

Chapter 19 Someone Waiting For You

That remark successfully unnerved Lorenzo and the others.

Even though there were many people present who were on drugs and fearless, they were still highly sensitive to the word “police.”

Should Lorenzo refuse to allow a cop to bring his drugged daughter away, despite Lorenzo's extensive connections and lack of fear toward the police, he wouldn't be able to handle the situation smoothly.

The crowd that had initially gathered around the cop couldn't help but take a half step back.

I stared at the unfamiliar man, equally hesitant to speak. Are you kidding? In our line of work, who isn't afraid of the police? I've no idea why he's pretending to be my father.

Just then, someone moved swiftly, stepping from behind the unfamiliar man to stand beside Lorenzo, whispering something into his ear.

It was Madeline.

I couldn't make out what she was saying, but I saw Lorenzo's gaze sweep over my face, then shift to the unfamiliar man's face. Despite his reluctance, he ultimately had to release me.

The man tugged at me again, pulling me along as he dragged me outside.

At some point, the music in the room had been turned off without my notice. I heard Lorenzo shouting at Madeline, “How could you have chosen the daughter of a cop?”

“I didn't know!” Madeline lamented. “I've been taken advantage of too. When the cop found me, I was scared out of my wits. Lorenzo, please calm your anger. I'll find you two new girls. I promise they'll be top-notch...”

After that, I couldn't hear what they were saying. The door to the private room had already been closed.

The man's grip on my wrist was firm as he led me forward.

Surrounding us was faint music, with light and shadow fleeting past on both sides.

His steps were steady and composed, his back perfectly straight. He was indeed no ordinary man.

“Who are you?” I finally asked.

“Go get your bag,” he instructed. He opened the door to Madeline's room, his gaze falling onto my backpack resting on the couch. Releasing my hand, he gently pushed me inside.

“Why should I go with you? How do I know whether you're good or bad?” Despite everything feeling like a dream, I still voiced my concerns.

“Is Lorenzo Zabel good or bad?” He stood at the doorway, as straight and unwavering as a pine tree.

“Lorenzo Zabel?” I asked.

“The person who was just lying on you.”

“Of course he's not a good man,” I muttered to myself. He's clearly in the mafia. How could he possibly be good?

“So you did know!” He scoffed, immediately urging, “Hurry up, someone's waiting for you outside!”

“Who is it?” I slung my bag over my shoulder. It didn't matter who I was going out with for a woman like me. The only difference was whether or not I would be paid for it.

“Your Uncle Zimmer,” he said.

Uncle Zimmer? I was puzzled once again. The closest connection I have in the city to the surname Zimmer is Mr. Zimmer. Will he come to my rescue? Could it be him?

Seeing my reaction, the man furrowed his brows once more, urging, “Hurry up!”

I followed behind him with a backpack slung over my shoulders, heading toward the parking lot.

When I stepped into the open-air parking lot, the night wind brushed against my body. Everything around me still felt surreal, as if I was in a dream.

That night, I had only a single drink, so I wasn't drunk. That dreamlike sensation must have been caused by that pill.

A few minutes later, like a dream, I saw Oberon.

I didn't lunge forward but continued to follow behind that unfamiliar man.

“Oberon, I've brought her,” the unfamiliar man said.

“Thanks!” Oberon patted the man's arm, then turned his gaze back to me, frowning. “What's the matter? Didn't you know to call for help?”

“Uncle Zimmer,” I called out softly.

The drug might have stimulated my nerves, perhaps even some sort of hormone, but it certainly didn't affect my intellect. By that point, even if I was the biggest fool, I could still figure out that it was Oberon who had sent someone to rescue me.

However, because the person troubling me was Lorenzo, he found it inconvenient to intervene.

Seeing my compliance, Oberon nodded, then heaved a sigh, seemingly disappointed in me.

“Why aren't you going?” The unfamiliar man turned to his side, his tone commanding. “Still fond of this place, are you?”

I shook my head before lowering it as I walked over to Oberon's side.

“Judging by the look in her eyes, she must have taken drugs. You should take her to get her stomach pumped,” the unfamiliar man kindly suggested.

Oberon nodded.

The unfamiliar man swung open the door of the small car beside them. Before settling in, he sighed and said, “You've got to keep a closer eye on your friend's daughter in the future. She shouldn't be coming to places like this anymore!”

After the unfamiliar man had left, Oberon glanced at me, indicating that I should enter the car. He then proceeded toward the driver's seat.

He expertly drove the Range Rover out of the parking lot.

“Thank you for coming to save me,” I whispered.

Oberon responded with a grunt, focusing solely on driving without so much as glancing my way.

However, I gazed at him, at his strikingly handsome profile.

“That person just now... He seemed quite impressive.” Despite a thousand thoughts swirling in my mind, I was grasping at straws for conversation.

He responded with a “Mhm” but still didn't continue the conversation.

Suddenly, I was at a loss for words. I shifted my gaze from his face, looking out the window instead.

The city at night was a spectacle to behold. Countless headlights, street lamps, neon signs, and the illumination from thousands of homes transformed the city into an ocean of light.

It was so beautiful, yet so surreal.

My mind was still sluggish as I observed everything around me at a slower pace.

“He really was a police officer.”

“Are you really going to take me to get my stomach pumped?”

Almost simultaneously, both Oberon and I spoke up.