

The Breaking Point of Love

The kite flew successfully up into the sky, and Celeste and Shanice smiled brightly.

While watching Celeste's smile, Beck's gaze darkened slightly.

Noticing his gaze, Celeste asked, puzzled, "What's wrong?"

"Nothing," he replied simply.

Celeste didn't press further and led Shanice a little farther away. Beck stayed nearby, keeping his promise not to intrude.

When they got tired of flying the kite, Celeste and Shanice either moved to the lakeside to fish or crouched by a vendor's small pond, studying the little fish swimming inside before trying to catch **them** with **small** nets.

Soon, it was midday.

Beck hadn't prepared any food since he only intended to take Shanice out for a stroll. As lunchtime approached, he saw Shanice getting hungry, so he suggested eating at a small nearby restaurant.

Having spent a relaxing couple of hours, Celeste felt much better than earlier and didn't refuse his suggestion.

During the meal, Celeste mostly chatted with Shanice.

Seeing how well they got along, Beck didn't try to join their conversation, content **with** silently moving their favorite dishes closer to them.

Celeste, engrossed in her conversation with Shanice, didn't notice his subtle gestures.

A while later, Beck's phone rang

Glancing at the caller ID, he said to Celeste, "I'll take this call."

"Alright," Celeste replied

replied.

The call was from Miles.

Walking a bit farther away, Beck answered, "What's up?"

“Where are you? Have you eaten? A friend of mine just sent over some fresh seafood. Why don’t you come over and have some? Trevor and the others will be there **too**.”

Beck glanced at Celeste and **Shanice** nearby, then replied calmly, “I’ve already eaten. Maybe next time.

“How about tonight? There’s a yacht party. Trevor and the others have confirmed they’ll come. Why don’t you bring your little **niece** along? We haven’t had the chance to meet her yet. This could be a good opportunity to introduce her to everyone.”

Beck declined again, “She’s **shy** and doesn’t do well with crowds. She might feel uncomfortable on the yacht.” “No worries. Jo will be there too. They’re about the same age, so they should get along. See you at seven.” Before Beck could **refuse**, Miles hung up.

After lunch, Celeste and Shanice spent more time together, chasing butterflies and riding bicycles.

When they were both thoroughly tired, they stopped to rest. Shanice eventually fell asleep.

Celeste, also feeling the day’s exertion, decided to head home. She quietly drove off.

Beck watched her car disappear into the distance before leaving as well.

Later, when **Shanice** woke up and didn’t see Celeste, she frowned slightly. “Where’s Ms. Rodriguez?”

“She went home,” Beck replied.

“Oh...” Shanice’s disappointment was evident.

At seven that evening, Beck boarded the yacht as scheduled.

Trevor and the others had already arrived. When he saw Beck, Miles waved him over.

Upon seeing Shanice, Miles smiled and said, “This must be Shanice, the little beauty. Hello there, I’m Miles Quinton, a friend of your uncle.”

The yacht was crowded, and Shanice was shy and reserved in such a setting.

After **Miles** introduced himself, Wynn arrived with Jordyn in tow.

Beck hesitated briefly upon seeing them.

When she heard that Shanice was shy, Jordyn introduced herself and extended a hand, saying warmly, “There are lots of kids playing over there. **Want** to come with me?”

Shanice looked at Beck. Only after **he** nodded encouragingly did she muster the courage to follow Jordyn.

Miles grinned as the children walked away and teased, “How does it feel being a babysitter for the first time?” “It’s fine.”

Although Shanice was shy, she was well-behaved, so taking care of her wasn’t too tricky.

Trevor handed him a glass of wine. “Care for a drink?”

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Beck looked at Trevor, paused briefly, and then **accepted** the offered glass. “Thanks.”

The two clinked their glasses and started chatting while sipping their drinks.

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After a while, Trevor gave Beck a second glance.

Beck raised his eyebrows. “What is it?”

Miles interjected, “You’re acting a little off today.”

Trevor chuckled softly, silently agreeing with Miles’ observation.

Beck remained calm, and his tone sounded flat as he retorted, “Am I?”

Miles raised an eyebrow. “Aren’t you?”

Beck took a small sip of his drink without responding.

Just then, someone approached to greet them, cutting the conversation short.

After the person left, Beck checked the time. Worried that Shanice might be hungry, he was about to head over to her when she and Jordyn returned on their own.

“Uncle Beck, can I have one of those little cakes over there? Shanice asked, pointing at the dessert table.

Shanice tended to develop allergies, so there were **many** foods she couldn't **eat**. Beck said, "Sit here, and I'll get it for you."

"Okay," Shanice replied obediently.

Jordyn, on the other hand, was used to being more independent. With her robust **health**, she could eat whatever she wanted. She grabbed a plate of food for herself and even asked Trevor, "Dad, do you want some?"

Trevor patted her head affectionately. "No, thanks,"

The two kids sat nearby, eating, Wynn, who had found something she liked, shared it with Jordyn.

Jordyn took it happily. "Thank you, Wynn."

Shanice looked up at Wynn with curiosity and then turned to Jordyn, asking, "Jo, isn't this lady your mother?"

The question brought an abrupt silence to the room.

Jordyn froze for a moment before shaking her head. "No."

Shanice asked cautiously, "So, you don't have a mother either?"

Jordyn shook her head again. "No, I do have a mother."

Later, the yacht staff handed out souvenirs, and Shanice was immediately drawn to a crystal keychain. There were only two available, so she picked out both.

Jordyn also liked the keychains. Seeing that Shanice had taken both, she couldn't help but ask, "Shanice, could you give me one? I want to give it to Wynu."

Shanice hesitated, clearly reluctant. "I want to **give** one to my friend **too**."

Thinking of Celeste, Shanice couldn't help but **share**, "Today, Uncle Beck and my friend went kite flying with me. We also fished, rode bikes, and chased butterflies. She's so beautiful—I know she'll love this crystal keychain."

At first, the adults hadn't paid much attention to the children's conversation, but when they heard this, Wynn, Miles, and Trevor all turned to look at Beck.

Miles was the first to speak, his tone teasing, "Beck, what's going on? Or should I say, is something already going on?" Not waiting for an **answer**, he pressed on, "When did this start? How come you didn't tell **us** anything? Right, Trevor?"

Trevor smiled but remained silent, clearly waiting to hear Beck's explanation.

Beck's expression remained neutral. "It was just a chance meeting."

"Really?" Miles didn't believe him. He suddenly remembered something and added, "So you had lunch together, too? That explains why you seemed so relaxed handling a kid on your **own**. Turns out you had help!"

Beck didn't say anything, staying silent.

Trevor looked at him, then made a decisive remark. "You're interested in her."

Beck froze, his lips parting as if to speak, but he didn't deny it in the end.

Wynn blinked, her smile **fading** slightly.

"No way, it's true?" **Miles** exclaimed, shocked. He had only been teasing, never expecting it to be real. He quickly asked, "Who is she? Do we know her? Why haven't you brought her to meet us yet?"

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Beck remained silent, which made Miles assume he didn't want to say anything because it wasn't serious yet. Knowing he wouldn't get **an** answer from Beck, Miles chuckled and crouched down to **ask** Shanice, "Shanice, how many times have you seen the lady who had lunch with you today? Do you know her name?"

Beck's **grip** on his glass tightened instantly, "Miles!"

Shanice didn't understand the adults' intentions. She wasn't very familiar with Miles, but since he was asking about Celeste, she thought about it seriously and answered without hesitation, "Three times!"

Miles continued, "And what's her name?"

When Beck and Celeste met earlier that day, he didn't even address her as "Ms. Rodriguez." So Shanice, unable to recall her name, turned to Beck for help.

"Uncle Beck, what's her name?"

Beck lowered his gaze. "Next time you see her, you can ask her yourself."

Shanice beamed. "Okay!"

Miles muttered under his breath, "So stingy."

Beck ignored him

Meanwhile, noticing how much Jordyn liked the crystal keychains, Shanice, though a little reluctant, still decided to give her one.

Jordyn accepted it with delight. “Thank you, Shanice!”

Wynin also expressed her gratitude.

Shanice smiled. “You’re welcome.”

Upon seeing how happy Jordyn was, she suddenly asked, “Je, aren’t you going to pick one for your mother too?” Jordyn hesitated for a moment, her voice dropping. “I’ll do that later.”

“Oh.”

After dinner, Celeste read for a while before heading to the bathroom to shower.

Just as he stepped out, her phone rang—it was Ivan.

“Cel, I just saw Ruby in the neighborhood.”

Hubry, as in **Wynn’s** maternal uncle’s wife?

Celeste froze for a moment, still processing the information, when Ivan continued, “At first, I didn’t think much of it, but then, after I got **home**, I noticed she went into the villa across from ours—the one that’s being renovated!

Celeste’s expression instantly shifted as she sat up on the bed.

Ivan was usually a calm person, but right now, his voice was laced with anger. “They are doing this on purpose!” Everyone in Baumond’s business circle knew that Trevor had helped the Locket family establish tha

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Even though Rodriguez **Corporation** was struggling, Ivan was still part of that circle—of course, he knew about it. He had simply chosen not to mention it to Celeste, not wanting to upset **her**,

It was understandable if the Locket family planned to settle in Baumond permanently and needed to buy property.

But knowing full well **that** the Rodriguez family lived here, they had deliberately chosen a house right across from them. Who would believe that **was** a coincidence?

Celeste understood what Ivan meant.

Gripping her phone tightly, she said, "I'll call Trevor."

"Alright."

If it had been about anything else, Ivan wouldn't have asked Celeste to reach out to Trevor. But this **was** different.

If Ruby and the others really moved in, they would likely try to assert their presence every single day. And **with** Betty's health already fragile, any added stress could be harmful.

After ending the call with Ivan, Celeste immediately dialed Trevor's number. The phone rang for a while before someone finally picked up.

"Hello?"

It was Wynn's voice.

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Celeste wasn't surprised to hear Wynn **answer** the call. After all, Trevor and Wynn were already so close- practically inseparable.

So what if she answered his phone?

Celeste remained calm. "I need to speak to Trevor."

Wynn, already knowing it was Celeste on the other end, replied coldly, "He's in the shower. If you have something to say, you can tell me."

Tell her? Well, this matter did concern Wynn.

Ivan saw Wynn's maternal uncle and Oliver Shaw's wife, Ruby, in the neighborhood today. However, Harvey had likely purchased the villa across from them.

If Harvey had bought that house, it was probably meant as a gift to Wynn's grandmother and his current mother- in-law, Dorothy Adams.

So, if Celeste told Wynn about this, would she stop Dorothy and the others from moving in?

No, she wouldn't.

Besides, Celeste didn't believe that Wynn had no idea Oliver's family was planning to move into the house right across from the Rodriguez residence. Which meant telling her would not only be pointless but could also backfire. Celeste said nothing and directly hung up.

More than an hour passed, yet Trevor never called back.

She didn't know if it was because Wynn hadn't told him about her call, or if he simply had no intention of calling

her back

Either way, it made no difference to her.

Remaining composed, she dialed Trevor's number again. But this time, his phone **was** turned off.

Celeste's grip on her phone tightened slightly. After a brief pause to collect herself, she called Peter, Trevor's butler.

"Are they home right now?"

Peter replied, "No, they're not. Why?"

"Nothing," Celeste said before ending the call,

That night, she didn't sleep well.

After nine o'clock the next morning, Celeste tried calling Trevor again.

This time, the call went through, only to be immediately hung up.

She didn't know whether it was Wynn or **Trevor** himself who had ended the call. But she also didn't care to find

Grabbing her phone and bag, she left the house.

Before long, she arrived at Trevor's villa

Peter greeted her warmly, "Mrs. Fleming, you're back?"

Celeste nodded. "Yes,"

"Will you be **having** lunch at home? I'll have someone prepare it for you."

"Yes, thank you."

She went upstairs, but as she reached the second **floor**, she paused briefly before entering the master bedroom. Placing her bag down, she **sat** by the bed.

The room remained unchanged. Everything was as it had been before she left.

The skincare products she had used when staying over to care for Jordyn had been returned to their place.

Even the clothes she had previously taken away had been placed back in the walk-in closet—hanging neatly beside Trevor’s..

It was as if she had never left.

Shed

She didn’t call Trevor again. And he never returned her calls either.

She ate dinner alone.

She had considered asking Martha for help, but doing **so** would only complicate things further.

Besides, even though Trevor respected Martha, whether he listened to her **was** entirely up to him.

After dinner, Celeste opened her laptop and immersed herself in work.

The night approached.

Just as she thought Trevor and Jordyn wouldn’t be coming home that night, the sound of a car engine finally echoed outside.

Jordyn was the first to **notice**. Upon seeing Celeste’s car parked outside, she turned to Trevor and said excitedly, Oh! That’s Mom’s car! Dad, Mom’s home!”

“Okay.”

Trevor glanced at Celeste’s car before stepping inside with Jordyn

Jordyn immediately turned to Peter, who had come to welcome them.

“Where’s Mom?”

“Mrs. Fleming is **upstairs**.”

Today’s Bonus Oller

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“Okay!” Jordyn happily ran upstairs, her footsteps light and quick.

Celeste had just finished shutting down her laptop and tidying up when she stepped out of the master bedroom. Before she could react, Jordyn threw herself into her arms, hugging her tightly. “Mom!”

Celeste only patted the top of her head without hugging her back.

Jordyn didn’t notice, too excited as she chattered away. Just then, **the** sound of approaching footsteps made Celeste look up, and her gaze locked onto Trevor’s.

His face was expressionless, while hers remained calm.

Looking down at Jordyn, Celeste said, “Go have Hannah help you with your bath. Mom needs to talk to Dad.” Trevor stopped walking upon hearing this.

Jordyn had spent two fun-filled days outside and was in a great mood. Though she was reluctant, she didn’t argue and obediently went to her room to have Hannah help her wash up.

Celeste turned to Trevor, who was casually leaning against the **wall**, occupied with his phone. “Can we talk in the

room?”

“Okay.”

Celeste walked in first. **As** Trevor entered behind her, she said, “Close the door.”

She didn’t want their conversation to disturb Jordyn, especially if it turned into an argument.

Thinking about it, they had never fought, even after being married for years.

Trevor had never cared enough to argue with her.

As for her, every moment she spent with him was precious, and she couldn’t bear to waste it on fights.

Trevor shut the door behind him and turned to her. “What do you want to talk about?”

Celeste got straight to the point. “Wynn’s uncle, Oliver, bought the villa across from my uncle, **Ivan’s**. It’s been under renovation for a while now, and I expect they’ll be moving **in** soon.”

Wynn’s mother, Lilian **Shaw**, bore the Shaw family name.

However, the entanglement between the Rodriguez, Locker and Shaw families didn’t start with Lilian **and** Isabelle.

It dated back to their grandmothers’ generation.

Back then, Wynn’s grandmother, Dorothy, and Celeste’s grandmother, Betty, had been close friends.

However, Dorothy had married poorly and lived in hardship. Betty had **often** supported her financially. Later, Lilian and Labelle had become best friends **as** well

The Locket and Rodriguez families were of **equal** status.

Harvey and Isabelle had fallen in love freely, and in the beging, their relationship was strong. But everything changed when Lillian returned after graduating from university.

To elevate Lilian’s status, Dorothy had ruthlessly **severed** ties with Betty.

Over the years, whenever the Shaw family encountered Ivan or Betty, their attitude was condescending, a far cry from the desperate humility they had **once** shown when seeking shelter.

Celeste didn’t need to go into detail she knew Trevor was aware of all of this.

So surely, by saying this much, he **would**...

Trevor did, indeed, understand. He also grasped what Celeste was **asking** for.

He took out a cigarette, pausing before lighting it. “Do you mind?”

Celeste shook her head.

As he lit the cigarette and took a drag, he asked, “You **want** me to make them move?”

“Yes,”

Trevor exhaled a **slow** breath of smoke and **didn’t** respond immediately.

This matter was deeply important to Celeste. She could ignore other things, but not this.

Her hands clenched into fists, and her eyes slightly reddened as she looked at him. “I’m begging you. As long as you agree, I’ll do whatever you”

Before she could finish, he cut her off, “Okay.”

Celeste froze. She hadn’t expected him to agree so easily.

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Tears welled up in Celeste’s eyes, and her mind momentarily went blank. But she quickly snapped **back** to reality and hurriedly **said**, “Thank you. Then **what-**

Before she could finish asking **what** the conditions **were**, Trevor moved his cigarette away and reached out **to wipe** away a tear that had slipped down her cheek. “Get some rest”

Celeste froze, watching his retreating figure, momentarily forgetting how to react. When she gathered her thoughts, she was unsure **what** to do next.

When Trevor told her to rest early, did that mean he expected her to stay the night?

Though she had moved out, they hadn’t officially divorced, Staying over for one night wouldn’t be a big deal.

As for sleeping in the master bedroom... **she’d** better not.

Calming herself, she picked up her belongings, along with a change of clothes and some toiletries, and went to Jordyn’s room instead.

That night, she stayed in Jordyn’s room.

The next morning, Celeste woke up before seven.

Shortly after, Jordyn also woke up. She clung to Celeste’s neck, acting spoiled. “Mom, can you take me to school today?”

Celeste agreed to her **request**.

After freshening up, they went downstairs for breakfast.

A little while later, Trevor entered the dining room and sat across from them.

Jordyn greeted him cheerfully, “Good morning, Dad!”

“Morning,” Trevor responded, glancing briefly at Celeste but saying nothing. After sitting down, he silently started eating his breakfast.

Celeste also remained quiet. Even though Trevor had agreed to help her, that didn't mean anything had changed between them.

Their relationship remained the same as always—distant.

After breakfast, Celeste dropped Jordyn off at school and headed to work.

Since attending the tech expo, she and Matthias had developed **many** new ideas. However, they had been too busy with the InnovaTech partnership to explore them in detail,

Now that they finally had the time, they began solidifying their plans and pushing things forward.

As a result, the workload was **heavy today**.

Celeste had planned to order takeout and work late into the night. But her phone rang around 6:00 pm while she was still buried in **work** too busy to place a dinner order.

It was Trevor

She glanced at the screen, then excused herself from the meeting room to take the call. "Hello?"

"Grandma's here," Trevor said. "Come home early."

Celeste was taken aback. Before she could respond, Trevor had already hung up.

After regaining her composure, she returned to the meeting room and informed Matthias, "Something's come up -I need to leave early. Send me a summary of the meeting's progress and any issues that arise. I'll review them later."

That way, she wouldn't hold back the team's progress.

Matthias nudged her. "Got it. **Now** go."

Half an hour later, Celeste drove back to the villa.

Trevor's usual car was already parked outside. He was home.

She stepped inside and, sure enough, saw Trevor sitting on the couch with Martha and Jordyn, chatting

He was the first to notice her arrival, but he didn't say anything.

Martha, however, stood up with a smile. "Cel, you're back?"

“Yes,” Celeste replied.

Martha patted her hand warmly. “You must be hungry. Dinner is almost ready. Let’s eat first.” “Alright”

This time, without needing Martha’s prompting, **Trevor** sat down next to Celeste.

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Martha kept placing food on Celeste’s plate as they ate, sighing “You’ve lost weight **again**. You really don’t know how to take care of yourself.”

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Although Martha spoke sternly, she still shot a glare at Trevor.

Trevor remained unfazed and didn’t **react**. He didn’t need another reminder; he simply picked up a dish and placed some food on Celeste’s plate.

Celeste responded, “**Thank** you.”

Martha then mentioned that she had brought a variety of health supplements **for** them. After dinner, she planned to personally oversee the preparation of some nourishing soups for Celeste and Trevor.

Celeste couldn’t refuse and could only nod in agreement.

Martha had spent time in Yorkhaven in her younger years and had mastered the art of making rich, slow-cooked broths.

After dinner, she went to the kitchen to personally guide the staff in preparing the tonics. When Celeste tried to help, Martha simply pushed her out of the kitchen.

Left with no other choice, Celeste sat down on the couch.

Jordyn and Trevor were also there—one focused on her Artisan’s Puzzle, the other on his phone, busy with **work**. The room was silent.

At that moment, Matthias messaged Celeste about something work-related. After seeing the content, she immediately replied, fully absorbed in the discussion.

She was so focused that she didn’t even notice when Martha walked out of the kitchen.

Trevor, however, had already put down his phone.

When she realized that, Celeste quickly set her own phone aside. “Grandma.”

Martha glanced at the three of them, sighed, and muttered, “You all...”

sob

Not knowing what else to say, she sat beside Celeste and asked, “What were you so busy with?”

“Just some work-related matters.”

Martha snorted and gestured toward Trevor. “You can discuss work with him, can’t you? Or is he just decoration sitting here?”

Celeste froze for a moment. She didn’t mention that she had already resigned from Fleming Group.

She glanced at Trevor.

He seemed to be in a relatively good mood and made no effort to correct Martha or tell her that Celeste no longer worked at the company.

Perhaps he **was** worried that if she found out, Martha would insist on her returning to Fleming **Group**.

Martha **soon** moved on to another topic and then pulled both Celeste and Trevor along for a walk in the garden.

After their stroll, Martha grow tired. “**I’m** going to take a bath and get some rest. When the soup is ready, don’t forget to drink it.”

Celeste was about to respond when she suddenly realized the implication of Martha’s words. She hesitated and turned to look at Trevor.

Seemingly anticipating her reaction, Trevor said, “Grandina is planning to stay here for a while.”

“What?” Celeste **was** stunned.

Trevor didn’t elaborate. “I’m heading to the study.”

With that, he left without waiting for her response.

Jordyn came running downstairs and pulled Celeste upstairs to help her solve her Artisan’s Puzzle.

Celeste spent over an hour with her before Hannah arrived, carrying a tray. “Mrs. Fleming, the soup is ready.”

She set down one of the bowls.

Celeste took it, saying, “Thank you.”

“Mrs. Fleming Senior said to drink it while it’s hot.”

“Okay, I will.”

Hannah left to deliver the other bowl to Trevor

Celeste drank her soup and then reminded Jordyn to take a bath.

Since Martha was staying over, Celeste couldn’t sleep in Jordyn’s room again.

Once Jordyn had finished her bath, Celeste returned to the master bedroom.

Trevor wasn’t there, so he was probably still in the study.

Matthias had sent over more documents that she hadn’t finished reviewing.

She quickly responded to a portion of them, but there were still some difficult issues that required more thought. Pondering them, she walked into the bathroom.

After showering and changing into her pajamas, she suddenly realized she had forgotten to bring pajama pants.

The clothes she had worn earlier had gotten wet while she was washing her face.

Celeste figured Trevor probably wasn’t back yet.

After hesitating for a moment, she pushed open the bathroom door and stepped out.

But the moment she did, she locked eyes with Trevor, who looked right at her.

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Celeste was shocked and at a loss for words. She felt a little awkward but was not overly flustered.

After **all**, they **were** husband and wife, and over the years, they had done **what** married couples do plenty of **times**. Though she had always hoped Trevor would fall in love with her, she had never deliberately seduced him.

It wasn't that she hadn't thought about it—she simply believed it wouldn't work on him, so she had never acted

on the idea.

That was why she usually wore loose, collared, two-piece pajama sets at home.

The one she had on now was one such set—oversized and long enough that, even without pajama pants, it didn't seem too revealing.

She had no intention of seducing him.

Still, to avoid any misunderstanding, **she** explained, “I just forgot to grab my pants.

Celeste was confident that her loose-fitting top, with its long hem, wasn't revealing.

But she had overlooked something—her figure was naturally well-proportioned, with smooth curves in all the right places. The high-low cut of the shirt—shorter in the front and longer in the back—accentuated her long, fair legs. At certain angles, the lower hemline subtly hinted at areas that left little to the imagination.

Apart from that, she had just finished showering, so her skin looked fresh and glowing, and her face was soft and radiant. She exuded a clean, pure charm.

The oversized pajama shirt's effect on her was similar to that of a man's dress shirt worn by a woman—effortlessly alluring.

It was even more enticing than actual lingerie.

Trevor listened to her words, glanced at her twice, then looked away. His tone was indifferent **as** he replied, “Okay.

Seeing that he didn't misunderstand, Celeste let out a quiet breath of relief. Without another word, she turned and headed for the closet.

When she returned, now fully dressed, Trevor was still in the room.

Celeste didn't think they had anything to talk about. After glancing at him once, she passed by and sat at the vanity to begin her skincare routine.

Trevor, meanwhile, stood up, grabbed his clothes, and went into the **bathroom** for a shower.

It was already late, **so** after finishing her skincare routine, Celeste got into bed.

The last time she had **shared** a bed with Trevor at Fleming **Manor**, she had been completely at peace and had fallen asleep quickly.

But tonight, her emotions were more complicated, with the weight **of his earlier** promise still lingering in her mind.

She lay awake for quite some time, unable to sleep.

By then, Trevor had finished his shower and emerged **from the bathroom**

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A while later, he turned off the lights and lay down on the other side of the bed.

Celeste didn't open her eyes, but she could sense **the** distance between them.

Trevor also had no intention of speaking to her, and the room was silent in the dark.

Eventually, her thoughts faded, and she drifted into unconsciousness,

The next morning, Celeste woke up to find herself alone in bed.

After freshening up and changing, she went downstairs. Martha was already awake.

When she saw Celeste, Martha **was** about to say something when Trevor walked in from outside.

He was dressed in gray workout clothes, his hair damp with sweat—he had clearly just finished his morning run. He glanced at Martha and greeted, “Morning”

Martha looked at the **two** of them and suddenly seemed unhappy. “You both woke up so early?”

Celeste found the remark strange. **Wasn't** waking up early a good thing? Why did Martha seem upset?

Before she could finish the thought, Trevor calmly said, “I've studied pharmacology. That soup you gave **us** doesn't work on me.”

With that, he turned and headed upstairs.

Celeste stiffened up. It took her two full seconds to realize what that meant—**Trevor** was saying that Martha had drugged the soup they drank last night.

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What was more, it wasn't just **any** kind of drug

But Trevor understood its effects and had seen through it. It seemed he hadn't drunk the soup at all last night. Celeste hadn't expected Martha to go this far.

She frowned, but Martha let out a dissatisfied sigh before she could speak. "Sometimes, it's not a good thing for a grandson to be too smart. Sigh, I was hoping for another grandchild. Cel, if you have time, put in more effort with Trevor, alright?"

Celeste was speechless. She didn't know what to say.

Even though Trevor had agreed to help her yesterday, she knew there was no future for them.

It would have been a disaster if something had happened between them last night. As for having another child, that was impossible.

Just as these thoughts crossed her mind, Jordyn came downstairs.

When she saw her, Celeste's expression cooled slightly as she was reminded of Jordyn's admiration and affection for Wynn.

During breakfast, Trevor once again naturally took **the** seat beside Celeste.

Still, neither of them initiated any conversation.

Yesterday, Celeste had taken Jordyn to school. Today, Jordyn asked Trevor to take her.

Trevor responded, "Alright."

Martha glanced at Celeste and suggested, "Trevor, why don't you take Cel along too? You both work at the same-

Celeste interrupted her, "No need, Grandma. He has a lot of business engagements and isn't always at the company. It's inconvenient for me since I don't have a car.

Martha, however, wasn't having it. "So what if he has engagements? If you get off work and don't have a ride home, just call the driver ahead of time to **pick** you up."

Before Celeste could argue, Martha made the final decision. "It's settled."

Celeste was speechless at this. She turned to Trevor, but he didn't say a word, which meant he had agreed.

After breakfast, Celeste had no choice but to ride with Trevor and Jordyn.

Jordyn was already familiar with getting into the car, and **because** both her parents were taking her today, she was in an especially good **mood**.

Conversely, Celeste couldn't even remember the last time she had ridden in Trevor's car.

Jordyn got in first, and just as Celeste was about to follow, Trevor suddenly spoke. "**Sit** on the **other** side."

Celeste paused mid-step, feeling momentarily awkward, but she walked around the car and got in from the other side as the driver opened the door for her.

Now, Jordyn **sat** between her and Trevor.

Trevor seemed **busy**, responding to messages on his phone

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Celeste kept her gaze forward, but Jordyn leaned into Trevor's **arms**, peeking over his phone **screen**. "Oh, it's Wynn."

Still looking at his phone, Trevor gave a neutral-sounding hum in response.

Perhaps remembering that Celeste was present, Jordyn stole a couple of quick glances at her, then turned back to Trevor's screen, refraining from mentioning anything about their conversation.

After a **while**, Jordyn got bored and climbed out of Trevor's lap, opening the car's storage compartment. Celeste hadn't intended to look, but her peripheral vision happened to catch the contents inside.

There was a tube of lipstick, a small women's

The Breaking Point of Love

At the thought of it, Celeste's throat felt a little tight and sore. Suddenly, it seemed to be a little stifling in the car.. Celeste withdrew her gaze and intended to lower the car window for some fresh air, but she paused just as she was about to touch the button. Eventually, she didn't press it. Instead, she turned her head sideways and looked **out** the window.

Time passed, and **they** arrived at Jordyn's school. Celeste stepped out of the car to take her to the school premises, while Trevor remained seated.

Jordyn said, "Dad..."

"Dad's busy."

“Oh...” Celeste knew Trevor acted differently when he took Jordyn to school with Wynn. He would get out of the car with her and take Jordyn to the teacher before he left.

Today, Celeste was here with Trevor. She had no idea if he was actually busy or if he simply didn't want to be seen in public with her.

At that thought, Celeste decided she wouldn't push for it. She looked at Trevor and said, “You can leave first. I'll hail a cab to the company later.”

Trevor heard what she said and turned his head sideways. He gave Celeste a sidelong glance and said, “It's okay. It's on my way to work.”

However, Celeste didn't want the ride anymore. She wanted to persuade him, but she decided against it eventually. Since he didn't mind fetching her to the company, she shouldn't let it bother her too much.

In the end, Celeste said nothing. She didn't leave until she saw Jordyn entering the school with her teacher. Then, she turned around and got into the car.

Celeste and Trevor didn't say anything to each other during the drive. They were about ten minutes away from YodaVision Co. when she received some documents from Matthias.

Celeste tapped on it and went through them on her phone. She didn't realize that she was too engrossed in it. In fact, she didn't even know that they had arrived at YodaVision Co.

Celeste didn't return to her **senses until**

after Trevor said, “We're **here.**”

His car was a luxurious Bentley, and it **was** quite conspicuous when it was **parked** in front of the office building. Celeste noticed that many people were looking at her. Since she and Trevor wouldn't interact much in the future, she didn't intend to attract unwanted attention.

Celeste quickly grabbed her handbag and said to Trevor, “I appreciate the ride.”

He glanced at her for a **moment.** “Okay.”

Then, he faced the driver and said, “Drive.”

este turned around and went into the company

Soon, non came. **Matthias made** a lunch appointment with some business partners, and Celeste followed him.

When their car drove into the restaurant's parking lot, Celeste saw Trevor. He had just gotten out of

his car. At **the** next moment, Wynn also stepped out of his car.

After Matthias parked his car, he also noticed the couple. He rubbed his eyebrows and **said**, "Just d

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Celeste responded, "Yeah."

Then, she noticed that Harvey, Isabelle, and the others were there too. It looked like they had been here waiting, for Trevor and Wym for quite a while. Now that they saw the couple, they walked over briskly.

"Should we get out of the car?" Matthias asked Celeste, "Or should we wait until they're gone?"

"Let's go." She didn't do anything wrong, Why did she have to avoid them?

When Celeste and Matthias exited the car, Trevor and Wynn were facing their direction. So, the latter couple immediately noticed the former couple.

Trevor remained unfazed and nonchalant. He glanced at Celeste and Matthias for a moment before he turned his gaze away. Meanwhile, Wynn's gaze immediately turned cold when she saw Celeste.

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Celeste guessed that Wynn probably reacted **this** way because of what she said to Trevor. After all, she told him stop Wynn's uncle from living across from Ivan.

Trevor was definitely together with Wynn now, so she **did** promise him that she would get it done. It wasn't a big deal for her after all.

What rubbed Wynn the wrong way was that Celeste sought Trevor's help. The last thing she wanted was for them to interact too much.

At the thought of it, Wynn's expression turned cold as well

That was when Harvey noticed something unusual about Wynn. He followed her gaze and looked over, only to find himself staring at Celeste. Then, he frowned.

This was the first time Isabelle saw a sight like this. She thought about how much Trevor cared about Wynn, and the pride in her gaze grew as she looked at Celeste.

handbag, and a tiny backpack that Jordyn had used before She didn't even need to think twice. The lipstick and handbag belonged to Wynn.

At that moment, she finally understood why Trevor hadn't let her sit on that seat when she got into the car. It was because that seat belonged to Wynn, and he wouldn't let Celeste take her place.

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