

## Enchanted 695

At this time, he didn't want to go deeper into her dreams. Who exactly did she say not to leave her? Perhaps that sentence was told to the man she most loved, but he was also willing to fool himself.

Even if she told him how well she had been with Adam before.

Even if she insulted him sarcastically by saying that he would rather want a woman who loved another man.

He didn't care. He didn't want to care about another man in her heart, and he didn't want to care about her first love and how gentle and affectionate she had been in bed with Adam. He just wanted her. As long as she could stay with him, and even if she didn't love him, he was willing to do so.

Although his heart would bleed, it was better than letting her go.

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At the balcony, Jay leaned on the wall in a corner.

At that time, the clock's hand was pointed at 03:00, and someone came up.

It was Lenard.

He took a bag in his hand with two cans of beer in it.

Seeing Jay, he threw one of the beers at him.

Jay reached for it.

He opened it and drank.

Lenard walked to Jay, and he also opened his beer, drinking. He looked in the distance and casually said, "Kevin has applied for you. As long as you catch the three of them, you can go back to New York."

Jay nodded, saying nothing. He continued drinking.

Lenard looked at him, and saw him disheveled, sighing, "Are you all right?"

Jay was silent for a moment. His eyes were fixed. He raised his hand and rubbed her face, "If our brother is fine," he said, "I'm fine."

"It's not your fault. If it were me, I would have done the same." Lenard comforted him.

Jay shook his head, putting his finger into his hair. He pulled his hair, drinking all the rest of the beer. He pinched the can, and it was deformed in his hand. He threw it hard and got up to kick it to the wall.

"What the fuck!"

"Jay!" Lenard knew that his psychological pressure was too great, so he pulled him up. "Kevin has seen him. He will be alright. Don't worry!"

Jay got rid of him and staggered to the handrail, putting his hands on the concrete wall. He shook in pain. "You don't understand what it's like to point a gun at your man!"

What happened was vivid before his eyes.

In this lifetime, he would never forget.

When Killer had come up to him, staring at him, he had told them a guy had entered the group who had been sent by the police. When hearing this, Jay's heart thumped, and his first reaction had been that his identity had been exposed.

But Jay had been calm all the time. He had been in and out of the poison nest for so many years, so what kind of wind and waves had he not seen? On more than one occasion, he had been suspected of being a spy, but he fooled them. So he didn't show much emotion before Killer because it could also be the usual trick of drug dealers.

It was Carmen who couldn't be calm.

She walked to Killer in a hurry and asked, "What are you talking about? You're suspicious of Alva now, right?"

"Can't I? After all, how long have you known him?" Killer looked at Carmen with a cold face.

Hearing what he said, Carmen was outspoken. "Alva is the one who saved my life. I'm sure he won't betray me."

Beside her, Poison said with a strange smile, "Carmen, it may also be a play performed by others, and you believe it."

"What do you mean?" Carmen was anxious.

Jay reached for her and whispered, "Calm down."

"Alva, can you swallow your anger when everyone else bullies you?" Carmen was angry.

Jay looked at Killer. "I'm not a canch, and I'm not capable of being that. To put it bluntly, I'm just trying to earn a living. It's simple. If you don't believe me, okay, you can give me a shoot."

"Do you think I dare not?" Killer was tough, and he did not allow others to threaten him. He was angry and pressed a gun up at Jay's head.

"Leave him alone; otherwise, I will kill you!" Carmen was in a hurry, pushing Killer away, and stood in front of Jay.

"Carmen, are you crazy? You can't tell who your partner is? Believe it or not, I will shoot you."

Then Jay pulled Carmen behind and looked at Killer. "Don't threaten her, I can handle it."

"Alva..."

Poison clapped, "Well, how lovely you are. Carmen, do I need to congratulate you on finding a man who is really good to you?"

"Don't watch the fun over there!" Carmen glared at him.

Poison shrugged his shoulders.

Jay looked at Killer, but he said to Carmen, "If he suspected me, he would shoot. He didn't shoot, so he was testing me."

Carmen looked at Killer with a face of vigilance.

After hearing these words, Killer sneered and took back the gun. "Good boy, you're very smart. There is no wonder why Carmen works so hard to protect you."

Seeing him say so, Jay was relaxed.

Killer sat back on the sofa, putting his legs on the coffee table, and continued to smoke a cigar. He spat the smoke out and smiled, "To tell you the truth, I don't trust anyone because anyone here has the possibility of betraying me. You are Alva, right? You said that you are not a canch. Okay. If you kill a man, I will trust you."

"Who?" Jay was alert.

With the cigar, Killer pointed his finger, and the bodyguard on the opposite side made way.

Jay saw that he was referring to the man who had been beaten to death.

"This man followed me for three years and then fucking knew he was a cop!" Killer said, rising. He walked to the man, lifting his foot and kicking. The man hummed.

"He almost killed me. Fortunately, I knew there was a canch because someone told me, damn it!" Killer said with a murderous face. Then he pressed the cigar against the man's neck.

The man's cry was mixed with the burning voice of the flesh, making people panic.