

Enchanted 283

She had done a good job of pretending not to be afraid.

Getting into the car, Irish quickly called Daisy in New York to explain the progress, just as Joseph instructed in his letter.

After getting the stone, Irish did not return to the apartment but rushed to the white district of Cape Town and visited Tuell again.

The diamond store was not open because of Irish's phone call. Tuell closed the store early, and he waited for her in the back room, making tea.

The second thing Joseph told her to do was to get a pink diamond from Alston and trade it with Tuell for a turquoise diamond.

After seeing the contract signed by Alston, Tuell held the safe box, glanced at the pink diamond inside, and said, "It's priceless, comparable to my turquoise diamond."

Irish finally heard clearly that the diamond really was in Tuell's possession. It looked like Joseph had found Tuell again, but she did not know what the two of them had talked about. Since Joseph wanted her to see Tuell with the pink diamond, it was probably about the exchange conditions. She thought that when Tuell saw the pink ore, he would be very quick to trade, but he closed the safe and said in a calm tone. "But I will not trade diamonds today."

"Why?" Irish frowned.

"I have to wait," Tuell said slowly. Irish was about to try and persuade him, inadvertently remembering Joseph's advice in the envelope. He explained that if Tuell wanted to consider it, she should not force him, but she would only give him one day to think about it. "I'll give you only one day. I'll come back tomorrow afternoon."

Tuell looked up at her, and after a long time, he hesitated to say, "Is this your decision or Joseph's?"

"It was his advice," Irish said truthfully.

Tuell frowned, "He's awake?"

"No, he arranged it ahead of time."

Tuell was stupefied after hearing this, then he laughed and shook his head, "Joseph, you are really something special." He looked at Irish, and his eyes sparkled. "Okay, just one day. I'll let heaven decide how much my diamond deserves!"

Irish nodded but was confused.

It was the middle of the night at the Lake family's house in New York.

It was a windy night, and the leaves outside the house were flying in the wind while several leaves tapped on the window. A cat's meow also sounded somewhere, which added a trace of unrest to the

night. Suddenly the dimly discernible sound of singing drifted into the house with the wind, which sounded pitiful but permeated every corner of the house.

Shirley was sleepless because Henry insisted on changing his will, and she was also worried about Joseph in South Africa. Henry had already slept earlier in the study room that night, and since they had been sleeping in separate rooms for so many years, Shirley was woken up alone by the noise when the leaves blew against the window. Somehow she felt very lonely in the big room.

There was no water in her glass on the bed stand, so she had to go downstairs to get water from the kitchen, which was close to the garden, and sometimes the fragrance of flowers would come in. It smelled very pleasant. But just as she was about to go back to her room, she suddenly heard the faint sound of a song. The voice almost seemed to be vagued from the distant night sky, but it came in through the slightly opened window.

Shirley was even easily irritated since she couldn't sleep well these days, so she took a cup of water and walked to the small garden behind the house. The Lake family members were all particular about their living environment, so they had planted various trees in the garden, and they were all old trees. Moreover, there were many flowers there, which could provide petals for them to take showers with. It was a beautiful garden during the day, while it was very tranquil at night.

Now, the flowers were dying, the leaves of the trees were starting to fall, and the dead branches were scattered on the ground. Shirley staggered forward and tried to find out who was still singing in the middle night, disturbing her sleep.

Thinking of this, she sped up again, but the song did not stop; instead, it was getting clearer.

The moonlight was pale and spread on the ground through the sparse leaves. Shirley held the glass tightly, where the water had already cooled down. The coolness spread from her fingertips into her heart, giving her a violent shudder. Finally, she saw a figure close by from under the moon at night.

The woman was wearing a very long red skirt. The skirt fanned out, forming a colorful visual effect beside the golden leaves on the ground, but it was creepy so late at night.

Her back was turned to Shirley, and her long hair came down to her waist. In the moonlight, she gently raised her arms, and her slender body twisted into a delicate arc like a snake. Her voice was sorrowful and drifted into Shirley's ears, frightening her.

"Who...who are you? Why are you singing here?" She shouted at the woman. The only weapon in her hands was the glass, so she clenched it tighter as her voice was trembling.

But the woman did not respond.

Suddenly the wind started blowing, and the sound of singing chilled Shirley's back. She was about to leave, but her feet were pinned to the ground, so she couldn't move a single step. "I am talking to you. Are you a servant? Why are you here?"

The woman suddenly stopped singing, and Shirley was stunned.

The woman's neck turned slightly as if it was rigid, and then she began to turn around slowly.

Shirley's heart was beating so fast, and the woman's hair became brighter under the moonlight. Her thick hair looked like seaweed covering her face, so even when she turned her head slowly, Shirley couldn't see her face clearly.

But when she turned completely toward her...

Shirley widened her eyes, loosening her hands, and the glass fell down to the ground and shattered. The following second, she screamed hysterically, and then she passed out and lost consciousness out of fear.