

## Chapter 20 Detoxify Me Please

I was surprised. I didn't expect Oberon to have a real police officer rescue me. It was little wonder he seemed so imposing!

“Pretending I'm his daughter must be quite difficult for him,” I said.

“He has a daughter about your age,” Oberon replied, paused for a moment, and continued, “Turn your face this way. Let me have a look.”

It was then that I remembered my right cheek had been slapped by that police officer, and it was quite painful.

However, under the influence of that spiked drink, it wasn't quite as unbearable, even to the point of being negligible.

I turned to the side, showing him my face.

I noticed his gaze sweep across my face before he withdrew it quickly.

Before he could respond, I had already volunteered the information. “It doesn't hurt.”

He paused for a moment, then asked, “Who hit you?”

“Your friend,” I said, pausing for a moment before continuing, “He was pretending to be my dad, so it was only normal for him to slap me under those circumstances.”

He didn't pursue the topic any further, simply asking, “Do you know what you ingested?”

The shift in the topic was quite abrupt, which made me pause before answering, “I'm not sure. It must have been the same as the one you refused for me last time.”

The last time, when Oberon declined a drink on my behalf, Lorenzo said it was a pity, and that had I drank it, Oberon would have been on cloud nine.

Earlier, the other women told me that drinking the alcohol would protect me while being with Lorenzo.

“There's no need for a stomach pump. A good night's sleep and you'll be fine by tomorrow morning,” said Oberon. “If you're still worried, well, when you return home later, drink plenty of water and throw up as much of that drink as you can.”

It was so strange that a regular patron of a bar had plans to escort a hostess home.

“You don't need my company?” I asked.

“It's not like we have to do that every time,” he said, his gaze fixed ahead, his expression plain.

“Do you like me?” I asked again.

He glanced at me as though I'd asked the most unbelievable question.

“It seems one can only endure when liking another person...” I replied sullenly. I've never been in a relationship. That's just how it's portrayed on TV.

“You're overthinking it,” Oberon sighed softly, choosing not to say anything more. Instead, he casually turned on the car's stereo.

It was a soothing piano melody.

Suddenly, I remembered Lorenzo's rendition of A King's Farewell to His Queen Consort. I guessed that the song playing in Lorenzo's car was probably something similar to A King's Farewell to His Queen Consort!

Neither of us spoke. The room fell into a stifling silence, punctuated only by the slow, flowing melody of the piano.

After a while, perhaps due to the number of times I had looked at him, ambiguous elements began to surface.

“Uncle Zimmer,” I said.

“Hmm?” Oberon raised his eyebrow.

“I've been poisoned...” I whispered, gazing at him with pleading eyes.

He couldn't help but chuckle. In his mind, there was a world of difference between that little pill and actual poison!”

“Could you help 'detoxify' me?” I pleaded.