

## Enchanted 299

During their trip to Johannesburg, the sky was as blue as jade and clear without any flaw. The helicopter flew through the broad sky, which looked as small as a dragonfly.

Irish liked this feeling of looking down from such a high altitude since she could see everything, which was why she loved climbing. When she stepped on the mountain, the wind blew on her cheeks which gave her a feeling of unnamed lofty joy. But she couldn't accept this sport after the nightmare that happened when she saw Adam fall from that mountain.

Thinking of this, Irish withdrew her gaze and wasn't in the mood to appreciate the scenery anymore. The memories about Adam had gradually vanished in her mind. She frowned slightly since she was not thirty years old yet, but she couldn't remember clearly what Adam looked like and only vaguely remembered the comfortable feeling of staying with him. It was the same as the feeling Joseph gave her.

For a time, Irish even suspected that she was suffering from a degenerative brain disease (commonly known as Alzheimer's disease). Tim also said that it was not only a disease for the old because some people with over-strained nerves could also suffer from this disease, such as a psychologist.

Joseph was having a rest beside her, and Irish knew he wasn't asleep. Therefore, she turned to him, looking at his well-defined face, and began to worry that if she got Alzheimer's disease and couldn't recognize him someday, how would she go on in the future? Recalling the scene in the morning when she helped him to dress, she felt so happy. Since he was wounded, she had to take care of him every day and did many small tasks for him. She began to get used to this feeling, so she hoped this kind of happiness would not be deprived so quickly.

Thinking of this, she couldn't help sighing slightly with her feelings. After hearing her sigh, Joseph didn't open his eyes but asked with a smile, "Why are you sighing?"

Irish got closer to him, leaned on his shoulder, looking forward, and then asked him, "If I forget you someday, what should I do?"

"Why would you say that?" He still closed his eyes, but he held her tightly.

Irish stared at his cufflinks and played with them so that they tickled him, and then he grabbed her hands. Looking at his hands, she felt warm and hated herself for being so sentimental. She hesitated for a while and then said, "I can't remember what Adam looks like now. Do you think I am sick?"

Joseph opened his eyes to look at her while she also gazed at him, but she suddenly found that he was frowning at her. Irish was a little bit shocked and asked, "What's wrong?"

"Don't recall if you can't remember." He said seriously, and Irish was surprised.

Joseph reached out, pinched her cheek, and then said, "You are missing him in my arms?"

Irish blinked and then reacted when she saw his serious look and couldn't help laughing. "Are you jealous?"

Joseph ignored her words while Irish still stuck to his chest and patted him lightly. "What a petty man!" Actually, she liked watching him be jealous.

Joseph raised his hands and rubbed her hair as if trying to punish her. Irish didn't have time to avoid him, so her hair soon became all messed up.

It was in the afternoon when they arrived.

The wind was rising in Johannesburg, and it was even stronger when they arrived at the diamond mine. Standing on the top of it, Irish was swayed by the wind since she was thin and slender. When they arrived at the entrance of the diamond mine, she was so surprised that many people stood in a line there, and obviously, they were waiting for Joseph. Of course, what she was surprised by was not the people but Daisy, who stood in front of the line. She had also come to South Africa!

Irish was confused and had a premonition that something must have happened in this diamond mine.

When she was still in a mess, Daisy walked to them. After greeting Joseph, she looked at Irish and said, "Hello." It seemed that Daisy was not surprised at all when she saw them arrive together.

"Hey, Daisy." Irish was a little embarrassed since she thought of her as Joseph's liaison and was suddenly exposed before her.

However, Daisy did not intend to chat with her, and soon she turned to Joseph and said, "Mr. Vincent has been waiting for you in the plant room."

Joseph nodded, handing the portfolio to Daisy while Irish looked at him, who stood in the wind, the hem of his coat flapping in the wind. Perhaps he stayed in the helicopter for a long time, and he was wounded, so he looked pale. When she saw that he was about to get into the mine, she hastily stepped to hold him.

He was warmed by her behavior, and his voice turned soft, "I am fine. Don't worry."

"I have to stay with you."

Joseph smiled and shrugged his shoulders, "Okay." And then he turned to Daisy, "Prepare a set of overalls and helmet for Isabel."

Daisy calmly replied, "I have prepared them already."

It seemed that Joseph was not surprised at Daisy's high efficiency, so he took Irish's hands and pulled her, "Let's go."

Irish held his arm and said in a low voice, "Belle is like a small sorcerer compared to Daisy."

Hearing this, Joseph smiled but didn't say anything.

Mr. Vincent had been waiting for him for a long time, and there were several cigarette butts in the ashtray. He was also dressed in the coveralls. When he saw Joseph, he stood up to shake him with great enthusiasm and said, "Joseph, many people have been worried about you since you were shot. Do you feel better now?"

"Thank you for your care. I am fine." Joseph shook hands with him and replied politely.

Vincent quickly glanced at Irish and smiled, "You will get better soon since there is a beauty to take care of you every day."

Irish didn't reply but just smiled, and Joseph soon replied for her. "Yes, indeed."

"I am relieved since you have recuperated. I knew you would not give up since you still have to do many things." Mr. Vincent finally got back to the point and showed a weird smile. Then he added, "Now, it is time for you to fulfill your promise."