

The Breaking Point of Love

With that said, Trevor was here as well. So, Isabelle didn't do or say anything reckless,

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Wynn **walked** over, but she didn't talk to Celeste. Instead, she faced **Matthias and** said with a smile, "What a coincidence, Mr. Yoder. We meet again."

Matthias plastered on a smile and said, "Yeal. It is."

"I've always wanted to treat you to a meal, Mr. Yoder, but I've been busy. So, I couldn't make time for it."

"Don't worry about it, Ms. Locket. I'm well aware that you're extremely busy."

Of course, Wynn **was** busy. Otherwise, she would have reported to work at YodaVision Co. after meeting Matthias for the first time a month ago.

Harvey also wanted to make a connection to Matthias. He noticed that Trevor didn't object to Wynn ignoring Celeste and greeting Matthias. So, he figured it was safe to walk over.

Lennox noticed and followed suit. After Harvey greeted Matthias, he looked at Celeste and said, "Hi, Cel."

Celeste didn't respond to him.

Harvey didn't say anything further. Instead, he directed more of his focus on Matthias. After greeting Matthias, they returned to Trevor's side without batting an eye at Celeste.

Then, all of them entered the restaurant with Trevor.

Matthias watched their retreating figures and felt a headache coming. "It's like you don't even exist."

Celeste responded nonchalantly, "Yeah. Let's go. We shouldn't keep our business partner waiting."

"Okay,"

Then, night **came**

, and Celeste needed to work overtime. However, Martha called her when it was close to 7:00 pm, asking what time she would be home.

By all **means**, Celeste should have gone home earlier now that Martha was here. However, she had yet to consolidate most of her ideas and was very reluctant to put her work aside now..

Celeste hesitated momentarily before responding, “**I’m** sorry, **Grandma** I **have** to work overtime, and I can’t **go** home now.”

Martha sighed and said, “Trevor and you are both very busy How are you two supposed to take your relationships to the next **level** at this **rate**?”

Did **this** mean Trevor would also be going home late tonight?

Celeste said, “I’m sorry, Grandma.”

“Geez. It’s fine, but you have to eat something, no matter how busy you **are**. Get it?”

“Alright. I will.” After Celeste ended the call, her takeout was here as well. After she had her dinner, she **worked**

all the way to 10:00 pm before she finally left the company.

Celeste didn’t drive to YodaVision Co. today, so she had called her driver about half an hour ago. He should’ve been here by now.

Celeste went downstairs and realized that the driver was indeed already there. However, it wasn’t the driver she called. Instead, it was Trevor’s **driver**, and Trevor was in the backseat.

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When Trevor noticed that Celeste made no move to get in, he lowered the car window and looked at her. “**Grandma** told me to give you **a** ride.”

Celeste heard what he said and **walked** around the car before getting into it. She took the same seat she had taken this morning

The car cruised steadily on the road **and** blended into traffic Silence hung over the car once again.

Trevor was busy with his own stuff and didn’t pay Celeste any attention. Then, something suddenly **occurred** to

her.

“Did they agree to it?” she asked.

Naturally, Celeste was referring to her request about not letting Wynn's uncle move in. After all, the latter wore an unusual expression earlier in the morning. She guessed that Wynn must've agreed to it.

What about the others, though?

Trevor kept looking at his phone as he spoke, "They did."

"Um..." Celeste hesitated a moment before she asked resolutely, "I want to buy the villa. Is that alright?"

Celeste was doing this to end her dilemma once and for all.

Trevor briefly paused before he turned his head sideways and glanced at her. "You may."

Celeste let out a sigh of relief when she heard his response. Thank you."

Trevor responded, "Sure."

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Martha was still awake when Trevor and Celeste arrived home. Once she was sure that the couple came back in the same car, she finally felt assured and went back to her room.

After Celeste got upstairs, she called **Ivan** and gave him the update. When she was done with the phone call, Matthias' call came in.

Half an hour later, Celeste ended the call and returned to her room. Trevor was already done taking a bath and was leaning against the headboard with a book in his hand.

Trevor turned his gaze from his book when he noticed her. After a brief moment, he turned his focus back to his book

Celeste also turned her gaze away. She took a bath and applied the conditioner. It was very late by the time she was done with all this. Then, she glanced at Trevor again.

In the past, Celeste might've gotten used to it when Trevor treated her coldly. She wouldn't feel uneasy when she spent some private moments with him.

Now that **Trevor** helped Celeste out, it brought them slightly closer. That disoriented her a little and made her unsure of how she should treat him..

With that said, there would be no substantial changes to their relationship, no matter what happened.

At the thought of it, Celeste climbed onto the bed quietly and prepared to go to sleep. She had just laid on the bed. when Trevor put down the book and turned off the lights.

It was as if Trevor was merely reading to kill time as he waited for her to sleep so that he could turn the lights off for her.

Celeste was stunned. She believed she was overthinking it, so she calmed down again and fell asleep shortly after.

The next day, Martha wanted Trevor to give Celeste a **ride**

to work again.

Celeste turned **down** the offer once more. “I **have** to meet with a client today, Grandma. It will be inconvenient for me if I don’t have a car.”

Martha frowned and looked at **Trevor**. **She** was signaling for him to personally offer to drive Celeste to her company.

Alas, T

Trevor merely had his breakfast quietly, knowingly ignoring Martha’s signals.

Celeste noticed it and instantly lowered her head.

Martha realized Trevor didn’t want to do it, so she dropped the matter.

Of course, Celeste wasn’t meeting any clients today. She merely said it because she didn’t want to take Trevor’s car again. For that matter, she didn’t want to owe him any more favors either.

Actually, Celeste didn’t really have anything to do today. **So**, she stayed and worked in YodaVision Co. all the way to over 9:00 pm before she drove herself home.

To her surprise, Trevor was already home by the time Celeste returned. After all, he **usually**

came home very **late unless** there was some special event or something

Trevor wasn’t in the bedroom. Celeste turned on the light and put her handbag aside. She was about to check on

Jordyn in her room when she noticed a document on her makeup table.

Celeste was stunned.

She and Trevor might have **shared** the same bedroom, but the area to the left **side** of the bed belonged to him. She would usually avoid it.

The area to the right side of the bed was Celeste's personal space, so under normal circumstances, he would not

step foot in it.

Their personal items, such as wallets, watches, and skincare products, were all in their rightful places as well. They would never put this stuff everywhere in the room.

That was why it was impossible for the document to be misplaced.

At the thought of it, Celeste walked over. She came to realize that it was a deed. She had a good idea about what it was and hurriedly opened it **up**.

As expected, it was the deed for the villa across the road from Ivan's place. She was its sole owner as well.

Before Celeste could react, Trevor returned to the bedroom: She heard footsteps and turned around to look at him. Then, she said solemnly, "I've read the deed. Thank you."

Trevor didn't even have the time to respond when Celeste continued, "I don't have this much money right now. Give me some time, **and** I will."

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Although it was an old villa neighborhood, the environment was wonderful. On top of that, with the insane real estate prices in the downtown **area**, **the** villa was worth at least two to three billion **dollars**.

Celeste didn't have that kind of money now.

Trevor had just returned home not long ago **and** was loosening his tie. He probably found what she said amusing because he raised an eyebrow and asked nonchalantly, "Do you intend to pay me for the villa?"

"Yeah. L..."

"Save it." Trevor put his tie on the dresser. "I can afford to give you that kind of money."

Then, he also put his watch down before walking into the bathroom.

Celeste watched his retreating figure. She was stunned momentarily before deciding she wouldn't insist on paying him. Ever since they got married, she was concerned about being a bother to him. That was why she had never asked him for anything.

Now that Celeste thought about it, this particular villa was the only thing Trevor had taken the initiative of giving her for the past years. She would think of it as a gift **that** marked the end of their marriage.

At the thought of it, Celeste put the deed in her drawer.

She continued her busy life for three days. On the fourth day, she finally had some time on her hands.

Celeste and Trevor had both been quite busy these days, which meant they didn't have much time for Jordyn. At noon, the little girl called, asking if Celeste was **free** to pick her up after school. It had been a long time since Celeste had done that.

Celeste had finished most of her work,

so she took off from work earlier and drove to Jordyn's school in **the** afternoon. Jordyn told her that she wanted to eat her cooking, so she quickly changed and went into the kitchen as soon as they arrived home.

Martha was happy to see Celeste coming home early from work. When she noticed the latter personally preparing the meal, she called Trevor **and** told him to come home for dinner.

Trevor rejected her, "I have work, Grandma."

Martha was pissed off at first, but her **face** lit up after a brief moment. She hung up the phone **and** said to Celeste, "Bring Trevor some dinner at his company, Cel."

Celeste briefly paused before she rejected. "If Trevor's busy we shouldn't disturb."

"Yeah, he might be busy, but he can't just skip dinner. Can he?"

"Grandma..."

Before Celeste could reply, Martha exclaimed, "It's decided"

Then, Martha instructed Hannah and the others to make more **dishes**.

She was so insistent that Celeste couldn't find an opportunity to say anything

However, there was an obstacle if Celeste were to bring Trevor dinner—she had no idea which company he was at. So, how was she supposed to do it?

For what it was worth, Trevor might have other arrangements after he **was** done with his work. She might be

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wasting her efforts if she brought him dinner..

At the thought of it, Celeste slipped out of the kitchen and beaded upstairs when an opportunity presented itself. She called Trevor, who didn't answer until after a while.

"Need something?" he asked.

"Grandma **wants** me to bring you dinner."

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u do, I will tell Grandma /lore Trevor could respond, Celeste added, "Do you have other plans

it."

Celeste believed that Trevor wouldn't want her to bring him dinner. She was making this call so he would go along with her to stop it from happening

"I do. Just tell Grandma that..." Trevor had just started speaking when Celeste suddenly heard Wynn's voice.

"I brought you dinner, Trevor."

Celeste was immediately stunned.

Trevor responded to Wynn, "Okay."

Then, he spoke into his phone, "Tell Grandma that I have dinner plans already."

Celeste wasn't surprised at all. She responded, "Alright, loud and clear. I'll tell Grandma about it."

"Okay." Trevor ended the call at that.

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Celeste tucked her phone away and went downstairs. She told Martha that Trevor had dinner plans outside.

That night, Trevor didn't return home.

The next day, Martha was enraged when she **learned** about it. "I **can't** believe him. I know he's very busy with work, but how could he not come home at all?"

Celeste merely wordlessly grinned when she heard **what** Martha said. Trevor might've been busy, but he could've come home if that **was** what he wanted to do. After all, he needed to sleep.

Celeste recalled hearing Wynn's voice over the phone last night. Trevor must've gone somewhere better. That was most likely why he didn't come home.

Meanwhile, YodaVision Co. had its major projects outlined for the next two years. Celeste had done it in the past two days, but Matthias believed they should compile their **ideas**. Thus, he sent some documents to Zachary so that the latter could provide him with some insights.

Zachary was very busy most of the time. On top of that, his whereabouts were quite erratic. So, Celeste and Matthias thought they wouldn't get his reply until after a few days-weeks, even.

To their collective surprise, Zachary gave them a call. "Nice ideas."

With

Zachary's approval, Celeste and Matthias felt more confident about their projects. After all, his expectations were crazy high. His response might have been brief and unassuming, but it was high praise coming from someone like him.

Zachary continued, "Based on what you've sent me, you didn't make any mistake on the past foundations or the recent years of artificial intelligence field development. This is adequate work."

Clearly, Zachary was addressing Celeste, which made her feel a sting in her nose.

Before she could say anything, he continued, "With that said, you're still very negligent. You **will** lose progress if you don't continually brush yourself up. As a matter of **fact**, you are slipping, Celeste."

Celeste immediately responded, "Understood, Mr. Newman I will do my best to catch up on what I have missed over the past years."

“Very well.” Zachary never bothered to be long-winded—that **wasn’t** his style. **So**, he stopped speaking

Celeste noticed that Zachary seemed to have **some** time on his hands. So, she couldn’t help but ask, “Are you **free**

tonight, Mr. Newman? I would like to have dinner with you!

In fact it had been forever since Matthias shared a meal with Zachary. When he heard what Celeste said, he immediately nodded. “Yeah, Mr. Newman. Do you have the time?”

Zachary responded nonchalantly, “I already have an appointment.”

“Huh?” Matthias and Celeste were severely disappointed. She was about to ask Zachary when he would be available because she wanted to treat him to dinner in the **future**.

Before Celeste could say anything, however, Zachary said, “Trevor is the one who made an appointment with me.” Celeste and Matthias were dumbfounded. He glanced at her before asking softly, “Why would Mr. Fleming seek you out, Mr. Newman? Can you tell **us**?”

“Trevor **said** he wanted to introduce someone to me.” At the next moment, Zachary ended the call without **saying** another word.

Matthias glanced at Celeste and asked, “Do you think Trevor intends to introduce Wynn to Mr. Newman?”

Matthias didn’t know the Locket family had their own tech company until he met them previously. Wynn intended. to work at YodaVision Co. because she wanted Cuap, the programming language.

Meanwhile, the public shared the consensus that Zachary was the **one** who created the programming language with a team of programmers.

Now that Wynn could no longer work at YodaVision Co., she probably wanted to connect with Zachary so she could continue to study Cuap. In fact, it was entirely possible that she wanted to become his apprentice as well.

At the thought of it, Matthias immediately cursed. “Motherfucker!”

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Celeste also had the same thought. **What** was more, she believed that this was Trevor’s way of making it up **to** Wynn after he stopped Wynn’s uncle from moving into the villa across from Ivan

After all, Trevor loved Wynn. There was no way he would make her feel sorry for herself just because it inconvenienced Celeste.

Matthias said, “If Wynn had been concealing her capabilities all this while, then....”

He trailed off in silence and didn’t finish his sentence. He and Celeste were Zachary’s mentees—that much was

true.

Zachary might’ve treated them coldly, but he was actually quite close to them—that was true as well.

After all, Zachary was tenderhearted despite his icy and distant character. His strict expectations of them didn’t change the fact that he cared about them.

With that said, Zachary was a man of strong principles as well. If Wynn really showed enough talents and capabilities, he would never refuse to take her in as his apprentice just because of the bad blood she had with Celeste.

That was why Matthias had this concern.

On the other hand, Celeste calmed down quickly. She said, “Let’s just do what we have to do for now.”

The only thing she could do now was make sure her tasks were performed impeccably.

Celeste didn’t return home until quite late that night. Martha was already asleep, but Trevor was nowhere to be seen. There was a good chance he would not come home at all.

By the time Celeste finished bathing, however, she saw Trevor. She was surprised that he actually came home. She stopped in her tracks when she saw him, **and** she nodded at him,

Celeste didn’t ask Trevor why he made a dinner appointment with Zachary, nor did he say anything to her. He merely glanced at her for a moment before he went to the bathroom to wash up.

Celeste slept in the next morning. When she went downstairs, she heard Martha’s sarcastic voice. “It was already past 11:00 pm when I slept last night, Trevor, but I still didn’t see you. I thought you didn’t come home yet again!” Trevor sat across the table from Martha. He was calmly taking a sip of his tea, not offering a response to her.

She tapped the table and pretended to be angry. “Open your mouth and start talking!”

Trevor put down his teacup. He noticed Celeste coming down and turned his head sideways to glance at her. Then, he calmly turned and faced Martha again. “Aren’t you the

one who told me I have to be home because you **want** me to take you out in the **morning**?”

“I thought you turned a deaf ear to my words again!” Martha scoffed.

“I **wouldn't** dare.” Although Trevor said that, he still wore a nonchalant expression. It didn't seem like he **was** intimidated at all.

Martha felt like she was about to have a heart attack. **So**, she **ignored him** and waved Celeste over, gesturing for the latter to sit.

Celeste took a seat and asked, “Are you two going **out** later Grandma?”

“Wrong. “We are going out together!” Martha chuckled and continued, “Where do you want to go, Celeste? I'll follow your lead.”

Sometimes, Celeste couldn't help but think she was a boring **person**. She honestly couldn't think of a place that would make everyone happy. So, she said, “I'm fine with anything. You call the shots, Grandma.”

As a matter of fact, Martha **already** had an idea of where she wanted to go.

When she heard Celeste's response, she asked, “What about a hot spring? We talked about it, but someone pissed me off so much that the trip ended before it even started. This time, I'm going to ensure he makes it up to me.” Naturally, Martha was talking about Trevor.

He continued to drink his tea calmly when he heard what she said. He didn't feel embarrassed or uneasy because of what she said, not **even** a little. It w

as if that incident meant nothing to him and didn't bother him at all.

At the thought of it, Celeste turned her gaze away from Trevor. She had been to the hot spring before and wasn't particularly interested in it for now.

However, Martha brought it up now, so Celeste had no choice but to follow along with her request. “Okay.”

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Celeste started packing up for the hot spring retreat after breakfast, including clothes and other personal items. She only packed for herself, though. She didn't do it for Trevor.

After all, they were a married couple only in name. Trevor wasn't Celeste's husband in the real sense anymore. He was Wynn's lover now, and he probably wouldn't like it if she touched his stuff.

Needless to say, Celeste didn't want to touch Trevor's personal belongings either.

Meanwhile, Jordyn helped Hannah with the packing. In the past, Celeste probably would've been worried about Jordyn forgetting her stuff. Hannah might've packed it for Jordyn, but she still would've gone through Jordyn's luggage once more.

Now, however, Celeste went downstairs with her luggage once she was done packing her own stuff. She wasn't worried about Jordyn at all.

After Celeste waited on the ground floor for a while, Jordyn and Trevor also came downstairs.

Once they all arrived at the hot spring retreat, Trevor went to God-knows-where to make a phone call. Martha found Celeste when the latter was unpacking her clothes and gave her a box.

"I prepared this for you. Put it on when you go to the hot spring."

Judging by Martha's expression, Celeste understood what was in the box. She felt a little uneasy and said, "I brought my own..."

"Relax. It's nothing inappropriate. See it for yourself if you don't believe me."

Celeste opened the box; true enough, it was a bikini set. More to the point, it looked similar to the style she had always worn. She instantly felt relieved.

Martha chuckled and said, "Remember to put it on."

Celeste fell silent for a while before she said, "Sure."

The next moment, Trevor returned to the room and saw what was in the box. Celeste paused for a moment before she frantically closed the box. He pretended not to see it and turned his gaze away nonchalantly.

Trevor asked, "Is there a reason you're here, Grandma?"

"Why, I'm here to urge both of you to the hot spring, of course!" Martha gave Trevor a shove as she spoke. "Go on. Get changed!"

Trevor paused momentarily, but he didn't reject her either. A brief moment later, he slipped into a bathrobe and came out of the restroom.

Celeste saw that Trevor had come out, so she went into the restroom to get changed. By the time she came out, he was nowhere to be seen.

Celeste was about to hit the hot spring by herself when Martha walked over from the next room. With a smile, she said, “Trevor is in the hot spring to the left. Hurry up.”

The hot spring on the left wasn't big at all—it was barely 30 square feet. If she and Trevor went into it together, they would touch each other, even if they didn't extend their feet fully.

Clearly, Martha was trying to get both of them to take their relationship to another level. After all, they would be dressed in nothing but a bathrobe and underwear. Normally it would be easy for a man and woman to be overwhelmed with lust in the hot spring. For them, however...

Martha insisted that Celeste go to the hot spring she mentioned, so the latter had no choice but to do so.

When Celeste went inside, Trevor had taken off his bathrobe. He was already rinsing his body in the hot spring and enjoying it. He laid his eyes on her when he saw her.

Celeste was wearing the bikini set Martha prepared for her. Initially, she honestly believed that there was nothing wrong with them. The thing was, she had only seen the bikini top, but she didn't check out the bottoms.

Celeste didn't realize how suggestive it was until she was about to put it on. It wasn't particularly revealing, but it was undoubtedly different from her usual style. To make matters worse, it was a red bikini bottom, and it was soft to the touch.

Celeste's skin was exceptionally fair and delicate. Once she put on the bottoms, she looked at herself in the mirror and saw just how erotic it was.

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Celeste felt uneasy when she looked at herself in the mirror, but she didn't hate the red and suggestive bottoms. So, she put it on.

Celeste was still wearing the bathrobe. She stopped in her tracks when she noticed Trevor's gaze and remembered the bikini set she was wearing.

A moment later, however, Celeste walked over as if nothing happened. She approached the edge of the hot spring and put down the stuff on her hands. Then, she took off her bathrobe. Just like that, she revealed her suggestive clothing to Trevor.

Trevor was stunned when he saw it.

Celeste believed that he knew Martha had given her this. Trevor might misinterpret her choice to wear it as an invitation to have an intimate moment, but the truth was that she didn't intend that at all.

Trevor was free to think whatever he wanted. Celeste had no reason not to put on the bikini set, which she quite liked, just because he might misunderstand her.

This thought strengthened Celeste's resolve not to feel uneasy when she removed her bathrobe. She also didn't deliberately check Trevor's reaction.

Celeste entered the hot spring and sat next to him. She was mindful of keeping a healthy distance from him, too.

Trevor turned his gaze away, and both of them remained quiet.

Celeste noticed that she could see his toned abs from the corner of her eyes. So, she shifted her gaze away.

Celeste thought they would keep quiet until the end, but Trevor suddenly asked, "Do you want to have something to eat?"

The staff in the establishment prepared a lot of snacks for them. He pushed the plate to her side of the hot spring.

Celeste said, "Thanks."

Trevor didn't respond to her.

She popped some grapes into her mouth, but she didn't exactly have any appetite at the moment. So, she stopped eating after a piece and pushed the plate back to his side of the hot spring.

The water in the hot spring was so clear that one could look into the bottom. When Celeste pushed the plate back to Trevor, she could clearly see his private area.

Trevor was perfectly calm. If other ladies had seen it, they might have thought he couldn't get it up. However, Celeste knew just how virile he was. His lack of reaction was because he never found her attractive.

Celeste could be wearing the most erotic clothing in the world, and Trevor would still be unresponsive. She had long known this was what would happen.

They were about to get divorced, and Celeste didn't want to do anything with Trevor anymore. That was why she wasn't worried about putting on the suggestive bottoms; it wouldn't work on him anyway.

Celeste withdrew her gaze subtly.

Rinsing in the hot spring was the most relaxing thing to do in such weather. It felt so comfortable that Celeste felt groggy after a while. She didn't fall asleep, though.

With that said, she was actually tired. So, Celeste rose to her feet and said, "I'm leaving."

Trevor responded, "Okay."

Celeste got out of the hot spring and put on her bathrobe. Before she walked away, she noticed him getting out as well.

Just as Celeste was about to enter the elevator, she ran into Martha.

"Are you guys done with the hot spring already?"

Celeste responded. "Yeah."

Martha wanted to say something, but she saw Trevor, who was also prepared to go upstairs to get changed.

Truth be told, she wanted something to go down between Celeste and Trevor. However, she knew nothing happened when she noticed the distance between them. Her efforts were wasted once again.

Martha sighed and said, "A friend of mine came to the city to treat her condition, and she just called me. So, I have to go back for now, but I want you two to have a good time here."

Martha patted Celeste on her hand and said to Trevor, "Don't be mean to Cel. Get it?"

He responded, "Got it."

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At that moment, the door to another elevator slid open, and out came Miles. Celeste was surprised to see him. She didn't expect him to be here at the hot spring retreat.

However, Martha and Trevor weren't surprised at all. Obviously, they knew about Miles' presence.

Miles saw Celeste and raised an eyebrow. Then, he swiftly turned to Martha and asked enthusiastically, "Are you leaving already, Mrs. Fleming Senior? Aren't you going to have lunch before you go?"

The Fleming family and the Quinton family shared a close bond, so Martha had known Miles since he was a little boy. She flashed him a loving smile and said, “I won’t be joining you guys. Go ahead and have fun.”

All of them sent Martha to the entrance and saw her left. After her car drove into the distance, Jordyn merrily asked, “What are you doing here, Mr. Quinton?”

Miles bent over and pinched Jordyn’s fair cheeks. “Your dad asked me to be here. I came here immediately after I greeted your grandma. What do you think? Aren’t I a good friend to you?”

“Dad asked you here?”

“Yeah.” Miles smiled and said, “I even informed Beck and Wynn to come here as soon as I knew your grandma was going away. They’re already on their way, and they should be here in a while. Does that make you happy?”

Miles deliberately cast a glance at Celeste as he spoke.

Celeste caught his gaze, and she was aware that he wanted her to hear this.

Naturally, Jordyn was happy about it. She was about to nod but became mindful of her mother’s presence. She hesitated a little and raised her head to look at Celeste.

Celeste acted as if she didn’t see it. Instead, she rubbed Jordyn’s head and said, “Have fun with them. I’m going home.”

At the next moment, Celeste turned around and left without gracing Trevor and Miles with a gaze.

Miles noticed how nonchalant Celeste’s expression was after she heard what he said. She didn’t exhibit any signs of unease or concern. It was as if she didn’t care about it at all.

Jordyn was still standing there, so Miles couldn’t speak plainly. He watched Celeste’s retreating figure and leaned in closer to Trevor. He whispered, “What’s the matter?”

Trevor remained unfazed and asked, “Did you come here alone?”

“Hell, no. This is the hot spring we’re talking about here. Lone-wolfing this would’ve been no fun. Of course, I brought my hot babe along...”

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Before Miles finished his sentence, he paused briefly and turned his head sideways. He looked at Trevor and said, “Wait a minute. You are diverting the topic.”

Trevor didn't deny it. "Here comes your hot babe."

At the next moment, a tall, pretty woman approached them. Her bathrobe was opened, revealing the sexy bikini underneath.

After returning to her room, Celeste changed into something more comfortable and sat by the table. She turned on her laptop and started studying the projects displayed during the last technology exposition.

After half an hour, Celeste compiled the information she got from here. An idea suddenly popped into her mind,

”

and she called Matthias. "Are you free to talk?"!

"I'm attending a masquerade ball now. What's up?"

Celeste told Matthias about her idea.

He wore an expression that was both solemn and excited. "Give me a minute. I'm going back now."

"Alright." After she hung up the phone, Celeste continued to focus on her work. Some time had passed, and she suddenly heard chattering from downstairs.

Celeste was stunned. Beck and Wynn must've arrived. She rose to her feet and shut the window.

At that moment, Celeste felt peckish. She used the phone to order a meal, and the staff told her it would be ready

soon.

Once Celeste's meal was prepared in the kitchen, the staff immediately took it up to her room.

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As the staff headed toward the elevator, he bumped into Trevor and the gang in the hallway. Miles asked, "This

meal...”

The staff immediately responded, “The missus ordered it.”

Obviously, he was talking about Celeste.

Trevor and his gang didn’t put the staff in a difficult position. Instead, they let him go back to his work. After the staff said, Miles chuckled and said, “It looks like we won’t have to invite Celeste to lunch.”

Trevor responded nonchalantly, “We should ask her to join us.”

Wynn was immediately dumbfounded when she heard what he said. She pursed her lips and looked at him. Beck and Miles were taken aback as well.

Miles chuckled. “I guess you’re right. Mrs. Fleming Senior explicitly told you to look after Celeste. There will be hell to pay if she finds out we excluded Celeste from our lunch.”

After all, the hot spring retreat belonged to the Fleming family. Martha probably had arranged for her own men to be here, monitoring everything. Anything Trevor and the gang did would be made known to her.

Wynn regained her composure when she heard Miles’ explanation. She had assumed that Trevor actually developed feelings for Celeste after Martha’s efforts. Judging by what Miles said, it would seem that she was simply overthinking.

Beck also turned his gaze away once he heard what Miles said.

At that moment, Jordyn was back. Trevor rubbed her head and said, “Go upstairs and ask your mom to come down for lunch.”

Jordyn was also taken aback by what he said. She asked hesitantly, “Is Mom going to join us for lunch?”

“Yeah.”

Jordyn’s jaw dropped. She frowned and looked at Wynn. She didn’t want her mom to join them for lunch. Celeste would surely pick on Wynn if she was there, and she would make everyone unhappy.

Wynn grinned and said warmly, “Run along now.”

Jordyn hesitated for a moment before she went upstairs.

When Jordyn rang the doorbell, Celeste was already eating her food. She looked at the footage through the television and put her meal away once she saw that it was Jordyn. She got up and opened the door. "Need anything, Jo?"

Jordyn bit her lips before she raised her head and looked at Celeste. "Hi, Mom. Dad sent me here. He wants you to come downstairs and have lunch with us."

Celeste turned down the offer. "I'm already having my lunch in here. Go ahead and enjoy yours without me."

Jordyn let out a sigh of relief and responded, "Okay. T-That's what I'm going to tell Dad, alright?"

Celeste knew Jordyn didn't want her to have lunch with them. She noticed the look on the little girl's face and said nonchalantly, "Sure. Bye."

Jordyn giggled and said, "Bye!"

She turned around and left as she spoke. However, she had merely taken two steps before she **felt** a little guilty."

Are you sure you'll be fine by yourself, Mom? H-How about I stay back and keep you company?"

There were a lot of people down there, and it was very merry and lively. It would be bad if she left Celeste here **all** by herself.

However, Jordyn sounded a little reluctant when she made the offer. Clearly, she preferred to have lunch with Trevor, Wynn, and the others.

Celeste didn't want to make Jordyn stay. After all, she didn't need such a reluctant company. She bent down and said warmly, "It's okay. I love being alone. Go ahead and join them, Jo."

Jordyn immediately felt easier when she heard what Celeste said. She nodded. "Alright. I'm leaving now."

Celeste said, "Go."

At the next moment, Jordyn sprinted out of there.

Celeste watched Jordyn's retreating figure before she closed the door and continued having lunch alone.

Y

The Breaking Point of Love

Chapter 100

Jordyn ran downstairs and told Trevor, “Dad, Mom’s already having lunch in the room. So, she’s not coming down. here.”

Miles raised an eyebrow when he heard it. It turned out Celeste knew her place. Beck lowered his gaze and fell silent.

Meanwhile, Wynn smiled subtly. She knew that Celeste wouldn’t dare to join them for lunch. After all, no one really wanted her here.

Celeste could try coming down and joining them, but all she would get was mockery and exclusion. Instead of putting herself through this, it was natural for her to hole up in her room and be the weasel that she saw.

Trevor heard what Jordyn said and responded, “Alright. Got it.”

He wasn’t that insistent about Celeste joining them as well. “Let’s not wait anymore. Dig in, everyone.”

Wynn heard what he said, and her smile deepened. Then, she gracefully sat next to Trevor.

Meanwhile, Celeste continued to work after she had finished her lunch. By now, Matthias had reached home, and she had thought of more new ideas.

By the time Celeste was done talking to Matthias about it, she sent them over to him. When he was done going through them, he got so excited he banged the table and said, “Oh my fucking God. You’re a fucking genius!

“Just look at how fast you have a grasp of things. You are a freaking prodigy in this field, Celeste. I knew you could do it!”

At the next moment, Matthias cupped his head and grumbled regretfully before she could say anything, “Seven years. That’s how much time we’ve wasted. If you hadn’t gone off to get married, YodaVision Co. would’ve been world-famous!”

Matthias’ shouts hurt Celeste’s ears, so she moved her phone away from her.

Matthias also realized that he shouldn’t have brought up such a bleak thing when they were celebrating her idea. He cleared his throat and went back to the topic at hand.

They were onto something big, and they would need a bigger team. Matthias immediately contacted Yandel Sanchez, a staff member at YodaVision Co. He also invited the other staff to join them.

Yandel and his gang didn't just choose to work at YodaVision Co. because they wanted to have a job with a stable income; they also genuinely wanted to learn new skills.

Once they heard what Matthias said, they realized there was a huge gap between their skills and those of Matthias and Celeste in the artificial intelligence field.

Although Yandel and his gang couldn't grasp the key concept, they immediately got excited about Celeste's ideas after Matthias explained them. They didn't mind working overtime and officially joined the team.

In a situation like this, it was actually better for everyone to discuss it in person. However, it would take Celeste two hours to get to YodaVision Co.

The thing about inspiration was that one had to capitalize on it when it struck. Otherwise, one might be unable to recall it if it was interrupted.

That was why everyone decided to have a video conference **in** the end.

Once Matthias learned about Celeste's whereabouts, he spring the question on her when he got the chance. "Are

you alone in your room? Where are Trevor and the others?"

"No idea. They're having lunch, I guess," Celeste responded indifferently.

"Just Trevor and Jordyn?"

"Wynn, Miles, and Beck are here."

"And they left you here alone in your room?"

"Jordyn came over and asked me to join them downstairs, but I rejected it."

"Good to know. It seems like Trevor still has a sliver of his conscience intact."

Celeste disagreed. She shared the same thought with Miles—Trevor must have offered her to join because he didn't want Martha to nag at him.

More to the point, the people downstairs were all on Wynn's side. Even if Celeste actually joined them, they didn't have to worry about her "picking on" Wynn. That was why they weren't worried about having her.

Celeste and Matthias worked for another four hours. Soon, it was close to dinner time, so they decided to take a two-hour break before they resumed work.

Celeste compiled everything they did today before shutting her laptop. She intended to go out for a brief stroll and some fresh air, which would allow her to unwind. She could also pick up two cartons of apples and bring them to Matthias and everyone else in the company.