

Enchanted 234

Irish smiled, and her fingers were flexible enough to tie his necktie.

His smoke-gray striped tie added color to his formal suit and looking at his tall, handsome figure, Irish's heart started to beat quickly.

"It's still early. You can continue your sleep." Although Joseph said that, his hands still seemed to stick to her body.

"Well, be safe on the way," Irish looked up and kissed him on the chin, smelling the refreshing smell of his cologne.

Joseph bowed his head and kissed her lips heavily, smiling, then breathed beside her ear. "Go back to bed, or I'll be late for the first time."

When she looked up at his deep eyes, she suddenly understood what he meant. She couldn't help but cover her lips by hand and make fun of him. She slipped back into bed and pulled the blanket around her, leaving only five fingers outside, waving at him like a cat. "Bye-bye."

Joseph smiled at her, "You are a goblin."

Irish laughed.

After sending Joseph off, Irish didn't want to sleep. She had lunch alone, then went to the seaside to watch the sea lion's performance and spent some money playing ball with the trained seals. She looked at the time and thought about taking a stroll around the city. When she returned to her apartment, she changed, and her phone rang.

It was the black driver who could speak twelve languages, who had come to pick her up at Mr. Dover's command. The car had reached the apartment entrance, and he was her private driver.

"Where's Joseph?" When she saw the driver, she couldn't help asking.

"Mr. Dover is still in his meeting," The black driver was very talkative and opened the door. "I will be your driver and free guide whenever you want me to," he said. "Oh, no, it's not free, I'm going to get my salary from Mr. Dover."

Irish couldn't help laughing and got into the car.

She understood Joseph's good intentions. Cape Town, though full of modern civilization, would have hidden dangers of the unknown, and it would have been safe to have someone he trusted to accompany her. When the car started, Irish pulled out her cell phone and thought of sending a voice message, "Honey, I'm dating the handsome black man who knows twelve languages. Don't be jealous."

After that, the black driver glanced in the rearview mirror and smiled. "Wow, you'll have to support me when I get fired."

Irish was amused by him.

Soon, the phone vibrated, she looked down at Joseph's response. Perhaps he was in a meeting, unable to reply by voice, and sent a few words over: not jealous, eat you tonight.

Irish could not help laughing at the thought of how he listened to his employees' reports.

It makes sense that Cape Town, South Africa, can be called the mother of cities because whether it was the coast of the Atlantic Ocean with blue sky and white sand, the seagulls flying over the rough seas, or the town with a variety of cultural features, and delicious food, everything there seemed so unique.

The black driver, Will, was her guide the entire way. He was indeed a language genius and made Irish laugh a lot. At last, Will joked. "Who is more attractive, Mr. Dover or me?"

"Of course it's you. He's not as funny as you are." Irish was teasing and smiled.

Will winked. "That's our secret. It can't be heard by Mr. Dover."

Irish shrugged, "If you take me to Stellenbosch winery."

Will made an okay gesture at her.

On their way to Cape Town, Joseph took her to taste South Africa's wines, and these days they all drank that wine, which had a unique dry flavor compared to France's red wines. However, one of her most memorable wines was the wine produced at Stellenbosch winery.

Stellenbosch, to the west of Cape Town, is the home of South Africa's red wines, and most of the people who work there are black. Will told Irish that it used to be hard for blacks in South Africa to find suitable jobs, but now in Stellenbosch, the place was a black paradise, they had mastered a unique brewing technology, and even the black began to manage the production.

Irish loved to drink wines from all over the world, so she tasted almost every kind of wine at the winery. Will was very familiar with the winery staff, and they had a friendly conversation with Irish. It was a beautiful gathering place, as pure as heaven, with the surrounding green vegetation.

There was a black man there who was good at painting faces, and Irish asked to have a try. South Africans always liked bright colors, so soon, her cheeks were painted with beautiful patterns, mainly red and white, and on her chin was the color of the lake and a bright yellow. Irish was so happy and gave the painter a tip of 30 rands.

Will took a photo of her, and when she got it, she sent it directly to Joseph, and soon he replied: Stellenbosch's red wine is strong, don't get greedy.

She was amazed and shouted at Will with her mobile phone, "Does your boss have a tracker on me, or do you keep reporting our position at all times?"

Will was confused and came up to understand the reason, laughing, "You have the background behind you in the picture."

Irish almost choked. The background was just a white house, could he really tell where she was? Joseph's eyes were too sharp, right? Will gave the most normal and logical explanation, and he said,

"Mr. Dover has been to South Africa constantly, especially Cape Town, he is familiar with every tree here."

Then Irish understood, thinking she should send Joseph a message: The focus is on the face! Look at my face!

After a while, Joseph returned: Who is so bold to touch my woman's face?

Irish saw his reply and was happy again. What a boring man!

After leaving the winery, Will took her to the Dutch town and the colorful town. The Dutch town was worthy of its name and looked like it belonged in the Netherlands. Irish preferred colorful towns. Every street and house was colorful and dazzling, just like in a fairy tale world. Most people in the small towns were Malaysian. In the off-season, they resided there. The streets were quiet, but she took pictures excitedly, and Malays came out to greet her with enthusiasm.

When the sun set, Irish left reluctantly.