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Irish was still in shock, and the bloody scene was lingering in her mind, but the voice of the man above her head pulled her back to reality. She turned around and finally gazed at her hands and said in a trembling voice, "I...I killed people. Joseph, I killed people just now."

She had seen dead people before and even bloodier crime scenes while assisting Jay in investigating the human dismemberment, but she never thought she would ever have to shoot someone someday. She was unsure if the man was dead, but she knew he had bled a lot.

"Isabel, calm down." Joseph knew she was frightened and held her face to look at him, "Look at me. Listen to me."

Irish followed his words, but her eyes were still full of fear.

"We are in South Africa, and you know the public order is in chaos. So remember that you didn't murder anyone, you were protecting yourself. It was self-defense." Joseph said to her firmly.

Irish swallowed, taking a long time to calm down, and then she nodded lightly. Joseph was relieved since he felt she was no longer trembling and then embraced her into his arms. The pain in her heart was more than the pain in her arms.

He deeply condemned his own selfishness.

He was clear about what kind of place South Africa was, and he shouldn't have let her get involved in danger. He was also thanking God for his blessing during their trip, but if any incident occurred to Irish or she had been shot in the fight...Joseph didn't dare to recall the scene. He felt that even a small danger would be daunting for him because she was there with him.

In the past, he had experienced much more dangerous situations, and he could deal with them without distraction because, at that time, he was not with her.

In fact, she had many chances to run away. Why had she remained in such a dangerous situation? She didn't escape and chose to stay with him, and even saved his life even though she was frightened.

What kind of woman was she? Joseph was even more obsessed with her.

Irish, who was curled up in Joseph's arms, also felt his strength, and gradually her panic vanished, and when she spoke to him again, her voice was so hoarse. "Joseph, who were they?"

Joseph thought for a while and replied, "Perhaps they are Spanish." Irish was surprised and looked up at him.

"Do you still remember when the attacker finally shouted at his accomplices?"

She remembered that when Joseph put the gun to his head, he had shouted to another injured black man, and then she nodded. She definitely would not forget the two gunshots sounding at the same time since she thought Joseph had been shot.

"He spoke Spanish, and he asked for help from his accomplices."

"So when the injured man raised his gun, you thought he was going to shoot you." Irish had regained her composure and began to analyze the situation. But she was still stunned by the situation.

Joseph nodded. That was why he pointed at him with his gun, and it was to defend himself. He never thought the man would kill his own accomplices.

"There are a lot of underworld organizations in Mexico, and several people form a team to complete a task. If they failed, they would kill each other. The first reason was that they were afraid of being betrayed by their accomplices, and the second reason is that they don't want to be arrested by the police." Joseph explained.

After hearing this, Irish started sweating.

She knew nowadays that many people are driven by greed, and in an environment where there was no rule of law, value can only be measured by greed. People always tend to be cold and detached. She had traveled to many places and experienced many things, but the places had always been peaceful, and she had never seen people shoot at others with guns. Perhaps it was because the higher you stood, the greater the risk you had to face.

Generally speaking, she and Joseph belonged to two different circles. She was a psychologist, so the people she met were always ordinary people with mental issues, but Joseph was a businessman, and the people he met were sometimes psychopathic. He was exposed to the darkness of humanity in his line of work.

They would never have met each other if not for the Lake family.

But fate led them to meet each other, so she was destined to experience this with him and bear it together.

"Can we seek help from the police?" Irish looked at Joseph and clenched her fists. The bid was coming up soon, and more dangers would await them.

Unexpectedly, Joseph shook his head and said, "We can't bring up unnecessary matters at this crucial moment. In this place, our diamond dealers can only protect themselves.

"So why do you want to avoid the police getting involved?" Irish looked up at him and felt confused.

Joseph fondled her hair and replied, "It's not the fault of the diamond, but the fault of greed and human nature."

"But what should I do with the stuff that I bought? Will the police find us through those things?" Irish really missed Jay, and she began to miss the days of being in a secure society with proper law enforcement.

Now they were the victims, but they couldn't ask for help from the police.

Joseph replied word by word, "You should be thankful that we bought those things with cash."

Irish then realized that he was right. Fortunately, they did not use their credit cards, or it would be easier for the police to find them. She calmed down for a while and asked in a low voice, "Joseph, please tell me if I have killed people? I am so panicked and feel so bad now."

Irish was still thinking about the matter, and she felt her head hurt.

"If you didn't shoot, I would be dead now, so you should thank that shot, or you would be holding my dead body at this moment."

"Don't say things like that." Irish covered his mouth with her trembling hand.

Joseph finally smiled and pulled her hands into his lips, and kissed her fingers, "I promise that I won't let you get hurt as long as I am here."

Irish looked at him, and her nose twitched. She trusted him.