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Behind him was a crowd of policemen with batons in their hands.

"Are they shooting a police film?" Irish pulled Joseph's sleeve, pointing at the scene outside the window.

Joseph didn't stop her from watching and explained, "Here, this kind of thing is normal."

Irish was astonished and immediately realized that she had just seen a real shooting, killing, and robbery with her own eyes.

"The old town of Johannesburg was the center of this city before. When it was controlled by the whites, the blacks had to leave here by law. The establishment of a new authority has helped the blacks gain freedom with the abolition of Apartheid." Joseph gave a brief introduction to the situation there and then added, "But it's still unsafe here because there is no death penalty."

Upon hearing this, Irish felt a little afraid.

Seeing her tremble, he laughed and comforted her by holding her hand, "Don't worry. You're safe as long as you're beside me."

Irish didn't respond, however. She put her chin on his arm, squinting. Feeling strange, he pinched her chin and ordered her to look at him, and then she focused on him.

"Are you afraid?" He asked lightly.

"Ah?" Irish shook her head after a while, "No. I just thought that if I could escape from a robbery, I would make a fortune. As we all know, the weaker the legal system, the easier it is to achieve something like that."

Joseph was surprised at first and then smiled and shook his head, flicking her forehead, "You really have a different mode of thinking from others." He had thought that she was terrified.

Irish covered her forehead, "I'm just talking about a practical issue."

"It would be better to take some gold slag back so you could earn a lot by smelting it." Joseph signed. He had thought wrong. Such a money-loving person shouldn't have come here, and he wondered what would happen if she came to the jewelry factory. He was afraid that she would do something evil.

Irish's face lit up, "Gold slag?"

Joseph knew that it would be unwise to disclose much to her. He had no way but to point out the window and gestured for her to take a look. Irish turned around and was shocked by the scene outside the window.

As they left the old town, they arrived at the famous gold city with the gold slag shining in the sunshine. Irish was so excited that she couldn't wait to ask, "Are those all gold?"

"Gold Slag, actually." Joseph adjusted her.

"Is there any difference?"

"Gold slag is a semi-finished product because it isn't refined due to imperfect refining technology." Joseph found that she took a great interest in gold slag, so he then added, "So people here have made the mountains of gold slag grow grass by using chemicals."

"What a pity." Irish felt very sorry about it and pulled his arm, "Let's go around it."

"So you really think that you can steal some gold slags?" Joseph laughed, "This is for sightseeing, if you want to enter it, you need to pass a security check."

Irish felt upset for a moment.

Joseph pulled her into his chest directly and lowered his head to say into her ear, "You actually want to do this? I don't permit it."

Joseph's low voice was incentive enough for her. She felt so embarrassed and pinched him silently, staring at his face angrily. The driver was still absorbed in driving while Belle cleared her throat and said, "Mr. Dover, Mr. Hall wanted to make an appointment with you this afternoon, but I have already arranged it for tomorrow morning since you'll need to have a good rest now."

Joseph thought for a while, "Please arrange a car for me this afternoon. I want to take a look at the factory."

Upon hearing this, Belle turned around with concern, "Everything is fine. You need to have a good rest now."

Joseph looked at Irish to ask, "Are you tired?"

Irish shook her head.

"Belle, do what I ordered." Joseph didn't change his mind.

Belle took a glance at Irish and nodded after a long while.

Irish understood the whole conversation and grasped Belle's facial expressions. Her concern for Joseph seemed to be beyond the range to which an assistant should treat her boss. It was an emotion that belonged to a woman who wanted a man. Thinking for a while, Irish smiled lightly, then said simply but clearly, "Joseph, Belle is responsible for her work, next time, you should take Daisy here to make her learn how to make arrangements in this country."

Daisy had never arranged anything on her own, she simply followed Joseph's commands, but here Belle regarded herself as a hostess.

Irish made sure Belle heard what she had said. Belle then said slowly, "I'll need to learn from Daisy."

Irish didn't say anything and turned to see the world outside the window. There was always someone who couldn't find their exact position in the world.

Joseph smiled softly beside her and just let her do what she wanted.

"Who's Mr. Hall?" Irish asked as she arrived at the hotel.

"He was the person who was responsible for the exploitation of the diamond mines." As he said it, he unbuttoned his shirt and opened the cabinet. Inside it are the clothes Belle had prepared for him, including business suites, casual wear, pants, and outerwear. Under it was a glass-framed cabinet, and inside it were several expensive ties. Still behind it were three lines of leather shoes, each pair chosen with care.

Irish got close to him and shook her head, "Belle is truly an almighty woman. To be honest, she is more capable than Daisy. Therefore, you should employ her by your side directly."

Such an arrangement made someone think that Joseph was going to stay there for a long time. It was apparent that Joseph stayed in this hotel every time he came to South Africa. He had done so for many years.

Joseph threw a casual suit onto the sofa and smiled slightly, "Why do you mention Belle? Didn't you ask something about Hall?"

"I can feel that you don't want to talk much about Hall," Irish said directly.

"A clever woman is always attractive," Joseph looked at her, "You have a good insight, it's not difficult for you to tell something about Henry."

"You still want to make a psychological counselor into a successful businesswoman." Irish sighed.