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She believed that it would be very easy for him to grasp the hidden meaning with his intellect and knowledge, and it was just as she had guessed. He looked deep into her, and there was a sparkle in his eyes. He tightened his arm encircling her and nestled her in his chest. He didn't say anything but lowered his head, kissing her forehead with a smile.

Irish closed her eyes lightly. As he kissed her, she felt very happy and satisfied. It was amazing. She knew that Joseph was not a man who enjoyed showing off love in public, so at this time, she felt attached and excited.

She was fond of this feeling, like clean water in her palm or the sunshine in winter. He was still there, and her emotion was there, keeping her awake.

Everything was just fine.

It was about 7:00 a.m. local time when they arrived in Johannesburg, equivalent to about 12:00 p.m. in New York, six hours' difference. This city had been established through exploitation and occupied the Highland of Waal River, becoming the largest city in South Africa.

Irish slept in silence on the plane. It was already the morning as they landed, so there was no issue with jet lag. She felt cold, so Joseph put a coat on her and told her that there was a large temperature difference. It would be very cold in the mornings there.

She took a breath, inhaling his smell. She then grabbed his arm, "Since there are gold and diamonds in South Africa, there must be many businessmen richer than you. Maybe you're just a drop in the bucket here."

Joseph just let her tease him, and as they got in the car for first-class passengers, he asked cheekily, "So you want to be with the others?"

"I plan to," She smiled lightly, leaning against him, "As we all know, there is always a grand welcome ceremony for you, jewelry businessmen. However, there was nothing here for you."

"I came here with nothing with me, let alone jewelry, so there was no need." Joseph looked at her with a teasing facial expression.

"You need to show who you are," Irish shrugged.

Joseph smiled softly, "Everyone who became rich in South Africa would never do this because it would be fatal here."

"Why?" Irish didn't understand.

He touched her head, "It is always impressive to see something with your own eyes, you will understand it eventually."

She frowned, having no idea.

As they left the airport, a woman and a strong black man picked them up. The woman was in a dress, with blonde hair as attractive as the Nile River in the setting sun. As she hugged Joseph passionately, Irish noticed her two slender legs under the short dress and felt cold toward her.

This woman was named Belle and was as beautiful as her name. Upon Joseph's introduction, she learned that Belle was an assistant working for the Runestone Group in South Africa, actually working for only Joseph himself and responsible for his schedule in South Africa. In fact, she was Daisy's South African counterpart, dealing with many affairs.

Obviously, Belle felt surprised that a stranger was beside Joseph, especially a woman. She looked at Joseph hesitantly. Joseph didn't give an introduction like in Pennsylvania. Instead, he just pulled Irish's shoulders, ordering Belle, "No need to order a suite. One room is enough."

Joseph's words shocked Belle, while Irish's heart beat quickly, and she blushed.

After a while, Belle understood what he meant, nodding, "Yes, Mr. Dover."

However, Irish noticed that Belle was slightly upset.

The black man was called Will Lake, the same name as the famous actor. He was talkative and humorous, and according to Joseph, he could speak 12 languages.

Irish felt totally shocked, "What a genius," she thought.

Leaving the airport, the car door locked spontaneously, which terrified Irish. She looked up at Joseph; however, he had no response, seeming to be accustomed to it. As it was driven in the direction of downtown, she noticed that there was a car following them. She pulled Joseph's sleeve and said in a low voice, "We are being followed."

Joseph leaned against the seat motionlessly, playing with her fingers and answering in a low voice, "Don't worry. They are with us."

Astonished, Irish sat up a little to take a glance at the car following them, then turned to look at the front. Observing that these two cars were the same, she understood that the behind them were for protection.

"Is it that unsafe here?" She sat down. She had just teased him at the airport, though the reality was not at all what she had imagined.

"Believe me; soon, you will not pose such questions," Joseph reached his hands to pull her shoulders idly to him, and his voice seemed idle too.

Irish took a glance at the rear mirror, and Belle's eyes met hers with resentment. She turned away as soon as they saw each other.

First, the car passed slowly through the old town area, so it was convenient for Irish to take a look at her surroundings. The most direct impression she got was that everything was dirty, terrible, and out of order. She was experienced in traveling and studying abroad, especially traveling in small towns or cities far from prosperous, but she had never seen such a dirty and terrible downtown area as here. Each building was built in a different style, but it looked like a refugee camp with the streets filled with rubbish.

Feeling sorry to see all this, she realized that the car had sped up suddenly. Having no time to ask why she saw that a riot had started on the corner of the street. Someone passed the crowd of people and ran on the street with a pile of things in his chest. It was not until he ran to the end of the street that his feet stopped working. He fell down onto the ground, and his shoulder began bleeding.

The surrounding people fled like a terrified flock of birds.

Someone ran forward. After picking up the things off the ground, he continued to run away. Irish realized that there was a gun in his hand, and it seemed that the person lying on the ground had been wounded by his gun.