

The Breaking Point of Love

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The next day, Celeste unexpectedly ran into Trevor at the company. **She** hadn't known that Trevor and Jordyn had returned to the country. Caught off **guard** by their sudden encounter, Celeste froze mid-**step**.

Trevor also seemed slightly surprised to see her, but he assumed **she** had just returned from the business trip and didn't think much of it.

He passed by her coldly, his face expressionless. As usual, he treated her like she was a stranger and turned to enter the building

In the past, if Celeste had found out **that he'd** suddenly come back, she **would** have been overjoyed. Even if she couldn't throw herself into his **arms** in such a scenario, she would have been very happy and excited. Her eyes would light up as she greeted him.

Even if Trevor remained indifferent, she would have smiled and wished him good morning enthusiastically.

But now, Celeste merely glanced at his handsome face before lowering her eyes. There was no longer any trace of the joy and excitement she once felt.

Trevor didn't notice any of this and was already walking away.

Watching his tall and composed figure disappear into the building, Celeste wondered when he had returned. Since he was back, perhaps the matter of their divorce could soon be addressed.

Having resolved to go through with the divorce, Celeste didn't dwell on him further. After she returned to her workstation, she quickly immersed herself in her work.

Half an hour later, Zeke called her and instructed her to do something. "Prepare two cups of coffee and take **them**

to Mr. Fleming's office."

In the early days of her marriage, Celeste had learned that **Trevor** enjoyed coffee. In hopes of winning **his favor**, she had spent a great deal of effort studying how to brew it perfectly. Her efforts had paid off. After tasting her coffee, Trevor began to specifically request it, both at home and at the office.

When she first realized he genuinely liked the coffee she made, Celeste had been thrilled. She naively believed it was the first step toward gaining his approval.

But she had underestimated his dislike and wariness of her. While he liked her coffee, that **was** all he liked. His attitude toward her remained cold and distant.

Even when he wanted her coffee, he would have Zeke reach out to her. Once the coffee was prepared, someone else would pick it up for him. He never gave her the opportunity to approach him herself.

Only on rare occasions when no **one** else was available did she get the chance to deliver it to his office personally. **This** time, it seemed she was to take the coffee directly to Trevor **herself** from Zeke's tone. After brewing the coffee, Celeste placed the cups on a tray and carried them to his office.

The door to his office was ajar,

As she approached **and** was about to knock on the door politely, she saw Wynn sitting on Trevor's lap. The two of them seemed to be locked in a passionate kiss.

Celeste stopped in her tracks, her **face** turning **pale**.

Upon seeing her, Wynn shot up from Trevor's lap, looking Dustered.

Trevor's expression darkened, and he questioned in an icy **tone**

, "Who allowed you to come in?"

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Celeste tightened her grip on the tray. "I came to bring you your coffee"

"That's enough, Ms. Rodriguez." Just then, another one of Trevor's personal secretaries, Jacob Collins, came in. He **was** aware of Celeste's relationship with Trevor,

"What's the point of doing this?" Jacob remarked coldly.

Though Jacob didn't say it outright, Celeste immediately understood the underlying implication of his **words**. He thought she had learned about Wynn's presence at the office and had deliberately used the coffee delivery as an excuse to disrupt them.

Judging by Trevor's expression, he seemed to think the same.

In the past, Celeste might have done such a thing. But now, she was preparing to divorce Trevor. There was no way she would stoop to such behavior.

Still, they didn't give her any chance **to** explain.

"Please leave immediately," Jacob ordered coldly.

Celeste's eyes reddened. Her hands, which were holding the tray, trembled slightly. Some coffee spilled from the cups, scalding her fingers. She winced but said nothing and turned to leave.

After Celeste took only a few steps, Trevor's voice rang out from the office. "If this happens again, you will be dismissed."

But she had already resigned. Even without this incident, she would be leaving as soon as her replacement was found. Still, she knew no one cared about her departure. Hence, there was no point in explaining anything.

Keeping mum, Celeste walked away with the tray.

As she left, she heard Wynn soothing **Trevor** with a gentle voice. "It's alright, Trevor. I don't think she **meant** to upset you. Don't be angry."

Celeste poured the coffee down the drain and rinsed her scalded fingers under the cold tap water. Then, she took out some ointment from her bag and carefully treated the burn.

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Although her cooking and coffee-making skills were now exceptional, she didn't really know how to do any of these things before marrying Trevor. She hadn't even tasted coffee before their marriage.

For the sake of Trevor and Jordyn, she had learned everything later on. The process had been grueling, and it took countless hours to achieve the perfection she now displayed. Only she knew the hardships she had endured.

As for the ointment in her bag—any mother who cared for her child personally would instinctively carry such items. Since Jordyn had gone to Andostan with Trevor, the ointment had rarely been used. Fortunately, it hadn't expired yet.

After treating her wound, Celeste suppressed the stabbing pain in her heart and returned to her desk to continue working.

Just as she finished organizing some files, she overheard two colleagues chatting.

"Did you hear? Mr. Fleming's girlfriend came to the office!"

"**Girlfriend?** Does Mr. Fleming have a girlfriend? Who is she? Is she pretty?"

"I have no idea about her family background, but reception said she's from a wealthy family. On top of that, she's super gorgeous and very elegant."

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Upon noticing Celeste getting up, the gossiping colleagues remembered they had to attend a meeting with her and stopped their idle **chatting**

“Let’s focus on work. We can chat later.”

Celeste knew the girlfriend they mentioned was Wyim, but her expression remained unchanged. She followed them into the elevator and **headed** to the meeting room,

Just as they exited the elevator, they saw Wynn **approaching** with four senior managers. They surrounded Wynn with ingratiating and deferential expressions.

Wynn smiled. “Thank you all for showing me around the company. I’m sorry for the trouble.”

Dressed in designer clothes, Wynn exuded the elegance of a wealthy heiress. Her tone was polite but carried a hint of aloofness, as though she already considered herself the wife of the company’s CEO.

The

managers laughed obsequiously. “It’s our duty, Ms. Locket, given your relationship with Mr. Fleming.” “Exactly! That is absolutely right.”

Spotting Celeste and her colleagues exiting the elevator, the managers frowned with displeasure even though they had already stepped aside to make way.

“Watch where you’re going! Be careful not to bump into Ms. Locket. Have you got no manners?”

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The two colleagues beside Celeste stole glances at Wynn and hurriedly stepped back, pressing themselves against the wall.

Wynn noticed Celeste too but quickly looked away. Her expression **was** indifferent, and she acted as if Celeste didn’t exist. She stepped into the elevator with the managers surrounding her.

As the elevator doors closed, Celeste’s two colleagues breathed **a** sigh of relief before resuming their excited gossip.

“That must’ve been Mr. Fleming’s girlfriend, right? Wow, she’s stunning! Look at all those designer labels—what she’s wearing must cost a fortune! As expected of someone from an affluent family. She’s so confident and poised. Compared to us ordinary people, she’s on a different level!”

“Exactly!”

They turned to Celeste and asked quietly, “What do you think, Celeste?”

Lowering her eyes, Celeste answered lightly, “Yeah, you’re right.”

Wynn was, in fact, the illegitimate daughter of Harvey Locket, Celeste’s birth father.

Well, the term “illegitimate” wasn’t entirely accurate after some changes took place.

When Celeste was eight, Harvey was unwilling to let Wynn and her mother suffer any longer. He had insisted on divorcing Celeste’s mother, Isabelle Rodriguez, to marry Wynn’s mother.

After the divorce, Celeste lived with the mentally unstable isabelle. They stayed with her grandmother, Betty Klein, and her uncle, Ivan Rodriguez-

Over the years, Ivan’s company declined while the Locket family’s business flourished.

It was said that to make up for Wynn’s childhood hardships Harvey spared no expense in ensuring she had the best of everything. Thus, he invested heavily in her upbringing.

And Wynn didn’t end up becoming a disappointment. In fact, she’d excelled.

The once-illegitimate Wynn became a legitimate heiress. She radiated an air of wealth and sophistication that surpassed even Celeste’s when she was the rightful heiress.

Celeste had thought that this would be her only encounter with Wynn, and they wouldn’t cross paths again. Yet, fate seemed to **favor** Wynn.

Celeste and Trevor had grown up together. But no matter how hard she tried, he never saw her. From the moment he met Wynn, he had fallen for her completely.

“Are you okay, Celeste?”

Her colleagues noticed her pale face and felt worried.

Snapping back to reality, Celeste replied, “I’m fine.”

She and Trevor would soon be divorced. Whom he loved was no longer her **concern**.

That day, Celeste didn’t dwell on Trevor or Wynn..

She worked overtime until it was nearly 9:00 pm. Just as she was finishing up **her** tasks, her phone rang. Her best friend, Lottie Cruz, called to say she was drunk and needed celeste to pick her up from a restaurant, t

Celeste wrapped up her work, grabbed her car keys, and left the office.

20 minutes later, she arrived at the **restaurant**.

As she **walked** toward the entrance, she **saw a** little girl emerge from the parking lot. The child's side profile made her stop in her tracks it was Jordyn!

Celeste thought, "Why is she back here? She should be attending school in Andostan. Could it be that she had returned to the country with Trevor?"

Although she didn't have access to confidential company documents, she knew Trevor's work in Andostan was still ongoing and would take time to conclude. She had assumed his return was a brief trip to handle some matters.

So, she hadn't expected Jordyn to have come back as well.

Judging from the fact that she had seen Trevor earlier that day, they must have returned at least a day ago, However, Jordyn hadn't called to tell her that they were back.

Clutching her bag tightly, Celeste watched Jordyn's cheerful, skipping figure and followed her quietly.

As they reached a corner in the lobby, Wynn appeared at the end of the hallway, accompanied by a few of Trevor's friends. Celeste quickly stepped aside to avoid being seen.

From her hiding spot, she heard Jordyn cry out Wynn's name happily and ran toward her. She threw herself into Wynn's arms excitedly.

Celeste sat down on a nearby couch, positioning herself behind a plant and the chair's backrest to remain out of sight.

"Oh my! I didn't know you were back in the country too," Wynn exclaimed.

"Of course! Dad and I missed you so much, Wynn. Dad finished his work early **just** to bring me back. We came back the day before your birthday, so we wouldn't miss it. This is the necklace Dad and I made for you. Happy birthday, **Wynn!**" Jordyn replied jubilantly,

"Wow, you and Trevor made this? It must have been so much work. You're amazing, Jo. I love it so much. Thank you!" Wynn responded appreciatively.

"What's important is that you like it." Jo snuggled against Wynn, her tone affectionate. "It's been a whole week since I saw you, Wynn. I missed you so much. If I hadn't called you every **day**, I wouldn't have lasted in Andostan... "I missed you too, Jo."

Just then, footsteps approached from the side.

Celeste froze because she knew it was Trevor. Even without seeing **him**, she could tell from the sound of his measured steps.

After close to seven years of being **married** to him, during which she had waited for him daily, she could recognize his footsteps anywhere. They were steady and unhurried, much like his demeanor.

Even **with** close family, Trevor maintained his calm and aloof composure as though nothing could ever rattle him. At least, that was what she had once believed—until Wynn came into the picture.

Snapping out of her thoughts, Celeste heard Jordyn call out, “Dad!”

Trevor’s friends greeted him as well.

He acknowledged them briefly before turning to Wynn and saying, “Happy birthday.”

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Wynn smiled and replied, “Thank you.”

“Dad, didn’t you prepare another birthday gift for Wynn? Give it to her already!” Jordyn urged.

The group fell **silent** before one of Trevor’s friends chuckled and pinched Jordyn’s cheek. “That’s your dad’s special gift for Wynn. He’ll probably give it to her later in **private**. Let’s not get involved.”

The others laughed knowingly.

Trevor said, “I already gave it to her.”

“Huh? When?” Jordyn asked, then she pouted. “You went to see Wynn without me again, didn’t you? Hmph!”

The group laughed again, while Celeste recalled Wynn’s visit to Fleming Group earlier that day. That must have been when he gave her the gift.

Wynn smiled bashfully and said, “Let’s stop standing around and head upstairs.”

As their footsteps faded, Celeste sat frozen, her mind blank. Her chest ached like it was pricked by a thousand needles. Still, she eventually composed herself and silently entered the elevator to pick up Lottie.

The private room Lottie was in happened to be on **the** same floor as the private room where Wynn and Trevor gathered with his friends.

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As Celeste helped Lottie **into** the elevator, one of Trevor's friends, Miles Quinton, stopped in his tracks.

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One of Miles' companions asked, "What's wrong?"

"I think I saw someone I know," Miles replied.

He and the others had grown up with Trevor and knew about Celeste's affection for him.

To be frank, Celeste **was** beautiful in her own right. But her reserved nature made her unremarkable. Hence, she was just not Trevor's type.

Because Trevor kept his distance from her, they too looked down on her. They hadn't seen Celeste many times, and even when they did, they rarely greeted her.

In truth, Miles couldn't quite remember what Celeste looked like. He wasn't even sure if he had indeed seen **her**. But even if it had been her, it didn't matter to **him**.

He said nothing more and returned to the private room.

Celeste didn't notice **Miles**,

After leaving the restaurant, she took Lottie home and stayed over to take care of her.

When Lottie woke up and saw Celeste, she hugged her gratefully. "Thanks for last night. I owe you dinner!" Celeste had already prepared breakfast. She patted Lottie's head and said, "Go wash up before the food gets cold." Lottie clung to her, burying her face in Celeste's waist. "Cel you're so soft and smell so nice. Hugging you feels amazing!"

Celeste was at a loss for words.

After freshening up, Lottie came to the table and saw the delicious breakfast Celeste had made. She felt incredibly lucky, thinking that whoever married Celeste would have hit the jackpot.

But upon remembering Celeste's marriage to Trevor, she worried about hurting her feelings and kept her thoughts to herself.

Lottie sat down and started eating her breakfast while scrolling through her phone.

Moments later, her expression changed. She looked up at Celeste. “Is Trevor back in the country?”

“Yes,” Celeste replied.

Lottie handed her the phone. It showed a post from Miles’ social media feed, featuring several photos from their gathering the night before.

The caption read: “Happy birthday to the beautiful Wynn!”

Though the post was about Wynn’s birthday celebration, four or five of the nine pictures featured her and Trevor together. In one particularly striking photo, they were cutting the cake together, both holding the same crystal

knife.

As for Jordyn, she was absent from all the photos. This was likely to prevent **Trevor’s** grandmother, Martha Daniels, from finding out about the gathering. After all, Martha, who was close to Betty, had never approved of Wynn because of what happened between Isabelle and Wyn’s **mother**.

If Martha discovered that Jordyn was close to Wynn, she would undoubtedly be furious.

Chapter !!

#35 BONUS

To an outsider viewing the photos, it would seem like Trevor and Wynn were a couple. It was clear that the birthday party had been meticulously arranged by Trevor for Wynn.

Recalling the cold treatment she had received on her own birthday just weeks earlier, Celeste averted her gaze.

Lottie looked at her worriedly. “Cel-

“It’s fine. What happens between them has nothing to do with me anymore,” Celeste said, handing the phone back to Lottie. “I’ve already asked Trevor for a divorce.”

“What?” Lottie was flabbergasted. “**You...** You initiated the **divorce**

?”

“Yes.”

Lottie had never despised Trevor. On the contrary, she used to admire him and even harbored a small crush on **him**. It wasn't surprising, as Trevor was extraordinarily accomplished.

Celeste had graduated from Trellis College when she'd just turned 18 after skipping three grades. She had quickly founded a tech company and earned several patents. These were achievements that seemed almost superhuman to Lottie.

But Trevor had reportedly graduated from college at 13. He then pursued further studies abroad, during which he founded several companies, all of which became publicly listed. All of these were achieved before he even turned

20.20.

His companies spanned industries like technology, medicine, entertainment, and tourism. Later, while founding more companies, he took over Fleming Group and elevated it to even greater heights with apparent ease.

In their social circles, Trevor was universally respected. Moreover, he had exceptional looks. So, it wasn't surprising that Celeste—a genius herself—had fallen for him. However, Trevor was merciless to those he didn't give a damn about.

After Lottie reflected on how he had misunderstood and disregarded Celeste's love for him over the years, she had completely lost any admiration for him.

She had always known how deeply Celeste loved Trevor and had often advised her to leave him. Yet, Celeste always shook her head without saying a word.

Therefore, Lottie couldn't quite believe that Celeste would take the initiative to divorce Trevor.

Pushing her **breakfast** aside, Lottie looked at Celeste with concern. "What happened?"

For Celeste **to** want a divorce after loving Trevor so steadfastly for so many years, something significant must have occurred.

After a moment of thought, Celeste replied, "It **wasn't** anything major. I think I'm just exhausted after accumulating way too many disappointments over the years. I decided it was time to let go."

Lottie **knew** Celeste well enough to understand that once she made a decision, she wouldn't waver—even if she hadn't fully moved on **from** Trevor yet.

She hugged Celeste **and** comforted her. "It's okay. Leaving him might be the best thing for you." "**Yeah**"

After breakfast, Celeste left Lottie's place and went to work

Before moving out, she and Trevor worked at the same place but never stepped out of the villa at the same time. He had always kept his **distance**, and there were months when they didn't even cross paths at the office.

Now that she had moved out, she coincidentally ran into him two days in a row.

That day, Trevor was as poised and handsome as ever. As **usual**, his expression grew colder when he saw her. Just like the previous day, he glanced at her briefly before looking away.

Lowering her gaze, Celeste greeted him softly, "Mr. Fleming."

After he had walked away, only then did she enter the building. She didn't know if Wynn would come to the company that day, nor did she care. Instead, she **immersed** herself in her work.

At noon, Betty called "Cel, someone sent over a lamb from Kelora. The weather is getting colder, so come home tonight for dinner. I'll **have** someone prepare a whole lamb feast for you."

Hearing Betty's kind voice warmed Celeste's heart. "Okay, I'll head over after work."

She didn't encounter Trevor again for the rest of the day.

When she was about to leave at the end of her working hours, Jacob handed her a file and said it needed to be handled right away. Celeste glanced at the contents and knew that the document wasn't exactly that urgent. In the past, she would have smiled and accepted the task. She would then promise to complete it quickly, not wanting to make exceptions for herself. But today, she no longer felt the need to strive for perfection—especially not for matters involving Trevor.

Besides, she was tired. She wanted to go home and spend the evening with Betty and not **work** overtime.

In the past, she had tried hard to maintain good relationships with Trevor's private secretaries. But now, it didn't matter anymore. Especially after Jacob's baseless accusation the day before, she wasn't inclined to be magnanimous and act as if nothing had happened.

Staring back at Jacob, Celeste said coolly, "I'm not doing this now. I'm done with work for the day."

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Jacob's expression darkened as he accused Celeste of taking advantage of her position. "This isn't the right work. attitude to have, Ms. Rodriguez. Do you think this is your time?"

Celeste picked up her bag, unfazed. She retorted, "If you're dissatisfied, you're welcome to dismiss me right now."

"You

"Jacob began. Although he had accompanied Trevor to Andestan, he was aware that Celeste had already submitted her resignation.

Even though he had Trevor's trust, the company didn't revolve around him. He didn't have the authority to fire her on the spot.

Moreover, Martha **favored** Celeste. If she went to Fleming Manor to complain about him, Jacob knew he wouldn't come out unscathed even if he had Trevor's support.

Not bothered to get a response from Jacob, Celeste walked past him and left.

Jacob's face turned purple with anger as he stormed out of the secretarial office.

Zeke noticed his sour expression and asked, "What happened?"

Instantly, Jacob recounted their whole exchange.

Zeke was surprised. He had worked closely with Celeste and had a good understanding of her character. "This doesn't sound like something Celeste would do. Could there have been a misunderstanding?"

"There's no misunderstanding. **That's** exactly how it went down. In my opinion, Celeste is just abusing her position. She's nowhere near as good as you usually claim she is," Jacob ranted.

Zeke hesitated. "Maybe she's slacking off because she's already resigned?"

But Celeste had been as diligent as ever recently, and she didn't show any signs of a change in behavior.

Just then, Trevor approached from a distance. "What's going on?"

"Ms. Rodriguez left work without finishing her tasks," Jacob reported.

you're dissatisfied, terminate her employment according to company protocols," Trevor said coldly, showing no interest in the matter.

Zeke and Jacob exchanged glances and were taken aback. It wasn't that they found Trevor's indifference surprising, since he had always been detached about matters concerning Celeste.

What caught their attention was his apparent lack of awareness that Celeste had already resigned. Wasn't he the one who wanted her to resign? Had they misunderstood something

Before they could say anything further, Trevor's phone rang as a call from Wynn **came** in.

Without looking back, he walked toward the elevator while answering the call. "I'm off work now. I'll be there

Zeke **and** Jacob watched him **leave**, feeling, puzzled.

"Maybe he forgot?" Zeke suggested.

"That's possible," Jacob agreed

After all, Trevor had **never** shown much concern for Celeste's affairs,

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Meanwhile, Celeste was on her way to Betty's place.

Jordyn had always been close to Betty. Whenever she was home, **Celeste would** bring her along when she went back to the Rodriguez residence.

But despite being back in the country for several days, Jordyn hadn't called her even once. Instead, she constantly called Wynn and missed her dearly after only a few **days** apart. a

Because of this, Celeste saw no need to **make Jordyn** go back with her. Besides, Betty would be deeply upset if she found out that Jordyn had gotten so attached to Wynn.

Therefore,

Celeste went back alone this time.

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The traffic was heavy, and by the time she arrived, it was already past 6:00 pm.

Betty's face lit up when she saw Celeste. However, her expression turned **somber** as she reached out to touch Celeste's face. "You've lost weight, my dear."

Celeste looked down as she replied, “I’ve been busy with work lately.”

Betty sighed and advised, “No matter how busy you are, you need to eat well.”

“I know, Granny. I’ll be more mindful,” Celeste replied.

Celeste sat beside Betty, resting her head on her shoulder and soaking in her warmth.

When the lamb stew was almost ready, Betty instructed the staff to serve Celeste a bowl of stew to warm her up. Listening to Betty’s kind words, Celeste felt tears well up as she thought about everything that had happened recently.

Afraid of worrying her, she quickly composed herself and asked, “Are Aunt Adeline and the others still away on a trip?” =

“They are. They got carried away and said they’d extend it by another week,” Betty replied.

“What about Uncle Ivan? Is he out for a business gathering again tonight?”

“When he heard you were coming, he canceled his plans and said he’d come back to join us for dinner. He should be here soon.”

Just as they finished speaking, Ivan walked in, smiling warmly. “Cel, you’re here!” Then, he remarked with a **frown**, “You’ve lost weight. Haven’t you been eating well?” Celeste laughed softly. “I’ve just been busy lately. I’ll eat more tonight, I promise.”

Satisfied, **Ivan** began piling meat onto her plate once dinner was served. Thought he commented on her weight loss, Celeste could see that he too looked worn out.

Even though she didn’t work at Rodriguez Corporation, she knew it was struggling, Ivan had been overwhelmed with work, yet he was unable to pull the business back from the brink

Over the years, several projects could have been salvaged with Trevor’s help. **Save** for Martha’s intervention on two occasions, he hadn’t lifted a finger.

Celeste thought bitterly that if it hadn’t been for Martha, Trevor might **have** actively sabotaged Rodriguez Corporation, given his misconceptions about her.

As this thought crossed her mind, the lamb stew in her mouth suddenly tasted bland.

Ivan had never pressured her to seek help from Trevor, even when the family desperately needed it.

After dinner, while Betty **was** dozing off, Celeste handed Ivan a bank card with seven **million** dollars in the account. “Cel, there’s no need-”

“It’s not much use to me.” She pressed the card into his hand firmly. “**This** is all I can do for now.”

Though she excelled in academics and research, she knew she wasn’t cut out for business.

Thankfully, her early work in AI had earned her patents, and the tech company she co-founded with Matthias provided annual dividends. Even without lifting a finger, she received tens of millions of dollars each year. Ivan looked ashamed “You’ve already given me so much, yet the company...”

It was barely getting by.

“I’m the one who’s incapable here,” Ivan lamented.

“Transitioning a business takes significant time and funds. Don’t be too hard on yourself,” Celeste comforted. She thought of Matthias’ words from their recent meeting. He had said that the AI field was advancing rapidly. With her past capabilities and his operational skills, their company might already have been worth hundreds of billions and even be at the forefront of the industry had she not left to get married. Luckily, there was still **room** for growth. So, he hoped Celeste would return soon.

If she could regain her former abilities and help the company thrive, she **would** be in a better position to support her family.

By the time Trevor returned home, it **was** past 10:00 pm.

Jordyn rubbed her eyes sleepily. “You’re finally home, Dad.

“Yeah,” he replied. “Go to bed if you’re sleepy.”

“Okay. Goodnight, Dad.”

“Goodnight.”

After Jordyn went upstairs, Trevor drank the **water** Peter handed him and then headed upstairs himself.

The master bedroom was dark, and it seemed to be empty.

Trevor paused for a bit and turned on the light. As expected, no one was there.

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Trevor didn't think much of it. He assumed that Celeste had gone back to the Rodriguez residence.

As he entered the bathroom, he suddenly remembered that Celeste typically brought Jordyn with her whenever she visited Betty. But this time, she hadn't done **so**.

Could she **have** gone somewhere else?

Perhaps something urgent had happened at the Rodriguez residence. Flashes of Jacob's remarks from earlier that day crossed his mind, confirming his suspicions,

Trevor paused for a moment but ultimately decided not to concern himself with it.

The next morning, Trevor said to Jordyn over breakfast, "Your enrollment process is complete. You'll start school tomorrow morning."

"Got it." Jordyn scrunched her nose. "Can you take me to school tomorrow, Dad?"

"I might not have time."

"Alright then." Her eyes lit up. "I'll call Wynn later and ask her to take me to school."

Before Trevor could respond, his phone rang. It was a call from Fleming Manor.

When he answered, he heard Martha's voice come from the other end. "I heard you're back in the country?" "Yeah."

"Did Jordyn come back with you?"

"Yes."

"I haven't seen her in so long. I miss her. Bring her and Celeste over for dinner tonight."

"Sure."

Martha then added, "Where's Celeste? Let me speak with her."

"She's not here."

"At this time of day? Where could she be?"

"Probably at the Rodriguez residence."

"Probably? You're her husband, and you don't even know where she is?"

Trevor remained silent.

“You” Martha sighed deeply before falling quiet.

It was only then that Trevor softened his tone slightly, though he changed the subject.

“Have you eaten?”

“Your nonsense fills me up just **fine!**”

Trevor chuckled lightly and continued eating his **breakfast**,

Martha knew that Trevor had always been resolute in his decisions. The current state of his marriage to Celeste was already a significant concession on his part. Given Trevor’s **nature**, she couldn’t push him too hard, even for his own good.

+23 BONUS

With a sigh, she said, “Fine I have nothing more to say to you, you stubborn mule.”

“Okay. See you tonight.”

“You Ugh!” Martha hung up in exasperation.

Jordyn, who hadn’t been paying much attention **earlier**, caught the tail end of the conversation and asked curiously, “Dad, who was that?”

“Your great-grandmother,”

Recalling Martha’s request, Trevor added, “She wants to have dinner with us tonight.”

Jordyn perked up. “Great! I haven’t seen Nana in so long. I miss her!”

Trevor glanced at his phone and said nothing more.

Meanwhile, Celeste was having breakfast at the Rodriguez residence when she noticed the incoming call from

Trevor

She paused for a moment. Unlike before, she no longer felt any joy or anticipation at seeing his name on her

screen

After hesitating briefly, she answered the call. “Hello?”

“Grandma wants us to go to Fleming Manor for dinner tonight,” Trevor said.

Alright, sure,” Celeste agreed.

Trevor then added, “You can pick up Jordyn and bring her along.”

Celeste didn’t want to return to his home. Besides, even if she went to pick up Jordyn, she wouldn’t be thrilled to **see** Celeste either.

Why put herself in such a thankless position?

So, she replied, “Have the driver take her. I’ll drive myself over after work.”

Since they would both be traveling during the rush hour, this was indeed the most convenient arrangement.

However, Celeste had always enjoyed personally taking care of Jordyn and never found it burdensome. Upon hearing her response, Trevor was slightly taken aback

Still, he didn’t dwell on it. After all, it was a minor matter.

“Got it,” he said and hung up.

This time, Jordyn knew who had been on the other end of the call. “Was that Mom?”

“Yeah”

So, Mom is coming with us to Nana’s tonight?”

“Yes”

Jordyn frowned instinctively, though she said nothing. It wasn’t that she didn’t want to see Celeste or didn’t miss her. In fact, she hadn’t seen Celeste in a long time, and for the first time, Celeste hadn’t contacted her in over two

weeks.

Thinking about Celeste made her feel a pang of longing. However, Celeste’s return also meant less time **with** Wynn.

-25 BONUS

When Jordyn found out Celeste was away on a business trip after returning to the country, she had been delighted. She thought she could use those days to spend more time with Wynn.

Now that Celeste was back, she wouldn’t let her see Wynn often. Her mood soured as she thought about it.

She had already asked Wynn to take her to school the **next** morning, and Wynn had agreed. What would she do now?

Feeling deflated, she mumbled, “Dad.”

“What is it?” Trevor asked.

While she could let Celeste take her to school tomorrow, she was determined to attend Wynn’s racing competition tomorrow night.

She clung to Trevor and said pleadingly, “Dad, you promised to take me to Wynn’s race tomorrow night. But if Mom finds out, she won’t let me go. Can you not tell her? If she asks, just make something up, okay?”

“Okay,” Trevor replied.

Reassured by his promise, Jordyn brightened slightly.

After breakfast, Trevor left for work.

When Celeste arrived at Fleming Group that morning, she didn’t encounter Trevor.

At noon, Betty called and invited her to have lunch at a restaurant named “Luxe Heaven“. Since the restaurant was only a short walk from Fleming Group, Celeste agreed and headed over.

As she approached the corner near the entrance, she overheard a conversation.

“Trevor, if it weren’t for your help, I probably wouldn’t have secured this contract no matter how much effort I put in. I really appreciate it.”

The familiar voice made Celeste stop in her tracks.

Peeking around the corner, she saw her father, Harvey.

Just then, **there** came Trevor’s calm voice. “Don’t mention i, Mr. Locket.”

Celeste’s hands clenched into fists. She could tell that Trevor’s tone was noticeably gentler than usual. He reserved such a tone for those he valued. But she didn’t think for one second that his regard for Harvey had anything to do with her.

There was **no** way Trevor was assisting Harvey for her benefit. After all, ever since Harvey had divorced Isabelle, their relationship had been nearly nonexistent. Harvey only publicly acknowledged Wynn as his daughter now.

There was no father–daugliter bond left between them to speak of.

Sure enough, Harvey continued, “Wynn is here by herself. Her mother and I worry about her. Please take good care of her.”