

## Enchanted 441

Cassie was shocked. Maybe it was by Roy's words or by Roy's embrace.

He turned Cassie's body lightly and lowered himself to look at her. The flames in the sky made his hair red, while deep into his eyes was the color of sunshine and his shadow.

"I want to see more beautiful views with you and also want to look after you. That's all." Roy was gentle now, and his glance was the same.

Cassie had a strange feeling suddenly.

He lowered his head. His lips approached hers slowly.

The night wind swept over, and man's breath entered her nose. Cassie was rigid totally and just saw his lips closer and closer. She felt very stressed. And just when their lips were attached, she turned her head around. The stress twined her heart tightly as a rope and made her ache.

She couldn't...

She still couldn't accept that a man would be so close to her, while this man was not Fredrick.

Roy felt upset and looked at her.

She gripped her fingers tightly and said after a while, "Sorry. I..."

The woman's helplessness converted into strength, making his expression soft. He didn't force her but pulled her into his bosom, sighing and saying, "It doesn't matter."

They two embraced each other. The night finally came and swallowed their shadows...

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Out of the police station, the day turned to night.

Of course, this room had no window, only a door, and a control wall. She sat on the chair idly and stared at the half mirror across her. She knew that behind the mirror, there must have been someone staring at her. So she appeared to be easy.

Shirley finally cooperated with the police and began to "think." She disclosed Irish.

During the investigation, Shirley mentioned that only Irish left the dining hall before the salad was served at the table and she sincerely expressed that there was a great possibility for Irish to kill her.

Then the police conducted a series of investigations. A servant called Joie indeed saw Irish entering the kitchen island, and she stayed there for several minutes. But it was not clear whether she put down the poison or not. According to his confession, Irish didn't get along well with the Lake's and didn't show politeness to Shirley out of hatred.

As a result, she was taken to the interrogation room, and bail was not allowed.

However, Irish was so stubborn that she only said, "I don't know," and "I didn't do it."

The police were so angry.

She thought she could notify Jay, but then she realized that Jay had been in the narcotics squad, which was not in his control now. And his coming would not prove her innocence. In addition, if Jay had come there, then her aunt and uncle would know where she had gone on Labor Day. It must have been tough for her to gain their tolerance.

Irish didn't want to have more problems.

Actually, it was good for her to stay here. Although the coffee was not good, it was better than water.

She looked at the time. It was already evening.

As she thought of who would save her, the door was pushed, and two policemen came in. In the front was Han, who took her to the police station, and behind him was a policewoman to record their conversations.

"Doctor Irish, have you memorized the details of your crime?" Han sat down across from her and tended to be serious.

His call also changed after watching the personal information on Irish.

"Sorry. Sir. The time is too short for me to make up a complete story outline." Irish raised her lips, seeming to smile or not.

Han recognized her sneer. He was unhappy now, "Do not make a tease. Tell me what you know now."

"Tell what?"

"On the lunch on Labor Day celebration, have you ever gone to the kitchen?"

"Yes,"

"What did you do?"

"Change my tableware."

"The Lake has so many servants who can serve for you, but you changed it by yourself?"

This question seemed to be a joke for Irish, so she met with Han's questioning look. "Why? Is it illegal for me to change my tableware?"

"What's your aim?"

"Nothing. I just like to change the tableware by myself." Irish made a response, but it was done in her own way.

Han leaned his back behind and knocked at the table, "Doctor Irish. I hope you will cooperate with us. Otherwise, what you waste is only your time."

"Make cooperation? Should I admit that I did it and get punished?" Irish laughed, "Is that so? If I say that, you can feel relieved that you finally found the criminal?"

Han frowned.

"What a pity! I didn't do that, so do not waste time on me. You can just make use of the time to find the real criminal."

Han stared at her, "Who can prove you are innocent?"

Irish asked by sneering, "Who saw that I really poisoned her?"

Her glib tongue made Han squint lightly, so he changed his strategy, "You hate the Lake's because of your mother, especially Shirley. But for Shirley, your parents would not have departed, and your mother would not have died. So you hate the Lake's, especially Shirley, for years and plan to retaliate, right?"

Irish didn't answer and still looked at him coldly.

"According to Shirley, you have had so many quarrels with her since you returned. You even lure Shirley's son-in-law, who is your brother-in-law. You aim to destroy their marriage to appease your anger. Shirley has run to your office room to quarrel with you, and many staff in the Runestone Group have witnessed it. And since then, you have given up your position. Actually, it is just too baffling, and you plan to seek more suitable opportunities to retaliate."

Han's voice became louder and more threatening. Irish was accustomed to this kind of inference since her cousin- Jay often treated her in this way. And actually, she knew how to deal with it. So she just sighed helplessly, "Sir. It is a pity for you not to write a novel. Actually, now detective novels are popular, and you can have a try. It must satisfy your imagination."