

## Chapter 362 Blind Date

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The shrill sound of an alarm blared in the bar.

Everyone in the bar looked at each other in confusion and surprise until someone shouted, "The police are coming!"

The whole bar was thrown into chaos. Some people were so shocked they could only look around, aghast, uncertain of what to do. But a few others, who were guilty of one thing or the other, took to their heels immediately.

Before anyone else could leave, two police officers rushed in through the main entrance. The leading police officer said sternly, "Everyone, please be quiet. We have received a report that someone in the bar is using illegal drugs. Now please cooperate with us in handling this case. We won't take too much of your time, but we will arrest anyone who doesn't cooperate with us for obstruction of justice."

Many of the guests in the bar calmed down and cooperated with the police and answered all the questions they were asked promptly.

Like most of the guests in the bar, Bettie was surprised at the turn of events. "Is there anyone here taking drugs? What a mess! Lance, what kind of place did you bring me to?"

Lance gaped at her, stunned by the accusation. "How could I have known..."

"Shut up!"

Lance pursed his lips and said nothing.

Bettie glanced at Sabrina and asked in a low voice, "Whoever gave the police the tip must have also described what the person using the drugs looked like, right?"

Sabrina propped her elbows on the table and rubbed her temples slowly. She didn't make any attempt to answer.

It was Lance who finally replied in an equally low voice. "Yes, they should have. But the police can't rule out the possibility that whomever they are looking for is not alone. They could have gathered here to take drugs together, so they have to look into it."

Gathering to take drugs? AIDS?

Bettie trembled with disgust and rolled her eyes at him. "I didn't ask you."

"You can turn a deaf ear to my words," Lance retorted.

Bettie curled her lips. But instead of exchanging any further words with him, she turned to look at Sabrina. Her brows furrowed as she took in Sabrina's face. "Sabrina, why do you look so pale? Do you feel uncomfortable?"

"I feel a little dizzy." Sabrina rubbed her chest and said, "My heart is beating fast. Maybe it's because I've been very busy and haven't had a good rest."

"Alas!" Bettie sighed. "I planned to leave when I saw that blind date, but now it will take even longer than I planned."

Then she glared at Lance.

If it weren't for him, what would she be doing in such a place?

This time, Lance didn't argue or try to defend himself. He glanced at Sabrina and frowned when he saw how ashen she appeared. "You won't..."

Before he could complete his sentence, one of the policemen walked up to their table. He looked down at Sabrina and took out a small notebook. "Miss, what's your name?"

"Me?" Sabrina pointed at her nose, still feeling a little dizzy.

"Yes, it's you," the policeman announced in a grim tone.

"Sir, we..." It was absolutely impossible for them to partake in the use of illicit drugs.

However, when Bettie attempted to explain to this to the policeman, Lance kicked her under the table.

Now, He was certain that someone had deliberately set Sabrina up.

Someone had put something in her drink. Then whoever did it called the police and gave them Sabrina's description.

Unfortunately, something of this nature was quite common in bars.

So, any explanation Bettie made was of no use. They would definitely be taken to the police station for drug tests.

The only thing he was unsure of was if Sabrina was the target or the three of them. What was the goal of this person?

Lance glanced at Bettie who was sitting across from him and presumed that she hadn't figured out what was going on yet.

The policeman asked for Sabrina's personal information. After Sabrina gave it, he asked, "Why are you here tonight? Have you been here before? How often do you come here? Why?"

The policeman fired one question after another at Sabrina, watching her intently. For some reason, Sabrina's chest felt stuffy and her vision was getting blurry. Feeling very irritable, she replied impatiently, "This is my first time here. I only came with my friend..."

"Why did you accompany your friend here?" The policeman was certain that something was not quite right with Sabrina. After studying her for a few seconds, he was almost certain that she was the person they were looking for.

"A blind date," Bettie grumped and glared at Lance.

The policeman looked at Bettie and asked, "Are you her friend?"

"Yes, sir."

"What's your name?"

Bettie told him her full name.

The policeman questioned her for a while and then looked at Lance, asking, "Are you her blind date?"

"Yes, sir." Lance nodded his head.

"Who introduced her to you? When did you start contacting each other? Is tonight the first time the two of you are meeting?" the policeman queried Lance in the same manner he asked Sabrina various questions earlier.

In the past, informants came up with all kinds of excuses to connect with each other and it was quite common for them to give the excuse of being on a blind date. That was why the policeman was interrogating them very carefully.

After Lance answered his questions, the policeman closed his notebook and put the pen into his pocket. "Let's go. You three have to come back with us to the station and do urine tests."

"What? A urine test?" Bettie's face was the picture of incredulity as she demanded harshly, "Are you suspecting us?"

Sabrina was also surprised at the policeman's pronouncement. She felt slightly uneasy as she stared at him.

"We will discuss any questions you have after the test results come out."

Bettie wanted to argue their case, but Lance stopped her once again.

She took a deep breath and calmed down, realizing that it was useless to say anything now. However, knowing that did nothing to quell her anger.

"It's all your fault! I don't even care that you made me your blind date,

but you chose such a horrible location!" Bettie glowered at Lance, venting all her pent up fury on him.

"Alright, it's all my fault."

The policeman suddenly turned around and asked, "Aren't you on a blind date? Have you two already met before now?"

Bettie was speechless.

In full view of everyone, the three of them were escorted from the bar to the waiting police car.

Sabrina was in one car alone, with two policemen sitting on either side.

She had no idea what was wrong with her, but she felt like she was coming apart at the seams. Her heart raced as if she was excited, but at the same time, she felt angry and irritable and she could barely stifle the urge to scream.

For no reason that she could discern, the policemen insisted on taking her to the police station. On a normal day, she might have felt annoyed by the situation, but at this moment, Sabrina was so irritated that she wanted to hit someone.

Bettie was put in a different car with Lance. A policeman sat next to them.

Under the rapt gaze of the policeman, Lance took out his phone from his pocket and asked, "Sir, do you mind if I make a phone call?"

"Who do you want to call?"

"A friend."

"Go ahead."

Lance dialed a number.

When the call was connected, he said, "Blayze, it's me."

Then Lance told Blayze what happened, emphasizing Sabrina's symptoms. "I'm afraid someone came for her. Be careful."

After getting Blayze's response, Lance hung up the phone.

It was only at that moment that Bettie realized something she had overlooked in the bar. "You mean that Sabrina..."

Her words trailed off even as her eyes widened in surprise. Now that she was recalling Sabrina's symptoms, she couldn't help but think that it might be true...

"I'm just guessing. We'll know the truth when the test result comes out."

Bettie nodded her head worriedly. Suddenly, something occurred to her and she asked, "Who did you call just now? Blayze? Blayze Fowler? You know Blayze?"

This could only mean that Lance's appearance in Orden at that time was not a coincidence.

No wonder Aylin said she saw someone else in Blayze's car.

That person must be Lance.

Lance stared at her in stunned silence.

Since metabolism in the human body took time, it would be hard to find something in their urine in such a short period of time.

They had to wait for a few hours before their urine could be tested.

As the hours ticked by, Sabrina became more and more restless.

Bettie wasn't faring much better.

But Lance was calm.

Since the three of them couldn't leave the police station until the test results were out, they were there until early morning.

Sabrina's and Bettie's urine test results were positive.

Only Lance's was negative.

Sabrina was in a state of disbelief when she saw the result.

There were drugs in her system? How did this happen?

Could it be that the discomfort that had been plaguing her all night was

a result of the drug?

Since her reaction the whole night was unusual, then it was possibly true.

She would never use drugs, so the only explanation was that someone put something in her wine.

She had only seen this kind of thing in TV dramas.

Bettie couldn't believe it either.

Someone had drugged her? But why didn't she feel anything?

The two of them were taken into separate interrogation rooms and questioned by the policemen about the origin of the drug and whether they were addicted to drugs.

The policeman also asked Lance a few more questions before motioning toward the door. "You can leave."

When Lance came out of the policeman's office, he saw several people walking toward him.

At the front was a middle-aged policeman. Judging from his epaulet, he had a very high rank and was one of the most powerful policemen in Mathias.

Next to the policeman was a middle-aged man in a suit. The two of them talked while walking. It was clear from the policeman's expression that he respected the middle-aged man beside him.

When the middle-aged man saw Lance, he strode forward and asked, "Lance, why didn't you tell me about it?"

"I was about to call you when you came," Lance replied with a smile.



## Chapter 363 Nothing To Worry About

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"Andres has told me everything. Are those two girls your friends?" Lance's uncle asked.

"Yes, and as far as I know, they would never touch prohibited items. I suspect that their drinks were tampered with in the bar," Lance replied.

Lance's uncle put his hands in his pocket and glanced at Andres, who was standing next to him.

"In that case, Mr. Carter, Mr. Nelson, you don't have to worry about it. I'll ask my men to investigate it as soon as possible and release Mr. Carter's two friends," Andres said.

"Thank you, Andres." Lance nodded his head to show his appreciation.

In the interrogation room, the detectives sat across from Sabrina and interrogated her. After several minutes of cross examination, they determined that this was the first time Sabrina had taken the drug and that she had no prior history, nor was she addicted to it.

Sabrina endured the headache that threatened to split her head in two and tried to recall the details of what happened in the bar.

But she hadn't paid much attention to anything until the police showed up, so she couldn't remember a few details clearly.

"Think about it again. Was the glass out of your sight at any point?" the detective in charge of the interrogation asked.

Sabrina frowned as her headache worsened. Her lips curled and she muttered bitterly, "I really can't remember. Can you check the surveillance video?"



The detective was about to reply when a policeman entered the interrogation room and whispered something in his ear. Then the two of them went out together.

A few minutes later, the detective returned and gestured at the door. "You can leave now."

"What?" Sabrina gawked at the detective. While she was relieved not to be questioned anymore, she couldn't help but ask, "You don't want to interrogate me anymore?"

The detective quirked an eyebrow at her. "Do you want me to interrogate you for a while longer?"

Without another word, Sabrina stood up and went out.

"Sabrina! Are you okay? How do you feel?" Bettie asked as she hurried toward Sabrina.

Bettie had been released from the interrogation room a while earlier and was waiting at the door for Sabrina to come out.

"I'm fine. I just have a headache. How are you?"

Bettie's eyebrows furrowed thoughtfully. "I don't have any adverse reaction. If it wasn't for the result, I wouldn't have known there was something wrong with the wine I drank. I don't even know who did it! I'm blacklisting that bar from now on. I will never go there again."

"That's good." Sabrina leaned against the wall and took a deep breath. "Let's go and sit there for a while. By the way, where is Lance?"

"I don't know. Maybe he has run away," Bettie murmured, disdain dripping from her tone.

At that very moment, she saw Lance on the stairs, deep in conversation with a middle-aged man. Obviously, they were walking downstairs from the second floor.

The middle-aged man's face was solemn and there was an air of authority around him. And his sharp eyes gave the impression that he could see through people at a glance.

The middle-aged man was followed by a policeman and a man in a suit holding a briefcase who appeared to be a secretary.

Sabrina also looked in the direction of the stairs and she did a double take when she saw the middle-aged man.

Maybe she didn't see his face clearly.

Because if she was right, that middle-aged man looked like a government official in Mathias whom she often saw in political news.

As a matter of fact, she was certain that she had met that secretary before.

Sabrina looked at the secretary again and studied his face intently.

After a few seconds of perusal, Sabrina was certain that she didn't make a mistake.

She remembered that during the early days of her marriage with Tyrone when their relationship was still harmonious, there was a time when Tyrone was drunk at a party and Sabrina had to go and pick him up because she was nearby. When she got there, he was in a chamber. And if memory served her right, the secretary beside the government official was the one who escorted Tyrone to her.

In Mathias, the only people who could get Tyrone drunk at social engagements were those government officials, so Sabrina had a deep impression of that incident.

But why was the government official here at the police station?

And more importantly, why was Lance talking to him?

Should she say hello to him? Or should she pretend not to know him?

Sabrina was confused.

When Royce walked down the stairs, he caught a glimpse of Sabrina. The moment he saw her face, he got the impression that he had seen her before. He stopped in front of her and smiled. "What are you worried about?"

Sabrina floundered for a moment. She didn't expect this man to talk to her. "I... I'm not worried."

Lance couldn't conceal his surprise as he stared at them.

"Then why do you have this expression on your face?" Royce asked.

"Okay... I was wondering if I should say hello to you," Sabrina blurted.

Royce shook his head with a smile. "There's nothing to worry about."

"Do you recognize me?" Sabrina asked with a cautious smile.

"Actually, I wasn't sure where I knew you from when I first saw you, but I remember it now. Your name is Sabrina and your husband is Tyrone. I'm correct, aren't I?"

"You have a good memory," Sabrina praised, a small smile on her face. She chose not to tell him about her divorce.

But her words weren't mere platitudes. She meant what she said.

After all, a busy man such as the government official, who came across several influential people very often, was still able to remember her even though they only met once.

Royce smiled at her and walked out.

Lance glanced at Royce's back before turning to Bettie. "Wait for me in the lounge."

Without waiting for her response, he followed Royce.

They were almost out of the police station when Royce glanced at Lance and teased, "Do you have a crush on that girl?"

Smiling faintly, Lance looked at his uncle before replying, "Uncle, please keep it a secret for me. Don't let my parents find out about it yet."

"You are old enough to start a family. If you are serious about her, then make a decision quickly and take her back to meet your parents," Royce said earnestly.

"I understand."

When they arrived at the gate, Lance opened the car door and said, "Uncle, take care."

Royce got into the passenger seat and said, "Go back and do your investigations. Come to my home for dinner one of these days."

"Sure."

After seeing off Royce, Lance returned to the lounge.

Sabrina and Bettie were in the midst of a discussion.

Bettie only thought that Royce looked somewhat familiar to her, but when she heard what Sabrina said, she was surprised and pleased. "I didn't expect a government official to be so approachable. But how did Lance know him?"

"You have to ask him."

Almost as if Sabrina had conjured him up, Lance appeared at the door of the lounge the second she spoke.

Bettie glanced at him and asked, "Hey, how do you know him?"

Leaning against the door, Lance folded his arms across his chest and smiled. "What's my name?"

Bettie's lips twitched and she rolled her eyes at him. Gritting her teeth, she huffed, "Lance!"

"What's the matter?" Lance asked cheekily.

"How do you know that guy?"

"It's probably because I am capable and he appreciates me," Lance replied flippantly, shrugging.

"You are just bragging!" Bettie curled her lips and looked away, unconvinced by his words.

From what Bettie knew, Lance won a lot of awards in high school and he was liked by all his teachers.

However, he hailed from a humble background. His mother passed when he was a sophomore, and his father was in poor condition. Lance earned his money by tutoring students. Most of his tutoring jobs were arranged by his teachers.

According to the rumor mill, Lance had a good career after he went abroad.

There was a policy where talented people were introduced to influential people in the city. Someone like Lance would definitely be qualified, and it only made sense that he knew some people in government.

However, that didn't explain why some top leaders of Mathias would pay attention to a returnee from overseas.

Lance smiled.

At this time, a policeman came over and knocked on the door. "We have checked the surveillance video. Please come with us. We have something to ask you."

"Okay."

Sabrina and the other two followed the policeman to the office.

There was a paused video on the monitor. The policeman zoomed in on the scene until the face of a man was clear as daylight on the screen. Then he turned to them and asked, "Do you know this person?"

Bettie shook her head and looked at Sabrina.

Lance narrowed his eyes on the computer screen, certain that he had seen this person before.

Sabrina inhaled sharply and blurted, "Brady!"

