

Enchanted 443

Jordan was the first one to attack, and his reason was that the traffic police scolded him at first.

And the consequence was that he was taken to the police station. Even on the way, he tried to beat and kick the police.

In the next room, his expression was more indifferent than Irish's. He put his feet directly onto the table, which looked like a ruffian. And when the police interrogating him and his assistant came in and saw the scene, she frowned and shouted, "Put your feet down."

This police officer was a woman, about 26 or 27 years old. As she frowned, she was so serious. Jordan immediately put his feet down and put his palm on his chest, saying deliberately, "Scary!"

"Can you speak English?" The policewoman was not so patient.

Jordan shrugged, "Sorry. I can only understand it."

The policewoman took a glance at him and said directly, "Understand? You overrated yourself."

Jordan raised his eyebrows, feeling confused.

"If you understood it, the hit would not have occurred."

"The police scolded me," Jordan emphasized.

The policewoman said slowly, "What?"

"He scolded me 'fuck'!"

The policewoman knocked at the table and hummed, "All the bystanders can prove that he didn't scold you. He said, 'You need to hand in your driver's license and regain it. You mistook 'hand in' for 'fuck', which was completely different."

Jordan got shocked and winked after a while, "Hand in?"

The policewoman repeated it again in English, and soon Jordan blushed. The situation was in chaos at that time, and he only heard a similar pronunciation, so he misunderstood him totally.

"So, do you know that your driver's license is invalid?" The policewoman said it softly since she found out the reason why he hit others.

Jordan raised his eyebrow and said, "I see."

"According to Article 16 of the Measures for the Administration of Motor Vehicle Driver's Licenses in America, American citizens who hold a foreign driver's license or international driver's license and who have stayed abroad for more than six months may apply for a driver's license. Your nationality is the United States, so you can apply. And your foreign driver's license has been held for over 3 three years, which conforms to Article 17 that you can waive the examination when you apply for an American driver's license or temporary driver's license."

"Okay," He was tamed now.

This response made the policewoman touched since the man sitting across from him was a young and handsome boy. She felt sorry for him and just sighed, "You not only violated the Road Traffic Act but also hit the policeman. Do you know that is to hamper enforcement?"

"I see."

"In accordance with the provisions of America's criminal law, in cases of violence and other means of obstructing the execution of duties in accordance with the law, imprisonment, criminal detention, control, or fines of up to three years will be practiced. If it causes the other party to be disabled or have a serious injury, the penalty will be aggravated. And the maximum penalty for negligent death is seven years in prison."

"So kind of you." Jordan was upset now, and he pulled the policewoman's hands, saying in poor English, "Just one fist. He is not injured. I didn't have strength."

The policewoman might not have expected that he would do this. Her face blushed, and she pulled her hand back, frowned, "Be formal."

"Okay." Jordan jerked his head.

"It's lucky that the policeman didn't get severely injured. I just remind you to be careful." The policeman was still kind.

"So..."

"Notify your relative, pay a fine, and then you can go." She advised him.

Jordan was more upset. Someone knocked at the door. He came in and said, "Jordan's relative came."

Irish was completely full. She had never expected that she could eat such a delicious hamburger at the police station. Actually, the hamburgers in some professional restaurants were not as delicious as that. And when Han came in again, she was putting the bacon into her mouth. She looked up to him and praised him, "If there is a delicious meal every day, I will just stay here no matter how long it lasts."

Han might not have seen such a suspect as her, who was not anxious at all and expressed it in such a way. He sat down unhappily and reminded her by knocking at the table, "You want to stay here? It's okay. I will just accompany you."

"Thank you." Irish smiled.

Her response made Han angrier, and his eyes were red.

"Where did you buy the rat poison?"

Irish was not silly at all. She answered smilingly, "Sir, maybe you should ask me whether I poison her or not firstly,"

"You..."

"I didn't poison her at all. So where's the rat poison?" She realized that Han wanted to set a trap for her. She was a psychologist, and she had been a negotiator. Actually, not everyone can be a negotiator.

Han was calm, surprisingly, and hummed after staring at her, "No wonder you are a psychologist."

"Thank you." Her smile was really annoying.

Han wanted to say more, but his assistant came in and whispered to him at this time. At first, he was a little confused, and then he was surprised. At last, as he looked at Irish, he turned to be helpless.

After the assistant left, Han stood up slowly and said reluctantly, "Okay. You can go after signing your name."

Irish was shocked. She vented "Ah" after a while. Han got mad because of her? She thought.

"Someone bailed you. And he proved that you were only in the room for a while that day." Han said it placidly.

"Bailed her?"

Irish was totally shocked. Actually, she didn't call anybody.

Walking out of the interrogation room, it was completely dark. The haze covered the starlight, and only dim moonlight was cast on the window edge.

It was already seven o'clock, and the whole police station was quiet now. Only occasional calls would destroy the quietness of the place.

Irish saw Jordan first, who was signing his name. As she was perplexed about why he was also in the police station, a tall figure walked beside him and grabbed the pen in his hand. He helped Roy with the signature.

She stopped suddenly. There was great joy in her heart, so obvious.

It was Joseph! Wasn't he on the business trip? Did he come back so quickly? She thought.