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Irish appeared to be even more serious through the rain and the mist. Someone close by was reproaching others. It was a legal medical expert. He might have blamed his apprentice for his inexperience in a case like this. This legal medical expert also looked terrible, trying his best not to vomit. As for Irish, the coldness in her deep heart was beyond the feeling of nausea. She looked back at the body dug out from the soil and found that this woman had been fragmented into four parts. Her two arms were put on the left, while two legs were on the right. The main body was in the middle, and her head was placed above them. It looked like she was saluting her own body.

How could one conduct such a cruel action toward another? She thought.

"Bernert." Irish squatted down and looked at him, "It's the same, right?" She asked it again seriously.

Bernert nodded weakly with fingers shaking heavily.

"Irish," Jay called her, suggesting that they needed to talk somewhere else.

Irish stood up, and Jay pulled her to one side in a low voice, "Before you came here, Bernert had told us the process of the murder. According to the initial judgment made by the medical experts, it's the exact same as Bernert had described."

"What do you mean?" Irish frowned and looked at him unhappily.

Jay knew Irish well. As unconcerned as she seemed to be, she was serious about this work. Jay took a glance at Bernert and then looked at Irish, "It is reasonable for us to suspect Bernert."

"You suspect that he killed that woman?"

"Not suspect. Some villagers near here have seen Bernert before," Jay also became serious.

Irish seemed to be thinking of something. After a while, she shook her head, "He could not be the killer."

"Irish..."

"Sir, please come here." Jay was interrupted by someone calling him. Jay walked forward. Feeling strange, Irish also followed him.

The legal medical expert took out a nail with a length of 11 centimeters, "It was found on the head of the victim, directly inserted into the retina."

Jay looked terrible.

"Let me have a look," Irish said.

The legal medical expert hesitated, while Jay agreed.

Wearing a set of rubber gloves, Irish took over the tweezers and observed the long nail carefully. After a while, she returned it back without any words. Then she squatted down to examine the head of the victim, peeling away the hair that had been dyed by the blood to get a better look at where the long nail was inserted. She frowned again and asked as she took a glance at the victim's long hair, "Has the head been moved?"

Jay was accustomed to her boldness.

He answered, "No."

Irish didn't say anything further. Noticing that the dead's long hair was put on the floor tidily, she took a look at the main body again and found that all the limbs were broken at the joints, and they were all put together tidily.

She was absorbed in thought.

"Halt," Jay shouted suddenly.

Irish was interrupted by him all of a sudden. She looked up and found that Bernert had run out of the canopy. Jay chased him, and she also rushed into the

rain without hesitation.

Bernert didn't flee to escape punishment but rushed to the mountain behind the villa. He then knelt down beside a small valley. Separated from the rain, Irish didn't see his expressions clearly, but she could feel his grief.

After shouting loudly, Bernert began to dig out the soil in a mad way.

Jay didn't know what he was doing, so he just stopped suddenly. However, Irish rushed forward without much consideration and knelt down to dig together with Bernert.

"Irish..." Jay pulled her immediately and shouted with the thunder and lightning, "Are you crazy?"

"Stop it. Get more police here. There is a body." Irish shouted.

Jay was confused. Seeing that Irish was serious, he took out the radio immediately to demand more police to come and started helping them dig.

Soon Irish touched something hard. At first, she was surprised, and then she dug down quickly. The long hair in the soil tangled around her fingers, and then the head, which had decayed badly, was pulled out. Bernert grabbed it as he saw it and then shouted loudly, loosening his grip. At this time, Irish caught it so quickly that the head wasn't damaged by him because of his terror and panic.

Sensing that the situation had become more severe, Jay reported it to the headquarters in a minute.

Soon, several colleagues in the villa had arrived, and the personnel responsible for checking the site began their work. Irish took off the rubber gloves and was immersed in deep thinking as she looked at Bernert, who was trembling beside her.

Not in a stable state, Bernert's teeth chattered with each other as he began to speak, "My dream is real...Doctor Irish, as you see... I've told you my dream about this dead body."

Of course, Irish remembered it. Otherwise, she would not have come.

The body in the soil of the back mountain was dug out fully. Irish came forward again to have a good look at it. She found that it was the same as Bernert had described. The cause of death was the same,

and even the method of dismemberment was similar. In addition, the legal medical expert found another long nail that had also appeared in Bernert's dream.

"Jay," Irish stood up, letting the rain pour onto her, and walked to the other side, tired and wet.

Jay walked forward.

"Here are some clues for you." Irish's face was a little pale, but she still continued, "First, the criminal is a male with height not above 1.75m; second, he might be a heretic, or at least he believes in the form of 'tame head' in Thailand and Malaysia; third, he might have lost his beloved, such as his parents or relatives, and others killed them. Lastly, he is a man with obsessive-compulsive disorder."

Jay frowned, "A male with a height not beyond 1.75m? How do you know that?"

"Bernert saw the man's back in his dream."