

## Enchanted 268

After Irish had left the diamond store, Tuell sat in front of the tea case and sipped his tea. He did not rush home from work. Soon, his shop assistant knocked on the door and came in. When she saw Tuell sitting there musing, she did not immediately leave. Sitting opposite him, she hesitated and asked, "Uncle, what are you thinking about?"

In the shop, Tuell had always employed his relatives, but after his wife and children were killed, he dismissed all of them. At present, only one niece is left working at the shop. It was also a way to keep his relatives safe.

Tuell handed his niece a cup of tea, mulling it over, and said, "I was wondering if Joseph will be able to show up at the auction tomorrow."

"Do you wish for him to appear tomorrow?" Asked the niece after she took a sip of tea.

Tuell's face twitched for a moment, and he put down his teacup. "If it were for our own sake, I'd like him to show up."

"If?" Her niece seized on the sensitive word in Tuell's speech. "Your tone doesn't sound so sure."

"After all, those attending the auction tomorrow are not ordinary people."

His niece shrugged her shoulders. "But it's not about what we want to accomplish, so it's not about us."

Tuell nodded after a long time and murmured, "Yes, it has nothing to do with us."

"I would like Joseph to show up tomorrow. We can go back as soon as tomorrow is over, so we don't have to live in this place like ghosts." His niece sighed from the bottom of her heart.

Tuell looked down at the tea leaves floating in the cup, and his eyes gradually turned dark. "He will show up unless he doesn't want the diamond."

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Because there was no sunshine in the warehouse, Joseph could not judge what time it was by the heat. He could only hear his watch's second hand beating to make an estimate. From his assumption to the present, it had been about five hours. The storehouse was quiet, and the guards stayed outside, and occasionally he could hear their conversations and footsteps.

But half an hour ago, all the movement stopped.

Joseph had no time to figure out what had happened. His backbone was straight against the back of the chair. He stretched the rope around his wrists as far as he could towards the edge of the chair and tried his best to use the angle to break the rope. Even if it could damage the texture of the rope, it would cause less restraint, and a larger distance between his hands could facilitate his escape.

There was a sound of footsteps approaching the warehouse.

Joseph immediately stopped, and the next moment someone walked in. The man entered the warehouse and did not say a word to Joseph, so he could not infer any information about him. He felt something hard against his forehead, followed by the sound of loading bullets.

Joseph frowned. The thing against his head was a gun!

The sound of footsteps rose again at the door, and he could hear the men who had been watching him. Without losing his calmness, he opened his mouth and said in a cold voice, "You are not with them!" The gang who kidnapped him only wanted to delay his time, and if they wanted to kill him, they wouldn't have left it until now. As soon as he entered the door, he pointed his gun directly at him, and Joseph could tell that he was in a position to take his life directly and that his watchmen were all outside the door. It was easy to infer that this man was not with the group but must have known them.

The man with the gun chuckled, "You're so smart that if I can kill you, I'll be proud."

Joseph's face was still calm, but his hands tried to break the rope as quickly as possible. The man smiled and pointed the gun at his temple. When he was about to pull the trigger, Joseph listened to him, who suddenly hummed and fell to the ground.

Everything came fast, so fast that even Joseph was surprised.

The smell of gunpowder floated in the air, very light, but it did not escape his nose. Someone had used a silenced gun. While he was thinking, he heard the noise of footsteps and screams from outside, and at the next moment, everything was calm again.

This time, it was truly calm, and Joseph felt the danger subsided.

Someone came forward and pulled off his blindfold, followed by a familiar sarcastic voice. "The famous Mr. Dover, would you look at that?"

When Joseph raised his head to the cold and impatient eyes of Leo, his frown left his face, but the light in his eyes remained cold, "You are more dangerous to me than these people."

After hearing this, Leo did not get angry but smiled. He did not immediately refute it or untie Joseph. His arms crossed across his chest, looking at him for a while before sneering. "At least I can recognize the relationship between my enemy and myself," Leo arrogantly uttered.

"I'm the only one who can match you. I can't let myself die worthless." Joseph downplayed his words and tried his best to untie his hands behind him. The rope, which the corners of the chair had weakened, finally broke. He raised his hands and massaged his wrists, then stood up.

Leo wasn't too surprised by this, remarking simply, "If I were those kidnappers, I would not have looked down upon my enemy."

"Don't worry, I'll tell the kidnappers to tie you up tighter next time." Joseph looked around, and the room was exactly the same as he guessed. He got up and went out. He looked around outside and was sure enough, it was a construction site. The dust was flying outside, and the few kidnappers who had just fallen to the ground at the door had already disappeared. He could tell that Leo had not come alone.

He looked back at the man who had fallen beside his chair, the man who was about to kill him. He was a tall, sturdy black man. He could not tell from his appearance where he was from, but because of his intent to kill him, Joseph ventured to assume that he had something to do with the group that had tried to shoot them in the alley.

