening. They wandered around for more than two hours before heading home.

A quiet, productive, and undisturbed weekend passed just like that.

On Monday,

Celeste went to work at YodaVision as usual.

From that day on, those who had previously called Matthias to discuss potential collaborations with YodaVision started visiting in person, bringing their proposals with them.

Jorge arrived on Thursday.

However, Matthias happened to be on a business trip that day.

When Celeste received the news, she put aside her work and headed to the reception room.

As the door opened, Jorge stood up. But when he saw that it was only Celeste who entered, he hesitated for a

moment

Celeste extended her **hand** and said politely, “Hello, Mr. Robinson. I’m Celeste Rodriguez. Matthias went on a business trip yesterday and isn’t in YodaVision at the moment.

“I am currently handling all company matters on his behalf. If there’s anything you’d like to discuss, you can talk to me it’s the same.”

Handling everything on his behalf? In **what** capacity? As Matthias’ girlfriend?

Jorge wasn’t sure if what she said was true or if she was just trying to assert her importance in Matthias’ life.

Even if she was telling the **truth**, their proposal contained **a** lot of technical content and specialized terminology. Would she even understand it?

What was even more ridiculous was that, despite knowing he was here for a business discussion, she didn’t even bring a technical expert with her—she had come alone.

That said, Matthias did seem to value her quite a bit.

Thinking of that, even though he suspected she might not fully grasp their proposal, he decided not to walk away and create unnecessary trouble.

Instead, he extended his hand for a brief handshake and said, “Then I’ll have to trouble you, Ms. Rodriguez.”

He sat down and handed over a document. “This is our company’s proposal, Ms. Rodriguez. Please have a look.”

Celeste took it. “Alright, I’ll review it first.”

Just as she was about to open the document, one of Matthias’ secretaries knocked and entered, leaning in to whisper in her ear, “Ms. Rodriguez, there are visitors downstairs. They said their names are Harvey and Wynn Locket. Should I have them wait in your office-”

“No need,” Celeste interrupted softly. “Send them away.”

“Understood.”

After the secretary left, Celeste apologized to Jorge before officially starting to review his **proposal**.

As she **read** through it, she thought to herself that although Jorge had arrived later than others, he was clearly confident enough to do so. His proposal was thorough, almost perfectly aligned with what she was looking for.

She appeared completely focused, as if she genuinely understood everything.

If she wanted to put on an act, Jorge wasn't going to expose her. He wasn't in a hurry, after all.

Over half an hour later, Celeste set down the document and said, "Mr. Robinson, your proposal is indeed highly suitable for our company's needs. We will seriously consider it."

Jorge didn't want to discuss much with Celeste—he **planned** to wait **until** Matthias **returned** and talk to him. directly.

But on the surface, he remained polite. "Thank you for your recognition. I look forward to the opportunity to collaborate with your company."

The Breaking Point of Love

After saying that, Jorge added, "I have other matters to attend to, Ms. Rodriguez. See you next time."

Celeste had already sensed that Jorge didn't seem to like her. Even though he remained polite during their meeting in the reception room, she could still pick up on the subtle indifference in his attitude.

Business was business. She was simply looking for a suitable partner—what mattered to her was her own interests, not necessarily making friends with him.

So, she pretended not to notice **his** attitude and smiled. "Alright, see you next time."

Then she instructed Matthias' secretary, Candice **Arden**, "Ms. Arden, **please** see Mr. **Robinson out.**"

Jorge left.

Downstairs, he spotted a familiar figure. "Ms. Locket?"

Yes, Wynn and Harvey had not left.

Candice had indeed told them to leave, citing "Mr. Yoder is away on a business
"but they had chosen to stay.

They suspected that it was just an excuse—an attempt to avoid meeting them. So, they had been waiting downstairs, hoping to catch him when he came out.

But instead of seeing Matthias, they saw Jorge.

It had been exactly half a month since Wyrin had been injured. Her wound had mostly healed, though not completely.

Still, she was more or l

ess able to resume her normal life.

Last week, Jorge had gone to InnovaTech but hadn't seen Wynn. When he asked around, he learned that she had been injured.

Her injury had been quite severe, and her time in the hospital hadn't been easy. As a result, she still looked a little pale and weary.

Seeing her like that, Jorge felt a pang of concern.

However, remembering that she had been injured **while** trying to save Trevor, he suddenly didn't know what to

say.

Beside them, Harvey noticed Jorge's distinguished demeanor and guessed that he wasn't an ordinary person. He asked, "Wynn, who is this?"

Wynn **didn't** miss the flicker of concern in Jorge's eyes

Her tone was calm. "Jorge Robinson."

Then, she introduced him to **Jorge**. "Mr. Robinson, this is my father, **Harvey** Locket."

Upon learning that Harvey **was** Wynn's father, Jorge greeted him politely, "So, you're Mr. Locket. A pleasure to meet you."

After a brief exchange of pleasantries, Wynn asked, "Mr. Robinson, did you come to YodaVision to discuss a collaboration with Mr. Yoder as well?"

"Yes. And you and Mr. Locket?"

"Yes." Wynn nodded. "Did you get to meet Mr. Yoder?"

"No, he's on a business trip."

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Harvey chuckled at that. "So, Mr. Yoder really is on a business trip. I thought he just didn't want to see us."

Jorge paused. Noticing that they were still sitting there, he asked, “You weren’t invited upstairs?”

Wynn replied, “No. His secretary told us that he was away and asked us to leave.”

Jorge’s expression darkened.

Wynn noticed and asked, “**What’s wrong?** Is something off?”

Jorge said coldly, “Mr. Yoder is indeed away, but the **person** who met me was Ms. Rodriguez, the one we previously met at InnovaTech.

“She said that since Mr. Yoder was absent, she was handling all matters for YodaVision and could negotiate with me on his behalf.”

Whether Celeste’s claim that she represented YodaVision was true or not didn’t matter.

What mattered was that she **had** received him—but refused to meet Wynn. That was clearly intentional!

Harvey was taken aback.

Wynn also paused for a moment, then responded indifferently, “Is that so?”

Then she turned to Harvey and said, “Since that’s the case, Dad, let’s head back.”

Harvey pursed his lips, displeased with how Celeste had treated them. But since Wynn said so, he could only reply, “Alright.”

Jorge frowned, about to speak, when Celeste came downstairs.

Seeing the three of them, she stopped in her tracks.

Before she could say anything, Wynn’s phone suddenly rang. She picked up the call. “Trevor?”

A smile curved her lips. “You’ve **arrived? Alright**, I’ll come out now.”

C 177

After saying that, Jorge added, “I have other matters to attend to, Ms. Rodriguez. See you next time.”

Celeste had already sensed that Jorge didn’t seem to like her. Even though he remained polite during their meeting in the reception room, she could still pick up on the subtle indifference in his attitude.

Business was business. She was simply looking for a suitable partner—what mattered to her was her own interests, not necessarily making friends with him.

So, she pretended not to notice **his** attitude and smiled. “Alright, see you next time.”

Then she instructed Matthias’ secretary, Candice **Arden**, “Ms. Arden, **please** see Mr. **Robinson out.**”

Jorge left.

Downstairs, he spotted a familiar figure. “Ms. Locket?”

Yes, Wynn and Harvey had not left.

Candice had indeed told them to leave, citing “Mr. Yoder is away on a business

“but they had chosen to stay.

They suspected that it was just an excuse—an attempt to avoid meeting them. So, they had been waiting downstairs, hoping to catch him when he came out.

But instead of seeing Matthias, they saw Jorge.

It had been exactly half a month since Wyrin had been injured. Her wound had mostly healed, though not completely.

Still, she was more or l

less able to resume her normal life.

Last week, Jorge had gone to InnovaTech but hadn’t seen Wynn. When he asked around, he learned that she had been injured.

Her injury had been quite severe, and her time in the hospital hadn’t been easy. As **a** result, she still looked a little pale and weary.

Seeing her like that, Jorge felt a pang of concern.

However, remembering that she had been injured **while** trying to save Trevor, he suddenly didn’t know what to say.

Beside them, Harvey noticed Jorge’s distinguished demeanor and guessed that he wasn’t an ordinary person. He asked, “Wynn, who is this?”

Wynn **didn’t** miss the flicker of concern in Jorge’s eyes

Her tone was calm. “Jorge Robinson.”

Then, she introduced him to **Jorge**. “Mr. Robinson, this is my father, **Harvey** Locket.”

Upon learning that Harvey **was** Wynn's father, Jorge greeted him politely, "So, you're Mr. Locket. A pleasure to meet you."

After a brief exchange of pleasantries, Wynn asked, "Mr. Robinson, did you come to YodaVision to discuss a collaboration with Mr. Yoder as well?"

"Yes. And you and Mr. Locket?"

"Yes." Wynn nodded. "Did you get to meet Mr. Yoder?"

"No, he's on a business trip."

□

Harvey chuckled at that. "So, Mr. Yoder really is on a business trip. I thought he just didn't want to see us."

Jorge paused. Noticing that they were still sitting there, he asked, "You weren't invited upstairs?"

Wynn replied, "No. His secretary told us that he was away and asked us to leave."

Jorge's expression darkened.

Wynn noticed and asked, "**What's wrong?** Is something off?"

Jorge said coldly, "Mr. Yoder is indeed away, but the **person** who met me was Ms. Rodriguez, the one we previously met at InnovaTech.

"She said that since Mr. Yoder was absent, she was handling all matters for YodaVision and could negotiate with me on his behalf."

Whether Celeste's claim that she represented YodaVision was true or not didn't matter.

What mattered was that she **had** received him—but refused to meet Wynn.

That was clearly intentional!

Harvey was taken aback.

Wynn also paused for a moment, then responded indifferently, "Is that so?"

Then she turned to Harvey and said, "Since that's the case, Dad, let's head back."

Harvey pursed his lips, displeased with how Celeste had treated them. But since Wynn said so, he could only reply, "Alright."

Jorge frowned, about to speak, when Celeste came downstairs.

Seeing the three of them, she stopped in her tracks.

Before she could say anything, Wynn's phone suddenly rang. She picked up the call. "Trevor?"

A smile curved her lips. "You've **arrived**? **Alright**, I'll come out now."

The Breaking Point of Love

"Mr. Fleming is here?" Jorge asked.

"Mm." At the mention of Trevor, Wynn's tone softened. "My injury hasn't fully healed yet, and Trevor was worried, so he came to pick me up."

As she spoke, she didn't spare Celeste a single glance. Then she added, "Mr. Robinson, we'll be leaving now. See you next time."

Jorge had originally intended to question Celeste and stand up for Wynn.

But seeing that Wynn didn't even bother to look at Celeste, he realized that she completely disdained her—so much so that she wouldn't **even** waste energy pretending to be polite.

Watching Wynn's proud and direct demeanor, Jorge found her even more charismatic and intriguing.

At that moment, he felt there was no point in wasting words **on** Celeste. She wasn't worth it. With that thought, his dislike for Celeste grew even stronger.

He said to Wynn, "I'm leaving too. Let's go together."

Wynn nodded, and she and Harvey left without looking back.

Wynn didn't spare Celeste a glance, but before leaving, Jorge turned and gave her a cold, hard stare.

Celeste didn't even need to guess what that look meant. Jorge wasn't the first man to dislike her simply because of Wynn.

Thinking of this, she coldly returned the look and then indifferently turned **away**, striding toward the exit as if they were nothing but air.

Jorge was taken aback.

She wasn't the least bit ashamed of being called out—on the contrary, she was acting righteously arrogant about

in

He let out a mocking laugh. Unbelievable.

The world really was full of all kinds of people.

Seeing Celeste walking out alongside them without hesitation, Harvey was both surprised and displeased, furrowing his brows.

Wynn's steps faltered slightly but quickly resumed, as if she hadn't noticed Celeste at all.

In the parking lot, Trevor had already stepped out of his car and was leaning against the door, waiting for Wynn.

Noticing Celeste walking out with them, he hesitated for a moment but quickly regained his composure.

Celeste saw Trevor too. But without a single glance at anyone else, she walked straight to her car.

After adjusting the navigation, she drove off.

As the car **moved forward**, she caught a glimpse of **Trevor** thoughtfully opening the car door for Wynn with his usual gentle care.

There was a banquet on Saturday evening, and Matthias returned on Friday afternoon.

THE BLAMUSI

When he heard about Jorge's behavior, he scoffed coldly. "If that's the case, there's no need for us to collaborate with him. There's no point in dealing with someone so **annoying**."

Celeste agreed

Jorge wasn't the only good business partner available. She didn't need to lower herself for him.

On Saturday afternoon, while Celeste was preparing her evening gown, her phone rang

It was Jordyn.

She had been ignoring her calls, thinking that might make Jordyn stop calling as frequently. But to her surprise, Jordyn still called two to three times a week.

Celeste didn't answer this time either.

However, unlike before, Jordyn no longer felt as disappointed.

She had been heartbroken at first when her mother repeatedly ignored her calls. But her dad had told her that if she wanted to call, she should—someday, her mom would pick up.

So **now**, whenever she wanted to talk to Celeste, **even** knowing she might not answer, she still called her right

away.

Afterward, she casually put down her phone and looked at Trevor, who was now dressed in a formal suit.

Lying on the master bed, she kicked her legs back and forth. “Dad, are you heading out so soon to pick up Wynn?”

Trevor hummed a response.

“Then you guys have to come back early tomorrow and take me out.”

“Okay.”

Trevor left about ten minutes after he was fully dressed.

By 8:00 pm, Trevor and Wynn **arrived** at the banquet entrance together.

Wynn was once again dressed in an expensive outfit, looking stunning and impossible to ignore.

As soon as they stepped into the hall, they immediately became the center of attention.

Beck and Miles had already arrived. Seeing them enter, they walked over.

Jorge, Caleb, and Xavier had just arrived as well. Noticing the commotion, they turned to look.

When Jorge saw Wynn, a flicker of admiration flashed in his eyes again.

Caleb glanced at Trevor and Wynn and asked **Xavier**, “That’s Wynn Locket?”

Xavier nodded. “Yeah. Beautiful and captivating, isn’t she? But, no matter how beautiful or captivating, she was someone else’s girlfriend.”

Caleb only looked twice before withdrawing his gaze without commenting.

Trevor’s presence alone was enough to command respect. As soon as he arrived, many people immediately went over to greet him.

Before long, a crowd had gathered around him and Wynn.

At that moment, Matthias and Celeste finally arrived.

YodaVision was currently the most talked-about company in the industry at the moment. So, Matthias' presence at the banquet was naturally expected **and** attracted eager gazes from around.

At the same time, many were also captivated by Celeste's appearance.

Tonight, Celeste wore an off-white, handcrafted embroidered evening gown that perfectly accentuated her **graceful** figure while exuding a scholarly, serene beauty,

Someone in the crowd murmured, "Gotta say, both Mr. Fleming and Mr. Yoder are really lucky men."

"Exactly."

Although Wynn and Celeste had different styles, both of them were top-tier beauties.

The moment Matthias and Celeste stepped into the hall, Beck, Miles, Caleb, and Jorge all immediately took notice.

As YodaVision was the most talked-about company lately, It was **no** surprise the banquet host had invited Matthias.

But Beck wasn't sure if Celeste would come with him. Now, seeing her appear with her arm on Matthias, his gaze deepened.

Miles **had** suspected she might attend but hadn't expected her to look this breathtaking. Even if he didn't like her, he had to admit—Celeste's unique, serene charm was undeniable.

The Breaking Point of Love

What a pity. Celeste was beautiful on the outside but rotten **within**. **Thinking** this, Miles suddenly lost interest and looked away, 2

Jorge had also been momentarily dazzled by Celeste's beauty. However, his thoughts were similar to Miles'.

That was why he almost immediately turned his face away in disgust.

Xavier, on the other hand, quite liked Celeste's type. He wasn't in **a** hurry to look away, but noticing Jorge's reaction, he asked, "What's up with **you**? That reaction.. Did **she** offend you again?"

Caleb also withdrew his gaze.

Jorge then recounted in full detail what had happened at YodaVision a couple of days ago.

Xavier commented, “Huh... Never would’ve thought that Ms Rodriguez was that kind of person.”

Caleb, pausing as he sipped his drink, **responded**, “Maybe there was **already** an unresolved grudge between her and Ms. Locket that **we**

don’t know about.”

Jorge dismissed the thought. “Even if there’s a grudge, does that mean she gets to abuse her position for personal revenge?”

Without knowing the full story, Caleb **refrained** from making further judgments.

Meanwhile, Celeste and Matthias, who had just arrived at the banquet hall, were immediately surrounded by the crowd.

Everyone was eager to flatter Matthias,

Matthias replied, “You give me too much credit. YodaVisions success today is the result of our entire company’s efforts.”

At that, he turned to look at Celeste and added, “Especially cel-her contributions have been invaluable.

From the CUAP project to the latest initiatives, the core technology was all in her hands.

Of course, her identity still couldn’t be revealed. In fact, even the key personnel from their company involved in the project had signed confidentiality agreements with the government.

While he couldn’t expose her identity, he could at **least make** sure people recognized her significance.

Lately, with so much attention on YodaVision, many knew that Celeste was not only an employee there but also had a close relationship with Matthias.

Some even knew that Matthias would entrust her with handling company affairs in his absence.

Hearing him say this now, most instinctively believed that Celeste must be quite capable at work.

But as for his claim that “YodaVision wouldn’t be where it is today without her,” no one took that too seriously. After all, they had heard **that**

Celeste had only joined YodaVision two to three months ago.

Matthias was probably just deeply in love, not wanting anyone to look down on her.

Given Celeste’s undeniable beauty and the fact that Matthias was currently riding high in his career, it was no surprise he’d be utterly enchanted by her.

Though people thought this privately, they kept their expressions composed, smiling as they complimented her, Ms. Rodriguez truly embodies both talent and beauty.”

Chapter 17:

On the other side, Wynn overheard this and let out a mocking; chuckle.

She glanced at Trevor, only to see that after looking over in Celeste’s direction for a brief moment, he lost interest and looked away.

Seeing this, Wynn also **withdrew** her gaze indifferently, but just then, she noticed Beck staring intently in that direction.

No—he was probably looking at Matthias, not Celeste.

Wynn knew that Beck was interested in collaborating with YodaVision.

As for Celeste, Beck had always despised her. There was no **way** he’d be watching her. No matter how beautiful. Celeste **was**, Beck would never be interested in her.

Noticing Wynn looking at him, Beck turned his gaze away and asked, “What’s **wrong**?”

Wynn smiled. “Nothing.”

“I’m

Beck didn’t press the matter. Seeing that the crowd around Matthias and Celeste had thinned a bit, he said, going over to greet Matthias. Trevor, have you decided whether to collaborate with YodaVision? If so, why don’t **we** go over together?”

The Breaking Point of Love

C 180

Trevor said, “I’m not in a hurry. You go ahead.”

Hearing this, Beck nodded. “Alright.”

He walked over **and** came face to face with Celeste. “Mr. Yoder, Ms. Rodriguez.”

Seeing it **was** him, Matthias’ smile faded slightly. “Mr. Harper.”

Celeste also greeted him politely. “Mr. **Harper**.”

At that moment, Jorge also approached.

Unlike Beck, he only greeted Matthias “Mr. Yoder.”

Matthias’ smile grew even fainter. “Mr. Robinson is here too? Apologies, I was busy earlier and didn’t notice.”

Jorge immediately picked up on the fact that Matthias seemed even less welcoming toward him than **during** their **last** encounter. But he wasn’t surprised.

He cast a cold glance at Celeste. He knew she must have whispered all sorts of things about that day to Matthias.

Not caring much about Matthias’ attitude, he said, “I visited YodaVision a couple of days ago. I wonder if you’re aware, Mr. Yoder?”

“Of course, Cel told me.” Matthias continued, “I also reviewed your proposal. I think it’s well done, but... Personally, it’s just not to my liking. So I’m sorry, Mr. Robinson, but as for our collaboration, I’m afraid-

Jorge didn’t expect Matthias to be so biased because of Celeste.

He frowned. “I thought you were someone who could separate personal matters from business, Mr. Yoder.”

“I usually **do**.” Now that things were out in the open, Matthias didn’t bother pretending. He chuckled, “But it depends on the situation.”

His words implied that when it came to Celeste, whether he remained impartial was another matter.

Theodore had instructed him to focus on collaborations with YodaVision for the next two years, which meant the company’s projects **had** even greater potential than most realized.

Despite his conflict with Matthias, he wasn’t going to give up on working with YodaVision **so** easily.

“If you find issues with my proposal, I’ll bring a revised one on my **next** visit, Mr. Yoder,” he said.

Glancing at Beck, he added, “Since you’re busy, I won’t take up more of your time: Goodbye.”

With that, he turned and left.

Throughout the conversation, Jorge never once acknowledged Celeste.

But standing nearby, Beck could tell from Jorge’s deliberate disregard that Matthias’ refusal to collaborate **was** very much related to Celeste..

However, he chose not to ask about it and instead acted as if he hadn’t noticed. “I’ve also prepared a revised proposal. **Would** you two be available for dinner on Monday?”

Given Beck’s **close** ties with Wynn and Trevor, Matthias had never been particularly fond of him, even if his proposal was excellent.

Charter 180.

But now, since Beck was making an effort to set aside personal grievances and even took the initiative to include Celeste in the invitation, **Matthias’** impression of him improved slightly.

Still, he kept things professional. “Monday? I’m not sure yet. If I’m free, I’ll let you know. Rest assured, Mr. Harper.”

Beck wasn’t in a rush. “That’s all I needed to know.”

Just as he finished speaking, the host of the banquet suddenly stepped onto the stage and made an announcement.

Moments later, amidst applause and music, the host and his wife began the first dance.

Many guests soon joined in.

Tonight’s banquet was filled with stunning and distinguished socialites.

At that moment, a strikingly beautiful heiress approached Beck

“Mr. Harper,” she said with a smile. “May I **have** this **dance**?”