

After dinner, Jordyn said she wanted to go home first and make some preparations, asking Trevor and Celeste to return ten minutes later.

It seemed she really did have a lot of things to show Celeste.

Both Trevor and Celeste agreed, seeing how excited and happy she was.

After Jordyn left with the driver, only Celeste and Trevor remained in the private dining room.

Silence then filled the room.

They exchanged a glance before Celeste took out her phone and lowered her head to occupy herself.

However, Trevor didn't look at his phone. He simply sat there watching her, though it was impossible to tell exactly what he was looking at.

Celeste noticed, but since he wasn't saying anything, neither did she.

She was browsing an AI research forum, reading summaries and discussions about several newly published papers that had been generating attention in the field recently.

She had only intended to kill some time. Instead, she became completely absorbed.

By the time she realized, it had been more than 20 minutes. She froze and abruptly looked up.

Trevor had apparently noticed long ago that the ten minutes were already up. Seeing her reaction, he seemed to know that she had finally realized it.

A hint of amusement appeared on his face. "Finished reading?"

Celeste hummed a response. She didn't ask why he hadn't reminded her.

Then she put her phone away and picked up her bag.

Trevor stepped forward and opened the door for her.

Her footsteps paused slightly. "Thank you."

"You're welcome."

After leaving the private dining room, they entered the elevator together. Even then, neither of them spoke.

When they reached the car, Trevor opened the car door for her. After she got in, he walked around to the other side before getting in the car himself.

Soon afterward, the car left the restaurant parking lot.

Another car was quietly following behind after they departed.

Quentin made a phone call once he merged into traffic and confirmed that he hadn't lost sight of Trevor's car.

The call rang for quite a while before it was answered.

He had made the call to Wynn. "Sorry, Quentin. I was busy earlier and missed your call. Do you need something?"

Quentin said while watching the car

ahead, "You and Mr. Fleming have

treated me to dinner before. So, I

wanted to return the favor as I heard

about a pretty good restaurant

Tately I was wondering if both

of you

have time tonight."

Before Wynn could answer, he added, "By the way, has Mr. Fleming returned to

Baumond after the awards ceremony?"

"He has. But he's spending the

Mnet

emily with his family today. I

about to have

well, so we wont be g

"I'll let Trevor know about the invitation. We can arrange something when he's free."

After hearing her answer, Quentin's gaze remained fixed on the car in front of him, his eyes turning cold.

"He's spending time with his family? Was that the excuse Trevor had given her?" Quentin thought.

After being away on a business trip, he was with Celeste upon returning instead of going to see Wynn.

Quentin tightened his grip on the steering wheel. He didn't say much to Wynn and quickly ended the call.

He watched Trevor's car enter a residential compound about half an hour later.

He didn't follow any further as he knew that such a neighborhood wasn't somewhere just anyone could enter.

But...

...

Meanwhile, Celeste and Trevor had spent almost the entire drive in silence.

Along the way, Jordyn had apparently grown impatient and called several times to hurry them.

She rushed downstairs to welcome them the moment she learned they had arrived. Then, she grabbed Celeste's hand and eagerly pulled her toward the elevator.

Hannah had not seen Celeste for quite some time. So, she was delighted to see her sudden return.

"Mrs. Fleming, you're back."

Then she smiled and asked, "Have you eaten yet? Would you like me to have the

kitchen prepare something for you?"