

Jorge was a little surprised.

Because of Caleb's personality and profession, he had never been particularly interested in banquets like these. He only attended occasionally, usually because he didn't want to disappoint his friends.

Since he was merely accompanying them out of loyalty, whenever Jorge or Xavier wanted to leave early, Caleb had never insisted on staying.

Caleb genuinely disliked these events.

So, for him to behave so differently tonight, there could only be one explanation. Someone he cared about was here.

The thought struck Jorge almost instantly. The woman Caleb liked was at this banquet.

A smile tugged at Jorge's lips as he turned to tease his friend, but then he noticed where Caleb's attention was focused.

Caleb was staring intently at Matthias... and Celeste.

Jorge froze before a startling thought flashed through his mind.

The smile vanished from his face, and his grip on his glass tightened instinctively.

But...

Just as he was about to dismiss the idea, a loud crash of shattering glass rang out from Celeste's direction.

Celeste let out a startled cry as she lost her balance and fell toward the floor.

Before Jorge could even react, Caleb shoved his wine glass into Xavier's hands and sprinted toward Celeste.

Jorge remained rooted to the spot, unable to move for a long moment.

Xavier stared blankly at the wine glass that had suddenly been thrust into his arms, then at Caleb's rapidly disappearing figure. "What just happened?"

Jorge kept his eyes fixed on the direction Caleb had run to, saying nothing.

Meanwhile, Caleb rushed to Celeste's side.

The floor was covered with broken glass.

Her carefully styled hair was in disarray, her evening gown was soaked with spilled juice and wine, and she still looked visibly shaken.

Unable to steady herself, she was leaning against Matthias, who had caught her before she fell.

"Are you alright?" Caleb asked urgently.

A child had suddenly darted across the room, crashing into a nearby waiter. The tray full of drinks had slipped from the waiter's hands, sending glasses crashing onto the floor.

The waiter himself had stumbled toward Celeste.

As she tried to avoid him, juice and wine splashed all over her dress. She accidentally stepped on broken glass and twisted her ankle.

Fortunately, Matthias had reacted instantly and caught her before she hit the ground.

With broken glass scattered everywhere, the consequences could have been disastrous if she had actually fallen.

Kieran had been talking with a friend. The moment he realized something had happened to Celeste, he rushed over as well, squeezing through the crowd to her side.

"What happened? Are you hurt?" he asked, his face full of concern.

Almost at the same time, Beck's voice sounded beside him. "Did you get injured?"

The three men spoke almost one after another.

Just as Celeste was about to answer, Philip, having heard the commotion, hurried over with Thomas.

When he realized Celeste was the one involved, he immediately asked anxiously, "Are you alright? Were you hurt?"

Supporting herself against Matthias because of her injured ankle, Celeste finally managed to steady herself.

Looking at the concerned faces that had suddenly gathered around her, she smiled reassuringly. "I'm fine."

She then nodded to Caleb, Kieran, and Beck in thanks for their concern.

Philip, however, didn't notice that

their concern seemed to go well beyond ordinary courtesy. The moment he heard she wasn't seriously injured, he breathed a sigh of relief.

"I'm terribly sorry. This happened because we failed to manage things properly your dress is soaked let me have someone take you upstairs so you can change into something dry"

Celeste nodded. "Alright. Thank you."

Matthias immediately stepped forward. "I'll go with you."