

Enchanted 59

"Shut up? You should thank me for telling you this, Willy. If you go back with the police, perhaps you can be turned into a dirty witness, the sentence can be lenient, and at least you can tell your child openly that you knew your mistakes and changed them. But why are you taking a hostage now? This is a blatant confrontation with the police! If you hurt the hostage accidentally, then nature will change, and there will be another crime, an intentional killing. You say you are right? Do you want your wife to go to your grave with a big belly?" Irish slightly squinted, speaking faster and faster, intending to stimulate him.

"Shut up, shut up, shut up! Shut the fuck up! I'll kill you first!" Willy was completely enraged by her words, and the pistol originally pointing at the hostage was aimed at Irish.

"Jay!"

At that moment, a gunshot dispersed through the thick air. The next second, Willy screamed. The handgun he pointed at Irish fell to the ground, and he covered his wrist. At the same time, Irish ran forward and yanked away from the hostage, stretching her foot and kicking the pistol out of arm's reach. Jay and Irish coordinated perfectly, and the whole process was over in just a few seconds.

Time is subtle, in the last second, the air was still thick with tension, while a second later, Willy was besieged by police and arrested.

"Jay, you're an idiot. If you bother me like this again, I'll kill you!" Irish saw Willy being escorted to the police car and began complaining.

However, Jay did not pay attention to his elder sister but instead went to the hostage, asking majestically, "Ma'am, are you hurt?"

The woman patted her chest. "I'm okay, I will just pretend that we were all shooting a gangster movie."

Not expecting to hear that, Jay smiled, "All right. So please come to the police station for a statement. This is my calling card and thanks for your cooperation."

The woman received the card and said, "Jay? That's a good name."

Jay stayed for a few seconds and looked at his officers, saying majestically, "Pack up and go."

"Yes, sir."

Jay stealthily smiled when passing by Irish and said in a low voice, "Thank you."

The police car left. The disaster at the airport gradually dispersed by emerging crowds. Irish turned around and suddenly stopped. In her heart, a strange feeling rose up.

A car stopped nearby. Joseph stared at her standing beside the car. The sunlight beamed down on him, and his face looked gloomy.

Irish's heart jumped. Why did he come here? It seemed that he had arrived a while ago.

"Brother!"

Irish looked around, confused. The hostage ran forward and shouted out at him enthusiastically.

Irish curled her lips and snorted. It seemed that they knew each other.

Joseph looked from Irish to the girl before his eyes and said lightly, "Why didn't you inform us in advance?"

"I'm not a child, and I don't want to bother you to pick me up." The girl's smile was like a summer flower.

"Well, my busy brother, why did you have time to come to the airport? Could you predict my return from Beijing, or are you concerned about someone?" She took a glance at Irish when she said it.

Irish rolled her eyes.

"Gossip, get in the car." Joseph did not explain much, opening the door, and his eyes fell on Irish, who prepared to leave, frowning, "Iri, you get in too!"

Seeing that she could not sneak away, Irish sighed. When she came to the airport, she had run the entire way. Now she could choose to take Joseph's car or take the bus with a large crowd of people or a taxi. Watching, Joseph opened the door and motionlessly waited for her.

She followed him.

"My name isn't Iri!" was the first thing out of Irish's mouth as she got in the car.

Joseph ignored her.

"Lilith, I'll send you home first."

"Okay," Lilith always wore a smile as if she hadn't just escaped from a dangerous crime scene. After answering Joseph, she nudged Irish by her shoulder, "Thanks, sister, I would have been killed without you. You're a quick thinker, and it's a pity that you were not a policewoman!"

Irish listened patiently. "Don't worry about it. I was helping Jay, not you."

"That is not a big deal for a family." Lilith wanted to be close to her. "The police officer was Jay. I didn't expect him to be so handsome. He looks nothing like he did when he was a child."

"Oh, hey, don't sit so close to me. There's plenty of room in the car!" Irish was not polite.

Lilith stuck out her tongue and looked at Joseph, "Brother-in-law, did you offend my sister? Why is she so angry?"

Joseph did not speak but reached for the rearview mirror, through which he looked at Irish's reluctant face.

"Lilith!" Irish opened her mouth, raising her eyebrows coldly, "Don't pretend to be so innocent. You annoy me, don't you know that? What the hell are you doing?" Lilith was the youngest sister of Roy and Ruby, five years younger than them. Irish had never accepted their relationship and would even ignore them if she saw them in the street.

However, it was quite a surprise that she had been the hostage that day!

"Aren't you annoyed with Ruby? Why do you hate me? I haven't bothered you in foreign countries over the years." Lilith said and deliberately tried to hit her.

Irish leaned sideways and did not let her attack collide, and Lilith's body lay on the back seat unsteadily. She shouted at Joseph, "Brother-in-law, you see how she is like this."

Joseph laughed but didn't speak.

After sending Lilith home, Joseph opened the door and sat directly beside Irish. His smile faded, and his frown was like ice.

"Go." He ordered.

The car went in the direction of the International Trade Center.

After Lilith left, the atmosphere in the car suddenly cooled down, or perhaps it was because of the air conditioning. In short, when Joseph sat in the backseat with her, she felt very uncomfortable. All she could breathe was cold air.