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Jay didn't know how he got back to the police station, even though it was just a few steps from the coffee shop. He felt like he had walked for a long time. When he returned to the interrogation room and found that they still hadn't gotten any information from the suspect, he suddenly became irritated. He patted his colleague's shoulder and said unpleasantly, "Let me do this."

His colleague nodded and was shocked by his irritated expression.

When he left, Jay took a chair and sat in front of the suspect, slamming the record chart on the desk and saying with a cold voice, "You'd better tell me all the information you know and stop wasting our time."

The man who was being interrogated was around twenty and looked very young. But after hearing this, the young man put his legs directly on the table and said lazily, "I don't want to say a single word to you, my family is coming soon."

"Do you think you are special because you are rich?" Although Jay had looked through some information about him and knew his family was engaged in business, he was just a black sheep.

The young man snorted and ignored Jay.

Jay was irritated and stood up abruptly after seeing this. "You want to keep silent, don't you?"

The man took a look at him and still didn't reply. Jay's eyes were filled with flame, and he reached out, lifting him up. Before he could scream, Jay's fists had hit his chest already.

The man cried out and felt choked, but Jay was furious and continued to beat him. His fists all fell on his body, he did not touch his face.

Jay was so strong that the young man began screaming, "Help! Help!"

So when the door of the interrogation room was opened, several of his colleagues were very surprised since they saw Jay as self-disciplined and always remaining professional. Therefore, they hastily pulled him away.

The young man pointed at Jay while crying out and said, "I...I will sue you!" Hearing this, Jay was going to rush toward him again, but his colleagues stopped him and persuaded him to calm down. "Cool down. We will deal with him."

Then they took the suspect away.

Jay put his hands on the table, looking like a lion with angry red eyes. When he reached out again, he slammed the chair against the wall, breaking it into pieces.

After Joseph left, Irish ate something for breakfast and dressed quickly, preparing to go out. Some bodyguards were standing at the door, and when they realized she was going to go out, one of them said to her. "Mr. Dover has left instructions for us that if you are going to go out, then we have to accompany you."

Irish was not an unreasonable woman, and of course, she understood Joseph's intentions, so she nodded and said, "I have called Will, and he will come here to pick me up soon. Two of you will come with me while the rest of you have to guard the apartment here." Joseph left some papers in the apartment; though she did not know if they were important, it was better to keep them safe.

"Yes." The bodyguard was a little surprised since he saw that Irish did not cause trouble for them, and she was so self-assured.

After a while, Will arrived, but Belle was not with him, perhaps she had gone to Johannesburg with Joseph. He hastily brought an umbrella to Irish since he saw her standing at the apartment door and said with a smile, "It's terrible to go out on a rainy day."

"Will the bad weather affect the helicopter?" She was worried about Joseph.

Will thought for a while and replied, "Yes. But you don't have to be worried, since the captain is a man with more than forty years' experience. It is only raining in Cape Town today."

The two cars were driving in the streets one after the other, and when they left the apartment complex, it rained even more heavily. They finally stopped in front of a luxury hotel. Irish urged the bodyguards to go around nearby, and she went into the hotel alone.

She went directly to the top floor of this hotel without stopping. This was an elevator for VIP hotel guests, and the luxurious Australian design was spread from the elevator to the end of the corridor. The beautiful hanging crystal lights were magnificent, and the walls were covered in handmade tapestries from Iran, adding an exotic style to the hotel. The tempered glass insulated the hall from the lightning and thunder outside the window, so the entire corridor was silent.

Irish walked to a room, took a deep breath, and then rang the bell.

The door was opened, and a man's body unfolded before her eyes the next moment. He was half-naked, with only a blanket around his lower body. The yellow light behind him made his skin look enchanting. He had a sturdy chest and strong arms like Joseph, and he looked almost as attractive. Irish had to admit that he was a very handsome man.

When he found it was Irish, he cried out, "You are fast."

"Leo, I know you never get up early." Irish took a look at the time and showed her watch to him, "I deliberately waited until eleven o'clock to come to you, I have given you enough sleep time." She still remembered how he always lingered in bed in Pennsylvania, and he could even sleep well in a crowded room. If Joseph had not encouraged him, he would not have gotten up to participate in the game.

Things would change as time passed, and she had thought that they would be invincible if they worked together. But now they were in South Africa, and a business rivalry was waiting for them tomorrow. Thinking of this, Irish felt slightly sad.

Leo let her in. He yawned and scratched his head, then asked her when he found that her shoulders were wet, "Is it raining outside?" The window was covered with thick curtains, so it was tranquil.

Irish sat on the couch directly, uttering, "You'd better get dressed."