

Enchanted 57

Jay held his pistol tightly and approached them, "Warrior, you want to play? Okay, let's play!"

"Sir!"

"Stop, otherwise, I will shoot her!" The suspect shouted at him like a mad dog and pulled the trigger directly.

"Wait a minute!" The woman spoke and pointed at Jay, "You, you didn't take my life into consideration? Isn't there any negotiator just like that on TV series? Hey, I don't want to die."

Jay felt a headache from her shouting, looking that the suspect is giving a murderous look. The only thing he could do was stop and return to his original position.

"Sir, asking a negotiator for help, really?" His partner hesitated.

"Call my cousin." Jay grit his teeth.

"Ah?"

"Call her quickly!" Jay shouted.

His subordinate had to follow his command.

When Irish arrived at the spot, she had already looked through all the information about the suspect. As she got out of the police car, a policeman was still talking, "Warrior was cruel and crafty in his nature, and he has escaped many times. He--"

"Okay, Okay." She felt annoyed and disrupted the officer, saying, "I've had enough of you. Is it too much for you to find a negotiator? Is there no reimbursement? You should know that I will also charge..."

"But it was our leader's intention..."

The policeman had a complex facial expression.

She had thought about it. She could see him standing there with a righteous expression, staring at the suspect tightly.

"Hey, Buddy. Are we so intimate?" Irish walked forward and patted Jay's shoulder. She appeared to be so carefree, which was completely incongruent with this stressful situation.

Having seen that Irish had arrived, Jay pointed somewhere with his chin and said, "A key expert should deal with a key suspect. How can I be assured by appointing others?"

"But I will also charge for my service." Irish gave him an angry stare and looked in the direction of the suspect, then at the hostage.

This hostage waved hands to greet Irish, but Irish didn't give any response to her. She looked at the suspect and said idly, "Such a short and little guy! Couldn't you defeat him? Shame on you!"

Jay felt extremely embarrassed.

Irish waved her wrist and walked forward. However, she only walked a few steps, and then the suspect shouted to her, "Go back. No closer!"

"Buddy, how can you hear me if I can't walk forward?" Irish gave him a fake smile.

"Who are you? Someone with them?"

"Nonsense. I'm with you, I will help you to escape." Irish stopped several steps from the suspect, "I am a psychologist, and I've been forced to be a negotiator here. By the way, you know what a negotiator means, right?"

"Why are you so verbose?" The hostage nearly cried.

"Shut up!" The suspect and Irish shouted at the same time.

Then the woman had to be silent.

"Mr. Warrior--"

"Do not call me Warrior! I have a name!" The suspect shouted angrily.

"Sorry, sorry. What's your name?"

"Willy!"

"Oh, I have a bad memory. Sorry," Irish smiled brightly, "Mr. Willy, do you want to kill that woman?"

"It depends on the police's attitude!"

"My god! Why does it depend on the police's attitude? They will not let you go." Irish shrugged and threw up her hands as if helpless.

"Okay. Then I will let her die with me!" The suspect put forth his strength and pressed the head of the hostage forcefully.

Irish laughed.

"What?" Willy thought that this woman was so strange and that she was not like a negotiator at all.

"Nothing. You can continue to press her since I feel relieved." Irish held back her laughter.

Willy felt amazed.

"Oh, it is because I hate her. You can even kill her, so I can vent my anger." Irish closed her lips with an air of sincerity.

The hostage became anxious, "What are you talking about?"

Willy felt confused but stared at Irish, "I warn you not to play any tricks! I know what your real intention is. You just want to buy some time, right?"

"No, actually, I wanted to tell you that you should get your target right if you really want to kill her." Irish pointed at her temple by making her fingers act like a pistol, "From this angle, you only need one shot, and then you can give her tinnitus. And her nasal cavity will pour out the liquid, which may make it

difficult for her to breathe. The other end of the shooting position will generate a feeling of swelling, which can lead to her fainting due to a lack of oxygen. Her windpipe, throat, and the nasal cavity will be filled with liquid. Of course, it is her blood. And it will pour onto your face. Soon her pupils will stop focusing, and then she will die."

Irish stopped there shortly, and then she continued, "Of course, you may not kill her because of your carelessness or tremor. Or, during the process, you run into the police's assault. The bullet you shot out may just bump against her skull, which is very hard and can only be broken into several pieces. Then the fragments of the bullet may pop out of her skull and penetrate through her skin. All in all, the result may be that you are caught, and she doesn't die. What will you do? You are bound to be responsible for her entire life."

"You're scaring me!" The hostage shouted.

Irish gave her an angry stare.

Willy felt angry, "Who the hell are you?"

"I've told you. I'm a psychologist." Irish said calmly.

Meanwhile, the scene on the other side was different. The Runestone Group finally got its operation process running smoothly. Every department was busy with its own affairs, and the calls never stopped. Nobody would relax even if it were Friday.

It was already 2 p.m. after Joseph had had his video meeting. As he came back to the office room, his assistant Daisy added immediately, "CEO Joseph, the agenda for South Africa has been made, and you can check whether the arrangement is appropriate."

Joseph took over the agenda list and nodded, "Yes."

"Leo has taken many measures, as well as in his advanced clubs. So could you..."