

## Enchanted 129

"It's nonsense." Jay felt astonished, "What about 'heretic'?"

"I have dealt with such an individual case abroad. Those criminals inserted a long nail into a site directly to the retina because they hoped that the dead would never remember his appearance again. In this way, the dead could not pursue him as he went to hell. And it is only one kind of so-called 'tame head.' It is said that only some hedonists believe in this. Those who believe in this tend to be people who have suffered great pains and have seen their relatives killed by others; thus, their mentality becomes distorted. All of these are possible.

"How did you conclude that he is a man with obsessive-compulsive disorder?"

"From the way he arranged the body," Irish sniffled with a great force and inhaled in, an astonishing smell of rancid flesh, "The limbs of these two bodies were broken at their joints in a tidy way, and their arms and legs were put together in the same direction. What's more, the heads stood there, and the hair was laid out horizontally. All these prove that the criminal was not fond of untidy objects and needed to put them away in a tidy way. And that is the exact clinical manifestation of one with obsessive-compulsive disorder."

Jay kept silent for a while, "You still don't believe that Bernert killed these women?"

"No, he is not the killer," Irish emphasized it word by word.

Jay looked at Bernert in a sharp way only to see that he was frightened enough to be motionless, shaking wholly. Jay took a deep breath and then said, "Although he is guaranteed to be innocent by you, he has to be supervised by us before the case is solved."

"Okay. But do not interrupt his work, nor notify his families." Irish said firmly, "His wife is weak, and his children are still young, so he is the pillar of the family."

Jay nodded.

The phone rang. It was Irish.

Answering the phone, Irish heard the serious voice of Blair, "Doctor Irish, the diagnosis about Bernert has come out. Maybe the fact is not what we had predicted before, so I suggest that you and Cheska arrange another hypnotherapy session for Bernert at the appropriate time."

Irish heard what he said and then looked at Bernert, who was not far from her. She said in a clear way, "Yes, I agree. I have the same thoughts as you. I'm afraid that the facts are way beyond our imagination."

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Cassie really learned a lot at the Diamond Identification Event in Paris. As this was a business trip at public expense, she needed to make a detailed report on what she had learned in Paris.

After dealing with her work, she chatted with Fredrick. Compared with her passion, Fredrick seemed to be absent-minded. He even made an excuse that he had a lot of business to do. After their conversation

on the phone, Cassie was still in a daze. She thought that Fredrick had been acting strange recently, and she couldn't help calling Irish.

As the call went through, Cassie felt sort of relieved.

It sounded like Irish's voice was a little husky with a cough.

"Do you have a cold?" Cassie asked anxiously.

"I got completely soaked in the heavy rain." Irish briefly explained the cause of her illness. Then she asked something about Cassie.

Moved by her concern, Cassie expressed that everything was fine with her.

Irish then began to urge Cassie to buy a high-end bag on her behalf. Cassie laughed heavily, "I know about you since we have been friends for years. I have already bought one for you. You know what, I grabbed it among the crowds in the market, and it was really tiring."

"Everyone is fond of luxury." Irish sighed.

Cassie then chatted with her about some unimportant affairs, and finally, she asked, "Have you seen Fredrick recently?"

"No, we both are busy. What's wrong?"

"Nothing. I just feel that his attitude towards me is strange, and he is not very concerned about me."

"You think too much. Maybe he is too busy, and you know...eh..." Irish coughed loudly and then continued, "You know, in this society, everyone has an illness, I mean, a mental illness."

Cassie sighed lightly and didn't complain anymore. She was still worried about Irish's health, so she just kept persuading Irish to see a doctor. At last, Irish hung up the phone.

At midnight, Cassie didn't have a good night. For some time, she dreamed of the scene when she met Fredrick for the first time, and then she dreamed that Fredrick kept walking in front while she couldn't catch up with him. And as she caught him, she pulled his arm, only to see that it was that playboy. And then the playboy hugged her and lowered his face to kiss her. She was frightened awake.

In the room next to her, there was a loud sexual moan.

Cassie thought that she must have committed much evil in her last life, that she now met such a guy who was hard to deal with. From Tours to Paris, this guy followed her along the way. Although he didn't harass her, his behavior of following her made her fretful.

Were all the captains so free? She thought.

She didn't know whether it was because she had seen him so many times that she had met him again, this time in her dream.

What was most unbearable for her was that this guy could always book a room next to hers. Actually, it was sort of acceptable since the hotel didn't belong to her, and she was not entitled to choose her neighbor.

But tonight, he was being so disgusting.

In fact, the hotel rooms normally had pretty good sound insulation. However, the woman in the next room moaned so loudly that she could hear it clearly since the balcony in her room was only separated from his by a thin wall.

The noise in the next room was so loud. The woman nearly screamed out. But for the groans of lovemaking, she would think that there was a murder happening in the next room.

She was nearly mad.