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"If that's true, then we are in trouble," Irish was worried because she knew that Joseph had devoted a lot of time to this diamond mine, and once that happened, how could he explain it to the board of directors?

Joseph was calm and added, "Of course, that is the worst situation, but there is another situation where someone wants him to pass on information."

Joseph stopped and looked at her.

Irish suddenly understood and widened her eyes, "You mean Leo?"

"You are clever," Joseph raised his hands and caressed her face.

Irish was in a poor mood because she knew that if it were real, then there would be violent competition for the sake of profit. She understood Joseph's conjecture. There was still another reason for Hall's dodging, and it was that there must have been someone who broke the rules to increase the amount of investment. That's why Mr. Hall pretended to be hesitant since he wanted to hint to Joseph to increase the investment. He knew that they were all experienced businessmen, so Joseph would understand his intentions so that he could make a lot of extra money.

It must have been Leo since he was eager to defeat Joseph.

Of course, all of this was just their conjecture.

But Irish would like to believe that it was just a surmise. As a psychologist, she understood that people's minds were complicated, but as for Joseph and Leo, she would rather they gave up the chance of making money and was reluctant to see that they had abandoned their code of brotherhood.

"There must be many bidders this time." Irish contemplated and asked after a long time. The coffee gave out a faint scent that warmed their hearts and refreshed their minds.

Putting down his coffee, Joseph stared at her with a faint smile. Irish looked up at him and sighed, "I just hope that it is not true."

He knew what she meant, so he smiled and gave her the answer she wanted. "You are right. This time, there are so many bidders that it may not be Leo."

After hearing this, Irish felt a little bit relieved.

Joseph smiled softly, he was touched by her. Suddenly he recalled the words that she had whispered in his ear that morning. She told him that she had fallen in love with him, and he was even more moved by thinking of this. She was a woman who was clear-cut on what to love and what to hate, and that was the reason why he loved to get along with her because she could make him feel at ease at any time. Reaching out, he said, "Your coffee is getting cold. Let's switch."

"But my coffee is sweet, and you may not like it." She felt warmed by his consideration.

Joseph smiled and said, "But you'll have to adapt since my coffee is bitter."

"Can I refuse it?" She raised her eyebrow and winked at him.

"No, you can't," Joseph giggled. Irish couldn't help laughing and took a sip of his coffee, and soon, her face wrinkled like a walnut, "It's really bitter."

Joseph was amused by her and was about to get the sugar for her, but Irish stopped him and said, "I'm fine. It is good to switch to another taste occasionally."

Joseph was at a loss and then sat down.

"I like this flavor because of you, or I wouldn't change it so easily," She blinked at him.

Joseph felt happy about her frankness, and he reached out and tucked a strand of her hair behind her ears and said cheerfully, "I am glad to hear this."

She looked up at him and saw that he was drinking her coffee, and she felt sweet in her heart. Of course, Irish still remembered that there was a man in the corner who was following her. She cleared her throat and said to him in a low voice, "Perhaps it is because of my outstanding appearance or because of the priceless blue diamond around my neck, but someone is following us."

Joseph looked at her directly and smiled, "Someone has shadowed us, but it is not because of our outstanding appearance or the blue diamond. It's because they're keeping track of all the bidders," When he came in, he immediately noticed a stealthy man in the corner who was staring at them.

"It seems that I have overestimated myself," After hearing his words, Irish realized he had perceived it already.

Joseph spread his hands and said, "You also overestimated me."

"Are we in danger?"

"Are you afraid?" He smiled.

"Yes, I would be afraid if I was alone in South Africa." She said frankly to him.

Joseph covered her hands and crossed her fingers, "So you have to stay with me and never leave me. It seems that I have looked down upon this trip." Irish sighed slightly. She thought they just had to engage in some social activities, but now it seemed that she also had to protect her life in such a chaotic place.

"I told you before that birds die for food while people die for money, and it's always true," Joseph concluded his experience briefly. In this country, where the law was still not complete, every bid competition would cause a violent business war, and people had to fight a bloody battle to get what they wanted.

Irish secretly took a quick glimpse of the man and asked, "What are we going to do next? Why don't we run out now?"

"If we do that, people will misunderstand that we are trying to run away." Joseph was amused, and Irish also laughed at his words.

"Take it easy. It is normal to be shadowed here. If it's necessary, I will find out who it is," Joseph tried to comfort her.

Irish nodded, and she trusted that Joseph would handle this. She had never been there before, so she did not understand the customs. But Joseph was experienced, and he often dealt with the local people there, so he would know how to solve this problem. He was right. She had to stay with him and not make any rash moves.

Joseph finished his work in Johannesburg one day earlier than expected and went shopping with Irish for several hours. After buying some souvenirs, they went to Cape Town, the second-largest city located at the northern end of the Cape of Good Hope. It was known as the "mother of cities" for its rich and colorful cuisine and mellow wines.