The Breaking Point of Love

Chapter 869

The receptionist lowered her voice. "That's Conrad Mercer, the current heir of the Mercer family here in Havenport."

So, that was who he was.

Although Wynn rarely visited Havenport, she knew a little about its most prominent and powerful families. But only a little.

She had heard of Conrad's name before, but this was the first time she had met him in person. Remembering the cold, indifferent look he had given her earlier, she

frowned again.

However, she had no time to dwell on it. After thanking the receptionist, she called Jacob.

Jacob was still asleep. The phone rang for a while before he finally woke up. Seeing that the call was from Wynn, he was somewhat surprised, but answered quickly. "Ms. Locket? It's so early. Is something-"

Wynn cut him off and asked directly, "Were you the one who accompanied Trevor on his business trip to Havenport?"

"No."

By then, Jacob had already figured out why she was calling. "Neither was Zeke. Mr. Fleming's itinerary this time was probably arranged by one of his other companies. It had nothing to do with the Fleming Group."

He and Zeke had only learned that Trevor had gone to Havenport after seeing the news the day before.

"I see. Thank you."

After hanging up, Wynn called Trevor. But the moment the call went through, an automated message informed her that his phone was switched off.

The receptionist had said he checked out so early because he needed to rush to his next appointment. Had he already boarded a plane?

Pressing her lips together, Wynn sent Trevor another message. "I've just arrived in Havenport, but the receptionist said you'd already checked out and left. Have you boarded your flight? Could you wait for me for a while?"

As soon as she sent the message, she called Miles.

Miles answered with a yawn. "Why are you calling so early? Have you arrived in Havenport?"

"I have, but the receptionist said Trevor has already checked out and left."

His sleepiness vanished instantly. "Huh? Should I try calling Trevor again for you?" "Sure. Sorry to trouble you."

After hanging up, Wynn glanced at her phone. Trevor still hadn't replied to her message.

Just then, Miles called back. "Trevor's phone is switched off."

So, it really was switched off. He hadn't simply been ignoring her calls.

"The receptionist said he checked out early because he had to rush to his next

appointment. He's probably already boarded his flight."

Miles hadn't expected things to turn out this way. "I'm sorry. I didn't realise—"

"It's fine," Wynn interrupted.

"This isn't your fault. How could I blame you?"

"What are you going to do now? Do you want me to call Trevor again later and find

out where he'll be?" Miles asked.

Wynn was wondering the same thing. But.....

She had already sent Trevor a message. Once he switched his phone back on and saw it, he would immediately realise that Miles had been helping her. If Trevor wanted to avoid her, he probably wouldn't tell Mites exactly where he was going next.

With that in mind, she replied, "No need. I'll contact him myself when the time comes."

"Alright then. Give me a call if you need anything."

They exchanged a few more pleasantries before ending the call.

Wynn took a deep breath and booked the earliest available flight back to Baumond.

After boarding, she handed her

luggage to the flight attendant.

When she turned around, she foet

herself making eye contact with Conrad, who was seated beside her.

She didn't expect to run into him again so soon.

She was stunned and remembered the way he had looked at her earlier. Pressing her lips together she decided to act as though she didn't know him at all.

She looked away indifferently, settled into her seat, and didn't spare Conrad another glance.

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