The Breaking Point of Love

Chapter 873

Hannah smiled. "Alright. I'll bring the food upstairs."

With that, she went downstairs.

Trevor looked at Jordyn. "Are you sure you don't want me to keep you company?"

Jordyn glared at him. "I said no!"

Celeste felt that the two of them needed some time alone, so she turned to Jordyn and said, "I'm going to make a phone call. I'll be back in a little while."

Jordyn nodded. "Okay."

Celeste turned and left the room.

Of course, she had no phone call to make. Instead, she went out to the balcony by the window and stayed there for a few minutes.

By the time she returned to Jordyn's room, Trevor was gone, and Hannah had already arranged the food on the table.

The kitchen had specially prepared some oatmeal for Jordyn. Along with it came several other dishes, making quite a spread.

But Jordyn was sick and had no appetite. Even the oatmeal was difficult to swallow. So, after just a few mouthfuls, she looked listless and wanted to go back to sleep.

Since she was tired, Celeste let her lie down again.

Jordyn settled back into bed, her little hand clutching the hem of Celeste's clothes. She seemed to want to say something, but in the end, she couldn't stay awake and soon drifted off to sleep.

Celeste wasn't particularly hungry either. So, she just ate a few bites before stopping.

Jordyn's fever hadn't completely subsided. Not long after she fell asleep, it returned. She alternated between feeling cold and hot, eventually breaking out in a heavy sweat.

Celeste wiped the sweat from her several times and even changed her clothes along the way.

She had just finished changing Jordyn when she turned around and saw Trevor standing outside the door.

Their eyes met. Trevor nodded at her and asked quietly, "Have you taken her temperature?"

"We're still waiting for the reading."

"Could you stay with her a little longer? I'll take over in the second half of the night."

Celeste didn't mind either way. "Whatever works."

Trevor nodded but said nothing more. He didn't leave, either.

Celeste remained silent and sat down beside the bed.

For a while, the room fell quiet.

A moment later, the thermometer was ready. Celeste took it out and checked the reading.

It was only then that Trevor, who had been silent all this time, finally spoke. "What's her temperature?"

"100.4."

"Okay."

Trevor had probably been waiting there just to find out how Jordyn was doing. Now that he knew her temperature was gradually coming down, he tumed to Qeleste "I go take care of something firs."

Celeste didn't respond. A moment later, she heard his footsteps receding down the hall.

Over the next hour or two, Jordyn broke out in a sweat twice more. At last, her fever came down completely.

She woke up feeling hungry.

Celeste was sitting beside her, helping her drink a few spoonfuls of oatmeal, when she noticed Jordyn looking toward the doorway with a frown.

Celeste turned around and saw that Trevor had returned.

This time, he walked into the room.

He must have known Jordyn's fever had subsided. So, he asked her, "Do you still feel uncomfortable?"

Jordyn said nothing, refusing to acknowledge him.

Trevor held out his hand toward Celeste. "Let me take over."

Seeing Jordyn clutching her blanket and glaring at him, he added, "You were asleep earlier, and your mom was the one wiping your sweat checking your temperature and changing your clothes. She's been running off her feet looking after you. Can't you let her get some rest?"

Jordyn vaguely remembered Celeste changing her clothes. She also knew that whenever she had been asleep and feeling unwell, Celeste had stayed by her side the entire time.

Hearing this, she hesitated before turning to Celeste. "Mom, you should get some rest."

Celeste had been about to say that she wasn't tired, but in the end, she held back. Instead, she stood up and handed the bowl in her hands to Trevor.