

## Chapter 909 Vincent

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Loraine had harbored a negative impression of Zodiac for quite some time. Despite hearing others praise the place, her first experience there didn't leave her with a good impression.

She vividly recalled the ordeal of being robbed by gunmen on a flight with Marco.

And now, she was abducted in broad daylight right outside the VIP lounge at the airport?!

How could those kidnapers in Zodiac dare to be so bold? And how did they target her with such accuracy?!

Before Loraine could react, urged by a will to survive, she managed to wrench free from the abductor's grasp. She was on the verge of screaming for help...

But the person behind her acted quickly, covering her mouth, then removing his sunglasses to reveal eyes that were both pleading and strikingly clear.

His gaze was compelling, radiating innocence and depth as though capable of speech.

When the person glanced at her, he motioned for silence with his hand.

Loraine gave him a brief look but remained silent, scrutinizing the man before her.

He offered a timid smile, awkwardly scratching his head as he apologized.

With his hands clasped together in desperation, he softly explained, "I apologize for dragging you into this. I'm in a bit of a bind... I need to get into the lounge but lack the necessary ID. Seeing you head inside, I thought..."

He paused, glancing around cautiously as if on the lookout for something.

Then he smiled with relief. "Could you help me inside? I promise to make it up to you once I meet with my friend!"

Loraine found something strikingly familiar in his gaze yet couldn't place him.

Despite wearing an ordinary T-shirt, something about his demeanor stood out.

Remembering how he had dodged just moments ago like her band friends had taught her to evade paparazzi, Loraine quickly realized that this man was the elusive "Vincent" those fervent fans had been searching for.

Loraine wasn't too caught up in showbiz. Vincent appeared to have a huge fan base, but she didn't know much about him. Once she confirmed he wasn't a thug, she felt relieved. After a quick pondering, she decided to lend a hand.

The man quickly clasped his hands in gratitude and went to the lounge area, where he casually sat down, disregarding his appearance as he removed his hat and sunglasses.

Noticing Loraine's gaze, he sat up, flashed his charming

eyes, and asked cheerfully, "Young lady, you're quite the kind soul, aren't you? Do you recognize me?"

His voice carried the freshness of youth, and his features were youthful, suggesting he was around her age, perhaps even younger. How amusing for him to call her "young lady."

Loraine, amused and without any aversion, responded, "So, you're the 'Vincent' those fans outside are so excited about?"

He beamed, seemingly pleased at being identified, and confirmed, "Indeed, that's me! I have no idea how my return today got leaked. The airport was nearly swamped. I had to swap clothes with my agent just to slip away. All my identification and belongings were with him."

He shared his reason for needing access to the lounge. Observing Loraine's composed reaction, he asked curiously, "Are you a fan of mine? I'll give you an autograph once my agent catches up."

Loraine gently declined with a smile and said, "No, thank you. Your offer is generous, but helping out was no big deal. No need to thank me."

Vincent looked at Loraine in surprise. After a moment, he removed his mask, revealing a handsome face with strong brows and a prominent nose.

His words were playful yet tinged with disbelief. "Really? Just look at me. I'm quite the catch! My autograph isn't easy to come by. Are you sure you don't want it?"

Yet, seeing his face left Loraine in shock, struck by a wave of familiarity.

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