

# The Breaking Point of Love

## C 331

Xavier and Caleb took their seats in the stands right as the practice game began.

They weren't familiar with racing, and they didn't know who to support.

But after listening to the commentary, they found out that Racer 38, CC, and two others were favorites to win.

The kicker? CC was the only woman in the race. So naturally, she drew a lot of attention.

Besides, she pulled off two stumming overtakes on the curves that had the crowd roaring.

Xavier couldn't hold **back**. "Holy crap, she's got serious guts. That was so **cool!**"

Jorge, knowing Xavier didn't realize CC was actually Wynn, just gave a faint knowing smile upon hearing that. CC came in first in both rounds.

Xavier blurted out, "Who even is this CC? I want to meet her!"

Right then, the camera cut to CC stepping out of the car **and** removing her helmet—when he saw it was Wynn, Xavier's **jaw** nearly hit the floor.

"She's CC? No way!"

The shock was quickly replaced by despair. "I **was** literally going to ask her out. And now you're telling me she's actually Trevor's girlfriend?"

Well, that was a game over for Xavier.

The realization hit him hard, and he slumped. Still, he muttered enviously, "So, this is the kind of life Trevor's enjoying, huh?"

At that moment, Wynn spotted them.

She was slightly surprised to see Caleb there too.

Walking over, she said with a smile, "Mr. Robinson, Mr. Jennings, Mr. York—I didn't know you guys were into racing."

Jorge responded first. "We weren't, really. You mentioned before, and since we happened to be free, we figured we'd come to see what it was all about."

Then, he added, “You were incredible out there. First place in both rounds, eh? Congrats.”

Smiling, Wynn thanked him.

Caleb chimed in, “Congrats.”

“Thanks,” she replied, turning to Caleb. “It’s been a while, hasn’t it? When I **saw** you from afar earlier, I thought I was seeing things.”

“Work’s been hectic; I don’t have much time to rest,” said Caleb.

Hearing that, Wynn asked, “I heard you’re a pilot, Mr. Jennings. Compared to flying jets, doesn’t racing seem kind of tame?”

“Racing has its own kind of thrill. There’s no need to compare, and you were really impressive out there, Ms. Locket.”

Wynn smiled at Caleb’s compliment.

Jorge then spoke up. “By the way, where’s Mr. Fleming? Didn’t he come to watch you race?”

“He had something to take care of, so he couldn’t make it today. But he’ll definitely be there for the real thing.”

Wynn added, “If you guys are free, then, I’d love to see you there.”

Jorge nodded. “I’ll definitely come if I’m free.!”

—

And he meant it he wanted to watch her race for real. However, with Trevor also showing up...

**That** did complicate things for him.

It was Saturday morning, and Celeste woke up early.

She powered on her laptop to check some model data and had barely started when her phone lit up.

It was Kieran.

A few **days** ago, he had pitched an idea at work that she thought was promising. She had already assigned some resources to it and was keeping a close eye on the progress herself.

They had been in regular contact because of it and naturally exchanged numbers.

Seeing his name pop up on the screen, she figured it was something work-related—and picked up.

But Kieran wasn't calling for work; he just wanted to know if there was anything fun to do in Baumond.

"What I like might not be your thing. Don't you have friends here? Wouldn't it be easier to ask them?" Celeste replied.

"They all recommended stuff I'm not interested **in**."

Kieran paused, **then** added, "I hear typing. Are you workin"

"Yeah."

"Seriously, are you planning to spend the whole weekend at home?"

Still focused on her screen, Celeste said, "I'm going to see a play with my granny tonight."

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### Chapter 332

"A play? What kind of play? Where do you even find one around here?"

"It's **an** old-school kind of play. You probably wouldn't be into it."

Kieran's gaze sharpened. "You **never** know. I may have grown up overseas, but I've always been curious about Baumond's culture. I just haven't had the chance to really explore it."

Left with no **excuse**, Celeste told him the location of the theater.

Kieran **immediately** purchased a ticket online.

Some time later, his friend called him, "Hey, **rich** boy, we're hanging out tonight."

"Nope," Kieran cut in. "I've got plans tonight."

After wrapping up her call with Kieran, Celeste didn't take **a** break until afternoon.

Glancing at the calendar, she suddenly remembered that Shanice's birthday was coming up. She hesitated a little and decided to give Beck a call.

Beck had always wanted to stay in closer contact with Celeste.

Ever since he learned about Kieran's feelings for her, he **had** been more eager than ever.

However, aside from their work together and Shanice, they didn't really have any reason to interact.

Since he didn't **have** to go to YodaVision for the collaboration, he couldn't think of any good reason to get in touch with her.

On top of that, Trevor was collaborating with YodaVision, so...

Beck stopped midway out of the car when he saw Celeste's name appear on his phone.

Almost right away, he answered it.

Celeste spoke first. "I hope I'm not disturbing you, Mr. Harper."

"Not at all," Beck answered, **his** expression softening. "Is something wrong?"

"I'm thinking of preparing a birthday gift for Shanice myself, but I'm a bit worried she won't like it. I wanted to get your advice."

Upon hearing how much Celeste cared about Shanice, Beck felt a warmth spread in his chest.

He said with genuine sincerity, "Shanice likes you **a** lot, so as long as it's something you put thought into, she'll absolutely love it."

Knowing Shanice's nature, Celeste figured that was true.

"Is there anything specific?" she asked.

Beck paused for a second. "Do you know how to bake a cake?"

"**Yeah**," Celeste responded. "I know what to do now. Thanks."

"No worries. If anything comes up, feel free to get in touch  
will do."

After the call ended, Beck finally stepped out of the car and walked into the restaurant.

Trevor, Wynn, and Miles were **already** there.

"You took your sweet time, huh?" Miles commented.

Beck chuckled. "Got held up on a call."

Wynn looked over at Beck—he seemed to be in a noticeably better mood.

Ever since Janet started working at his company, she had reached out a few times, inviting him to grab a meal. Yet each time, he politely declined, claiming he was busy.

Once or twice, she believed it.

But this many times?

Was he still holding a grudge because she kept trying to set him up with Linda, and now thought any contact from her was just another matchmaking attempt?

That evening, just past six, Celeste had dinner at the Rodriguez residence. She was about to head out with Betty to see a play when she received a call from Zachary.

“Are you at the Rodriguez residence now?” he asked.

“Yup.”

“There’s something I need you to deal with. Get ready; someone will pick you up in ten.”

“Okay.”

From the way Zachary spoke, it was clearly important.

When Betty heard Zachary needed her for something, she waved her off with a smile, saying that she’d be fine going out with Adeline.

Ten minutes later, the car sent by Zachary pulled up outside the Rodriguez residence.

As **soon** as she got in the car, Celeste learned why Zachary had called—the government-backed project she had previously signed off on was under a tight deadline, and Zachary, caught up in other matters, couldn’t break away. She was the only person aside from him who truly understood the project’s core tech.

**Hence**, he needed her on-site to keep things moving.

The moment Celeste arrived at the base, her phone was taken away.

The next two days were a whirlwind. She barely **had** time to rest.

On the thin

day, just as she stepped into the cafeteria for a quick lunch, she saw Caleb walking toward her.

Caleb was a little surprised when he saw Celeste. He called out, “Ms. Rodriguez?”

**Celeste** nodded. “Hello, Mr. Jennings.”

Caleb smiled, glancing at her. “Are you stationed here for work now?”

She shook her head. “No, my mentor asked me to come assist with something”

That made him pause.

Very few people had the authority to bring in outside personnel.

Then, Caleb remembered her close relationship with Matthias and how the two weren’t romantically involved.

It clicked “Your mentor... is Mr. Newman?”

“Yeah,” Celeste answered with a slight nod.

So, she was really one of Zachary’s students, just like Matthias,

He hadn’t even thought to connect those dots until now.

However, if she were Zachary’s student, everything **suddenly** made a lot of sense.

Like why Matthias had gone out of his way at the banquet to credit her to YodaVision’s recent breakthrough, or why his father had paid such close attention to her. It wasn’t just at his grandfather’s art exhibition but also at the forum Jorge attended.

His father must have known her background all along

Still, being one of Zachary’s students alone wouldn’t have earned that level of interest.

Unless-

Unless those two headline-making projects from YodaVision were hers.

That possibility hit Caleb all at once.

He stared at Celeste, momentarily speechless.

Celeste was quiet and composed, and she never sought attention. He had never guessed someone so unassuming and young could have accomplished so much.

They found a spot in the cafeteria and sat down.

“How long are you staying on base this time?” Caleb asked.

“I’m not sure. It will depend on my mentor.”

Celeste paused and then added, “Feels like it’s been months since I saw you outside of work. Is training keeping you that busy?”

Caleb nodded slightly. “Yeah, pilots don’t exactly get generous **vacation** time.”

He didn’t **have** much of a lunch break either. After a brief conversation, he excused himself and headed off to deal with other duties.

He **saw** her again two **days** later in an AI–human combat drill.

It was a live simulation pitting human pilots against AI–controlled jets.

Once the data **was** collected, Celeste and the researchers immediately got to work, tweaking algorithms and diving into another round of analysis based on combat dynamics.

When Caleb walked into her department, he spotted her among the flurry of focused researchers.

She didn’t notice him right away.

When she finally looked up, she gave a polite nod and then returned to her screen without missing a beat.

Celeste remained on base for nearly ten days before heading back.

She left the base in the dead of night and arrived home just as the sun was rising

When she turned her phone back on, nearly 20 missed calls lit up the screen. Kieran, Beck, Jordyn, and even Trevor had tried to reach her

She could pretty much guess why Jordyn and Trevor had called.

Kieran had called first and the most.

Hence, she dialed him back first.

Kieran picked up almost immediately. "You're finally done?"

"Yes," Celeste replied. "Was something wrong? Did it get resolved?"

"There was, but everything's fine now."

Ten days ago, he had shown up at the theater and didn't see her. Her phone kept going straight to voicemail, **and** when she didn't show up at work on Monday, he thought something serious had happened.

He ended up going to Matthias and found out she had a family matter to deal with

Now that he knew she **was** all alright, he could finally relax.

+25 **BONUS**

The Scent of 334

Then, Celeste called Beck back to ask if there was anything important when he had called two days ago.

"It's just that Shanice wanted to video chat," he explained. No big deal."

They both had to head to work, **so** they kept it short.



After hanging up the **call**, Celeste grabbed her car keys **and** drove to the office.

Coincidentally, she and Matthias arrived at the parking lot at the same time.

As they got out of their **cars**, Matthias greeted her with a smile, “Back already?”

Celeste beamed. “Yeah.”

Just then, Trevor’s car entered the lot, and Wynn was seated beside him.

Instead of pulling into a space, he stopped the car right in front of them.

Then, Trevor and Wynn stepped out, looking at Matthias and Celeste.

“Good morning, Mr. Yoder, they greeted.

-Matthias’s face fell

Wonderful. Just wonderful.

Ignoring Trevor and Wynn completely, he tugged Celeste forward without a word.

Trevor and Wynn didn’t seem to mind.

As the two had left, Trevor passed his car keys to Wynn, opened the car door for her, and said softly, “Be careful on the **road**.”

Wynn’s lips curled in a smile as she watched him—**and** then flicked her gaze toward Celeste’s figure in the distance. “I will.”

Inside the building, Matthias glanced over his shoulder toward the entrance while waiting for the elevator.

There was no sign of Trevor.

Was he still busy playing the doting boyfriend out there?

As the elevator door closed, Matthias muttered, “They’re showing up in the same car this early... Are they living together now?”

Celeste wasn't sure about that.

Even if they weren't, the fact that they had arrived together meant Trevor had gone to pick Wynn up himself first thing

elf and he

Trevor had a personal driver, yet when it came to Wynn, he always insisted on doing everything himself, **never** seemed to find it a hassle.

Their relationship seemed as rock-solid as ever.

Shanice's birthday was in two **days**.

That night, **after work**, Celeste **went** to the **mall** and picked out a pink bunny plushie.

She got into the elevator, arms full of pink fluff—only to run into Wynn and Erin on their way up.

Wynn noticed the plush bunny, assuming it was a gift for Jordyn.

Her lips curled with faint amusement.

Ever since getting close to Wynn, Jordyn had completely lost interest in those girlish toys.

And Celeste was still trying to win her over with a pink stuffed animal? Was she really that behind or just pathetically out of touch?

Wynn looked away, disinterested.

Erin barely acknowledged Celeste—just a glance before **she** turned her attention back to her granddaughter.

She gave Wynn's arm a gentle pat, her face soft with pride,

Erin's attitude made one thing clear—Wynn was the only granddaughter she acknowledged now.

Celeste didn't take it to heart.

She made her way to the parking lot and drove off.

The next morning, just after Celeste had woken up, Zachary called

She listened, then said, “Okay, I understand.”

Immediately after, she called Beck.

“I’ve got something urgent tomorrow morning, so I won’t be able to make it for Shanice’s birthday. But I’ll prep the cake ahead of time. Can you swing by my place and deliver it along with her gift? And let her know I’m **really** sorry, okay?”

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Beck was a little disappointed to hear Celeste couldn’t make it to Shanice’s birthday, but he understood

. “It’s okay Work takes priority; Shanice will understand”

Right after she hung up, just as Celeste finished freshening up, her phone rang again.

It was a video call from Beck

Only Shanice would use his phone to video call her.

Celeste picked up, and Shanice’s **bright** little face popped up on the screen.

She smiled, but before she could get a word in, Shanice started talking excitedly.

“Good morning, Ms. Celeste! Uncle Beck told me you can’t come to my birthday party tomorrow. It’s okay! If you’re busy now, you can celebrate with me next time.”

Then, without pausing, Shanice added, “Uncle Beck said you’re baking a cake and got me other gifts as well. Thank you, Ms. Celeste! That’s so sweet of you. My grandma says that when someone gives you a gift, you should treat them to a meal. There’s this new restaurant that’s super good—are you free tonight? Uncle Beck and I want to take you out!”

Celeste couldn’t help but chuckle. “I’m free tonight. Thank you, Shanice.”

“You don’t have to be polite, Ms. Celeste. Treating you to dinner is what I should do!”

**Shanice** was in a hurry to get to school. After saying goodbye, she quickly handed the phone back to Beck

Celeste and Beck confirmed a time for dinner and then hung up.

Later that morning at work, Celeste mentioned to Matthias that she needed to return to the base again the next day.

Matthias gave her a quick pat on the shoulder. “You’ve been working hard. I’ll take care of things with the R&D team; just go do what you need to do.”

“Alright, thanks.”

Celeste usually **stayed** in the office until past 8:00 pm.

However, she started shutting things down and getting ready to leave a little **early at** around 6:00 pm on that day.

Kieran stopped at her office. He was a little surprised when **he** saw her packing up. “Clocking out early today?”

“Yeah I’ve got something to take care of,” she said, then she remembered. “**Oh**, right. I’ll be out of town for a few days starting tomorrow. If anything comes up, talk to Matthias directly.”

“Again?”

Celeste murmured a reply.

Kieran didn’t respond.

She had just gotten back, and now she was heading out again.

About 30 minutes later, **Celeste** pulled into the restaurant Beck had reserved.

As she stepped out of her car, Beck and Shanice arrived as well.

The moment Shanice spotted her, she came running, “Ms. Celeste!”

Celeste crouched down and hugged her.

Glancing around at all the high-end cars, Celeste commented, “This place is seriously booming ”

Beck chuckled softly. “The owner really knew how to build hype. It has become the place to meet if you want to talk business.”

“I see

“Let’s head inside,” Beck said.

“Okay.”

As they walked toward the entrance of the **restaurant**, Wynn stepped out of her car nearby, still on a call.

She ended the call, closed the door, and turned around to head toward the restaurant-

But at that very moment, the sight of Celeste, Beck, and Shanice walking together came into view.

Seeing that, she froze, and her steps halted abruptly.

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For a split second, Wynn thought her eyes were playing tricks on her.

But the image in front of her was far too vivid

Celeste was **walking** hand in hand with Shanice, and Berk was glancing at her with that unmistakable smile

This wasn’t a mistake. It wasn’t a dream.

Celeste was there with them.

Judging by how naturally the three of them moved together—how it was Celeste, not Beck, holding Shanice’s hand

-this clearly wasn’t their first dinner as a trio,

A sudden thought hit Wynn like lightning.

Could Celeste be the woman Shanice kept mentioning?

No. No **way**. That didn’t make sense.

Then, her mind unhelpfully supplied the memory from last year. When Beck came to InnovaTech for a meeting that time, he had approached Celeste to speak with her.

And at recent banquets, whenever Celeste and Matthias were there, Beck **would** always linger after saying hello.

He didn't just greet them and move on. He stayed.

Wynn used to think it was because he didn't want to offend Matthias,

But now... She wasn't so sure anymore.

Could it be that Beck actually liked Celeste?

No.

No way.

Wynn stood still, refusing to believe what her brain was telling her.

Beck had known Celeste for years. If she were his type, he would've noticed her long ago. Why would it take him so long?

Besides, what was so special about Celeste anyway?

Perhaps she was reading too much into things.

Even if Celeste was the woman Shanice kept talking about, that didn't mean Beck had feelings for her. Right?

**Harvey**, seeing Wynn freeze in place, walked over to her. "Are you okay, **Wynn**?"

Wynn snapped back to her senses. She shook her head and answered, "I'm fine."

"Let's head inside."

"Alright."

The next day at around 8:00 am, Beck received a call from Celeste.

When he arrived at the **address** she had sent, Celeste was already waiting by the entrance with a cake in one hand and a stuffed animal in the other.

As soon as she saw him, she handed them over.

Beck accepted them and glanced at the **cake**

. "You must've been up early—cakes like this take time."

She had been up before dawn, actually,

But all Celeste said was, "I **went** to bed early last night. I didn't mind getting up early."

“Thank you. Shanice is going to love it.” Beck said sincerely He **could** tell that she had clearly put a lot of thought

into it.

He glanced at the modest apartment complex behind her.” this where you’re living now?”

He **knew** she had moved out of Trevor’s place, but he hadn’t known where she had gone **until** now.

“Yeah,” Celeste replied. “I’m in a rush, though. I’ll get going now.”

Beck nodded in reply. “Alright.”

Celeste turned and walked back toward her building.

Beck didn’t look away until her figure disappeared from view. Then, finally, he got into his car.

Since Jordyn wanted to celebrate Shanice’s birthday for her Trevor had booked a private lounge at a restaurant. That afternoon, when Shanice got home from school and saw the cake Celeste had made herself, along with the bunny plush that was nearly her height, her face lit up.

She was so thrilled she refused to leave it behind—clutching the oversized toy all the way out the door.

When Beck and Shanice arrived, Trevor, Wynn, and Jordyn were already there.

As Beck opened the door to the private lounge, Wynn’s eyes landed on the bunny plush Shanice was holding. She **instantly** recognized it as the same one she had seen Celeste carrying at the mall just two days earlier.

So, the mysterious woman Shanice kept mentioning had really been Celeste all along?

Shanice was glowing with joy. She barely **made** it through the door before rushing over to Jordyn, holding the plush out like a prized treasure.

“Look what I got for my birthday, Jo! Isn’t it cute?”

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Jordyn didn't actually have anything against the color pink

If something was pretty or cute, she usually liked it as well.

So, when Shanice beamed and showed off her plush, Jordyn smiled and nodded encouragingly. "Yes, **it's very** cute.

Then, she handed her gift to Shanice.

Shanice thanked her politely, then couldn't help but gush a little more. "I got a hand-baked birthday cake too! **It's** blue and so pretty!"

She turned to Beck excitedly. "Can you help me open it, Uncle Beck?"

Raising an eyebrow, Miles commented, "She not only made a cake for Shanice but also brought gifts. She **clearly** put a lot of thought into it, though. What are you waiting for, Beck?"

The fact that Celeste woke up early to bake a cake for Shanice despite her busy schedule was enough to show Beck how much she cared for Shanice.

Even with Trevor and Jordyn in the room, Beck couldn't help but smile warmly at the mention of Celeste.

Yesterday, Wynn wasn't sure if Beck truly had feelings for Celeste, but after seeing that gentle smile of his just now, she was certain—he had fallen for Celeste.

No wonder he didn't pick up her calls immediately like he used to for the past few months.

Sometimes, he wouldn't even pick up at all.

Wynn had thought that he was just busy when she called.

But, honestly, what was so attractive about Celeste to him?

Wynn pursed her lips. She couldn't understand what it was about Celeste that had captured his heart.

The meaning behind Beck's unintentional smile was obvious, and Miles immediately picked up on it. "So, you're finally admitting you like her?" he teased.

Trevor, noticing Beck's smile, also smiled in response.

The private lounge was filled with excitement.



Some time later, Shanice started making her wish.

After she finished, Beck helped her cut the cake.

Jordyn was the first to get a piece of it.

Her face lit up after the first bite. "It's so tasty!"

It tasted just like the cake Celeste baked.

Now that she thought about it, she hadn't seen her in a while.

When her birthday came around, Celeste would definitely bake a cake for her, right?

Miles didn't have a sweet tooth, yet after tasting a few bites he commented, "It really is delicious. Looks like this person has some serious skills, Beck. You're a lucky guy."

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Beck's smile faltered briefly, giving Trevor a subtle glance,

Trevor was eating the cake as well.

However, he was just nibbling on it without saying anything,

Initially, Wynn didn't want to taste the cake because she knew it was made by Celeste.

Still, she decided to give it a try after hesitating for a little while.

It didn't taste bad, really.

☆☆

As she listened to Miles's praise, a sarcastic thought crossed her mind—maybe Beck liked Celeste because she was the ideal wife with great culinary skills.

With that in mind, she noticed how Beck glanced at Trevor

Normally, Wynn wouldn't have thought twice about how Beck looked at Trevor.

Yet in that moment, she understood the meaning behind his gaze.

Trevor and Celeste were still a married couple now, though

Did Beck really believe that being with a wife like Celeste was a kind of happiness then?

He had to be both envious of Trevor and secretly hoping for a quick divorce so he could officially date Celeste.

It hit Wynn suddenly—perhaps Beck liked Celeste more than she had imagined.

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Once Celeste arrived at the **base**, she quickly dove into her work.

The AI-human combat drill required data support to improve.

The day after her arrival, another round of AI-human combat drill was scheduled.

That evening, Celeste headed to the cafeteria quite late.

By the time she got there, the cafeteria was almost empty.

She had just grabbed her meal and was about to sit down when she noticed Caleb, who had also gotten his food. Pausing for a moment, Caleb smiled and walked toward Celeste. “When did you get here?”

“Yesterday,” Celeste replied. “Just finished training?”

“Yeah, the training load’s pretty heavy this year.”

The future of air combat would no longer just be a battle between humans—it would be a fight between humans and machines.

So, the way pilots were being trained and how they approached combat had changed quite a bit over the past few years.

“Was it stressful?” she asked.

AI had incredible computing and data-analysis abilities, allowing it to quickly spot an opponent’s weaknesses and come up with counter-strategies. Its response times and accuracy were far beyond what humans could do.

Even someone as experienced and sharp as Caleb would feel the pressure in a fight against AI.

Caleb smiled and uttered, “It was, but it’s also pushing us pilots to improve.”

Since AI could simulate a wide range of complex battle scenarios, pilots were getting more realistic and well- rounded training, which helped them grow.

“You’ve worked hard,” Celeste remarked.

“You researchers put in just as much effort as we do,” Caleb responded. Then, he noticed that while Celeste ate politely, she wasn’t exactly taking her time.

Hence, he asked, “You’ll be heading back to work soon, right?”

“Yeah.”

Zachary had given her quite a few tasks, so she was really busy.

As soon as she finished speaking, her phone buzzed.

It was a text from Zachary, asking her to head straight back to the Research and Development department.

She set her utensils aside and stood up. “I’ve got to go now you can take your time.”

Caleb nodded. “Alright. See you.”

This time, Celeste left the base a little past 10:00 am on Sunday.

After arriving home, she checked her phone and saw that both Jordyn and Gideon had called her.

She only called Gideon back.

Gideon teased her for being heartless, saying that if he didnt contact her, she wouldn’t bother to visit.

Celeste knew she owed him an apology, so she changed into a fresh set of clothes, grabbed her car keys,

and left.

When she drove into the Yuvenhart manor, she saw that Trevor’s car was parked in the yard.

She averted her gaze. Just as she stepped out of the car, Jordyn—hearing the sound of Celeste’s **car**—came rushing out and jumped into her arms.

“Mom!”

It had been almost a month since Celeste had seen Jordyn.

She gently caressed Jordyn's hair. "When did you get here, p?"

Jordyn had missed Celeste so much after being apart for so long. She grabbed her hand tightly, beaming, "Just now!"

Celeste, holding Jordyn's hand, stepped inside and saw Trevor and Gideon sitting on the couch, sipping tea.

She didn't see Wynn, though.

When Gideon saw her, he smiled, gesturing for her to join them. "You're here, Cel. Come on over and take a seat."

Trevor glanced at her as well.

However, after a quick glance, he looked away.

Celeste sat down beside Gideon and greeted him..

Gideon smiled, taking a good look at her. Seconds later, he frowned. "You've lost weight again."

At the base, she often skipped meals due to her busy work, and she had indeed lost a few pounds.

Before she could reply, Trevor poured her a cup of tea and placed it in front of her.

Celeste didn't say anything. She simply nodded as a gesture of appreciation.

Gideon remarked, "Someone sent me two top-grade lobsters the other day. How would you like it, Cel? I'll have someone cook it up for you."

Celeste picked up her cup of tea and took a sip. The fresh, clear tea went down smoothly. Just as she was about to speak, Trevor chimed in teasingly, "Why didn't you ask me? You're so biased, Mr. Yuvenhart Senior."

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However, Gideon didn't bother talking to Trevor.

Celeste, too, remained silent.

No one paid him any mind, yet Trevor wasn't bothered by at all. He noticed that Celeste's tea was almost finished; he picked up the teapot and refilled both hers and Gideon's cups.

Whether it was tea time or lunch, Celeste mostly chatted with Gideon and Jordyn.

It wasn't clear if it was because Trevor sensed she didn't want to talk to him or if Trevor simply didn't feel like talking to her.

When they were getting ready to leave the Yuvenhart manor in the afternoon, Celeste realized that she and Trevor hadn't spoken a word to each other even after being in the same room for nearly four hours.

Gideon noticed it as well.

But Trevor didn't seem interested in addressing it, and Celeste had let go of him.

Gideon hadn't invited them here today to play the matchmaker. Since the two had nothing left to talk about, he figured there was really no reason for him to say anything either.

Jordyn looked up at Celeste and asked, "Are you going back home today, Mom?"

She went on, "It's been a long time since you've been home"

Upon hearing that, Gideon let out a soft sigh.

Trevor, on the other hand, remained silent.

Celeste caressed Jordyn's face gently. "I have something else to take care of, Jo. I won't be going back home."

"Oh..." Jordyn mumbled, feeling disappointed. "Are you heading back to Granny's, or are you going on another business trip, Mom? I tried calling you before, and when the call couldn't get through, I went to Granny's place, but you weren't there, either. She said you were away on a business trip."

Celeste hadn't realized Jordyn had gone to the Rodriguez residence last week.

She was indeed planning to head there later to have a meal with Betty and the others.

When she thought about how Jordyn couldn't reach her and ended up going to the Rodriguez residence just because she missed her, Celeste hesitated.

"I'm heading to Granny's later. Do you want to join me?" she asked.

"Yes!"

Celeste's words finally put a smile back on Jordyn's face—she had thought her mother was about to rush off to work again.

Celeste looked over at Trevor, who picked up on her cue and asked Jordyn, “So, you're staying at your granny's tonight too?”

“Yup!”

“Alright,” Trevor said with a smile. “I'll have someone pick you up from school tomorrow.”

“I don't want to!” Jordyn responded quickly. “I want to go back to Granny's after school tomorrow too.”

Trevor chuckled, glanced at Celeste, and remarked, “Well, that's something you have to ask your mom about—I don't get to decide that.”

Jordyn hugged Celeste's leg and looked up at her. “Are you going to leave Granny's again tomorrow?”

“Yeah.”

“Okay then...”

After sorting things out, they chatted with Gideon for a bit longer, then went their separate ways.

The next day, after sending Jordyn to school, Celeste went to work.

As she stepped into the elevator, she once again found herself riding up with Trevor and his assistant, Jacob. The three of them stood in silence, keeping up the pretense of being complete strangers.

Around 11:00 am, Trevor left the building. After he was gone, Matthias came by to catch up with Celeste, having heard she was back.

As they wrapped up their discussion, Celeste thought of the morning elevator run-in and asked, “Is the deal with Fleming Group still not finalized?”

“It is,” Matthias replied. “But there were a few complications in the division of responsibilities. He came by to negotiate a couple of terms.”

“Did you run into him again this morning?” Matthias asked

“Yeah,” Celeste responded.

Being stuck in the middle of a divorce and still running into your ex on a regular basis? Yes, it was exhausting.

But with their companies now officially partnered, a few run-ins were inevitable.

After two packed days at the office, Wednesday morning rolled around. Henry tagged both Celeste and Matthias in the group chat.

Matthias was mid-flight to another province, so after getting briefed on the situation, Celeste gathered her things and headed to InnovaTech with a few engineers.

It was her first time back at InnovaTech since Trevor had handed it over to Wynn.

As she and the engineers got out of the car, she spotted Jorge stepping out of a vehicle as well.

He had already been working with InnovaTech, and that wasn't about to change just because Trevor had handed the company over to Wynn.

The only thing that had changed was who he dealt with—business used to be with Trevor, now it was Wynn. When they saw each other, they quickly looked away.

As they walked into InnovaTech, they noticed Wynn right away.

She looked like she was being cornered by yet another one of her overzealous admirers.

And this one was armed with an outrageously large bouquet of red roses.

Wynn was facing the door, so the moment Celeste and Jorge saw her, she spotted them as well.

It was the first time she had laid eyes on Celeste since learning that Beck had feelings for her.

Wynn's expression darkened immediately.

Jorge saw how fed up Wynn looked and walked over. "What's going on?"

Celeste didn't spare them a second glance. Whatever drama was unfolding wasn't her concern—she just kept walking toward the elevator with her team.

A couple of minutes passed. The elevator still hadn't arrived, but Wynn's voice carried across the lobby. "Thanks for stepping in."

"No problem."

With a worried tone, Jorge asked, "Doesn't this building have security? Why didn't anyone stop him?"

Wynn let out a tired sigh. "He paid them off."

Jorge frowned. "So, he's just free to show up whenever he wants?"

"He won't," Wynn said coolly. "I'll talk to Trevor about it later. He'll handle it."

Jorge lowered his gaze. After a pause, he murmured, "Alright."

By the time he finished speaking, they had already caught up with Celeste's group, and the elevator doors opened right then.

Everyone stepped in together.

The YodaVision employees, who often accompanied Celeste to InnoVaTech, already knew the company had changed hands.

They also recognized Wynn. Once they were inside the elevator, one of them greeted Wynn politely.



Now that Wynn was officially in charge of the company, the formalities had shifted.

Wynn gave a small nod. “I appreciate all your hard work.”

“Of course,” someone in the group replied quickly. “Happy to help.”

Wynn remained as gracious and courteous as ever.

Then there was Celeste.

Jorge noticed the same frosty look on her face as she pointedly ignored Wynn.

The engineers had never seen the two of them interact directly before, despite coming to InnoVaTech multiple times.

Now, watching Celeste treat—both Wynn and Jorge like air—and neither of them making a move to greet her either

it became clear to them that things weren’t good between the three.

The elevator fell into an awkward silence.