

Enchanted 697

Jay had a clear idea of his question and aggressiveness. Looking at the heroin on the table, he thought for a while and then walked forward.

"Alva..." Carmen was surprised.

Jay crouched down and approached, snorting it with great strength. The entire heroin was snorted by him.

"Good boy!" Killer clapped and laughed.

The amount was a little great. After snorting all of it, Jay felt as if something were bumping his head. He felt disgusted and terrible.

Killer's face in his eyes got distorted. He stopped the desire to vomit and smiled, "As you know, my girlfriend likes this, so I should follow her."

Poison laughed, and his doubt disappeared. He thumbed at Jay, "Such a sweet couple."

Carmen was so concerned about Jay, so she supported him immediately, "Are you okay?"

"No issues" Jay pulled away his arms and embraced Carmen into his bosom, "Do you believe me now?"

Killer watched him for a while with a large smile, "Good." And then he looked at Carmen, "I will notify you next time when we have a trade. Let him be with you. I think he's good."

Carmen nodded.

Killer and Poison stood up and left with their guardians.

As they left, Jay rushed into the washroom and fell down.

Carmen was terrified and also followed him. Seeing Jay's fingers trembling, she cried and hugged him tightly, "Alva... Alva."

Jay pushed her away and rushed to the faucet, drinking water with all his strength, shouting at Carmen, "Water...Please give me water."

Carmen saw his pale face and shattering body. She knew that it was a normal reaction as he had drugs for the first time. But she was nervous about his health, so she just rushed out to get some water for him.

As soon as Carmen ran out of the room, Jay took out his phone and dialed.

Soon it got through.

He just said, "One of our buddies got shot 2 centimeters away from the heart. He might be near my apartment. Please help me."

And then he hung up and deleted the dialing record.

At this moment, Carmen went back with a big bottle of water and said rapidly, "Drink some water."

Jay got it and drank it immediately.

Later he knew that the colleague getting shot was taken by the ambulance. Once he went to the hospital and was found him in a deep coma, he was so devastated. Nobody knew when he would wake up. His wife accompanied him day and night while his child was doing homework.

Jay felt terrible, so he gave some money to the wife by the name of the patient's friend.

The wife said that she realized this day would come. She also persuaded his husband not to follow those drug dealers, but he didn't listen to her. Now the bad luck finally came.

Jay couldn't tell her the truth that his colleague was actually undercover, but he also didn't know how to comfort her.

The colleague's son was clever, neither crying nor shouting. While giving him toys, he asked Jay, "Could the toy be sold for money? I want to save my Dad."

Jay comforted him that his Dad would wake up one day. He asked what he would like to become when he grew up.

The child told him firmly that he would like to become a policeman so that he could take all the bad guys to prison.

Jay felt very sorry for it.

Lenard totally understood his feelings.

A stable life was a luxury for a policeman.

So many colleagues were broken down, and their wives and children even deserted some. What's more, some became single for the rest of their life, and some even committed suicide.

Jay had seen so many bad things, and these were all caused by interests driven by drugs. Cracking down on drug trafficking was necessary, and they were in suits. It was their responsibility to do it.

"It is decided to send him into a first-tier city for treatment when it is with lower risks: Be assured that his family's life can be guaranteed." Lenard drank off the bear and said.

Jay nodded

"Make it done on the seventeenth of this month!" He vowed it firmly.

Lenard walked forward and patted his shoulders, "Keep going. Think about Lilith.

Lenard left.

Jay didn't leave at once.

He lit another cigarette and looked at his front.

Yes, Lilith.

He missed her so much.

As Irish opened her eyes, there was sunshine outside the window. Birds were flying over, leaving vague shadows on the curtain.

She was a little puzzled.

She didn't know where she was.

Someone knocked at the door and came in. A man's smiling face appeared, "Irish, if you do not get up now, our plan to go sightseeing will be deserted."

Irish was more confused.

It was Adam.

Seeing her sitting on the bed, puzzled, Adam walked in with his smiling face, surrounding her with his arms. He kissed his lips lightly, "What are you thinking about?"

Irish blinked her eyes, staring at his clear face.

She found that this face was the same as Joseph's.

Her breath became more and more rapid. She couldn't tell Adam from Joseph.

It was Adam who made breakfast. His tall figure was the same as Joseph's.

She couldn't stop asking, "Adam, was that you who pulled me out of the long alley when I was little?"

Adam put the breakfast in front of her with a light smile, "You have a bad memory. I have told you so many times that it was I who saved you."

"And then? What happened?" Irish asked anxiously.

Adam raised his eyebrow, "And then we found your mother."

Irish was silent. She didn't think it was right.

It was on Saturday when there was a traffic jam.

Adam stopped his car many times.

Irish was extraordinarily silent.

Adam turned up the music to diffuse the quietness in the car.

"What are you thinking about?" Adam asked her after a while. This was the most frequent question he had been asking in the morning.

Irish recovered. "Ah, nothing."

Looking at her. Adam laughed and touched her hair. "Keep the hair longer,"

"Why?"

"It looks good."

Looking at her face in the mirror, she felt it was strange.

As she looked out of the window, she was shocked and opened the door immediately.

Adam braked quickly.

And then Irish rushed out.