

The Breaking Point of Love

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At Jordyn's school, Celeste heard a sweet voice call out her name. "Ms. Rodriguez."

Turning slightly, she saw Sylvia running toward her and saying, "Ms. Rodriguez, my mom asked me to bring you some buns last night, but you weren't home, so I took them back."

Just as Celeste was about to speak, Jordyn, unaware that Celeste had already moved out, huffed and said, "That's not true. My mom was home last night."

Sylvia scratched her head. "Huh? Really? Then why..."

Before Celeste could respond, Jordyn's teacher called out to her, "Ms. Rodriguez."

Celeste turned. "Ms. Alper."

Donna gestured for Jordyn and Sylvia to head inside, saying she had something to discuss with Celeste.

Once the two children went in, Donna said, "Ms. Rodriguez, do you know about next week's parent-child activity at the school?"

Celeste shook her head. "No."

Jordyn didn't mention it to her.

Donna hesitated, having already suspected this but still wanting to confirm it with her.

Celeste simply said, "As long as someone is there to accompany her, it's fine."

Seeing Celeste's consistent attitude on the matter, Donna sighed and said, "Alright, I understand."

After thanking her, Celeste turned and left.

Not long after returning to the company, she was informed that Wynn and Harvey had come again.

Their last meeting with Wynn was just incidental. Neither she nor Matthias had ever considered working with the Locket family.

Upon hearing the news, Matthias directly instructed his staff to send them away.

Shortly after, Matthias received a phone call. Seeing the caller ID, he glanced at Celeste.

Celeste looked up. “Trevor?”

“Yes.”

Already guessing the purpose of the call, Celeste ignored it and continued working.

Matthias answered, “Mr. Fleming.”

On the other end, Trevor said, “Mr. Yoder, how about a meal together later?”

Matthias didn’t bother with pleasantries. “Mr. Fleming, this call is on behalf of the Locket family, isn’t it?”

Trevor replied, “Yes.”

Matthias chuckled and stated clearly, “Mr. Fleming, YodaVision will never collaborate with the Locket family. I don’t think I need to explain why.”

Before Trevor could respond, he added, “Furthermore, the proposal Fleming Group submitted last time was excellent. However, if we were to collaborate, I have one condition—you must guarantee that no one from the

Lockets or the Shaws will have any involvement with our project.

“If that can’t be ensured, then there’s nothing more to discuss. Mr. Fleming, have I made myself clear?”

Trevor responded, “Very clear.”

“Good. Goodbye then, Mr. Fleming.” With that, Matthias hung up.

Trevor did not call back.

In the following days, even the Fleming Group remained silent. It seemed as though Trevor was willing to forgo the opportunity to collaborate for Wynn’s sake.

And in reality, that was exactly the case.

Two or three days later, Matthias heard that Fleming Group had established a project team for a new development, with both the Lockets and the Shaws involved.

While it was a pity not to collaborate with Fleming Group, there were still plenty of other companies of a similar scale.

YodaVision didn't necessarily need Fleming Group.

On Friday night, Zachary returned.

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Celeste brought her laptop and went with Matthias to have dinner at Zachary's home.

After dinner, Zachary helped her review her thesis.

It was late at night when she got into the car to head home. At that moment, Adeline called.

She had originally booked tickets for the next day to take her two kids on a one-day cruise trip, but something had come up at her family's side, and she had to go back, meaning she wouldn't be able to take care of the kids.

After listening, Celeste said, "Got it. I happen to be free tomorrow, so I'll take them."

Not long after she hung up, her phone rang again. This time, it was Beck calling.

Celeste answered and spoke first, "Sorry, if this is about Shanice, I already have plans tomorrow and won't be able to make time,"

However, Beck didn't hang up. Instead, he asked, "Would you mind telling me what plans you have?"

Then he added, "Shanice really hopes to see you tomorrow."

Since it wasn't something that needed to be kept secret, Celeste explained the situation to him.

After hearing it, Beck said, "A cruise trip, huh? Shanice would love that. Would you mind if we joined you?"

Celeste was momentarily stunned but quickly responded, "I'll check with my cousins and see what they think."

Beck replied, "Alright."

Five minutes later, Celeste gave Beck a definite answer.

The next morning, a little after 8:00 am, Celeste, along with Jamie and Hector, arrived at the pier.

Beck and Shanice were already there.

Upon seeing Celeste, Shanice ran over excitedly. “Ms. Celeste!”

Celeste bent down to hug Shanice and smiled. “Shanice, long time no see.”

Seeing Jamie and Hector looking at Beck and Shanice with some confusion, Celeste introduced them to each other.

Beck was polite and warm. “Hello.”

He then took out some gifts he had prepared and said, “I wasn’t sure what you’d like, so I brought a little something. I hope you’ll like it.”

No one had expected Beck to be so considerate.

Even Celeste was momentarily surprised, let alone Jamie and Hector.

After some brief conversation, they boarded the boat.

Jamie and Hector already knew about Celeste’s impending divorce from Trevor.

Watching her holding Shanice’s hand and talking with Beck Jamie shot a glance at Hector as if asking, “Is this our future brother-in-law?”

Hector returned with, “I don’t know... Probably?”

Seeing that neither Celeste nor Beck was paying attention to them, Jamie leaned closer to her younger brother and

whispered, “He’s pretty handsome.”

And he seemed more approachable than their former brother-in-law.

However, watching Celeste play with Shanice and treat her so kindly left them feeling conflicted.

They not only knew that Celeste was divorcing Trevor but also that she was unlikely to gain custody of Jordyn.

Not only was Trevor unwilling to let go, but from what they could tell, despite having recently returned to the country, Jordyn rarely visited the Rodriguez family.

It was clear that she preferred staying with Trevor over Celeste.

They couldn’t imagine how heartbreaking that must be for Celeste.

Now, seeing her beginning to move on in her personal life, they naturally felt happy for her. So, they joined in to play with Shanice.

They figured that if they were nice to Beck's family now, if Celeste really did marry him in the future, the Harper family would surely treat their cousin well in return.

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Jamie and Hector came over and asked Shanice if she wanted to play on the water slide.

Shanice looked at the colorful water slide not far away and eagerly nodded.

The yacht's water slide was indoors and designed like a hot spring, so even in the middle of winter, it wouldn't be cold.

The slide was suitable for both adults and children, though it was primarily a playground for the young.

After sliding a few times, Celeste and Beck lost interest. But Shanice, Jamie, and Hector were having the time of their lives.

Celeste sat to the side and soaked in the hot spring.

At that moment, Beck handed her a drink.

Celeste took it. "Thanks."

Beck sat down not far from her. "You're welcome." Then he asked, "How old are they?"

"Jamie's 16, Hector's 14."

"Do you take them out often?"

Celeste shook her head. "I used to, but lately, work has kept me too busy."

Just then, Beck's phone rang. Seeing the caller ID, he remained calm as he stood up. "I need to take this."

Celeste nodded. "Okay."

He walked a little further away before answering. "Trevor."

Trevor asked, "Where are you?"

"On a yacht."

"You're out at sea?"

"Yeah." Beck's gaze landed on Celeste in the distance. "Is something wrong?"

Trevor said, “Jo wants to play with Shanice, so she asked me to call you.”

“The boat is already out at sea. Maybe next time.”

“Alright.” Trevor didn’t say much more and hung up.

At noon, the five of them sat together for a seafood feast.

In the afternoon, they lounged on the deck, sunbathing and fishing.

Shanice, Jamie, and Hector were exhausted from playing. After fishing for a while, they dozed off on their lounge chairs.

Beck had some business to attend to and stepped away to make a few calls. When he returned, he saw Celeste still sitting there, reading a book.

He had studied finance in college, and though he wasn’t too familiar with the book in her hands, it did seem somewhat familiar.

Then he quickly remembered—he had often seen Trevor reading that same book.

Watching Celeste absorbed in her reading, Beck paused. She had been so engrossed that she didn’t even notice he had returned.

It wasn’t until the wind blew Shanice’s blanket off, and Beck adjusted it for her, that Celeste finally realized he was back.

He sat down in his chair and asked, “This book... do you read it often too?”

The way he said “too” made it clear that he was referring to Trevor.

Celeste nodded. “Yeah.”

Her focused posture while reading... It really did resemble Trevor’s. Not in appearance, but in expression.

At that moment, Beck suddenly felt that, in some ways, Celeste and Trevor were actually quite similar—they shared a passion for the same field.

By that logic, they should have been able to get along well.

Yet...

Thinking about their marriage, Beck’s gaze darkened slightly.”

Everyone said she had used underhanded tactics to force Trevor into marriage. He had once believed that wholeheartedly.

But after spending time with her, he realized she didn’t seem like that kind of person. Her thoughts didn’t seem so scheming or manipulative.

After dinner, the yacht prepared to dock.

By the end of the day, Jamie, Hector, and Shanice had gotten quite familiar with each other.

Jamie and Hector were no longer nervous even around Beck. As they were leaving, they casually said, "Beck, see you next time."

Beck nodded, his gaze falling on Celeste. "See you next time."

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Celeste said, "See you next time." With that, she drove off without hesitation.

After returning to the Rodriguez residence, Celeste went upstairs while Hector eagerly shared the day's events with Betty.

When the old lady learned that the person who had spent the day with Celeste was actually Beck, she was quite surprised.

After all, Beck and Trevor had grown up together, and Celeste had never been particularly close to him before. How did this suddenly happen?

Ivan mused, "No wonder the Harper family suddenly reached out to collaborate with me recently, and Beck has been quite polite whenever he sees me. So, this is why..."

Adeline added, "So, it might actually be true?"

Betty, however, understood Celeste well. She said, "Cel isn't officially divorced yet. I don't think she sees it that way. Let's just let things take their course and not interfere too much."

"Understood."

The next day, Celeste woke up at the Rodriguez residence. Just as she finished breakfast, her phone rang.

It was Trevor.

Celeste saw the call but didn't answer.

Moments later, a message from Trevor popped up. "Tomorrow, Jo's school is holding a parent-child event. Make sure you come."

Celeste read it and replied, "I'm not available."

Trevor called again.

Celeste ignored it and turned off her phone.

After finishing her work, she turned her phone back on and saw an unread message from him. "Are you at the Rodriguez residence?"

It was just a few words, but Celeste understood the underlying meaning—if she didn't respond, he wouldn't hesitate to come find her directly.

She clenched her phone and sent him a reply, "What time does it start?"

But it wasn't until over half an hour later that Trevor finally responded. "9:00 am."

Celeste didn't reply after that.

That night, Jordyn called.

As soon as Celeste picked up, the little girl asked, "Mom, why aren't you home yet?"

Trevor told her that Celeste would be back to attend the school event with her tomorrow, but it was already past 9:00 pm but Celeste still wasn't home.

Celeste said, "I'm not going back there. I'll meet you at your school tomorrow."

Jordyn didn't expect that. "Oh..."

Celeste then said, "Go to bed early."

"Okay."

After hanging up, Celeste also let Matthias know that she would be arriving at the office later than usual the next day.

On Monday morning, she arrived at Jordyn's school on time

"Mom!" Seeing her, Jordyn, who was standing beside Trevor, happily waved.

Celeste walked over, and Trevor greeted her, "You're here."

Recalling his veiled threat from the night before, Celeste ignored him and instead opened Jordyn's tablet to check the event schedule.

After a while, she and Trevor sat down in their seats.

When Donna saw Celeste, she was visibly pleased and made a special effort to greet her. “Ms. Rodriguez, you made it.”

“Yes.” Celeste gave her a warm smile.

Jordyn then walked over with the flower wreath that the school had prepared for mothers and handed it to Trevor, signaling him to place it on Celeste’s head.

Celeste took it and said, “I can do it myself.”

Trevor didn’t insist and simply handed the flower to her.

With their striking looks, Celeste and Trevor stood out among the parents, drawing the attention of nearly

everyone present.

Tilda had previously heard from Sylvia that Celeste was already married and had a daughter the same age as her.

Now seeing her in person, she walked over and asked, “Cel, is this... your husband?”

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Jordyn wasn’t around, so Celeste smiled slightly and said, “We’re about to divorce.”

Tilda had already suspected as much. After all, Celeste had daughter but had been living alone **across** from her

all this time.

Not to mention, Celeste hadn’t attended the last parent-teacher meeting. Instead, someone else had—a sexy and beautiful woman.

Trevor, however, took the initiative to greet her. “Hello.”

Tilda responded, “Hello.”

Trevor asked, “You two know each other?”

Although the question was directed at Tilda, his gaze landed on Celeste.

Celeste didn’t want to engage and remained silent.

Tilda answered, “Cel and I are neighbors.”

Sensing the awkward tension between them and noticing that Celeste didn't seem interested in speaking with Trevor, Tilda quickly found an excuse to leave.

Trevor remarked, "Seems like you get along well with your new neighbor."

Celeste lowered her head and checked her phone.

Trevor didn't seem upset, but he also didn't continue speaking.

At that moment, Jordyn returned, and the parent-child event was about to begin.

Celeste had participated in a similar event during Jordyn's first year of kindergarten. But ever since Jordyn and Trevor moved abroad last year, she didn't attend again.

The first activity was "Musical Chairs".

The game required chairs to be arranged in a circle, with two fewer chairs than the number of participating families. Parents had to carry their child and walk around the chairs while music played.

When the music stopped, they had to quickly find a seat. Families who didn't secure a chair would be eliminated each round, and the last family left would be the champion.

Trevor turned to Celeste. "Do you want to do it, or should I?"

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Just as Celeste was about to say "You do it," Jordyn eagerly spoke first, "Dad will do it!"

Trevor looked at Celeste. "What do you think?"

Celeste replied, "You do it."

"Alright." Trevor handed her his phone. "Then you record it."

Celeste hesitated and didn't want to touch his phone. "I'll use mine. I'll send you the video later."

Trevor didn't insist and took his phone back. Then, he picked up Jordyn and stood beside the other parents near the chairs.

Celeste stood up, opened her phone's video recording function, and aimed it at Trevor and Jordyn.

Suddenly, Trevor glanced over at her. The camera captured his face directly. He smiled at her.

Celeste's grip on her phone tightened for a brief moment.

Just then, the music started playing. Trevor turned away, holding Jordyn effortlessly as he moved along with the other parents in a circle around the chairs.

After one to two rounds, the music abruptly stopped.

Trevor sat down in a chair with ease, still holding Jordyn in his arms.

Seeing that they had secured a chair, Jordyn sat in his lap, happily waving at Celeste. "Mom, we got a chair!"

Celeste responded, "That's great."

To be honest, when she first looked at the event schedule, she had assumed that both Trevor and Jordyn would find these school-organized games boring.

But in reality, Jordyn had already been excited the moment Trevor picked her up before the game even started. Now that they had successfully grabbed a chair, she was even more thrilled.

Trevor chuckled at her reaction and glanced over at Celeste.

At first, it had been obvious to Celeste that Trevor wasn't particularly interested in the game. But perhaps the lively atmosphere, the cheerful music, and the competitive nature of the activity had drawn him in.

By now, he seemed fully engaged and was genuinely enjoying himself.

Thanks to his quick reflexes, he easily won round after round, ultimately becoming the champion.

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Jordyn happily ran over to Celeste, holding up her hand for a high-five. "Mom, we won!"

Celeste gave her a high-five. "Mm."

Trevor also walked over. "Did you get the video?"

"Yes," Celeste responded as she sent the video to him.

After the musical chairs game, the next activity was the Invincible Firewheel game.

The game required four families to form a team. Each team had to move forward while continuously rolling a circular tape ring under their feet. The first team to reach the finish line would win.

Trevor looked at Celeste. "Want to do this round?"

Jordyn nodded eagerly. "Mom will play this round with me

Celeste had no objections. "Alright."

As the game was about to start, Celeste hesitated for a moment while looking at her bag.

At that moment, Trevor reached out his hand. "I'll hold it."

"Thanks." Celeste handed her bag to him.

For most couples, a husband holding his wife's bag was an everyday occurrence. But for them, this was the first time Trevor had ever held her bag.

Celeste had no idea if he had ever held Wynn's bag before.

Today, he wasn't dressed as formally as usual, but with his tall frame in a sleek black overcoat, holding her bag somehow didn't seem out of place at all.

From a distance, anyone who didn't know their situation might assume he was just a man standing there, holding his beloved woman's bag, waiting for her to return.

Celeste quickly looked away.

The game required strong teamwork. So, Celeste stood in the center, raising her hands in sync with the team to rotate the tape ring.

Jordyn stood behind her, tugging at her coat to follow her rhythm, clearly enjoying herself.

When she noticed Trevor recording them with his phone, she became even more excited. "Dad!"

Trevor stood slightly ahead to the side.

Celeste was aware of his presence, but she was too focused on the game to look at him. Then, as soon as Jordyn spoke, Trevor's voice followed from the side. "Eyes on the game. Follow your mom's rhythm."

Jordyn answered cheerfully, "Got it!"

Earlier, when Celeste had recorded the previous game, she had stood still and filmed from one spot. But now, as Trevor recorded them, he moved with the game's pace, walking backward while filming.

After one full round, the game ended.

Jordyn ran over to Trevor. "Dad, this game was so fun! Can we play it again sometime?"

Trevor smiled. "Sure."

Celeste returned and took her bag from his hands. Just then, she heard a notification sound from inside her bag.

She took out her phone and saw that Trevor had sent her a video. She just glanced at it but didn't open it.

Meanwhile, Jordyn had scooted up beside Trevor, eager to watch the video he had recorded.

Trevor handed his phone to her, then opened a water bottle and held it out to Celeste.

Celeste accepted it. "Thanks." She was indeed a little thirsty.

She took two sips, then screwed the cap back on just as Trevor asked, "What's the next game?"

Celeste didn't believe that someone with his memory would forget the schedule after reading it once.

But...

She glanced at the water bottle in her hand and paused. It was hard to refuse someone after accepting their favor.

With that thought, she replied, "The Ball Transportation Game."

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Trevor asked again, "You or me?"

Celeste looked at Jordyn. "Jo, you decide."

“Dad.” Jordyn said, “Mom doesn’t know how to play basketball, but Dad is really good at it.”

Celeste actually did know how to play basketball. But she didn’t correct her.

Since Jordyn had already made up her mind, she simply said, “You do it.”

Trevor nodded. “Alright.”

The sun was getting hotter, and the outdoor temperature had risen significantly.

Trevor took off his long black coat and handed it to her. “Hold this for me.”

Celeste just looked at it, took it, and placed it on the grass nearby. (1

He raised an eyebrow but didn’t say anything.

However, just before the game started, he suddenly told her, “When you record the video later, keep up with our pace. Don’t just stand still.”

Celeste replied, “Got it.”

The Ball Transportation Game’s rules required the parent to pull a loop of rope forward while the child dribbled a basketball inside the loop.

At the turnaround point, the child pulled the loop while the parent dribbled. Throughout the game, the ball had to stay within the loop’s range.

Celeste had taken Jordyn to play basketball and volleyball before. But at that time, Jordyn didn’t show much interest—maybe because she was still too young and had forgotten about it.

Now, whether it was because the school had taught her or because Trevor had, when the game started, Jordyn dribbled with impressive skill.

As Trevor pulled the loop backward, he matched her dribbling rhythm perfectly.

They easily completed the first round. The return trip was even smoother.

Jordyn had said that Trevor was good at basketball. And she was right.

He spun the ball effortlessly between his hands. With his sleeves casually rolled up, his movements were both elegant and effortlessly skilled as he followed Jordyn’s pace.

Around them, a few spectators gasped in admiration. “So handsome.”

Celeste kept recording steadily.

But as he dribbled, an image suddenly resurfaced in her mind—the memory of him playing basketball on their campus court years ago.

Just a few months ago, when she occasionally recalled the past, his face and figure had remained crystal clear in her memory.

But now, looking at the present-day Trevor—taller, more composed, and even more striking than before—those old memories seemed to blur.

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Unsurprisingly, Trevor and Jordyn came in first place.

Jordyn jumped with joy, her smile never leaving her **face**.

Trevor grinned and bent down to lift her into his arms.

Celeste captured the moment on video. She thought Jordyn must be the happiest child in the entire school.

But at the same time, she figured—if the person here with them today was Wynn instead of her, Jordyn would probably be even happier.

Some of the other parents started chatting with Trevor. He shook hands with one of them and engaged in conversation.

Meanwhile, Tilda stood beside Celeste.

Seeing that the game was about to end and that Celeste had finished recording, she commented, “Your daughter and her dad have such a great relationship.”

Celeste replied, “Yes.”

Indeed, their bond was strong, and it would probably only grow stronger.

What Tilda didn’t say was that it was quite rare for a child to be closer to their father than their mother—to this extent, at least.

But she also had to admit—Celeste’s husband treated their daughter very well.

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It was only natural for Jordyn to be close to her father.

Besides that, Tilda also noticed how the other parents reacted while watching their spouses play games with their children.

When things were going well, they laughed and clapped excitedly. If things weren't going well, they got anxious and cheered them on.

Anyone could tell that these families were together—a united front.

But when it came to Celeste, even though she smiled while playing with her child, something felt different.

It was as if there was a gap between her, her husband, and their daughter—like she wasn't really part of them.

Then she remembered the last parent–teacher meeting. Celeste's daughter clearly had a great relationship with that other woman.

So, it made sense that Celeste didn't quite fit in with her husband and daughter now.

After all, whose child wouldn't feel distant from them if they were close to the very person who had disrupted their marriage?

Thinking about it, she figured Celeste must be feeling awful inside. But looking at her, she didn't know how to offer any words of comfort.

Celeste noticed the sympathy and hesitation in her gaze.

She knew Tilda had probably pieced together what had happened. So, she just smiled.

The hardest part of it all was already behind her.

She knew that the only reason she was here today was because Wynn wasn't available. That was why Trevor and Jordyn had asked her to come instead.

So yes, she did feel a bit like an outsider today.

Just then, Trevor and Jordyn came back.

Jordyn ran up to see the video Celeste had recorded.

Celeste sent it to both her and Trevor. "I sent it to you. You can watch it on your tablet."

Jordyn beamed. "Okay!"

After three rounds of games, the parent–child activities were finally over.

Jordyn had won two championship trophies. Holding them in her arms, she eagerly asked Trevor to take pictures of her with her prizes.

Trevor took several shots.

Then Jordyn turned to Celeste. "Mom, take some pictures of me and Dad too!"

Celeste nodded. "Alright."

At her daughter's request, she took four or five photos of Jordyn and Trevor together.

After sending the photos to Jordyn, Trevor suddenly said, "I'll take some of you and Jo too."

"Yes! Mom, come here!"

"Okay."

Trevor took her phone and snapped some photos of her and Jordyn.

Once they were done, Celeste took back her phone. A moment later, it started ringing.

It was Matthias calling.

"I need to take this," Celeste said.

Jordyn responded cheerfully, "Okay, Moin!"

Trevor simply nodded. "Mm."

She talked with Matthias for about ten minutes about work.

When she turned back, she noticed Trevor and Jordyn seemed to be on a video call with someone, She didn't walk

over.

Instead, she focused on the work files Matthias had just sent her.

A little while later, Jordyn waved her over. "Mom! Come take a big group photo with us, and then we can go for lunch!"

Celeste walked over, and the three of them, along with the other parents, posed for a group picture. Donna also took individual photos of each family.

With that, the school's parent-child event officially came to an end.

Just as Celeste was about to leave, Trevor went over to retrieve his coat. Then he turned to her and asked, "Where do you want to go for lunch?"

Before Celeste could answer, Jordyn excitedly raised her hand. "I want barbecue! The place we went to last time!"

Trevor pinched her cheek. “That place is too far. You still have class in the afternoon—we won’t make it in time.”

“Oh...” Jordyn thought for a moment, then brightened up again. “Then seafood?”

Trevor didn’t answer right away. Instead, he turned to Celeste. “What do you want?”

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Celeste said, “You guys go ahead. I won’t be joining.”

Jordyn blinked in surprise. “Huh? Mom, you’re not coming?”

“Mm.” She gently patted Jordyn’s head. “I’m heading off first. Have a great meal.”

“Oh...”

Celeste smiled but didn’t say more. Without looking back, she turned and left.

Trevor watched her retreating figure but didn’t call her back. Instead, he said to Jordyn, “Let’s go.”

“Okay.”

As soon as they got in the car, Trevor’s phone rang. It was Martha calling.

The moment he picked up, she gritted her teeth and demanded, “Did you approve a project for the Lockets and the Shaws through Fleming Group?”

Trevor gave a calm hum in response and then chuckled. “You’re only finding out now?”

“How dare you!” Martha was livid. “What are you trying to do? Are you... planning to divorce Cel?” Otherwise, he wouldn’t be so blatant about it.

For him to openly bring the Lockets and the Shaws into the Fleming Group’s business meant he wasn’t afraid of her finding out.

It also meant that he had already made up his mind.

Before he could respond, Martha snapped, “I don’t agree! And if you insist on going forward with this project, fine –but you need to replace them. If you don’t, then I will—

“Grandma.” Trevor’s tone was as composed as ever. “Before I got married, I upheld the conditions I promised you. Now, I ask you to do the same—stop interfering in my decisions.”

In other words, she was not to touch the Lockets and the Shaws.

“You...”

Ever since he took over Fleming Group, the company had only grown stronger under his leadership.

Over the years, the board members and senior management had come to realize that following Trevor’s direction was the best way forward.

If she tried to oppose him, the first ones to object wouldn’t be him—but the other shareholders.

Simply put, the Fleming Group needed Trevor more than he needed them.

It was useless to use the company as leverage against him. What about emotional leverage?

As he had just reminded her, his marriage to Celeste was already a compromise he made for the family.

Martha knew him well—he was never someone who would keep making concessions for others. Once he had set his sights on what he wanted, he would stay true to himself.

And if he were pushed too far...

Martha fell silent. That silence meant she had conceded.

Trevor casually asked, “Have you eaten?”

She hung up on him.

Trevor looked at his phone and chuckled.

Jordyn peeked over curiously. “What happened?”

Trevor put his phone down, his expression relaxed. “Your Nana is mad.”

“Huh? Did you make her mad?”

“Mm.”

“Aren’t you going to make it up to her?” Jordyn asked.

“Not right now. I’ll deal with it later.”

“Oh... Okay.”

Back at the office, Matthias saw Celeste return but didn’t ask about the parent–child event. He only asked, “You’re back. Have you eaten?”

“Not yet.”

“Come on then, let’s grab a meal.”

Celeste smiled. “Alright.”

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When they arrived at the restaurant, they unexpectedly ran into Ethan, a senior executive from Fleming Group, who was there with his family.

Ethan sent his family ahead to a private dining room, then turned to Matthias and said, “I honestly thought we’d have another chance to collaborate. But now...”

- Matthias raised an eyebrow, smirking faintly. “I heard your company’s new project is doing quite well.”

“It is. Since Mr. Fleming personally approved it, there’s basically no room for mistakes.”

“Oh.” Matthias’s response was indifferent, his tone cold. Then he asked, “I also heard the Lockets and the Shaws

have a pretty significant role in the project. No objections from the rest of your company?”

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There are always some objections, but nothing that will have a major impact,” Ethan said.

“Whenever the company secures a good project, the other shareholders naturally want their own people involved. But Mr. Fleming rarely assigns personnel himself—people can’t start complaining the moment he finally does, right?”

“Besides, the Lockets and the Shaws are indeed competent and follow the rules, so overall, it doesn’t cause much disruption.”

Matthias had heard enough. “Alright, I won’t keep you from your family. Let’s have a meal together next time.”

Ethan replied, “Sure, next time.”

After he left, Matthias turned to Celeste. “Let’s head inside.”

Celeste nodded. “Mm.”

After finishing their meal and returning to the office, they were informed that Jorge was there to meet them.

Neither Celeste nor Matthias had any intention of meeting him. But Jorge didn’t leave.

By evening, when Celeste got off work and headed to the parking lot, he called out to her. “Ms. Rodriguez.”

She turned around, her tone indifferent. “Mr. Robinson, what do you need?”

Jorge looked at her. “Let’s talk.”

Celeste countered, “Do you really want to talk, or do you mean you wish to reprimand me?”

Jorge paused, then said, “I’m serious. I hope you can put aside personal grudges and focus on business. Don’t let personal matters cloud your judgment and harm your company’s interests.”

Celeste was honestly impressed.

She responded, “I thought that was something I should be saying to you, Mr. Robinson.”

After all, it was him who let his feelings for Wynn interfere with their negotiations. And yet, in his version of events, she was the one being unreasonable and abusing her authority.

With that thought, she lost interest in continuing the conversation. Ignoring him, she got into her car and drove

away.

Jorge’s expression darkened.

Just then, his phone rang.

After answering the call, he, too, got into his car and left.

Half an hour later, when he entered a private dining room, Xavier and Caleb were already there.

Seeing his sour expression, Xavier asked, “What? The negotiation didn’t go well?”

Jorge had already gone to YodaVision two to three times in the past few days. But, Matthias had refused to see him every time.

As the saying went, only the one who tied the knot could untie it.

So, Jorge had sought out Celeste, hoping to talk things over with her instead. But recalling her completely unyielding attitude, he shook his head.

“If things aren’t working with Matthias and there’s no progress with Ms. Rodriguez either, then honestly, securing the YodaVision project is looking pretty unlikely,” Xavier commented.

“But hey, if you can’t get it, then so be it. There are plenty of profitable projects in the world—you don’t have to go after this one.”

Jorge shook his head. “I’ve looked into the YodaVision project thoroughly, and I’m genuinely interested in it.”

Even if Theodore didn’t push him, after studying the project, he himself wanted to be involved.

“Well then,” Xavier said, “maybe it’s time to find another approach?”

At that, he glanced at Caleb and said, “Oh, right, Caleb—when you two were dancing last time, didn’t you have a pretty good conversation with her? She seemed to have a favorable impression of you.

“Since she won’t listen to Jorge, maybe you could mediate and help ease tensions between them?”

Caleb had been sipping tea. Upon hearing this, he set his cup down and said, “I don’t have that kind of relationship with her. It wouldn’t be appropriate.”